

**UPSIDE DOWN  
AND  
RIGHT SIDE UP WITH B. J.  
INCLUDING  
THE GREATEST MYSTERY  
OF HISTORY**

**VOLUME XXIX**

**PALMER**

**1953**



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AND  
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HISTORY

VOLUME XXIX

PALMER

1953



Archived and Distributed  
By Delta Sigma Chi Fraternity of Chiropractic,  
Continuing the promotion of STRAIGHT Chiropractic





Please return To

R. W. Hendry

1456 John Ringling Parkway

Aug - 9 - 1970



Dave + Hilda.

Global travels pushes back  
the provincial horizons and  
broadens understandings of  
other countries, colors and  
creeds of other peoples. We  
hope you take this journey  
with us and enjoy it

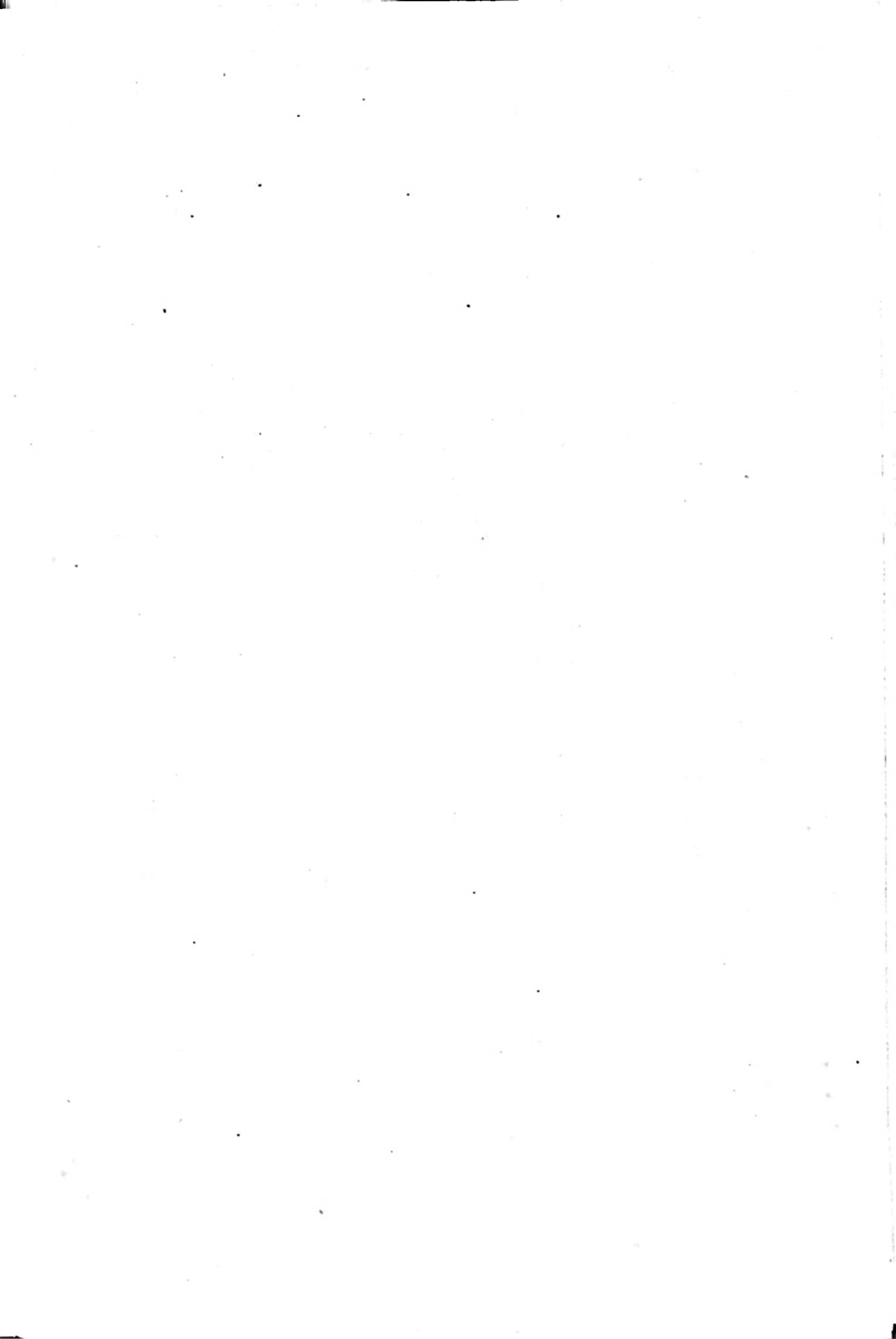
F.B.  
Sarasota

Oct 21 '53













*Photographic copy of original Oil Painted by Raymond P. R. Wilson, N.Y. City*

**B. J. PALMER, D.C., M.C.**

*Developer of Chiropractic*

**"B. J. OF DAVENPORT"\***

**—philosopher, scientist, artist, builder—the bit of a mortal being  
whom Innate Intelligence developed.**

**\* Oil Portrait by Raymond P. R. Neilson Studios, 131 East 66th Street, New York City**





# UPSIDE DOWN AND RIGHT SIDE UP *with B.J.*

Including

The Greatest Mystery of History

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HAWAIIAN ISLANDS	MALAYA
FIJI ISLANDS	BURMAH
SAMOA	SIAM
NEW ZEALAND	ANGKOR-THOM
AUSTRALIA	CAMBODIA
JAVA	INDO CHINA
BALI	CHINA
SUMATRA	PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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By B. J. PALMER

*President, The Palmer School of Chiropractic  
Chiropractic Fountain Head*

*President, Station WHO, AM-FM, Des Moines, Iowa,  
(50,000 watts)*

*President, Station WOC, AM-FM-TV, Davenport, Iowa,  
(5,000 watts)*



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DAVENPORT, IOWA, U.S.A.  
1953

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## ADVANCE EXPLANATION

Going over these stories, in the early part of 1953, in our winter home at Sarasota, Fla., we find what seemingly is repetition in parts. It must be remembered we were constantly mentally travelling in three countries simultaneously. In # 1 we made advance notes on what we wanted to see in # 2. In # 2 we were writing about what we saw in # 1. In # 2 we were outlining what we wanted to see in # 3, and, at same time writing and filling out notes of what we saw in # 1. In this way, sometimes notes became voluminous and seemingly repetitious. We hope readers will understand and make allowances accordingly.

In this book, at this date, we revised our original writings to make them conform to other recent books from Vol. 21 to 28 by changing "I" to "we," "ours," etc. for same reasons we stated in previous books.

It will be further noted, many superfluous words have been stricken from previous writings, such as:

*the* cat, *the* dog, *the* horse and *the* cow, to  
the cat, dog, horse and cow  
*just* around the corner, to  
around the corner  
*their* house, *their* furniture, *their* boat, to  
their house, furniture and boat  
*that* was, *that* is, *that* could be, to  
that was, is and could be  
to grow *up*, to  
to grow  
*up* till, to  
till  
etc.

In parts, we may have gone to extremes, which might make reading seem jerky. Perhaps this is a failing, but better this than other way.

Some parts are repetitive, as we returned and saw more second time, and wrote more about different views, different times, different places, explained and described in different language.

This story was written enroute, here, there, everywhere we could grab time. Our Corona was our constant companion.

Notes were hastily made, cursory comments briefed. As time was available they were roughly filled in.

On board ships these were more fully filled in—this was the second draft.

Crossing the Pacific, enroute to Seattle, we filled those in a third time enlarging same. This was the third draft.

For some reason, we do not remember now (1953), the outlines and stories were filed away, almost forgotten.

During the winter of 1952-1953, we had time on our hands, so we dug up the entire file: 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th drafts, went over the entire manuscript, weeded out much that we considered important then, which as time drifts we now find of less interest to the reading public.

Our 4th draft contained 1736 full-sheet, double spaced type-written copy. We cut 870 pages. This left 866 pages - - - about one half to be buried, other half to be printed.

All these years we have been trying to steal time to put into print THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF HISTORY. It is now before you IN THIS BOOK. We hope our readers will enjoy going over it as much as we have enjoyed digging it out of our files, now printing same.

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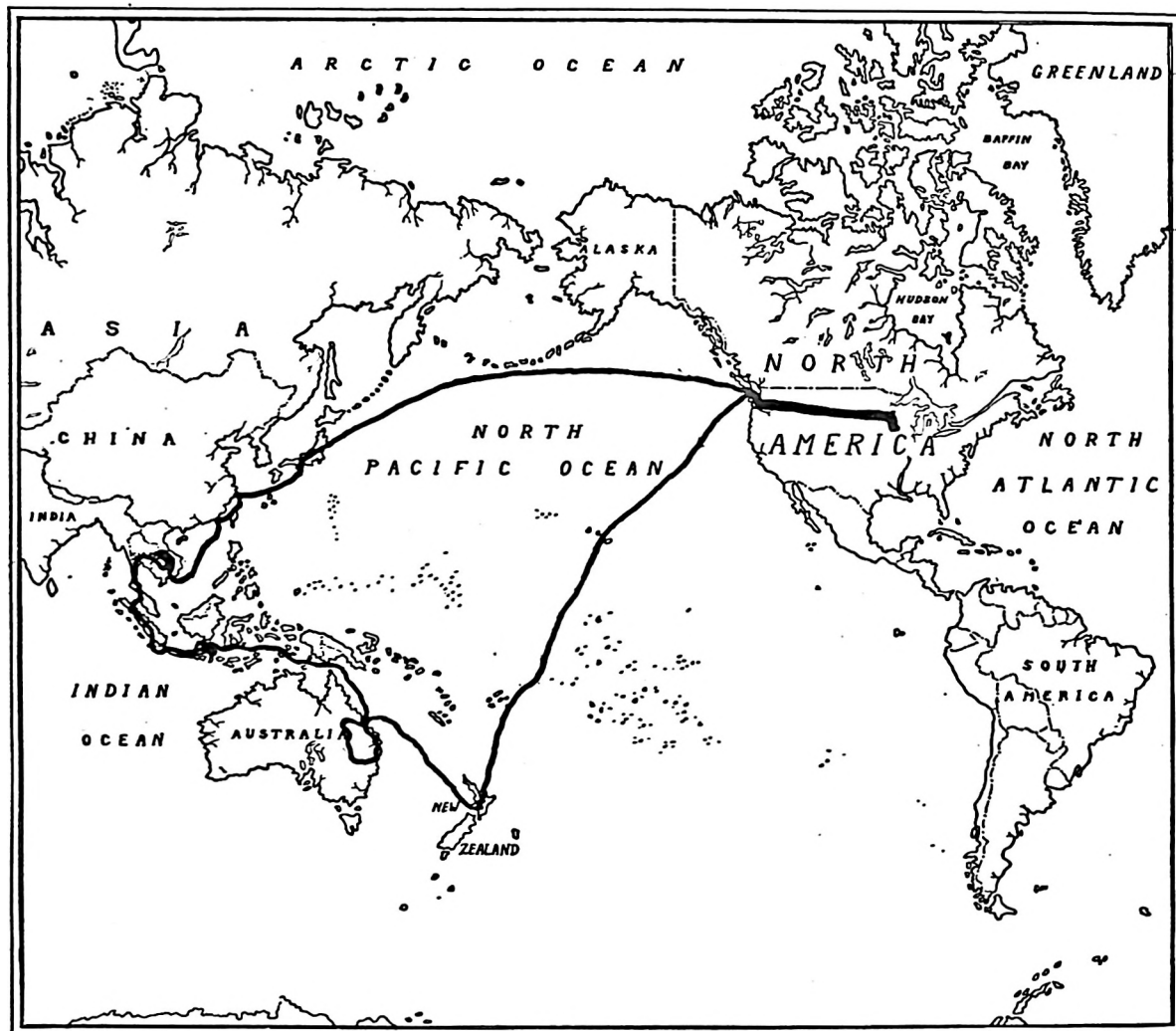
B. J. is to be congratulated even at this late date, upon his decision to publish this vivid narrative of travel. The interest of the story is that while the author followed some parts of a beaten track, he also got off that beaten track into jungles and bush country. No matter where they went, he did not see thru commonplace eyes. Descriptions of historical and usually well-known places make good reading, but he is at his best when he gives us expert impressions of people, their commercial organizations, business methods, of places they visited.

B. J. races around the world and into many corners of the world with the same eager energy with which he has builded Chiropractic, The Palmer School of Chiropractic, Stations WHO and WOC, A Little Bit O'Heaven, etc. And he applies to all he sees the same swift analytical penetrating observations and sound decisions which made his work the greatest organization in America.

The magic name "B. J." opened all doors; therefore, he saw all he wanted to see; wrote and secured all information desired; and was able to movie fotograf everywhere he desired to go.

It would be impossible for people to travel and so isolate themselves that they could travel as travellers alone. These people were travellers, sight-seers, globe-trotters, fotografers; they were also chiropractors and business people, addressing public organizations; therefore, the reader will excuse references made to their particular profession as it time to time crops into the general story. Portions of his descriptions will appeal only to those connected with the Chiropractic profession. Many other items, describing professional problems, speaking dates, and reactions, are of a personal character and will interest only those to whom that interest attaches.





## FOREWORD

This is a story of a 25,000-mile trip to the South Pacific. It took us from Davenport to Chicago, to Seattle, to Vancouver, to Hawaiian Islands, to Fiji Islands, to Samoa and smaller islands in between, to New Zealand, to Australia, to Java; then back-tracking to Bali, back to Java, Sumatra, to Malaya, to Burmah, to Siam, to its border, down the Mekong River, up the other side to our one big objective—those lost cities of Angkor-Thom in Old Cambodia; then back to Saigon in Indo-China, to Hong Kong, to Shanghai, to Manila, Philippine Islands, to San Francisco; then back home.

Roughly, the map outlines our trip.

We went as traveler, student, lecturer, writer, author, publisher, researcher, explorer, from civilized to savages, from cities to jungles, securing the best and the worst in beaten or off-beaten paths. The book speaks our joys and troubles, from top to bottom, from luxuries to hardships.

This trip was made in 1930—23 years ago. We made notes, but it was not until the winter of 1952-53 that we took time to write the story. In our winter home at 342 North Washington Drive, St. Armand's Key, Sarasota, Florida, in 1953, we took time to re-write and enlarge our copy into this book.

Some years previously, we had heard about Angkor-Thom. This was our objective project. It is here in full, under title **THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF HISTORY**. We believe this book more fully describes and pictorially illustrates this greatest sight in all the world than any other we know.

Having traveled some 1,400,000 miles, approximately 9 times around, we still think those ruins are the one greatest sight to see and explore.

The author has written one other travel book on two trips around the world, titled **'ROUND THE WORLD WITH B.J.** At this time (September, 1953) we have a few copies left of that edition. Write the author, if interested. It is full of historical and personal events of many other countries than those told in this book. Price \$12.50 postpaid.

## PREFACE

Is there a definite state of mind and muscle that drives people on to endure privations, discomforts, hardships, takes them away from loved ones, home, to knock about in odd corners of the undiscovered world? Some have called it "wanderlust." Such people are called "globe-trotters."

It seem to be like a drinker's appetite he can't quite satisfy; always wanting to be on the go, first here, then there, seeking some place where he has never been before. Rambling around his own home backyard doesn't scratch that particular itch. It must be away over yonder in some unknown country or other person's backyard.

Symptoms develop in mild form all the time. They develop into a major pathology about once every three to seven years. There is only one thing that cures it—a travel bath with a good country soaking!

Your author has covered over 1,400,000 miles since May 1st, 1909. He knows America like a mother knows her home. Now and then, he jumps a boat and away he goes to another stretch of foreign country. It may be North, South; it's always East or West, outside the boundaries of America. This, then, is another of those "now and then" trips.

We write the trip as we go. We send letters home. They were printed and sent to our friends. They were given over Stations WOC-WHO on our return. We did receive thousands of requests to put our first two round the world trips into book form. It was done. The proceeds did go into a special travel fund. And so the ball rolls.

This trip is to the islands and continents of the South Pacific Ocean. What drama comes to your mind? So, "on with the play," let us pull back the curtain and bring the players on the stage. Let us listen to their tales.

For months prior to his departure, B. J. was busier than ever, which is saying a good deal, for he is always such—busy closing up a lot of tag ends, leaving things in shape so they would run smoothly. For days prior to actual departure these good folks were busier yet saying "good-bye," a difficult job at any time, but particularly hard for "The Colonel" whose heart strings are wrapped up in and around the famous Dear, Old PSC, its wonderful helpmates, and his A LITTLE BIT O'HEAVEN, etc. An air

of depression seemed to pervade the confines in and around Brady Hill top for "THE COLONEL" WAS GOING AWAY!

You could have seen him dodging in and out the various buildings, offices; a fervent handclasp here, sounding whack on the back there, a laugh and smile to one, a hug to another, a wave of the hand and the response of a ringing cheer, and at times a few minutes to recall some almost forgotten incident with an older department head, a bit of instruction here and a determining policy there, until the large circle of "good-byes" had been about completed.

Finally the day of actual departure arrived. The evening came, friends dropped in at the home, a few went to the depot. As minutes grew shorter there was a suspicious huskiness in the voices of many for "THE COLONEL" WAS GOING AWAY!

He was visibly affected by this remarkable loyalty, sincerity and love demonstrated by hundreds who had worked with him for many years. After the final handshakes, kisses, hugs and final longing looks as the train pulled away from the station, they went into their drawing room. The crowd slowly dispersed—it was strangely silent—"THE COLONEL" HAD GONE AWAY!



This photo is out of geographical order. It was a Suki-Yaki (pronounced Skee-yah-kee) dinner given in a Japanese tea-house, with Geisha girls. Reading from left to right: Mr. Lange, 2nd; Mr. Lange; Dr. Sakurai; Miss Ofukusan (Good Look); B. J. (Ofuku San) O Sato San; (Miss Sugar Baby); Mrs. Lange; Mrs. Palmer; Tad Kanazawa, who was our constant companion while we were in Japan.



## CHAPTER 1

SEPTEMBER 6th, 1930

Our 1930 Lyceum ended last Friday night. It was a strenuous week. We are tired. We need a rest. Some people want to sit, and sit, and sit some more. Others want to pull in fish, while dozing away aches and unrest. We, however, gain rest only as we keep the machine grinding away at high speed in new fields of mental activity. We must keep on keeping on; we must think, study; the bodies must keep on the move, expanding, growing, pushing back horizons.

This is the day we leave home for such a "rest," and how you say that depends upon what you are thinking as you contrast your way or our way. Six o'clock that evening there was a little family party in our home. It was a pre-birthday party, four days ahead of schedule.

At 8:30 that evening the same group was gathered around the Rock Island Depot in Davenport waiting for the train that would take us to St. Paul. As the train pulled out our last recollection was in seeing this "gang of ours" in a line, saluting good-bye to their "Colonel" as we pulled away to be gone six months. How do loved ones part on the occasions of these long trips? Some families dig and rag up all possible dire tragedies, wrecks, sinking of boats, fires, eaten by wild animals, poisoned by venomous snakes, stricken by heat, drowned, etc. None of that in ours. Everybody was happy, smiling, loving thots and thotful good-byes. It was just "another" trip, as tho we were to be gone overnight. And, what is time after all? Someone has ably said: "Live today as tho you were going to live always; live this hour as tho it were the last." But, underneath in the hearts of everyone, there was a subtle something that told our reason that there was always the intangible innate that controls our destinies, but it was not openly displayed on the surface.

All preparations had been made for sailing from San Francisco on the S.S. Tahiti. She sunk on the *up* trip from New Zealand. We would have gone down to New Zealand with her had she kept afloat. And, who knows, had she returned, she might have gone down on our trip. Innate knows!

### PREPARING FOR A TRIP

Experience is a wonderful teacher. At one time we travelled with trunks, called "boxes" in the Orient. Once was more than

enuf. The Orient knows no baggage system like we have; you cannot check a trunk from one town or port to another. What you have you must take with you so it can be carried by porters. We travelled ONCE with trunks. Each stop we had to hunt a professional firm who packed goods and have them freight it along. Sometimes it was ahead of us, sometimes behind, almost never where and when we wanted it. This does not happen to people who "cruise" around the world in one boat that hits coast towns and who practically live on one boat all the way. We "go native," which means interiors, dak bungalows, getting around in nooks and corners. Whatever you need you must have, therefore, it must be in portable condition so you can get into it as is and as when.

How does one prepare for such a trip? Listen to the recipe.

Six months ago we started a "writing down what we wanted" list. We would discuss the country, conditions, then see what we needed—write it down. Our list grew. We knew we would be in insufferably hot countries. We knew our tropics. Our list grew. We knew we would be in cold countries. We knew our below zeros. Our list grew again.

Six weeks ago we began to gather and assemble. Finally everything was in one room. We now had to begin eliminating duplication. Economy of space was an item. If any one thing could be made to serve many purposes, it had to be done. Much scheming, much studying; what to leave, what to take, was all important.

Six months was boiling down to six days, to six hours—we're off! And, here's what we're off with.

Four Pullman suit cases, fibre board, extra heavy clasps, locks and handles, especially rebuilt for such travel. All are equipped with extra heavy lock; all locks have a common key. We carry two on a ring in our pocket, and then we have two extra keys on a third ring to be found in the "trick bag," in case we were to lose ours. Our experience proves that in some places political experts make it a point of business to go thru baggage to find out what they can find out. We make it a point to lock our bags wherever and whenever we leave our room or cabin. A wise precaution—it prevents snooping and pilfering. Special handles are put on each end of these suit cases so porters can grab and throw to their hearts' desire. Two special canvas straps are around each bag. Two extra large suit cases, fibre board, made up in the same way as the other four, and one extra heavy leather hand bag, called by us a "trick bag," (we'll explain later why we call it that), also one paper wrapped package of

"topi" or cork pith helmet sun hats which we have had on previous trips to the tropics.

Each bag is painted on both ends and on front, "B.J.P. Dav., Ia., U.S.A.," each being numbered for purpose of quick identification, for all six cases are alike, four of same size and two larger. The kind of bags is important. Ours are heavy compressed fibre. They are given a glazed finish. This waterproofs them as well as glances a blow that might otherwise cut them. Edges must fit tight to keep out small white and red ants of the tropics, centipedes, etc. If they got in, about one hour and all would be fecal ashes.

Suit case # 1 contains all immediate necessities for self: shirts, collars, handkerchiefs, pajamas, lounging robe, wallet, caps, gloves, and other personal things as toilet accessories.

Suit case # 2 contains personal things such as hats, dresses, gloves, blouses, underthings, toilet accessories, etc.

Suit case # 3 contains suits; Biltmore homespuns for cold weather, washable suits for hot, dress suit for on board ship and on festive occasions in cities; and more clothes of other kinds, for we are now passing thru from fall to shipboard and then into the tropics. We mention shipboard for we always "dress" for dinner. Even how suits are made is an important item for travel. Our suits for the tropics will be dark mohair, especially made. Mohair wears well, does not grow "shiny" for it is such to begin with. Having "sleezy" surface, it sheds dust and dirt. It is light in weight. It wears like iron. It will wash as the natives only know how to shrink and squeeze them out of shape, as well as beat the life out of them on rocks on banks of creeks and rivers. On inside of the vest, we have a special pocket to carry our passport. This must be guarded religiously. With that you can come and go, without it you are a stranger in a strange land. On inside waist band of trousers is a secret pocket for carrying surplus money, money orders, letters of credit, etc. Vests have larger pockets than usual for we always have many small articles to fill them. Coats have unusually large outside pockets for books, notes, films, etc. On every pocket is a flap with button hole and button. In this way we will not lose things while getting in and out of cars, on and off of elephants, etc.

Suit case # 4 is a sort of "what have you," including many kinds of shoes, stockings both for hot and cold weather, wool scarfs, cummerbunds for wrapping around the abdomens at sundown to prevent chilling, to prevent dysentery; rubbers for wet and rainy weather; ironing iron for we are often compelled to do washing ourselves on such a trip; odds and ends such as

a supply of tooth pastes, face creams, soaps, towels, playing cards, glasses for glare prevention, etc.

Suit case # 5 contains heavy outer wraps, such as leather jerkins, leather overcoats, and surplus stock of washable clothing. The Oriental is inured to cold. We are not. We carry sufficient heavy clothing to overcome what he is toughened to. Oriental is used to the naked skin. He perspires and dries off. We wear clothing, perspire and wear wet clothes. We must change frequently, several times a day, for sundown is a dangerous zero hour if you chill. Outer clothing must be washed with water for the native knows no dry-cleaning.

Take the item of a man's overcoat, as a sample of preparation. One coat must answer many purposes. It must be light in weight, pack tight, and save space. It is of knee length to avoid difficulty in walking up and down places. Our coat is reindeer hide, light in weight, impervious to wind and therefore warm; will shed water, therefore acts as a rain coat. It is wool chamoisette lined, therefore will be warm. It has whopper expansive outside pockets for books, films, notes, on an all day away-from-your-bags trip.

Pasted in the lid is a map of the world that takes all the space. Running in and around is a blue pencil mark of our general routing of this trip. Former trips are outlined in other colors.

Suit case # 6 contains our desk, library, and everything that goes with one who travels as author, writer, lecturer, doctor, moving picture photographer, etc. It is one of two big suit cases and is the heaviest to carry. In it is a Corona typewriter. In the case is packed away clips, pins, extra type ribbons, etc. We carry four cameras: 1 Victor movie with adjustable turret head for short or long range work; 1 Eastman movie exclusively for color work; 1 Bell and Howell for emergency or double-shot work for sometimes we might be taking something important and run out of film in one but be well loaded in the other; and one still camera. We had to figure the question of films long in advance. Only at rare intervals will we be able to secure additional films on this trip. We carry 6,000 feet from here, all with printed addresses ready to be mailed as soon as exposed. Lecture outlines, in book form, guide books, a complete set of Deluxe Neurocalometers, and much other additional matter as one can well imagine help to pack the suit case to a weight of about 200 pounds.

In the lid of this bag is another map pasted in, handy reference and ready at a glance. The Orient has a fashion of "my card" idea. We never carry a card in America. We are so well known



such is not needed. In the Orient, they hand you theirs and they socially expect yours in return. So, we carry five different kinds of cards to meet all occasions. First, a personal card with no prefix; second, a simple professional card with the prefix "Dr."; third, a professional card calling ourself "consultant and analyst"; fourth, a business card, prefixing title of "Colonel," with listing of various businesses we are interested in; fifth, a business card connecting ourself with The Central Broadcasting Company and Tri City Broadcasting Co., etc. We carry some of each in a special pocket in our coat, ready to hand out, and believe us, every turn demands a card in return for one we get. We carry 2000 cards on this trip.

Then, there's the "trick bag." We have always called it that. It IS a "trick" bag because you can reach in and pull out ANYTHING you want, much like the magician's plug hat. Anything from corn plasters, adhesive tape, toothpaste, needles and threads, tweezers, LePages glue, in fact EVERYTHING that past travels have taught sometimes are dire necessities. Over in Jerusalem we acted as first-aid to occupants of an automobile that just plunged over an embankment. A bottle of whiskey came in handy there. You'd be surprised to know what you could ask for and find in that bag.

We thot we'd take a look in this "trick bag" so we could more accurately tell you what *was* in it. The first thing we spied was a package of Lux. We will wash out our own stockings, handkerchiefs, etc. The native goes barefoot and uses the ground when he wants to "blow hard." We found a small tin containing extra leads for pencils. And from now on, we'll let every man imagine what he may think that he might need and not know that he needs it until he is in the midst of a jungle and wants it badly—well, it's in the "trick bag." All you need do is ask for it. And equally as much applies to a woman. Do you want citronella to drive away mosquitoes? It's there!

## EN ROUTE—ST. PAUL TO SEATTLE

We were met at St. Paul by Lloyd E. Schmall, representing the Northern Pacific railroad, for we were to travel over the NORTH COAST LIMITED, one of THE few crack trains of America. He helped us transfer and bid us "a happy and pleasant voyage." He tipped off "Honor Service" on this train. Few know what this means. They bring you newspapers to your drawing room at every important stop; they send fruit back to you; they serve orangeade or tea at 4 p.m.; they ask your desires in special foods



in the diner; in fact, they put themselves out to do everything possible to ease off the rough tedious edges of travel.

And what a train that NORTH COAST LIMITED is! Radio in observation car; roller bearings thruout, which take up slack, start and stop train without bumps and jerks; there is a ladies' lounge; two baths, maid and valet service; barber shop (which we did not visit); soda fountain; library, with good books; and over the mountains a sight-seeing car. This new roller bearing equipment means silent and quiet sleeping without roll or jar at night. Would that we could take this NORTH COAST LIMITED with us on this trip. In all the world, no train better than this. Superb dining car service. That Steward Sutton is a whiz-bang service man. He serves you without being servile, when and where you want him without being in the way; he seems to know what, when, where and how. Our Alaska BJ-WOC Tour went West on this same train one summer and that's why when we had occasion to personally make another trip, we intentionally chose this same train. That speaks for itself.

Our mileage record book shows that we left home on this trip with 614,766 miles to our credit since May 1st, 1909. Up till the day of leaving home, 23,766 miles were added in 1930. It will be interesting to trail this thru to see how much we add on this trip alone.

Such beds! Luxuriant box spring mattresses! At dinner, first night out, we were the guests of Mr. Goodsill, General Passenger Agent of the Northern Pacific at St. Paul.

At Mandan, N. D., our Indian "brothers" were down to the depot to welcome us, for you will recall we were made Indian chief two years ago at this place. Our Sioux Indian name is MATA-TOPA, meaning BIG FOUR BEARS. They gave us the salute and a pow-wow dance. Here we set back our FIRST HOUR.

At Paradise, Mont., we set back our SECOND hour. How many of them will we set back before we start coming back to pick them up?

We were met at Seattle by Thame Orchard, representing the Northern Pacific, who relieved us of details, as well as by Rufe and Mamie St. Onge, our old pals, personal as well as professional friends back in the old Davenport days, who live and practice Chiropractic here.

## LOOSE THREADS

Before leaving Davenport, we were asked to address a mass business meeting at Enumclaw, Washington. The two telegrams speak for themselves:

Aug. 29, 1930.

"Dr. Elmer Green, care Palmer School, Davenport, Iowa.

Tickled to have B.J. Two committees working. Thanks.

Berg and Livingston."

August 29, 1930.

"Dr. Elmer Green, Palmer School, Davenport, Iowa.

Accept privilege hearing Mr. Palmer on eleventh. Arrangements completed. Thanks.

Harry Fisher."

The day we left home these two notes arrived at our office:

"Dear B. J.:

The Colonel and his wife have my very best wishes for a pleasant, profitable, and safe journey.

J. E. Cary."

"Dear B. J.:

Since there is a possibility that we, constituting the personnel of the C.H.B. Business Office, may not have the pleasure of seeing you personally before your very extensive trip to the Orient and Australia and New Zealand we want you to know we are thinking of you and during your absence from Davenport we intend thinking of you on many occasions.

With this letter go our sincerest good wishes you will have a safe, happy and profitable journey as well as a safe return to your home in Davenport.

May your combined business and pleasure trip prove highly beneficial to yourselves, Chiropractic and chiropractors.

Anticipating the pleasure of again seeing you at the end of your journey and with our very best wishes, we remain

Sincerely yours,  
Helen E. Schupp  
Burnetta H. Boettger  
A. P. Brugge."

Arriving at Seattle, we received the following:

"Dear B. J.:

You will remember a year ago last spring that one of the secretaries of the Board of Trade got in touch with me to find if you were coming to Vancouver during the summer. He said he got the information you were coming thru the Associated Board of Trade Bureau.

I got in touch with Mr. Payne, chief secretary, as soon as I received your letter and wire and he told me that the medical doctors had charge of the committee arranging for speakers and that all the days were filled up, they having five speakers for this week.

I asked him about the 15th and 16th. He said they were open

and that he would get in touch with me again immediately, but needless to say, there has been nothing more done.

I am looking forward with eagerness to seeing yourself on the 13th and 14th in Seattle.

I am,

Fraternally yours,  
W. Sturdy."

(Telegram)

"Dr. B. J. Palmer, Hotel Olympic, Seattle, Wash.

Arranged lecture Monday advertising sales bureau Board of Trade. Answer.

Sturdy."

Our reply:

"Monday date okeh. Leave here Sunday night.

B. J."

(Telegram)

"Dr. Palmer, Olympic Hotel, Seattle, Wash.

Advertising and sales bureau Vancouver today learns of your visit to this city Monday September fifteenth Stop Previous desire to have you as our speaker now strengthened would appreciate advice you will be our guest and speaker on subject namely Selling Yourself noon luncheon meeting kindly wire collect.

Advertising Bureau Vancouver Board of Trade."

(Telegram)

"B. J. Palmer, Olympic Hotel, Seattle, Wash.

Congratulations on this your birthday upon your past success. Wishing you many returns of the day bringing health happiness and continued success. Wishing you a pleasant and successful journey and a safe return. I am feeling better, thanks to you.

Mary Saxe."

We write this in a "parlor, bedroom, and bath" Hotel Olympic, Seattle, next door to jumping off place at Vancouver. Both of us are mindful of luxuries we are leaving and what we get here in the way of travel comforts that we can't get away over there. We have been there before, several times, but in spite of that, we go because man's understanding of man is like a horizon, you keep walking and it never arrives. When you reach the end you saw but a bit ago, it is gone and there is another newer horizon a bit further on. We grow as we go. We cannot stand still. As we weave back and forth on the new horizon, we see, know, and understand more. As we hibernate, we grow narrow and stingy. As we expand, we grow broad and liberal.

We know what we leave behind here. We know what we are going into over there and we also know we will be glad to come back to it all with that horizon pushed further back.

It is unusual to run into something new in the way of finished detail in hotels but we did at the Hotel Olympic in Seattle. They furnished KLEENEX for men who shave AND rubber bathing caps for women who take a shower bath and do not care to wet their hair. We like this also—because of OUR hair.

We held a Washington-Oregon-British Columbia combined inter-state meeting at Seattle. From there we migrated onward to Vancouver from where we are to sail. We held a conference at Vancouver with our people the night before sailing.

## CHAPTER 2

SEPTEMBER 17th, 1930

This is the "jumping-off day." We sail on the Union Steamship Company's liner, S.S. AORANGI. Aorangi is the name of the highest mountain peak in New Zealand. This is the flag ship and their largest liner. We sail at noon. At eleven our clans began to gather at the dock, some came aboard; we were photographed many times, movies and stills. Dr. Sturdy handed us a bank draft, which he said, "was a present to us to cover our hotel bill while in their city." Inasmuch as we had but sat in one conference with them, we hardly felt we had done sufficient to earn it.

Sailing at noon, all was calm until after we left Victoria about 8 that night. At 2 p.m. we were invited to be the table guests of Commander Martin at Captain's table. As there are over 1200 travellers on board and but 8 are so invited, we considered this a compliment indeed. To the Commander's right is a Sir somebody, to his right a New Zealand Lady, to her right another man, then still another. To the Commander's left are ourselves, then a Mr. Thomsen, representing a New Zealand firm, then a young lady from Milwaukee. We have some interesting conversations, discussing international questions, more particularly "whether prohibition is going to work in the U.S." It is interesting to note that everybody aboard is aware of what is generally going on in "the States."

Aboard this ship we are now surrounded with "English atmosphere" and all that goes with it. Cigars are out of order. Pipes *are* in order. We are now "hitting the pipe," not that we prefer it but it is hard to get good cigars where pipes and smoking tobaccos are preferred. To smoke a cigar would attract attention, not that we are unused to this, but we prefer a good pipe to a poor cigar.

We are ensconced in DeLuxe Cabin F. We came down at 9, altho we did not sail until 12. We wanted to get settled and unpacked, etc. Our Cabin F is on B deck, slightly forward of middle. It is called the "Louis Seize" suite. The room is about 12 feet square, 9 foot ceiling. It has two half width beds, good springs and mattresses, 2 clothes closets, writing desk, dresser, and two small stands, reading lamp over each bed, one over reading table, one overhead, all subject to being turned off and on while in bed. We have an electric heater which was com-



fortable the first two days out, after which weather grew warmer. We have private bath room with hot and cold fresh, as well as salt water; toilet with double arm chair over it, which is something unusual even with ships. We may rig up something like it at home. Bath room has marble walls with tiled floor. Walls are hung with brocaded silk. It is the finest we have ever had aboard a ship. There are 8 such suites on this ship. Inasmuch as we are aboard this ship 19 days we are entitled to whatever possible comfort can be secured. We have an individual suction and forced draft circulation of air, as well as a fan that circulates whatever outside air we may need—and we will need it later farther South.

This day we hit rough weather, the tail end of a storm at sea. The ship tossed all four ways and you would have found us in bed all day. We could say that "we were tired out and needed the rest" but fact is we were all that and just plain sea sick as well. We were all in, down and out, up and out as well.

### SEPTEMBER 18th, 1930

This was another day of rough sailing. We stayed in most of the time. Later the sea calmed some and we gradually emerged from a forced hibernation to sitting on deck outside our cabin.

### SEPTEMBER 20th, 1930

We are sailing in a South by West direction which means more South than West. We are averaging a trifle over 400 miles per day. Each day passengers bet on the day's run, shilling a bet—about twenty five cents our money. Ten per cent is deducted from the pool for the seamen's fund, balance divided amongst those who bet on the exact run. Yesterday we bet fifty cents on two numbers and lost. Today we bet on four and won \$4.50, so we are \$3.00 ahead of the game so far.

Inasmuch as we are going mostly South and a trifle West, we set back our time about 30 minutes a day. When sailing from San Francisco, we go more West than South, we set back time about an hour a day. The sea is smooth; sun is shining; boat is sailing calmly. Today is ideal and exceptional "for this time of the year." We are due for equinoctial storms. We may not have any now because we are past that territory. We may get them coming up thru the China Sea later.

As we write this portion comes a knock at the door. Bell boy tells us Captain requests our presence in his cabin at 4 for tea. It seems as tho our reputations have preceded us.

Yesterday we had delivered a package containing a book that

was shipped to us from New Zealand which was to have reached us as we sailed from San Francisco on the ill-fated TAHITI, for this was the ship that sunk on the up voyage and we were to have sailed on its down voyage. Instead of that, it went DOWN to Davy Jones' locker. The mail was saved, hence our book was forwarded to us at Vancouver.

We have received some wonderful radio cables since being on board. We insert them here:

"Just a few sweets to help while away the time. With them go loads of love from all Quota girls.

Wishing you a pleasant journey and safe return.

Love so much,  
Quota Girls."

"Dr. B. J. Palmer, S.S. Aorangi, Cabin FFF, Canadian Australian Line, Vancouver, B. C.

"The girls of the Sigma Phi Chi extend to you greetings. We feel the loss of you but realize we must share with others. Bon voyage. A successful lecture tour with an early and safe return to the dear, old PSC. With love

Sigma Phi Chi Girls."

"Mrs. B. J. Palmer, S.S. Aorangi, Canadian Australian S.S. Co., sailing Sept. 17th, Vancouver, B. C.

Just landed. Wish you every joy and as calm a voyage as ours. My earnest prayer for your welfare and health. Affectionate greetings.

Martha B. Weisels."

"Col. Palmer, S.S. Aorangi, Seattle Radio

Bon Voyage and smooth sea. Love.

Dave."

"Col. Palmer, S.S. Aorangi, Seattle Radio.

Our best wishes for a restful and enjoyable voyage. Return safe and well. Rest assured we will keep the home fires burning.

All employees of Palmer School."

"Col. Palmer, S.S. Aorangi, Seattle Radio.

Best wishes for a successful voyage.

Freshman Class."

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SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1930

The Aorangi is an English owned boat, runs out of Canada to New Zealand and Australia. It actually is a commuter boat be-

tween the Islands and England. The passengers are English going West or New Zealanders and Australians returning home from England, Canada being the thru route for them. We, as Americans, would not have been on board this boat had it not been for the sinking of the TAHITI. Many of these people combine some pleasure with business, hop over the border into the United States, and visit some of our many places so well advertised. There seems to be a common complaint that the United States advertises what it has, whereas New Zealand has as wonderful but they don't advertise it. Passengers who discuss "America" to us always discuss Chicago as the land of killings, warfare, etc. Some people were afraid to visit Chicago, fearful of their lives, property, etc. They believed it a city of bandits, desperadoes, thugs, etc. With proper explanation of how prohibition produces bootleggers, how bootleggers produce liquor gangs, and they produce civil war amongst themselves, and how newspapers play such up for the sale of newspapers, then they get "the drift." One man wanted to know what I meant by "the drift." "Was anything floating along?"

The Aorangi is "wet." So far as passengers and crew are concerned you wouldn't know the boat was wet, that liquor was on board, that there was a bar and bar-room and that men, as well as women, go there to drink. If this boat were to reverse itself and all on board were to change to "Americans" (as we United Staters are called), with full and free liberty to get and to have any and all liquors they wanted, we are certain we would see pigs, hogs, swine, as well as soused drunks. When you can have what you want, you don't want it; when you can't get what you want, you fight to get it.

Yesterday was Sunday. It is a peculiar day on an English boat. The awakening bugle. The breakfast bugle. Early Mass in music salon; about twenty attend, a visiting Father conducts. Eleven, bugle. Church of England service, assembly hall, full house. Commander conducts. Bar closed during service only. Open rest of day. Bar closed when church is open. Bar open when church is closed. Collection. Seamen's Home gets 10 per cent of collections and sports bets. Bugle twice. Lunch. Deck games open at 2:15. Loungers reading. Ambitious are practicing games. Lazy are sleeping. Idle chattering. Silly gossiping. Children playing. Sun worshippers on A deck. Bugle. Dinner. Dress optional. Most exercise their option. We did not.

All people who are subjects of Britain are "Britishers," a title to which they do not object, but they want lines drawn clearly as to which country they come from. They are "English" from England; "Canadian" from Canada, etc. New Zealander resents being

called an Australian and vice versa. Early white settlers of Australia were political convicts sent out from England, a thing which present day Australians are proud of and which New Zealanders are ashamed of, so don't mix them.

Britishers are the greatest colonizers in the world. They are a sturdy, practical, physical and mental type of people. No lallygagging or lollypopping. No petting children. No candy sucking. They lean strongly to athletics on land or shipboard. Conversations are sensible, not silly.

### LANGUAGE VARIES

We Americans are now in contact with the typical "English" "as she is spoke" in New Zealand and Australia. We are but six Americans on board with over 1200 native talkers. We find ourselves straining and struggling to understand ordinary common conversation. We are all "talking English" but there IS a difference. We have been a week analyzing this difference. It lies more in pronunciation of one letter "a" and its associated letters before and behind than any other. Example: We speak of "day," a figure of time, with the long "a," the "y" silent. They pronounce the "y" and call it as tho "die." We say, "How are you todAy?" They say, "How are you to DIE?" Of course, "day" means one thing and "die" another in OUR language. A bell boy came to our cabin and said, "The TRIES, please." We had him repeat it THREE times before we understood he wanted the "trays." He thinks us dense. We wonder why HE doesn't talk plainly. They usually speak our long "a" as tho it were "ah." Lady would be as tho "laddie" and to us these are different words with different genders with different meanings.

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Wherever "ei" appears, it is as "eye" and where "ie" appears it is as "ee." They follow that rule. We are liable to run into them eether eyethur way. Either is pronounced (by them) as eyethur. We speak it as "eethur." Neither is "neythur." We speak it as "neethur."

Paint is as tho "pint." When they think of "paint," then speak it as "pint," which to our minds means a quantity of measurement, not a question of color, we must figure it around to correctly understand them. It is like interpreting language.

Reason is pronounced as tho "raisin." One is a state of mind, the other a dried fruit. When they think of the raisin fruit, they pronounce it as "risen," which to us means to get up in

the morning. When they think of "risen," they pronounce it as tho our "reason," meaning a state of mind again.

We are convinced they speak according to definite rules. We mess the whole thing and do not follow any definite rules. As a rule, they speak more perfect English than we.

We "pulled" two American jokes last night, those kind that are quick. We swore we wouldn't try it again. We tried another at breakfast this morning. We had watermelon. We asked if they knew where the water came from in the melons. "No. Where?" "They plant them in THE SPRING." Did they get it? One man said, "Most certainly, otherwise they couldn't have the summer in which to ripen." What's the use? Either we are frivolous with our wisecracks or else they are too practical to see anything in our wisecracks.

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We set back between 20 and 25 minutes per day. If we were going due West, it would be more than an hour a day.

The sea is smooth and calm now. Malolo (flying fish) are constantly about our bow. Last night we were 765 miles from Honolulu. We should arrive tomorrow night, about 12 hours ahead of schedule. Fair weather made this possible. The weather is much warmer today.

A day comes, a day goes; it's just another 24 hours. Time hangs heavy with nothing to do; but, altho time does go slowly, it is surprising when you look back and see how fast it goes.

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About 11:30 we go up and bet on ship's run for past 24 hours. About 12:15 (they announce the run shortly after 12) we go up to get our winnings or smile at losses for we can be a good sport either way. Our daily wireless ship's newspaper gives us the run as of 8 p.m. the night before. At 6 a.m. the Skipper takes his position by the sun, approximates what the run will be by noon, issues his "guess" on what the run will be by noon. Passengers then bet whichever way from that figure they please. If trade winds and ocean current are against us, we go below it; if the reverse, then we raise, always aiming to save a couple of numbers below to play safe. The bet amounts are pooled. Suppose the Captain's "guess" for the run is 400 miles for the 24 hours. Suppose 300 people bet at 25 cents each or one shilling a bet. Suppose the actual day's run is exactly 405 miles, as determined by sextant on sun at exactly 12 o'clock. Suppose only 5 people guessed that figure, 300 quarters are \$75, 10 per cent of this is de-

ducted for the Seaman's Institute for destitute seamen, this leaves \$67.50 to be divided by 5 who guessed correctly. This gives each \$13.50 on a 33 to 1 win. We started out and set aside \$5.00 for betting purposes. We are not a betting person and don't bet for money we might win or lose but just to be doing something to kill time and something that gives our mind something to figure out a problem of winds and currents. It practically gives an opportunity to study trade winds and cross-currents. Right now we are \$2.50 to the good.

### SPORTS ON BOARD

Horse racing and betting on board is an interesting pastime. Six wooden horses run down thru six lanes marked out with chalk on the deck. Number of spaces each horse must run is 15 on this ship. It may be more on some or less on other ships. Two dice are thrown, one red, other green. Red dice indicates number of the horse that is to move. Green dice indicates number of spaces he is to move.

First—straight racing. Horse that wins is horse that gets to 15th stake first. Second, back to beginning racing. No. 11 may indicate that if a certain horse stops on number indicated he must move to, then that horse must go back to #1 and start over again. #15 is usually another "back to start" spot. If exact number of spots put any horse on #15, then back to start he goes. If he had one number more than that, then he can go to 15 and start down homeward stretch, for in this race, he must run up to 15 and then back to 1 again before he wins. Third, last horse in wins. Every horse must run to 15 and then come back to 1 but when he gets to within his last numbers, he must go out on an even number and one to go. Suppose a horse was within 3 places of being out, he would have to have a four to get out. This holds horses up sometimes for quite a stretch. The last horse in wins this race.

At noon today we won \$2.25 on ship's run. This makes us \$4.75 ahead of our original investment of \$5.00.

We are due in Honolulu tomorrow and when we get there we're going to police station and inquire for Charlie Chan. There're a few things we want to tell him about jewelry we lost there last year. If he's such a great detective when the scent is cold and old, we'll let him trail it down. We believe we met a certain Chinese detective there last year and he was dull, stupid, and incompetent. When we get to Australia we're going to look around and see Uncle Bim's estate and advise him to watch out for this "Widder Zander."



After travelling over 796,000 miles, we are now convinced there IS ONE positive, certain, specific for sea-sickness—but only one—get out and get under a shade tree.

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### SEPTEMBER 23rd, 1930

Bet on the ship's run today, five times, and lost. Now \$2.50 ahead. We are due in Honolulu tomorrow at 7 a. m., but owing to exceptionally fine weather, smooth sea (most of the way) and trade winds helping, we expect to get in tonight about 7:00.

We have been hoping all along we would get a wire from our friends here inviting us out to a suki-yaki dinner. At 4:10 we receive this wire:

"Will you accept tonight sukiyaki supper aloha reply.

Daifuku."

We answered him: "Absolutely. Aloha."

### SEPTEMBER 24th, 1930

4 p.m. Now enroute south of Honolulu, having pulled out at 12 noon today, 6 hours ahead of running schedule.

Honolulu is an oasis in a dry country on a dry trip on a wet ship. Today we are back on the ocean desert again. One day we were on dry land (in more ways than one). It was a break in the monotony.

Docking this big boat. Our crowd portside. Met by friends, leis, flowers and paper, sweet as can be and lovable. Japanese tea garden. Mochi Saki. Giesha girls. Kimonas and bare feet. Gold fish pond. Gold fish. A loaf of bread. Gold fish greedily sucking in food. Human beings. Low table. Tea house. All remove shoes. Kimonas for us. Chop sticks. Suki yaki. Human beings greedily gulping Oriental dry-land food. Soft lights. Sweet odors. Soft breezes. Gentle liquid sunshine. Laughter of other parties in other tea houses. An evening to remember. Back to boat for bed. Up early. Automobile. Waikiki Beach. Breakfast Hotel Young. Honolulu the glorious. Honolulu harbor. Boats. Diving, swimming boys. Coins. More friends. Whistles. Bells. Excitement. People rushing on board. Visitors rushing ashore. Good-byes. More leis. Hawaiian band playing. Singing Hawaiian girls. Aloha Oe. Until we meet again. We belong to the "Come Back Club," so we will.

SEPTEMBER 25th, 1930

Up to Honolulu was old territory, routes and places we have been many times. Vancouver and Honolulu we have visited many times. Beyond Honolulu, coming South are new seas, new ships, countries, colors, creeds, customs. We sailed out of Vancouver this time. We have sailed out of San Francisco, San Pedro (Port of Los Angeles), Seattle, New York, New Orleans, but never Vancouver before.

We now have 8 days ahead before we reach Suva, Fiji Islands. We lost our American (Milwaukee) girl at Honolulu from Captain's table, but we picked up a Chicago girl for Captain's table and she's a live wire.

Today sports tournaments begin.

At noon we will be about 400 miles South by West of Honolulu. Sun is beating down. Temperature is about 100. It is getting hot. We feel sticky and mucky. We have an electric fan in our cabin but by experience we know it is dangerous to sleep with it blowing on us. We sweat at night, fan dries our skins and chokes back poisons into our systems.

This boat has two "lifts" (elevators). They run from A deck above to E deck below. Here is one place where you can get all combined thrills of composite directions at one and the same time. You can go forward (as the ship moves forward), you can go over to one side or the other as the ship rolls (which it is as we write this) and you can go downward as you go upward, i.e., as ship goes down and "lift" goes up.

The variegated crowd of passengers on an ocean liner as large as this, all of them a foreign type to us, are at first intensely interesting. Romance with honeymoon couple aboard, glamour of importance of some and some who think they are; flush of excitement is bound up in all. Within a few days your own little circle has formed and all the rest become just persons.

Seasoned voyager does not don evening dress for dinner first night out but some do because it is usually their only chance to show they have a Tuxedo. From then on their meals consist chiefly of a nibble at crackers, dried beef, baked potatoes, etc.

### TYPES ONE MEETS AT SEA

This article may be "all at sea," in respect to this vessel, and in complete ignorance of passenger list. It merely shows impressions of types immortal on seas (with possible exception of the Pacific).

## GLOBE TROTTER

There are various types of globe-trotter, but the "much-travelled" come into two main groups—A. stoical, bored, or blase; B. the exuberant. At this stage it may be mentioned that B may gradually evolve into an A but A never slips into B class. Once an A always an A.

Some persons may be born A—with a natural disposition to be not surprised by anything and to be more or less bored by everything. Others may gradually acquire the A pose from imitating another A or from a belief that expression of astonishment or admiration brands one as an inexperienced traveller. To A the rolling globe is about as unexciting a vehicle as a handcart or a wheelbarrow. He barely tolerates the earth—which returns the compliment.

B type of world-roamer is more interesting, but he can be very boresome, if he pours himself out in large doses. He is not ashamed to praise a beautiful scene, but usually he has seen something similar, or something still more marvelous, which he narrates at length to any willing or unwilling listener.

## "SWEET YOUNG THING "

It is her first voyage, and everything is wonderful, delightful, thrilling, beautiful. She is herself beautiful, of course, and young, healthful, radiant, charming, with a power of pleasing which softens and comforts for a moment or two even the chronic grumbler. She causes the men to adopt the Rotary motto "Service before Self." They wait upon her. They carry things for her. They fix her deck-chair in best places. Innocently she causes more heart-burning and jealousy among men than this writer would care or dare to estimate. And—but this is enough for the present about the "Sweet Young Thing," or "lovely egg" as she might be called in current slang, as other types are waiting to be served up.

## CHRONIC GRUMBLER

His troubles began before the voyage. "—Red Tape—Officialdom" gave him deliberately a lot of bother with his passport. Then he struck a busy day at booking office; several "bounders" butted in ahead of him—out of their turn, of course. He slipped on gangway when boarding vessel, and sudden stoop broke his "braces" and sent two or three buttons to sea. Some luggage which should have gone to his cabin went to the "hold," and some of the hold stuff rambled into his cabin. He tells everybody

he seems to be the only person to whom that kind of thing happens. He knows he is picked for these annoyances—"a—shame." Then he finds there has been some misunderstanding about allotment of his cabin and he has to go to another. But why relate more of the chronic grumbler's painful, exasperating experiences which continue throughout the voyage?

### BORE

To indicate all species of sea bore, the whole of the alphabet would be required, and the reader would be too, too bored before the writer came to the Z class (one minute of which remains a horrible memory for life). Therefore comment will be limited to two principal types—(1) expounder of the obvious and (2) explainer of everything.

It is hard to say which is more dreadful. No matter what precautions other passengers take to escape capture by those well-meaning entertainers, they will be caught somehow, some day. To have half an hour (which seems like half a year) with one, and then grabbed immediately after by the other, is a form of torture to which one would not condemn a bitter enemy. Even most scrupulous devotee of truth would probably tell a fib as an excuse for flight from one of these bores.

### WELL-MEANING OBLIGING SOUL

To complete a party for cards or deck-games there is the cheerful, unselfish good-humored soul with an immeasurable stupendous capacity for forgetting rules or blundering. Others are perturbed for the moment—and may even feel impelled to swear—but well-meaning one is so pleasantly apologetic that he (or she) is readily forgiven, and passes on for a similar experience with other parties.

### TIRELESS SEEKER OF INFORMATION

This type of questioner has an insatiable hunger for information about the ship, navigation, weather, ocean currents—anything and everything, directly or indirectly connected with the voyage.

This ceaseless quest for knowledge keeps officers from forgetting fundamental facts of ocean travel.

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## SEPTEMBER 25th, 1930

There is to us always something vague, alluring, and mysterious in watching the sea shimmer in moonlight from a promenade deck. Here and there restless waves are fluted with a spray of phosphorescent green. Overhead puffs of white cloud float lazily between stars. Far away in a nebulous outline of a "tramp" bound for God only knows where. One looks out at this seemingly never ending expanse of day-after-day sea and somehow feels at grips with the unknowable.

Sitting at Captain's table is as much of an ordeal for average traveller as it doubtless is to Captain himself. Those so commanded and honored must be at every meal precisely on time and depart only when the Captain has finished and arisen from his chair. And, you *must* dress for dinner.

We have been killing time figuring out occupations of male passengers. One ponderous gentleman with steely eyes and shaggy eyebrows, we guessed to be a financier down in New Zealand or Australia—the sort who sits in at a directors' meeting, pounds table and orders chief to depart at midnight, post-haste, for Canada to inspect his oil properties. A mere whim that will force poor engineer to sell his home, take children out of school, park wife with her folks, and probably be fired when he reaches Canada. We indulged in wild fancies and finally sought the Purser and asked him. He told us he was a small town hardware merchant. After that we gave up guessing.

Appearing on Captain's table for breakfast were Easter lilies, sent to us by Marie Falls, D. C., of Honolulu.

## SEPTEMBER 26th, 1930

Captain's figure on ship's run today was 391. We had a running current behind us and a N.E. wind blowing across portside stern. We figured we should be ahead of 391. We bet as follows: 390—1—2—3—4. We are writing this before run has been announced.

12:25 noon. The run is 391. Altho we were up five numbers, costing \$1.25, it pulled down \$2.50. We are now \$3.75 ahead.

## SEPTEMBER 27th, 1930

Commander Martin was down to dinner tonight. He invited us all to his cabin after dinner. Four of us were invited to "the Bridge" to inspect much that makes wheels go round.

We will describe those that strike us as being important. This

boat is equipped with a gyroscopic compass. It is to steering boats what "the iron chink" is to salmon industry, it eliminates fallibilities of man. Gyroscope with its always present and perfect balance is hooked with a compass. It is set at a certain point and automatically steers the boat to a certain port. This is theoretically correct. It cannot, however, figure angles of curves that a boat makes going from North to South, from North Pole up over the bulge of the equatorial waist line; from East to West; on an angle southward, etc. On the bridge you see Chief Officer keeping his weather eye peeled for contingencies but you do not see him steering the boat.

One thing very important in taking ships to sea is to see that they are properly balanced. Every boat is divided into compartments, cabins, holds for freight, express, and mail, kitchens, in fact, hundreds of divisions, each of which weight will be added. There are double skin hull sections for oil, water, etc. As she is tied to dock it is hard to know what might happen if a wind struck her in mid-ocean. In ye olden days men guessed at an approximate distribution of balance between portside and starboard, aft and stern. They might guess right or they might be off hundreds of tons in a large ship like this. It is vitally important a ship balance side to side, front to rear. Up in Captain's quarters is a new balancing device that can weigh this ship to within 100 pounds balance any time. Each morning it is balanced and water ballast taken on or pumped out as ship's conditions vary. That is what makes this ship a perfect and comfortable sailor. This instrument takes balance of a ship out of guess-work field and puts it into an accurate scientific knowledge. It is a comparatively new device.

On the wall is a small model ship with every bulkhead designated by number. Each has an electric light. In case of accident, one turn of an electrical handle will close every door in the ship. Each can be locally opened if necessary but it would automatically close right away. As each door closes it lights the light, instructing the Captain that work is done. Thing not generally known is that ships are divided into sections, each being a complete closed room by itself. If a leak were to occur that portion could be locked off, closed up, even tho filled with water. Closing of bulkheads would surround that room and prevent any leak from getting into any other part of ship. Captain would then "trim balance" with added water on other side and go into port with safety.

This boat was builded about 1924 so it contains any and all safety devices as of that date.

## BOLD VENTURE WITH ENGINES OF AORANGI. WORLD'S FIRST BIG FAST MOTOR-LINER.

R.M.M.S. Aorangi, launched 17th of June 1924, from yard of Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, had gaze of maritime world turned on her when she began her career as a great passenger liner, for she represented the first attempt to apply Diesel motor engines to high speed driving of a large passenger vessel. Previously the Diesel had not been given a "star part" in maritime-engineering drama.

"In shipbuilding and shipowning circles performances of Aorangi will be regarded with keen attention, for upon measure of her success—and nothing has been left undone to ensure success in fullest degree—will depend adoption in general practice of courageous policy which inspired Union Steam Ship Company in their projective of a remarkably attractive passenger steamer," ran a narrative of the launching. The Aorangi has triumphed in test of time and travel—and so new large motor-ship era has been speeded in.

How well that anticipation of successful running has been fulfilled is seen in an article "Ship of the Month, R.M.S. Aorangi," in "Harbour" (Sydney) of April 1st, 1927. "The vessel was withdrawn from service on 8th January for a thoro overhaul," paper stated, "and on 1st March went outside heads for a 24 hour test of machinery, which was very satisfactory, engines working at speeds up to 17.2 knots.—Aorangi on arrival on 7th January had travelled 201,043 nautical miles, maintaining an average speed of 16.44 knots. This is a creditable performance, and also a very severe test of her Diesel engines."

With length of 600 feet, breadth of 72 feet, moulded depth of 46 feet, and displacement of 23,000 tons, Aorangi easily holds supremacy among vessels trading through Southern Pacific. In remarkable appointments and equipment for needs and pleasure of passengers this huge motor-ship has emphatically struck the high Atlantic note in the Pacific.

In their conception of the ship as a whole the designers and overseers have provided for all wants and most of pleasures of men and women travellers and children as well. Public rooms combine stateliness and dignity of best periods of interior furnishing and decoration with all comfort and best hygienic practice and same scale of magnificence is seen throughout the accommodation. "Something of a wonder ship" is a tribute to the Aorangi.

On the Aorangi we made the acquaintance of chief engineer,



Mr. Lockhart. He invited us down to engine room to see engines and general mechanism. During our visit to engine room we learned that we carried all fresh water on board, picked up at various ports of call, and ship's tanks contained some 1,600 tons, consumption of water per day being roughly from 100 to 110 tons. She also carried in tanks 2,250 tons of oil. There are four Diesel oil engines, one for each propeller and each works independently. We saw many generators, oil, water pumps and gauges indicating temperature and capacity, also monster motors. We noticed they carried many spare parts; for instance, spare pistons, cylinders, cylinder heads, piston rings, etc. Four men attended to whole of mechanical outfit and worked in four hour shifts. Lowest deck reached found us 17 feet under water line and fresh air was pumped in continually and vitiated air withdrawn, so we were in a perfectly fresh and cool atmosphere.

Chief engineer was a Scotchman. He was most liberal and gave us much attention. We spent an hour in lower regions and were more than surprised at steady way in which those engines worked. You could have put a tumbler of water upon the engines and not spilled a drop, they were so steady; assuming, of course, that sea was steady outside.

### NAMING OF R.M.M.S. "AORANGI" New Zealand's "Shining Cloud"

If Kipling took a notion to make R.M.M.S. "Aorangi" chat about itself, the vessel should first of all admit that she is worthily named, for Aorangi is the name of Mt. Cook (12,349 ft.), highest crest of New Zealand's Southern Alps—one of world's most impressive peaks although it is not half the height of the biggest mountains of Asia and America.

"The Great Aorangi," wrote Mr. James Cowen, "with its hanging glaciers, enormous rock precipices, and icy cornices and gables, would in itself be the sight of a continent. But all around it are piled magnificent peaks and frosty sierras, such a glorious galaxy of snowy heights as is seen nowhere else in so restricted a compass."

A common rendering of Aorangi as "cloud-piercer" is wrong and is not so colourful as the version given by Mr. Cowan. "On either side, from Sefton's titan flanks, right around to the glacier-head and round again to the Cook Range, there are the King peaks, alive with voices of avalanches and many waters," he remarks. "But always the eye lifts to the Ariki (noble chief) of them all, to Ao-Rangi—"Cloud of Heaven"—or, let us say, "Shin-

ing Cloud," for it was its glittering sheen, hanging against the sky, that took the vision of the early name-givers from well-nigh a hundred miles away. From here it takes a square-headed tent shape, and the fancy comes—as it may well enough have come to the brown path-finders of long ago—the mountain-top, like white fire in the high light of noon-day or aglow with the tints of sunset, stands as an image of the very Toi-o-te-Rangi of which the wise men spoke—The Pinnacles of Heaven.

"Old Maoris of Ngai-Tahu, the last of the wise men of the South Island," concludes Mr. Cowan, "gave me many years ago the origin of some of the Alpine place-names. Aorangi embodies a reminiscence of the South Sea fatherland of the Maori, for there is a high mountain named Aor'i (-Aorangi) in Tahiti. Worangi was also the name of one of the chiefs who arrived in the South Island of New Zealand from the traditional Hawaiki in the canoe Ara-i-te-uru. Two other migrants by this Polynesian sailing-craft were Kirikiri-Katata and Aroaro-Kaihe. The former name was given by the explorers to the terminal of the Mt. Cook range and the name Aroaro-Kaihe was bestowed on one of the icy peaks of Aorangi. Aorangi was the name usually given to Mt. Cook by the West Coast Maoris. Those on the eastern plain generally called the Cook Range Kirikiri-Katata."

"Although said to be originally a personal name, it is significant that these words can be used to denote a fissured or cracked mountain side or gravel, which would exactly describe the deeply-eroded couloir riven end of the Cook Range as seen from the Tasman Valley."

## CHAPTER 3

SEPTEMBER 27th, 1930 (Continued)

We are now getting into the real South Pacific Seas where the currents of the ocean are of uncertain directions, varying at different times of the day. All calculations are in doubt until the sextant gives us actual position at noon. Commander says this is a bad day to bet. His figure is 405. We took 405—6-7-8. 404 won. It pulled \$1.75. We are now 50 cents ahead of yesterday or a total of \$4.25 profit on our original investment of \$5.00.

Usual people are usual because they *are* usual. As we travel, we seek out of the beaten path sights and thots. We want the unusual; we demand the odd; there seems to be a quirk in our nature that demands we peer into dark corners. Perhaps that's why we like caves, volcanoes, etc. We hold degrees of "Volcanologist" and "Caveologist" with all the other things we possess.

On religions, we, too, have gotten behind curtains. We have dug deeper than surface of things. The average religionist is what he is because of what his parents were; he does not think, investigate, or know whether what he believes is right or wrong; whether better or worse than some other religions. The mass are followers. Few are leaders. Majority go thru motions because it is society's custom and constitutes path of least resistance. They follow form. It takes reason to beat out a reason why of any activity of life. We asked a certain follower of a certain religion on board, who is going "down under" to convert the heathen to Christianity, why he believed what he believed and he gave us the most intelligent answer we have received, viz., "I prefer to believe what I prefer to believe because I prefer to believe it that way." Inasmuch as all religion is a matter of belief, we believe his answer as fair as any. When we began to discuss the merits or demerits of what he believed, he became taciturn, evasive and finally decisively silent, refusing to discuss them. When brot face to face with certain facts, he refused to budge from statement quoted. We said to him Sunday afternoon, "Doctor, three different religions have been preached on ship-board today. Do you think 'God' heard all three? If so, which one will He listen to, heed and follow? Or, will that which is 'God' go on the same as tho none had spoken?"

We have studied many religions, many of which are called pagan because, being native, they had a belief differing from our Christian belief. They have their customs and ceremonies which

have a fundamental different from ours. At tap-root, the Christian faith believes in the divinity of Christ; therefore, HE speaks the word of God to mankind. At tap-root, many "pagan religions" worship sex; some male, some female, some both, as the source and inspiration of that mysterious beginning of all life. We have seen sex weave itself into history, religions, superstitions, architecture, ancient and modern. It is not generally known but the present day church steeple is the male sex element. The fleur-de-lis of France is the female sex element. We have seen sex relations idolized and idealized into temples, shrines, churches, etc., knowingly in native edifices and perhaps unknowingly into Christian structures. We have seen the phallus and lingum on altars, male and female figures carved in various, many, and devious forms, on altars, etc., not in a sense of obscenity but with the profound worship upon the part of its devotees. We have seen them carved in ivory, wood, stone, etc. We have seen them heroic and small. We have seen that which our modern intelligencia calls obscene, idolized and worshipped with the same spiritual respect as our modern Christians respect the crucifix. They see no wrong in it. We think we do. We hark back to the days of pagan Rome. We call their lives lascivious. Was it that or was it religion?

Wherever we have gone, we sought to seek and see and study any and all such, because we want to know their viewpoint. We purchased fotos, carvings, idols, in any and all forms. We have a historical, architectural, historical collection well worth seeing and studying. Someday we propose putting it where this subject can be studied by those who want to get out of the narrow confines of that which closely surrounds them, who want to push their horizons farther beyond the borders of their own family, home, or village. It consists of pieces from Tibet, China, Japan, Hawaii, France, Egypt, Rome, Alaska, India, Pompeii, Fiji, etc.

## PHALLIC WORSHIP IN HONOLULU

It is expected that evidences of sex worship would be found connected with religions where sex is worshipped but one of the strangest and most unusual sights we ever ran into exists in Honolulu. This is our sixteenth trip there and we have never discovered it before. In the rear of the old first Christian church builded of lava rock is the Christian burying ground where all pioneer Christian missionaries are buried. At the head of the grave of a Christian missionary named Chamberlain is the usual Christian tombstone which recites a brief history of this Chris-

tian missionary. At the foot of this grave is a huge lingum standing about six feet high. What it is, is obvious. One glance suffices. It stands erect. We took motion pictures that we might have tangible evidence of the grave, tombstone, and lingum. Why should a Christian missionary want a pagan LINGUM on his grave? Was it his intention that such should be placed there? Could it be that his Christian brother missionaries, relatives, ministers, and friends, were unaware of its import and character? How could any such Christian missionaries associate with and study pagan religion of native Hawaiian people and be ignorant of nature of natives they came to convert? If they understood and knew full import of religious significance of lingum in native religion did they knowingly put this phalus on grave as a compromise to natives or did they partially deny Christian crucifix and partially adopt lingum belief? Did Christian turn pagan or did pagan turn Christian? Did two marry and mix their religions and did children carry mixture to his grave? Did Christian "go native"? At any rate, this lingum was brot from another Hawaiian Island, 400 miles away, for this express purpose. Whatever the facts, there's the phallus lingum on a Christian missionary's grave in Honolulu for all to see and wonder about.

Is there anything WRONG in worship of that which is natural in nature from which we all spring and have our being? What is wrong in its study or putting it on exhibition, as it does exist, that others may study it also? Someday we shall arrange our collection that it may be seen. We rather anticipate that we shall be condemned for we know it is hard for an average localized and circumscribed American mind to understand philosophies, religions, and customs of other nations, races, past and present. (See also Chapter 15, Phallic Worship.)

— — —

We are setting back our watches every day. Time is gradually getting less each day. Today it was 12 minutes. In a few days it will cease entirely and when it does we will suddenly jump an entire day when we cross the 180th meridian line.

## CHAPTER 4

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th, 1930

Each morning we go into our pocket, pull out keys, unlock case, open lid, take out tray, move books, take out typewriter case, open it up, lay out papers and then write day's news. Then we reverse the process.

At 5:20 this morning we passed under the equator. It is an imaginary line but there is always a good deal of joking about the rope that snaps, etc. One captain told his passengers there was an American flag anchored on the line. He had his passengers all on one side of the boat at a certain hour and minute to see it. He had a man up in bow lower one on a cork as they went by. Many boats permit "King Neptune" to come aboard. He comes up out of depths from Davy Jones' locker. He has long white hair, long white beard, etc. With his scepter, trident pointed, he becomes an impressive, majestic figure. He takes charge of ship and proceeds to initiate neophytes who have never crossed his linear domains before. This ship eliminated these ceremonies. Passengers have been hurt, others have fainted, and some of them have had their nicey-nice sensibilities offended, they objected, etc.

We passed the S.S. Niagara at 8:30 p.m. tonight, going North. She is a companion ship on this run, altho not a sister ship. Usually "ships that pass in the night" give each other a wide berth but on this occasion they came within a half mile of each other. It is a grand sight to see them approaching, come alongside, and pass out of sight in the distance again. On board Niagara are two of our dear friends, Victor Coxon and wife, who wirelessly us as follows:

"Greetings. Pleasant Tour."

We, of course, returned compliments. Altho it was night and we could not make out people on its decks, we know that Vic was saying, "Hello, B. J.," and we waved our hands and said, "Hello, Vic and wife."

At 4:30 p.m. we passed one of those characteristic South Pacific atolls. It shows us an island in the making. It is a coral island, walls being built of coral, which is a vegetative lime growth that piles up year after year upon itself. It was circular in shape with an inland salt sea lake within. It rose a few feet above surface of sea surrounding it. It has been thousands of



years in building and will continue so until some day it will have tree growth and human habitation upon it, thousands of years from now. It is about 15 miles in circumference. At present it has one lone tree, several clumps of low bushes and thousands of rats and birds use its sand beaches for nests and traps. Birds eat the dead rats and fish cast up on its shores; rats eat eggs of birds and dead birds and live ones they can catch. Between the two they have lived upon each other and multiplied until it is crowded with both.

Yesterday was a day of several excitements for sailing these South Seas is one after another.

We passed one of the largest and finest schools of porpoises we have ever seen. This group consisted of about 50; they were fairly close to ship and were intensely active, jumping high, etc. Usually a school consists of about a dozen, are scattered out, and jump only occasionally. We got some excellent telephoto motion pictures of them.

Day after day we pass along on smooth Southern tropical seas, smooth as glass all day. We are now approaching thousands of small coral atoll islands. We see and pass close by some and others are in the distance.

### MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th, 1930

We bet on the ship's run today. We took 400-1-2-3-4-5. The Captain's figure was 402. 397 won. This sets us back to \$2.75 profit.

The Captain invited us as his guest to a boxing match given on upper second class passenger deck tonight. We include the program. It was good.

#### "AORANGI" SOCIAL AND ATHLETIC CLUB

Commander W. Martin—Patron

H. E. Read.....	President	S. Courtney .....	Treasurer
E. Anderson .....	Vice President	S. Courtney .....	Chairman
H. Lockhart.....	Vice President	H. Cutler .....	Librarian
P. A. Chappell.....	Vice President	A. Lamb .....	Secretary

#### BOXING TOURNAMENT

By kind permission of Commander W. Martin.

Monday Night, September 29th, 1930, at 9 p.m.

Director—E. JACKSON

Referee—Len Suckling.

Judges: P. A. CHAPPELL & M. CUMMINS

ALL BOUTS CONSIST OF 3 2-MINUTE ROUNDS

## PROGRAMME

1. W. LOWE, 126 lbs.	V.	H. PHILLIPS, 128 lbs.
2. R. CAMERON, 147 lbs.	V.	R. RICHARDS, 144 lbs.
3. D. MITCHELL, 112 lbs.	V.	H. JOHNS, 116 lbs.
4. W. BARRETT, 132 lbs.	V.	L. TURNER, 133 lbs.
5. R. CUFFY, 126 lbs.	V.	H. BENNETT, 126 lbs.
6. E. JACKSON, 136 lbs.	V.	E. MARKEY, 132 lbs.
7. J. DEEVES, 144 lbs.	V.	S. CHRISTOPHER, 148 lbs.

## NOVELTY BLINDFOLD CONTEST

## GOD SAVE THE KING

Printed on Board by J. H. Wright.

— — —

## TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1930

Today we pass two islands known as Horne Islands. They were discovered and so named by Le Maire and Schouten on May 19th, 1616, and are under protection of France. Two islands are Fotuna and Alofa, first named being larger. Fotuna is a little over 8 miles long and 3 miles broad, and attains a height of 2500 feet in Mt. Schouten, the highest peak. Northwest coast of this island appears bold and precipitous; on south side numbers of cocoanut trees may be seen on a low projecting point.

Alofa island, to south eastward of Fotuna and separated from it by Sain Channel, is about 6 miles long and 3 miles broad, highest point being 1200 feet in height.

Population of these islands is small. Only three huts are seen on Alofa, but at certain seasons natives from Fotuna come across the channel in canoes to gather fruit of the cocoanut palms. They are of Polynesian race, and under influence of French missionaries have become more or less civilized.

Today is today but tomorrow won't be tomorrow. It will be the day after tomorrow. Tonight we go to bed and sleep away 36 hours and awaken on morning of October 2nd, for we will pass from East to West across 180th meridian where we lose one whole, perfectly good day. We'll pick it up on our way back East again.

## LOST: A DAY

Scene: A ship crossing 180th meridian in Pacific Ocean.

We have long since discarded our watch. Force of habit keeps it wound, and we suppose the wheels are still moving. But we have no further use for it.

Time has ceased to be a factor in existence.

The sun rises and sets. We vouch for both of these. It is well perhaps to mention this to prevent the reader, if any, getting alarmed. But even when meal bugle sounds it is only by a prodigious mental effort that one can guess the approximate hour. Time is either personally disregarded or is officially treated with scant respect. On this ship people are juggling daily with a clock always working on reverse, and this kind of thing leads one to conclusion that Time is negligible.

Who can think otherwise when even the calendar is tampered with, and one whole day of the week is abstracted?

Sleeping peacefully in long langorous roll of Pacific on a certain Tuesday night one is awakened by amazing information, deferentially conveyed by a steward in gleaming white that the dawning day is Thursday! One does not mind daily filching of half an hour, or even forty minutes, but when twenty four hours are taken in one dire stroke by the Old Man with the Scythe, one registers a feeling of personal loss and experiences a sense of outrage.

The poet fellow who wrote

"Today at least is mine;  
Tomorrow may never come"

was publishing nonsense, as he would have found here. When he woke up on what should have been Wednesday morning—that is today—he would have found it pinched from him even before he possessed it.

Something should be done about it. What about a "Compensation for Lost Days Movement?"

Worse and worse! Somewhere hereabouts unfortunate inhabitants are completely and eternally mixed between Today, Tomorrow and Yesterday!

Some artist in jig-saw work has drawn a zig-zag line across the map from North to South and called it the International Date line. It dodges about mainly from North to South, and occasionally from East to West in a drunken way. If you happen to be living on that line in this neighborhood it must be bewildering and trying, not to say an unfair task to keep track of days. What's the Society for the Protection of Aborigines doing? Nothing!

Besides what about the poor little devils who are dished out of a birthday? We used to sympathize with those born on the 29th of February - - - but these?

"Never put off till tomorrow what can be done today." Good advice, but how does that work when today doesn't turn up at

appointed time? It has become tomorrow or yesterday when you are asleep instead of rising with the "red sun, warm and bright."

Some brainy person will arise and seriously explain all this. For ourself we leave it.

We prefer to gaze on indigo sea, white capped by wind which fans our cheeks and sends a sweet inertia into our brain. Fleecy clouds drift slowly across an azure sky and a sun-flooded seascape reflects mingled beauty. Time? There is no such thing!

A whole day has been purloined from our sweet young life—and we don't care! There goes the bugle! Is that for breakfast, lunch, or tea?

— — —

### "ONE EIGHT O MERIDIAN"

In sailing West to the Orient lands,  
The fickle clock turns back its hands,  
Thus as you cross the mighty main  
Each day a little time you gain.

The time you gain you must repay,  
As otherwise you'll gain a day,  
But this I am sure will never do  
So one whole day they take from you.

They take this day from you and me,  
On reaching ONE EIGHT O degree,  
Although it seems a funny notion  
It's done on this Pacific Ocean.

But when you have fulfilled your quest,  
And changed your course from East to West,  
And navigate the deep blue sea,  
Your watch goes forward the decree.

Now time is lost to you each day,  
The time you lost they must repay,  
So, on the Meridian being crossed,  
They give back to you the day you lost.

It may seem rather odd to you,  
But that's exactly what they do,  
They give it where you mind it least,  
Where East is West and West is East.

From Greenwich is ONE EIGHT O;  
But just the same if East you go;  
Thus this Meridian's just half way,  
AND THE DAY IS CALLED MERIDIAN DAY.

## CHAPTER 5

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2nd, 1930

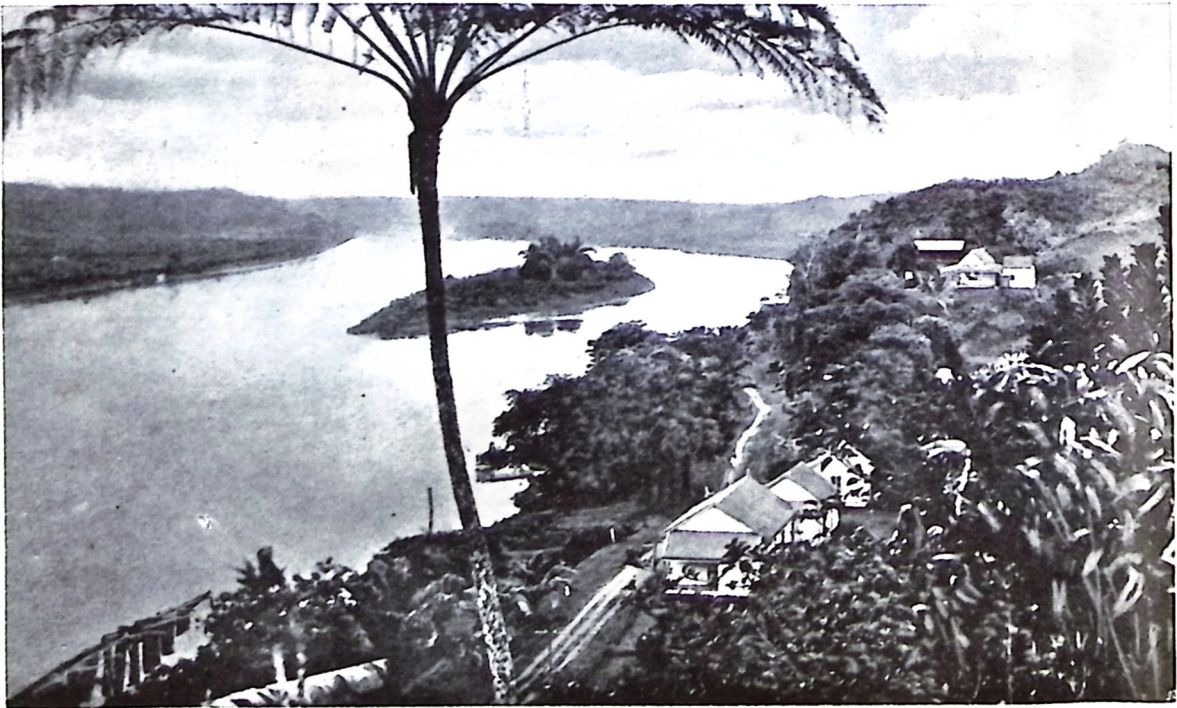
We arrived at 2 p.m. at Suva, in the Fiji Islands. We stayed until 12 at night. So, we are going to insert our observations of these peoples.

### FIJI ISLANDS

The Aorangi steamed into this beautiful Suva harbor and we got our first general view of Fiji, Fijians, and Fiji life. It had been one of our boyhood dreams to see Fiji and its tropical life, for we had read much about the place, the habits, manners, and customs of the people.

We sailed by wrecks on coral reefs, past palmy islands with leper and Indian settlements. Around about were jagged hills and mountains that looked like teeth, the kind and shape for cannibal islands. One hill looked like a Giant Thumb pointing upwards to the place natives had sent so many missionaries.

We slipped by British gunboat "Encounter" to wharf where we



Naduro-Lou-Lou-Rewa. Fiji Islands.





Levuka Ovalan. Fiji Islands.

saw strange sights. Giant swarthy natives, shiny with cocoanut oil, showed white teeth in grinning welcome. Some were bare-legged, armed and breasted, others had an undershirt and all wore a bright colored sulu or loin cloth, artistically draped from hip to knee. Their hair stood up six inches from forehead and was frizzled, matted, bushed and jungled. The Fijian has a hypsistenocephalic head although it isn't his fault, unless you blame him for the high stack of hair he piles on his head. Hair was black unless it had been colored red and yellow with lime. They wore a red hibiscus flower over one ear, a cigaret over other and offered to sell us fruits, mats, shells and coral and to carry baggage to hotel.

Two grinning Goliaths now appeared on wharf pushing red Royal mail car belonging to His Majesty. It looked like a cold storage meat box on wheels and was guarded as carefully as if it were the modern Ark of the Covenant.

Suva was a very Vesuvius, a red hot town with red iron roofs, red flowers and sun. Thermometer blew a cylinder head and we feared we could not reach the shade before our "too sordid flesh" melted. Shades of the lost in Tophet! But there was no shade in our walk from boat to hotel and we were roasted. We gasped for breath. The roll of American Express checks fell on the wharf and almost through cracks into the sea as if wanting



a swim. None of us saw it except a Fijian named Naphtali, who picked it up radiant with smiles and redolent with cocoanut oil handed it to us. This was our first introduction to a Fijian and his happy honesty was a sign of more to follow.



A Chief's House. Fiji Islands.

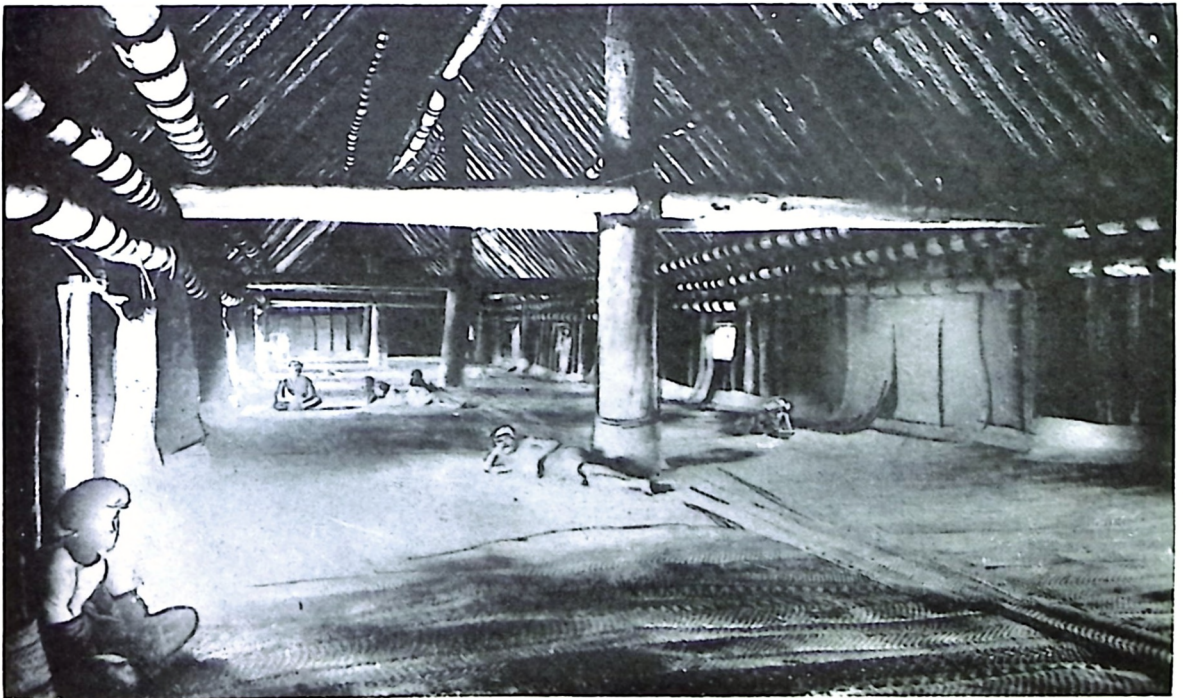
It was growing hotter, so were we, without lifting a finger, respiration was difficult, perspiration profuse. A custom officer had his eye on our luggage, but we made it easy for the baggage to slip through and were soon under the protecting porch of the McDonald Hotel. Jack London had been here before us and occupied room 4, where he dictated "The Wolf" to his wife. This was our room so there was a literary air even if there was no atmosphere. We had a fine view of bay and mountains and could overlook Victoria Parade with park, stores and government buildings.

Victoria Parade is a passing show. Here come autos and carriages with white diplomats, merchants and society folks; Chinese storekeepers, Samoan laundrymen and Solomon Islanders on their way to plantation; Fijian soldier-guard, with prisoners going to work; Fijians with fish and fruit; Hindu coolies rigged in a rag bag; Indian women, small and slender, with colored livery of a sunset and loaded with enough jewelry around waist,

ankles, neck, and in ears and nose, to break their back and their husband's bank account.

### CANNIBALS

Our appetites brought us to the dinner table and our food was served by Fijians and Solomon Islanders who wore red sulus and white duck jackets. Napkins they carried were not used so much to brush flies off dishes and food as to keep mosquitoes off legs and ankles. Later from balcony we watched moving picture of natives going to movies. We knew it was a good picture from their yells and howls of delight. It made us wonder how they would carry on and shout if they were cannibals and we were to furnish them with 140 pounds of amusement. That night there was no ease in our inn. Only cannibals who survive are blood-thirsty mosquitoes that feast on you all night, and in most sensitive places, because heat makes it impossible for you to wear much clothing. It's no use to use lurid language, they are used to it. They club and bite, suck your blood, keep up a savage dance and sing a war chant until you are exhausted and they are full. Rats made friendly calls at all hours of day and night and held



Interior of Fijian Guest House. Fiji Islands.



Olympian contests of jumping in rooms; and at night danced all latest steps on tin roof garden.

Morning brought us a sunrise on hill, mountain and bay that made a nature picture too beautiful for brush or pen to describe. In cool of early day natives shuffled by in bare feet, and a barge was towed out of harbor with a Hindu crew squatting on deck and chanting a weird song. Just opposite, on a bench under rain trees, sat two Fijians. One was sick and other was trying to charm away aches by clapping hands, laying them on sick man's head three times and then striking wood bench as if for good luck.

We got into a car and ran out and around the valleys and hills of Suva and saw thousands of natives and children in abundance. The magnitude, even immensity, of these islands quite bewildered us. Many thousands of square miles, hills and dells, mountains and rivers. The vegetation was simply luscious. Gardens were prolific in flowers and such colors as we had not seen before. We passed thru sugar mango and tara plantations, saw breadfruit trees and palms, pineapple plantations and rice fields—the whole place was green with vegetation.

The population of Fiji is about 180,000; 60,000 natives and 50,000 East Indians. Fiji police look particularly smart in their



Typical Fiji Village. Grass thatched huts. Fiji Islands.

khaki jackets and black belts, pointed sulus and great heads of very bushy hair. As we were driven over hills and roads we felt as tho we were in a dream land, so magic was Fiji. We were delighted, indeed, with immensity of the islands and their cultivation. It was a fascinating sight as we neared the Suva pier.



Native Fijians in gala dress. Fiji Islands.

There were natives of all sorts from surrounding islands. There were all shades of color, from light brown half-castes to darkness of black fellows; East Indians, too, in profusion, and in just as many shades as the Fijians. Their garb was as colorful as it was scanty.

We drove thru Indian and Fijian villages; Indians being on one side of the road and Fijians on other. Fijians' houses seemed typical of one another. Houses of Indians were every construction from planks and native woods to corrugated iron. Fijians have no chairs or tables in homes—all squat on floor to take their meals and any rest they require. All native Fijians appeared indolent which is to be expected as a consequence of luxuriant growth of so many foods that thrive almost without cultivation,



such as paw paws, bread-fruit, rice, cocoanuts, tara, yams and sugar cane, which are in abundance the year round. Climate is such that nearly all sleep in the open. We noticed, too, that nearly all householders kept chickens which prowled into the house in the same way as occupants did. There are many cattle upon the island and a thriving butter business is carried on, large shipments of butter being exported to United States as the boats depart. Fijians are regarded as a most honorable and straightforward race, while East Indians are looked upon as being too crafty for Fijians. It is East Indian who dominates commercial life of the Islands.

We called at one Indian home on the roadside after crossing a river that runs about 600 miles inland and approached a very spare old Indian who called his five sons around him. They were spare and hungry looking, like the father. He pointed to a portly lady a few yards away as being his wife. We are certain the lady weighed more than the father and all sons put together. This old Indian informed us his mother was lying very sick and likely to die. We gave him a few shillings, altho we knew we were imposed upon.



Native Fijian boys and girls.



There are about 180 islands in the Fijian group. Indians from all parts of Indian Empire dominate Islands and by their several dressings their creed or town is known. We saw hundreds of black, white, tan, and olive colored children—boys and girls—an endless variety of hues, most of them without clothes but all with gleaming white teeth and bright eyes. We did not see any Fijians handle or use a motor car but hundreds of Indians ply cars for hire all over the Islands.

The river we referred to contains edible fish of all kinds and we saw natives fishing in the distance. Area of Fiji Islands is somewhere in the vicinity of 7,500 square miles. Fijians are adept at tortoise shell work and we saw an endless variety of work of a very skillful nature in the shops.

### FIJIANS FIJI—'UNS

Passengers by steamers which make only a short stay at a port of call are often at a loss how to occupy themselves to best advantage during time at their disposal. They arrive as strangers, entirely unfamiliar with the place, and as a rule, learn only when



Native Fijian warriors with war clubs.



about to leave how pleasantly time could have been spent had they known.

This is an attempt to provide transient visitors to Suva—the capital of the Fiji Group—with such information as will enable them to make the most of their time while steamer remains in port.

Suva is cosily situated within the coral reef by which it is almost surrounded; and as the steamer, after passing thru deep-



Young Fijian Warriors. Fiji Islands.

water entrance, approaches wharf, visitor is struck by bright green appearance of hill facing him, which slopes gently down to bay, and amidst glorious tropical foliage of which nestle bungalows of citizens.

Air pulsates with warmth and colour; palms wave in breeze; and from afar off comes dull booming of surf on reef. Here and there about harbour, besides launches, lighters, and schooners are curious native boats with out-riggers and strangely shaped sails; and as steamer draws up to wharf a crowd of Fijians, some all in white, some in brightly coloured sulus, meets the view. Best introduction to native life is open-air bazaar across road from foot of wharf, a visit to which should be made before further excursion is taken. Here will be found sellers of fruit and sellers of

coral; of fans, feather-edged mats, necklaces of berries and sea-shells, whales' teeth and strangely carved implements, and all other odds and ends of native commerce. Tall Fijians with immense mops of hair offer finely polished walking sticks; Samoans display baskets of all sizes and colours; Tongan women roll out large sheets of tappa, beaten as fine as linen. And there is noise as of Babel!

Not many yards away is native quarter, and if visitor is inter-



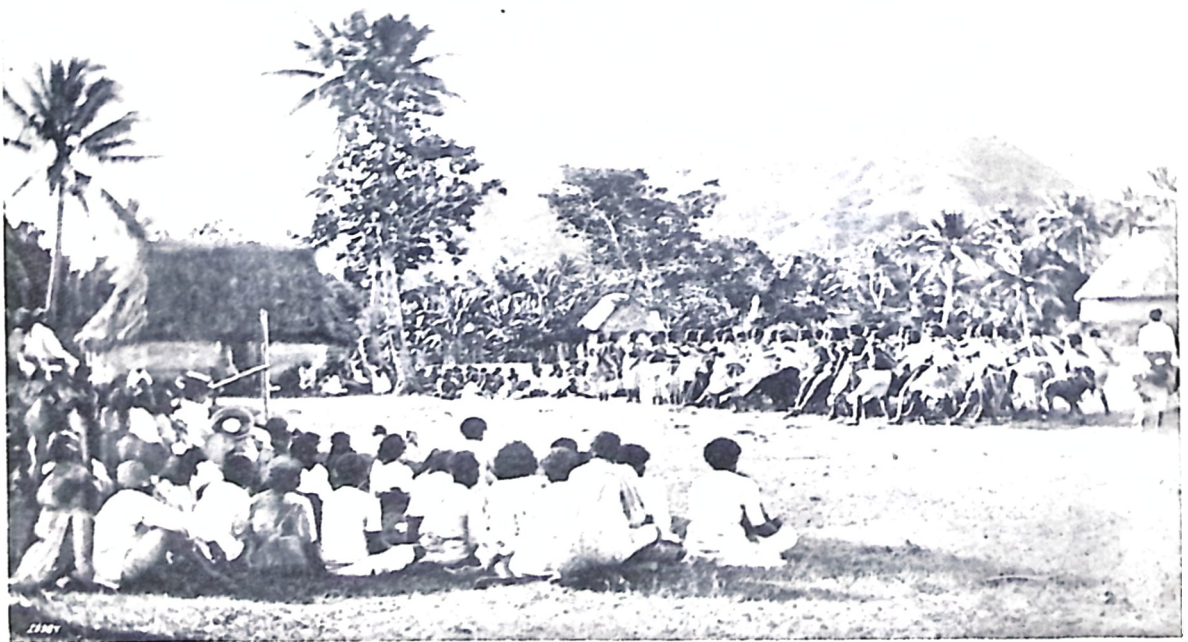
Fruit Sellers. Fiji Islands.

ested, a pleasant hour may be spent in exploring mysteries of All Nations Street. But if his desire to study native life is already sated by scene in bazaar, a motor car may be picked up from long line at foot of wharf. The way, whether by car or on foot, will be to right from wharf, thru business portion of town, past Post Office, and along Victoria Parade. This is faced on one side by shops, and on other, along harbour front, by a fine esplanade lined with beautiful weeping fig and rain trees (a species of acacia), latter branching over whole roadway. Parade leads on past Pacific Cable Board's offices, Town Hall, Library, Boys' Grammar School, and Grand Pacific Hotel (where a rest may be taken on cool verandas), and continues on to Botanical Gardens, Government House grounds, Museum, and little native village of Nasese.



## SEEING SUVA

There are many motor drives around Suva which may be made comfortably during time steamer remains in port. Best is along the Waimanu Road past War Memorial Hospital and Golf Links, and then along Colo-i-Suva Road to Tamavua native village and "Look-out." From every turn in road may be seen fresh glimpses of sea and reef, constantly growing wider as car continues to climb heights. At village is Look-out-Point, on which is a picturesque native bure (house), where a broad view of land and sea is visible. Beauty of scene is indescribable. Below lies Suva Harbour and winding Tamavua River, whilst on left is delta of the Rewa River with its many mouths. On foam-marked line of reef lie, towards left, little islands of Nukulau and Makuluva, which are used as quarantine stations, while a white spot represents small island of Nukubuca or Sandbank. Further along reef, towards right, narrow entrance to harbour of Suva may be picked out, and still further again channel leading to Navua and Serua. Purple hills which form background of Suva Harbour seem to speak of a mysterious life hidden in their fastnesses; conspicuous among them are double-peaked crown of Korobaba



Fijian Meke—meaning native dance.

and peculiarly shaped crag known to residents as "Joske's Thumb." Far to South may be seen island of Kadavua, and on a clear day outline of Mount Washington, southernmost part of Fiji Group; whilst nearer at hand lies island of Beqa, home of



Inside a Fijian home. Seldom any furniture. They live more like our Indians, in a hut; plenty of children; bananas and other fruit. They weave lovely rugs, baskets. Fiji Islands.

world-famed fire-walkers—a tribe possessing secret, handed down thru generations, of walking with impunity on white-hot stones.

Continuing along this road one passes, for main part, thru virgin bush, to quaint Fijian village of Colo-i-Suva. Ferns abound everywhere. They are of all sizes—from tiny *Hymenophyllum*, scarcely a quarter of an inch high, to gigantic *alsophila* tree fern, with trunk fifty feet or more in height, surmounted by a crown



of beautiful feathery-looking fronds. From hill to right of village is one of finest panoramas in island. Here one sees full sweep of Rewa Plains, covered with light green of cane plantations and intersected by windings of Rewa River and its tributaries. To left, below village, lies picturesque Waimanu River, its banks dotted with native towns. Far away on right, on a clear day, one may see island of Ovalau, on which is Levuka, former capital of Fiji, while to north lie hills of Vanua Levu, largest island of group after Viti Levu, on which Suva is situated.

From Colo-i-Suva road descends to valley of Waimanu River and to native village of Sowani, a drive remarkable for wealth of native bush. From Sowani road takes a turn to Davuilevu, following bank of Waimanu River and passing thru Navutoka, a locality which is rapidly becoming one of foremost dairying districts of Fiji in which has been erected a fine dairy factory, from which Suva draws most of its butter supplies. From Davuilevu to Suva is a run of 12 miles; total round trip comprises 34 miles and forms one of finest motor trips for which tourist can possibly wish.

Road from Davuilevu to Suva passes Nasinu Experimental Farm, Queen Victoria Fijian College at Nasinu, and the Samabula Pineapple Nurseries. On this part of drive, as on other, one passes thru same wonderful sylvan scenery and catches frequent beautiful glimpses of harbour. Here and there a noble banyan tree woos traveller to seek its refreshing shade; tree around which is woven tradition that our first parents made themselves coverings of its leaves in the Garden of Eden—tree of which Milton sang:

“Branching so broad and long that in the ground  
The bending twigs take root, and daughters grow  
About the mother tree, a pillar’d shade  
High overarched, and echoing walls between.”

If desired to extend trip, Rewa River may be crossed by floating pontoon at Davuilevu to Nausori, site of Colonial Sugar Refining Company’s works. From Nausori good roads run to Nadrouloulou, eight miles to north, and Wainibokasi, about five miles to south.

A shorter drive is along beach road to Wireless Station and on to its junction with Rewa Road, returning by Waimanu Road. This drive takes visitor thru Indian settlement of Muniavatu, where hundreds of Hindoos have settled and are busily engaged in cultivation of rice and other Indian foodstuffs. One can be im-

pressed by beauty of trees and shrubs that line road or are enclosed in little holdings of settlers. Noticeable amongst former is spreading mango tree, with dense foliage of lance-shaped leaves, making a favourite retreat for that noisy and impudent bird the minah, which, however useful it may be in destruction



Giant Fiji Lemons. Fiji Islands.

of grasshoppers in country, is a great nuisance in town. Another run is along Lami Road, past gaol, cemetery, and villages of Suva Vou and Lami, to Vesari Bay, generally known as "Bay of Islands." Here and there is passed a lofty tavola, timber of which is largely used in making lalis, or native drums. These, in hands of a practised performer, are not unmusical, and can be heard at great distance, calling natives to church services or other gatherings. Everywhere is seen cocoanut palm with its graceful feathery head—a tree which provides natives of South Seas with food, drink, clothing and furniture.

A trip of quite different character is up Rewa River to Nausori by launch (Leaving Suva daily at 9 a.m., fare 3s. each way). During first portion of trip across harbour whole of Suva passes before view, and sight of bungalows peeping out from their embowering greenery is one of loveliness which will long remain in mind. Launch passes inside reef and into Laucala Bay, one of many mouths of Rewa River. (More later about our trip up Rewa River with Captain Cuthbert.)

Entrance from bay to Rewa River proper is by Vunivadra, a natural canal thickly fringed by vivid green of mangroves, from which one comes suddenly into wide sweep of river, studded with islands and with villages here and there upon its banks. First stop is at Naililili, where are headquarters of Roman Catholic Mission, housed in a fine group of coral buildings and centred round a church which is well worth a visit of inspection. After Naililili, plantations of sugar-cane and bananas are revealed at every twist and turn of river, and wherever it stops launch is surrounded by natives offering tempting fruits for sale. On river itself are fleets of barges carrying sugar from mills; canoes, cutters, and bamboo rafts laden with fruit, bound for Suva; and native boats, occupants of which are busy spearing fish.

At Nausori, where is one of mills of Colonial Sugar Company, visitors are made welcome by staff, who do not grudge time expended in showing mills and explaining interesting details of sugar-crushing. After a pleasant hour or two visitors can cross river in a punt to Davuilevu, where lunch may be taken in comfort at Rewa Hotel.

Instead of returning to Suva by launch, arrangements may be made to return by car from Davuilevu. When passenger steamers are in port, Union Steam Ship Company's fine launch "Hine-moa" runs frequent excursions up Rewa River. Full details of these are posted on steamers' notice boards.

Apart from longer excursions, there is much to be seen of interest to visitor while strolling about town or on hillsides. Take a seat under a spreading tree on Victoria Parade and watch stream of passing people. See young Fijian as he walks along barefooted with free, graceful stride and a carriage that a guardsman would envy, his sulu and singlet showing athletic symmetry of his body, his good-humoured smiling face crowned by magnificent hair. Fijians are intensely proud of big heads of hair; higher it stands out prouder they are. Then passes by a group of Samoans—big, powerful fellows, tall and handsome, who, one thinks, would make fine soldiers, but whose principal





Gathering bananas. Fiji Islands.

work is taking in washing. Following them may be a number of Indian coolies and their womenkind—men little slender fellows, who look as if they could be knocked over by a breath, but who are nevertheless wonderful workers; women a blaze of color and silver jewelry. Here come a few Solomon Islanders—smaller than Fijians, but alert and workmanlike. Intermingled with all these are white men, following their business avocations, clad from head to foot in immaculate white drill; while passing and repassing in all kinds of vehicles and on foot are seen European women doing shopping or making social calls. In contrast to these a group of prisoners passes by in charge of a few armed constabulary, who look smart and soldierly in uniforms—blue tunics and white sulus vandyked round edge.

### SUVA SOLDIERS

Of all occupations native Fijian likes soldiering best. He scorns domestic service, and labour in fields he does not favour. As Sir John Thurston, a former Governor of unrivalled South Sea Islands experience, is reported to have said: "No islander of

Pacific will work as a white man requires him, if he be in a position to leave by simple effort of running away. He does not regard work as chief end of man." Nature has provided Fijian with all he requires in way of sustenance, and he therefore does not see why he should work. He leaves that to Indian immigrants and to natives of Solomon Islands and other groups who pour into Fiji, and who between them will swamp, in no great space of time, native population altogether.

In town of Suva itself there are a few places of interest to visit. It possesses a good Town Hall, erected as a memorial to Queen Victoria. Museum is situated about a quarter of a mile from Grand Pacific Hotel, and contains many objects of interest, among which may be specially mentioned a roll of Magi-Magi (sinnet or cocoanut fibre) presented by natives to Administrator on occasion of coronation of Edward VII, and consisting of upwards of seven miles of rope in one length. Government offices—a light, airy structure built round an open space—the Pacific cable-station, Roman Catholic Cathedral, hospital, asylum for insane, and jail are worth inspection. There is also a well-stocked library.

Botanical Gardens will repay a visit. Here may be seen a profusion of tropical and rare plants—lotus lily, held in reverence by Hindus; Eucharist lily, large pure-white flower which makes it a favourite for church decoration; and many other foliage plants, both native and imported. Here too is seen the *Via*, a species of arum or lily, with great overarching leaves of variegated green and white; and that noble and unique plant "traveler's tree," leaves spreading out from palm-like trunk in shape of a fan, with ribs six to eight feet long, each containing a reservoir of pure cold water, which is gratefully availed by thirsty travellers.

Grounds of Government House, adjoining Botanical Gardens, contain many beautiful palms and flowers, and on days when passenger steamers are in port are open to public between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m., with exception of a small area which is indicated by notices marked "Private." In Government House grounds is a fine example of native architecture in shape of a large chief's bure (house) which was built by Fijians for the Governor when Government House was destroyed by lightning in 1921, and which marks natives' appreciation of their rulers. The bure is open for inspection except when in use for Executive Council meetings, and is well worth a visit, for it is doubtful if anything finer of its kind now exists in the Fiji Islands.

Adjacent to Botanical Gardens are splendid tennis courts and cricket grounds of local clubs, beautifully covered with a close-

growing, short buffalo grass. Within easy distance of town is an excellent nine-hole golf course. Green fees are moderate and visiting golfers are always made welcome.

Nature has been lavish to Fiji in her bestowal of vegetable treasures, and a short stroll amongst lanes on hillside gives evidence of this at every step. Private gardens are hedged with "the king of plants," the hibiscus; and effect produced by the red, white, violet, and yellow varieties in lighting up green of mass of other shrubs is magnificent.

Walls and verandas of houses blaze with colours. Here is rich golden hue of allamanda; there is jasmine, a mass of white and yellow bloom glittering in sunlight and spreading its fragrance around; to another wall a striking effect is given by presence of a Bougainvillea, a glowing mass of purple bloom. Here a climbing lily, showy gloriosa superba, in all pride of its scarlet and yellow; there a beautiful aristolochia, with trumpet-shaped flower, greenish-white on tube and bronze on lid; shrubs innumerable, and chief amongst them crotons, prettiest of all foliaged plants. Every variety of croton is here—broad-leaved and narrow-leaved—and every colour seems represented, various shades passing from one to other by imperceptible gradations. One variety shows leaves of a deep scarlet bordered with bright green; another, deep green blotched with orange and carmine; another with ground colour of golden yellow, irregularly marked with bright green.

### COLOR GALORE

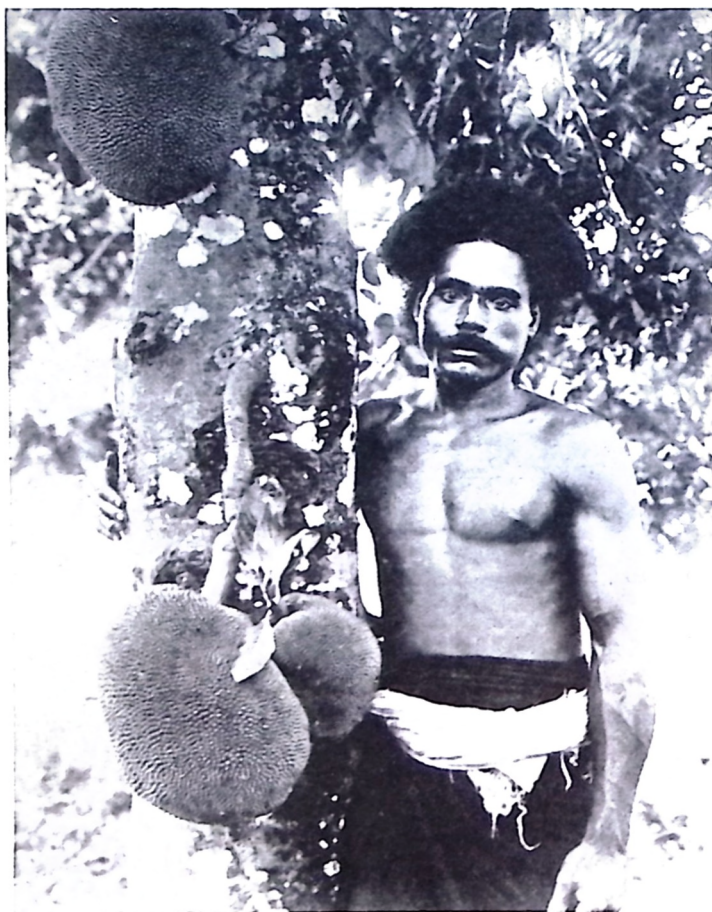
It is impossible to describe colour effects of these magnificent leaves; one can only gaze upon them entranced by their beauty. Growing by side of a church is a lagerstroma, smothered with rose-pink blossoms, exquisitely fringed at edges; while at back door of another building is a handsome canna, deep yellow and orange. At side of a garden walk are massed groups of richly coloured coleus, and everywhere are beautiful varieties of dracaenas and sweet-smelling white gardenia.

Acres of land are covered with fern and bracken, growing amongst them, and also skirting walls of houses, is a weed which is one marvel of vegetable world. It has delicately cut foliage, like a fern, and is starred over with little fluffy balls of pink blossom. As it is approached it shrinks away as if frightened, and, touch it ever so lightly, its leaflets shrivel up and become bodily dejected, slowly expanding again of their own accord. As chill of evening falls it closes its leaves spontaneously and goes to sleep, opening them again to first warmth of morning sun. This won-



derful weed is rightly called the sensitive plant (*Mimosa sensitiva*). Naturalists tell us that its sensitiveness serves as a protection against destruction of insect larvae.

Should the visitor chance to be in Suva on a Sunday he has a choice of places of worship. Of European churches largest is Roman Catholic Cathedral—Church of the Sacred Heart—with



Fijian Jackfruit Tree and fruit. Fiji Islands.

a seating capacity of about 800. Next in size is Holy Trinity Church, which seats about 250, and after that St. Andrew's Church (Presbyterian), which accommodates about 200. Of native churches, by far largest and most numerous attended is Wesleyan, then Solomon Islanders, and smallest the Samoan.

Visitor will be interested in attending native Wesleyan Church at Tamavua end of town, locality of which he will easily find by loud-sounding call of lali and by following stream of smartly dressed natives, each carrying his Bible or hymn-book care-

fully wrapped in cloth or paper. A gathering of native worshippers is an interesting and elevating sight. Men and women dressed in their best, men mostly in white jackets and sulus, displaying various tastes in diversity of their neckwear; women in their best toilets—silk and velvet and linen blouses and skirts, or wrappers, of all colours of the rainbow, pink predominating;



A Fijian Mirama (Mama). Big bushy hair. Kindly people.

men's hair smartly dressed and for most part dyed a rich brown or yellow; women wearing picture hats or bareheaded, hair ornamented with fronds of delicate ferns artistically woven or plaited together along with red leaves of hibiscus or dracaena—a beautiful sight! One is struck by reverent attitude of congregation and close attention paid to preacher.

The singing is a surprise. Natives, men more especially, are gifted with rich musical voices—mostly baritones or bass—and all seem to possess a natural sense of harmony. They sing, too,

with their whole heart; and effect of deep bass, blending with and supporting lighter tones in perfect tune, is highly impressive. Present native preacher, Apeli Rokowaqa, is a striking figure, and an orator of front rank. Although he speaks Fijian, visitor has no difficulty in following spirit of his discourse, as his wonderful intonation expresses unmistakably varying characteristics of his address—exposition, exhortation, argument, warning, and appeal; while fervency of his prayer magnetises his hearers. Services of other Polynesian churches are similar in character, but attendance is naturally smaller.

### A GRAND HOTEL

Whether spending a few hours or making a long stay in Fiji, visitor will do well to make his headquarters at the Grand Pacific Hotel. Situated on seafront, entirely constructed of reinforced concrete, and with ventilation suited to tropical requirements, it is coolest building in Suva. From verandas and flat roof there is a delightful view over harbour, and, in fact, in every direction; and although hotel stands back in its pleasant grounds, it is sufficiently close to Victoria Parade to allow watching from its front balcony fascinating procession of natives who form a constant stream along road. Public and private rooms are well designed and spacious, all opening by French windows on to wide verandas; while, most blessed of all things in tropics, there are plenty of tiled bathrooms, with long, deep porcelain tubs. Management and cuisine are excellent, attendance at hands of a well-trained staff of Indian servants is flawless, and charges are moderate.

Many visitors make this hotel the center for their excursions about the islands. Fiji is fast attaining fame as a tourist resort, for it boasts not only magnificent scenery but also a climate which has been declared the most healthful tropical climate in the world. Its beautiful winter season has been compared with the summer of Italy.

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### "WHAT IS SWANK?"

Replies received by the London "Observer" to the question, "What is Swank?"

"Airs without graces."

"A subaltern in the illegal possession of the manners and bearing of a general officer."

"An abominable word used by abominable people about still more abominable people."

"Crowded canvas on a derelict."

"Spectacular egoism."

"Much cry and little wool."

"A varnish to cover an inferior surface."

"The superiority of the inferior."

"An attempt to hide an inferior complex."

"The outward and visible attribute of the inward and incorruptible egotist."

"A subconscious attempt to contradict a deservedly active inferiority complex."

"The assumption as reality of that which is merely secret ambition."

"A shield ignorantly fashioned to defend self-esteem too conscious of possible attack."

"Displaying to the best advantage the goods you wish you had."

"New swank is but old swaggering writ small."

"The big noise from the empty drum."

"Purbblind man's bluff."

"Putting all your goods in the window and filling gaps with dummies."

"An open confession of inability to accomplish one's desires."

"A noise like money."

"Peacock's feathers on a barn-door rooster."

"A youth in his first trousers."

"The manner and mode of a cabaret sheik."

"Shop-window tinsel."

"Oxford-bags on an office junior."

"Third-class passenger with a first-class ticket."

"Some of the new beach modes."

"A valueless cheque."

"A monkey sitting on a dead lion."

"Making an appointment with the dentist."

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### KAVA

Captain Foster's letter of introduction to his old South Sea pal, Collins, was sesame that opened his hand, heart, store and home. We met him in his pearl-shell store where Fijians sat among sacks of shells and sorted them to be shipped to Japan for buttons. He gave us a drink of Tansan, famous "Yours for health" Japanese mineral water, and for good luck a fist of "cat's



eyes" that you look for in a pyramid-shaped shell on coral reef. They are used for ornaments and pins and make you feel stuck up. He had lived long enough in Suva to know everybody and everything and was just the man to take us through town to dry-goods stores for native hats and sulus, and to wet goods kava saloons.

Kava tastes like soap-suds seasoned with salt and pepper. It is made of root of yangona bush, and natives dig root, grind it or chew it, mix with water and then strain and drink it. This so-called saloon had a bare, boarded floor filled with benches on which sat Fijians. Hostess occupied center and stood before a big wooden kava bowl, large enough to do family washing in. She took a cocoanut shell cup, dipped it into whitish fluid, stirred it and gave it to us. To refuse to drink full contents is a breach of kava etiquette. It is unfermented, never makes you tipsy, though natives who drink barrels of it for years get wobbly and have red eyes and kava legs instead of milk legs.

The market was full of kava, taro, yams, bananas, mangoes, native fruits and Fiji tea for the fidgety. We heard a queer sound, looked around and saw a Fijian blowing on a shell. He was standing in front of a coop that looked like a band-stand. Here were turtles flipping on backs, strings of clams, piles of odd-shaped fish and a native was cutting a big shark. Nearby a Hindu sat on haunches with a coil of red-brown tobacco rope before him which he cut in pieces with a knife to suit purse of buyer. It was pure, native leaf tobacco so natives fingered it, smelled it, tasted it and like white folks took it home to smoke or chew.

And now, we finally reach the period in our travels where we tell the interesting story of what almost happened in Fiji Islands. This experience brings forth an item that we have known but, unless you have travelled, probably you would not know. Customs, whatever they are, have a certain definite meaning to us occidentals and in the U.S. They do not mean the same in other countries; and what country you are in makes a difference, for a certain gesture in one country may mean one thing and the same gesture in another mean quite something else; while at home it means still something else.

We had gone out of Suva to a Fiji village. We were taking motion pictures. Looking around for proper scenes to shoot, we spied four dusky, husky Fiji maidens done up in usual dress that you would anticipate would occur with four beautiful Fiji maidens in a Fiji village. We went over, talked to them—in English of course—which was translated by our interpreter in which we



Vione Maidens, Gau, Fiji Islands. An incident almost happened at this place, with these girls.

asked them if we might take their pictures. With certain shyness and coyness, they finally yielded. We took the picture, and it has since proven to be good one. After the picture, to show our appreciation, we went up to shake hands with them. Shaking hands, in America, means a salutation of "Hello" or "Farewell," etc. For the moment, we had forgotten ourself. We should have given a second thot to this question of changed gestures from one country to another. Suddenly, we saw a shyness and coyness of disposition, upon the parts of these four girls, change to that of boldness. Suddenly, quicker than we realized, these four girls came right after us. They grabbed us and started abducting us to one of their thatched huts. Boy, but we did quick thinking. We realized that they had interpreted by extended hand into the language of the Fijian and what such a gesture means in the Fiji Islands. We had given them an invitation. That invitation, of a white man to the Fijian, was construed to mean a great honor to them. We had conferred a greater favor upon them than we had realized.

The first thing we knew, these four big husky black brutes were dragging us into their thatched huts. We had visions of worse things to happen. Suddenly, we thot of the antidote; what to do to save ourself. We quickly thrust our hands behind our



back, which was the opposite of extending the open hand in front. Immediately they all got mad and began to tell us what they thot of us. We were shoved out of that cottage on the double. That saved the day.

The moral is, when travelling in a strange land and are dealing with strange people with strange customs, remember that



The same maidens, and the same hut, where this incident almost happened.

what a certain gesture means here may not be the same there; it might mean something else entirely different. It took us about an hour to get back our poise and composure.

Well, that's what happened to us, or almost did, down in the Fiji's.

### HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

As we walked in the sun, Mr. Collins pointed out the island of Bega in the distance, the fire-walkers' home. He was sorry we couldn't see them walk their bare feet on red-hot stones that could boil water or cook flesh. We told him it wasn't necessary to go to the island for every bare-footed native who trod side-walks of Suva was a fire-walker.

Returning to hotel our talk was interrupted by "That sounds

American." A gentleman came forward, put out his hand, rushed us across the street to his building, led us up stairs and set us down in an easy chair in his office. It was Mr. Johnson, an American, who had invested his time and money in Fiji to big financial advantage. He said he was glad to meet a Yankee whereupon we gave him a flag. Friendship formed in his building was as firm as two Master Masons could make it. As we looked from his office window across the harbor he told us of their war-scare. For fear the German fleet would steam in and do what it did to Papeete, he had sand-bagged a small mound on waterfront side of his building. He made it ready to mount a small gun with which he and a few brave souls were to demolish the German fleet while the women, children and natives fled to the hills for safety.

### SIGHT SEEING

There is a good drive along harbor front with shipping and fort, and a jail where we saw short and long term convicts working on roads. Stopping at a Fiji cemetery on a hill we noticed graves covered with tapa cloth, white-washed and decorated in other rude ways that proved dead were still kindly remembered. When a Fijian wants good luck in turtle-fishing he weeds his ancestor's or relative's grave and drapes it with tapa and wreaths. We suggest this plan to fisherman friends who have had bad luck and come home low-spirited though they started out with a quart bottle of whiskey. Passing fishing craft and fish corral fences, we crossed a bridge and came to a native village. Fijians were drying nets and copra by their thatched houses. They wore sulus, many little folks were naked, and everyone was smiling, friendly and willing to be kodaked for a "six-pence." It was simple life of huts embowered in palms, love in a cottage and peace and quiet, only forty-five minutes from Suva's Broadway.

We drove through narrow streets with pretty houses and flowers, to Flagstaff the signal station, and then through Hindu villages with red corrugated iron roofs. Women and children in gold ornaments and silks sat lazily around while men were at work in the banana patch. On we went with beach on one side, jungle and cocoanut palms on other, until rounding a point we saw a sublime sunset scene on hill and harbor painted in purple, red and gold.

Every night but Sunday is movie night. This Friday night everybody and his girl went. Seats were thirty-five cents for whites in gallery, who feel themselves above natives, and from six to twelve cents on ground floor. It was a silly American film. Hero



was a fool fat man whose antics filled natives with howling delight. Barefoot boys with cheeks of tan passed ice-cream around to cool us off while orchestra made us "hot." It consisted of two pieces, a man and a girl, who tortured a violin and piano for two hours and never once played the same thing in time or tune.

### UP THE REWA RIVER

Saturday morning found us on board a small steamer up the roily Rewa river with Captain Cuthbert. Gliding over the reef with its clear blue water, we touched at the island of Nukulau used as quarantine station for coolies who come to work on the Fiji plantations. Our boat wound between narrow shores and low banks fringed with green of mangoes, bananas, sugar cane and palms. Every turn of the river was like turning page of a picture-book. Birds flew across our bow, and along the bank women were washing clothes while children looked on with nothing on. Frequently we tied at a little town to land passengers, food-stuffs and lumber. Half a dozen natives lent a hand to unload, while old women and girls stood by full dressed in a bath towel or less, watching us as we watched them. One girl's arm was covered with tattooed name, for Fijian lover instead of carving name of his lady-love on trees, tattoos his name on her hips and arms. We appeared prosy to them while they looked as poetic as Eve and her daughters.

The captain knew every bend of the river and fish in it. He zig-zagged in a thousand wriggles in a channel that changed its bed as often as a bug-bitten tourist. Now and then a poled raft, rude sail boat outrigger, or dug-out canoe drifted by, loaded with bananas on the way to Suva. Across the river from Nausori we dropped passengers. The dock was packed with visitors and traders while wharf slip was full of canoes and boats laden with fish and fruit.

### NATIVE TOWNS

At Nausori we climbed hill steps, saw Colonial Sugar Company's plant and hiked along main road to old town. There was an old church that a recent hurricane had shoved from pillar to post, unmindful of the injunction, "Remove not ancient landmarks." Its efficiency had been only crippled and not killed. On entering we found it was still used for day school and Sunday service. There was an absence of beach-bathing censorship. We stood on the trunk of a tree that bridged a rivulet, and looking down the bank saw Fiji females disporting in water, their scant

clothes hanging on hibiscus limbs which were covered while theirs were bare.

Our attention was diverted from this beauty show by the sound of a band. Looking up we saw a cloud of dust and hastened to where Hindus were celebrating their New Years with a naughty dance. Their white turbans and robes were splashed



Fiji Island fisherwomen. Some wear mother hubbards; some wear only a skirt; some, not even that.

with red stain. They looked like bloody butchers and there is a story that the dance commemorates a long ago outrage in a royal family.

Things are quiet in Fiji for eight months while people rest up from the hurricane that makes a breezy call between December and April. With the regularity of the boat call is the call of the hurricane. He is an unwelcome visitor but makes a tour of the islands without fail. Coming with a blowout announcement people try to shut him out with shutters, doors and windows, but unabashed he comes on and in, taking homes, churches and trees as mementos, sinking ships and half drowning the protesting inhabitants. He is a persona non grata. At Suva they were expecting him, kept watching barometer that was to herald his ap-

proach, and were getting ready to receive him. Like death or a thief in the night he comes suddenly.

### PADDY CONNOR

Paddy Connor was one of the South Wales convicts who settled at Rewa and Bau. These fugitives came loaded with deviltry and firearms, helped native chiefs in wars and received for pay whatever they demanded. Some men were more savage and depraved than cannibals and were loathed by everybody. One by one they were killed in war, or fighting each other, until in 1840 no one but Paddy Connor remained, and he stood high with the chief king of Rewa. The Fijians were so afraid of him that all he asked of life or wife was given him. If trouble followed the king arranged to avenge any real or fancied wrong done Mr. Connor, and would condemn his enemy and ask him to prepare to meet his doom in the bake-oven. After the king died Paddy dropped to his proper level and left Rewa. He was so desperate and depraved, so much the hell of all vile villainies that white, decent settlers drove him off the island. He lived and died like a dirty dog. All he planned and talked of before he died was how he might raise pigs and chickens and bring the size of his family from 48 to 50 children.

### AN INFORMAL CALL

Another road led through a live native village that offered us best display of Fiji gardens, houses and people we had so far seen. A score of boys were bathing and when they saw us, ran to their huts, put on sulus and came to look at us. Entering a big thatched house we found its head asleep on a mat. His wife came to the door to greet us, dressed in a tapa towel round her waist, only this and nothing more. We had so long ceased to be shocked that we walked in and felt at home and were so much taken with the house that we took all we could carry away as souvenirs. We bought her short grass skirt made of knotted seaweed. It encircles the wearer as much as a society girl's bathing suit and is just as transparent. A war-club cane that would give a shillalah fits took our fancy and we never rested until we took her pillow made of bamboo a foot long that stood on two five-inch blocks at each end. It looked like a trestle over which train of thought runs into Dreamland. There were mats, kava bowls and cups, but we couldn't get her to break up housekeeping just to please us. We begged to take her picture since we



had taken so much else. She was willing and began at once to cover herself from head to foot. We said, "No, just as you are," and tried to have her look like a white lady at a ball. But she was modest and objected. It was a good tribute to missionary's influence but made a bad picture from the artist's point of view.



A typical Fijian Girl with Tappa cloth skirt.  
Good looking, eh what?

### SAVAGE LETTERS AND LIFE

Missions have established schools in every village and natives are able to read and write their language.

Missionaries invented an orthography to express Fiji words and gave natives a written language. These are some linguistic snags tourist runs against. He must sound "b" with "m" before it, and buy a ticket, not for Bau but Mbau. As eggs are either soft or hard so letter "g" is pronounced as soft "ng," "q" as hard "ng," a distinction that seems "N.G." to the puzzled learner. "D" equals "nd" and "c" is soft "th," so instead of referring to Cakabau's monument you say Thakombau.

Missionary's solemn sermons are funny to natives sometimes when by mistake he asks God to curse and not bless them, or says "vuku" instead of "vuka," not asking God to make them "wise" but to "fly."

Fijians have more black hair on tops of their heads than grey matter underneath. Literary taste is limited. Traditional poetry has been handed down by father to son, and there is dialogue description of ancient heroes and "meke" pantomimes of mythology and historical scenes. Art sense, like clothes, is scanty.

Tender passion is sometimes transcribed. The man writes, "If you love me I love you, but if you love me not, never mind, neither do I love you; only let us have certainties." These are good words and well-pronounced. Thisbe writes to her Pyramus, "Be gentle like dove, and patient like chicken, and when you read this, my letter, throw it down drain."

South Sea islands are shut out by oceans of space from the big mad world and the natives work on simple quiet lines of their own. The native needs less culture and more agriculture; his mind has been educated at expense of his body. It is a mistake to make a man walk a century in a step.

The Fijian will not work and is not compelled to, for Nature gives him clothes, board and lodging free. The Fijian has a minimum of dress and a maximum of hair. Yet he dresses more modestly than the Melanesians and is better in morals than the Polynesians.

Once the Fijian regarded himself as well-dressed in his smooth-oiled skin, with mop of hair, murky face, thick lips, broad nose, bright eyes and beautiful white teeth. Fashions have changed. He swings a cane instead of a war-club, wears linen collar and bow tie around his neck instead of whale's teeth or boar's husks, and in lieu of a slit in his ear filled with a piece of wood, carries a cigaret or flower.

On way to the boat we met Rev. Brown, a white pastor, who spoke of hopeful conditions of church work in general and introduced us to native pastor of church we visited. We sailed away with high ideals of Fiji's historic Rewa town, blew boat whistle as we wound down narrow stream, waved to a boat load of Fiji excursionists, who were out for a lark at different towns, skirted shores which seemed to crawl with crabs, passed mango thickets tide had left high and dry, swung into Lancola bay and docked at Suva. Thus ended day's excursion and exertion. There were many pleasant memories of places, people and bugs—one of them a kissing-bug that "Cousin Mary" and captain could tell about if they wanted to.

The Salvation Army could do good work in Suva, but it is not allowed for fear if it went out with big drums and flags natives would desert churches and all go marching as to war. What a fine show they would make, and how they would beat the drums.

Perhaps it is a wise precaution because "blood and fire" might inflame them and sound of cymbal and base drum recall war club and cannibal time of their ancestors. Maybe they need piano and not forte, soft pedal instead of big drum-major stick. They love their lali drum. It is made of a log of wood, boat-shaped and



Another Fijian maiden. Courteous, hospitable, kindly folk.  
Fiji Islands.

very resonant. When the lali is beaten by two strenuous youths as if they were pounding the devil out of the wood, it is a cheerful sight and sound.

You can get all leading brands of Christianity at Suva, but we were taken with one that some had branded as a fake. It was the Seamen's Mission held over a store in a hall. There were books, papers and innocent games for sailors on shore. As a South Sea sailor, we entered and approaching the platform we were met by Mr. Page, who was conducting the work at his own charge. He



explained a big Bible map hanging over the platform, gave us samples of Scripture literature which he handed out with his free gospel, and among the leaflets was one published in Minneapolis. He seemed sincere and offered us a photo of his chapel and congregation. We were told he wasn't exactly "orthodox," but hell is full of orthodox believers who say, "Lord, Lord," and do not the things He has commanded. Always and everywhere what does good, is good, whether it carries official church imprimatur or not.

While more sensitive to cold and hunger than a European, the Fijian has greater physical endurance. He doesn't care to work and lets coolie take his place; but when there is any feat of strength to be accomplished, he can lift a heavier load, throw a weight or hurl a spear farther than a white. There is a record of a native whose canoe was capsized in mid-channel and he survived, although he was in the water 48 hours without support, with nothing to eat or drink, blistered by sun, in danger of sharks and his face raw with brushing the salt water from his eyes.

There was no time for lally-gagging after supper for the lalis sounded again for church. We followed the crowd and sat down by the door to keep cool. But that seat was reserved for the Fijians who have caste feeling towards the whites, so that in a way we were a castaway and were ushered up to the choir. A sailor came in and sat in the chief's seat but was coolly ushered next to us where he could see and be seen.



## CHAPTER 6

### POLYNESIAN LINES OF THOUGHT AND SPEECH

Polynesians, like Hebrews of old, place seat of affections and intellect to bowels. A parent giving vent to an excess of tenderness to a child will say, "My belly is all gone out towards you." In writing to an absent son, the father will use expressive phrase, "My bowels are pained thru grieving for you." Of a choleric little man we once heard it said, "What can you expect, seeing there is no room for a large heart?"

So, too, of intellect. A native will praise after this fashion: "Your bowels are full of light," i.e., you have a clear intellect; or the reverse, "Your bowels are dark indeed." A conceited fellow is said to be "one whose bowels are full of pride." Courage is located in liver. A brave warrior, is a "man of large liver." Of a coward it is sneeringly said, "What could you expect, his liver is small?"

With these people, our "beating of heart" is "the trembling of liver." To the "heart" proper nothing whatever is attributed. And, strangely enough, name for it (*utu*) is same as for poisonous fruit of magnificent *Barringtonia* tree, on account of similarity of size and shape.

Polynesians are addicted to use of diminutives. To almost every noun in Rarotonga and Manaia are prefixed the diminutives "mea" or "manga"—"bit of"; "a ship" thus becomes "a bit of a ship"; "a man" is spoken of as "a bit of a man"; etc. In presenting a basket of tare, owner will depreciate it by calling it "a few buds or offshoots"; a bunch of bananas becomes "a sprout"; a great feast dwindles to "something wrapped up in leaves." In giving out needful directions for a feast, a chief will sometimes tell his people "to look out for wild 'nono' apples," intending by this delicate hint that finest taro should be taken up on day specified. This style of expression runs thru everything. A plantation is described as "a holeful of earth," of "a leaf-full of soil," or "standing room for a breadfruit tree." A widow once told us her deceased husband "had left her beneath the post of their dwelling," meaning that he had given her their house to live in. A man with an armful of cloth will confess to "a patch." A fisherman who secured a shark will describe it as a "minnow." A comfortable dwelling-house becomes a mere "ant-hole."

In many islands there is a pretty bird named from its cry *Titi*. Its flesh is regarded by natives a delicacy. The *Titi* burrows its

nest in mountain side. During period of incubation it is easily caught by hand, or by plaintively imitating its cry. Accordingly, in Tahitian dialect, a slave or conquered person is called a Titi, because conquered took refuge in mountains where they were easily captured and slain. At Mangaia they were designated "the smitten ones," "the encircled," "the down-sliding," as of an unfortunate who, having lost his balance, is rolling down a steep hill to destruction. Most offensive appellation of all is "worms" (ire).

At Rarotonga it is customary, in anticipation of a great feast, to mark pigs by piercing nostrils and inserting cinet string. In like manner slave population were called tuikaa, i.e., "marked with cinet," implying, altho allowed to cultivate the lands of Makea, these poor creatures were but pigs reserved for day of feasting! This was literally condition of slave population down to introduction of Christianity.

A curse, in European sense of the word, is not possible in native language; but what is held in similar abhorrence by islanders are expressions relating to cannibalism and sacrifice. For instance, "May your head be cooked for me!" or what is more common, as being delicately suggestive of the whole body, "May your ear be cooked!"

## CHAPTER 7

OCTOBER 3rd, 1930

We left Vancouver, in temperate zone of North, and reached Auckland, which is in temperate zone of the South. From end of summer and beginning of fall, down over and thru the Equator, down to the ending of winter and to the beginning of spring in New Zealand.

It was cool at Vancouver; hot at Equator, and cool again as we approach and reach Auckland, New Zealand. Seasons are opposites between North and South of Equator. Vancouver is 3,734 miles northeast of Equator whereas Auckland is 2,545 miles southwest of it.

We bet on ship's run today. We bet 393-5-7-9. Cost \$1.00. Captain's figure was 396. 397 won. We pulled in \$3.00. This puts us \$4.75 ahead of our invested capital.

There is an all-star team of athletes on board. They represent crack men of various classifications of New Zealand. They have been to Canada and the United States on match competitive games. One fine young fellow fell on his way up, and hurt his back. Paralysis of both legs was setting in; more in right than left. Coach Ayres was worried. He was accountable for returning all boys home as well as he took them away. Here he was taking a cripple back. Commander Martin interested himself in case; advised Coach Ayres to bring the boy to us. We took the case. In nine days boy was well. He took a long swim at Suva. All are pleased, including Captain, Coach, Case, and Yours Truly. A P.S.C. graduate, who is on board returning home to New Zealand, has two other cases as a direct result. We do not desire to practice while on vacation.

— — —

OCTOBER 4th, 1930

Received two wires today:

"Dr. B. J. Palmer, Aorangi, Auckland.

Greetings from Napier.

Hart."

"Palmer Aorangi, Auckland Radio.

Haeremai Te Aoteroa to you. (Welcome to New Zealand.)

Duggan and Young."

OCTOBER 5th, 1930

## First Saloon Fancy Dress Ball

The Aorangi Fancy Dress Ball was a huge success. We discussed it thoroly next morning over breakfast and decided it must have been.

One of the passengers woke from a profound sleep following day when the noble ship was two hours out from Suva, and, in all innocence, asked when the Aorangi was due to pull into port.

Weather, circumstances, and passengers all combined to make it a brilliant function.

Commander Martin, who knows these matters, explains that during height of festivities, passengers—taking ship with them, of course—jumped from Tuesday into Thursday. This loss of a day has to do with meridians and latitudes, and advanced astronomy which we have explained. It was worth sacrificing a day out of our lives to attend such a remarkable ball. Fun started in Dining Saloon. When it finished nobody is able to say with any degree of certainty.

The task of Commander Martin, Lady Raws and Mrs. Shirtcliffe, who consented to act as judges, was no easy one. They started out to separate weeds from flowers, but found all flowers—some ludicrous certainly, but, nevertheless, flowers. Their task was difficult, their decisions earned approval of all.

A costume which caught eyes of judges, and all present, was that of Carmen, worn by Miss Nicolson. Her costume was as charming as it was beautiful. Has a fancy dress ball ever been complete without a hula girl mingling among the throng? Miss Raws wore that dress to such advantage that judges picked her out. Mrs. Gosse as an Afghan Lady was epitome of charm. The Maori girl's costume received special mention.

In the usual dance on board there has been a shortage of lady partners. On this occasion deficiency was thotfully made up by a number of female impersonators. Mr. Trout and his ballet looked like the kind of ballet girls one dreams about—after a lobster supper.

Mr. R. Ashton looked the kind of pirate that would earn approval of Long John Silver. We couldn't imagine him forcing anyone to walk the plank. Mr. Gosse as Afghan Chief took part down to the last detail. His make up was remarkable and he certainly earned the prize bestowed. Newcomers to the Commonwealth saw a touch of the Australian outback in the Swaggie.

Children came in costumes bizzare and beautiful and they



were a feature of the proceedings. Judges did not forget them in final summing up. If all costumes were fittingly described this story would make Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" look like abbreviated footnote. As newspapers have it they were "too numerous to mention."

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IS PURSER EVER "PUT OUT"?  
IS CHIEF STEWARD EVER "RATTLED"?

That old line—"Poets are born not made"—has ceased to be true. Poets are now made by score—turned out of colleges in job lots. However, this story is not about poets, but Pursers—born to answer all questions with genial patience of a loving mother who does her best to cope with intelligence tests put upon her by a sunny, bubbling, babbling boy.

Mr. Clement Wragge gives praise of the Purser. He says: "He will be found invariably courteous. Some companies, indeed, select this functionary for affable qualities as well as business acumen. He is always ready to give passengers every assistance."

The word "functionary" was a slip. It would be improper to call a Prime Minister or Archbishop a "functionary." The writer does not know whether the Purser is officially described as officer. In any case word officer falls short of his deserts. However genial and comforting an officer may be particularly to ladies—the word officer itself is cold and stiff. One prefers to think of Purser as a kind of cordial padre, a sunny dispenser of acceptable advice and good cheer.

Who is the greater philosopher—Purser or Chief Steward? Each regards the other as having a comparatively "cushie job"—well enough, but only the shadow of the real thing—hard downright work of thinking and doing for passengers, especially ones who have an infinite capacity for getting puzzled, muddled or befogged.

How do Purser and Chief Steward preserve urbanity and clarity of wits? (Despite dogmatic declarations in advertisements of patent medicines, one does not believe their buoyancy comes from a bottle or a packet.) There is only one satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon. Pursers are born—not made; Chief Stewards the same. Can anybody imagine a class for Pursing or Chief Stewarding at Technical School, or a correspondence course on "How to be a Purser—and stay one"? It would be as easy to imagine a technical class for Kings or a correspondence course for dictators such as Mussolini and Mustafa Kemal.

### LIFE AND CHARM OF THE PACIFIC ROUND TRIP

The routes of the Canadian-Australian and Union Royal Mail Lines give travellers a pleasant variety of ports of call. The Sydney-Auckland-Vancouver run takes in Suva and Honolulu, and on San Francisco-Wellington-Sydney voyage come Papeete (Tahiti) and Rarotonga. Such a round trip, with opportunities of sight-seeing in various islands, commends itself to travellers, whether homes are in Canada, United States of America, Australia, or New Zealand.

### RAROTONGA'S "TABLEAU OF TROPIC BEAUTY"

What a panorama, what a tableau of tropic beauty, as one leisurely walks around Ararua, now along the main road, and then up a pleasing byway! The picture is like some poet's dream. Coconut palms, laden with nuts to breaking strain, are rustling in trade wind in a continuous and surging cadence, and fronds of giant banana quiver soft music in a minor key. What a hush of the tropics! Yonder are paw-paws and waving sugar-cane. Orange trees laden, mango and breadfruit trees come in as background. There are broad leaves of taro and spring frondlets of pineapple. After a glowing tribute to colorful wealth of wild-flowers comes the human touch—could Eve have wished reinstatement in a fairer Eden? And among this glorious tangle are happy natives, their faces beaming with sunshine of goodwill.

### TAHITI—BRIGHTEST GEM OF THE PACIFIC

Hawaii, Fiji, Rarotonga—all have distinctive beauty and charm, but no traveller can say he has enjoyed isles of the South Pacific if he missed Tahiti, main island of the French-governed Society group, which well deserves that friendly name. Here are the world's most remarkable outlines of mountains, fantastic impress of volcanic action in dim past, and below strange battlements rich ground gives a great glow of leaf, flower and fruit. In and out of verdant places winds crooning sea, and over all is peace and restfulness which civilization is losing in buzzing cities.

Papeete itself has a curious cosmopolitanism, a gay little whirl of vari-coloured life, which contracts memorably with beautiful primitive background of bounteous nature. Quickly a car takes tourist to many places of historic interest, as well as to scenes of rare charm.

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## SUMMARY OF VOYAGE

As our long journey across the Pacific draws to a close and Auckland, N.Z. is, metaphorically speaking, within walking distance, we take opportunity of presenting a resume of the good ship's progress on this memorable trip which commenced at Vancouver on September 17th.

Throughout whole of voyage elements were on best behaviour so passengers one and all enjoyed every moment of the voyage.

To a very enthusiastic farewell we drew out from Canadian Pacific Railway's pier at Vancouver and vessel was soon on her way down the Sounds to Victoria, which port was reached at 6 p.m. same day. Departure was made at 9 p.m. and a few hours later Cape Flattery was cleared.

A Sports and Entertainment committee was formed in first and second saloons on September 19th.

Honolulu was reached at 6 p.m. September 23rd, and as soon as pratique was granted vessel was berthed. Vessel was soon deserted, everyone taking advantage of time at their disposal to see the many beautiful sights in and around the city.

12:10 p.m. next day, with many new passengers, we draw away from a crowded wharf, passing thru the harbor entrance, longest stage of our journey has commenced.

Next day sports competitions started in earnest and many fine exhibitions were witnessed.

At 5:20 a.m. September 28th, the Aorangi slipped quietly into Southern Hemisphere. That afternoon at 5:50 Mary Island was passed and at 7:40 that evening R.M.S. Niagara was passed.

Horne Islands were abeam at 4:40 p.m. September 30th, and that evening first saloon passengers held a successful fancy dress ball.

Arrival was made at Suva 1:30 p.m., October 2nd. All passengers were soon ashore, many taking drive across island while others contented themselves with swimming and shopping. Departure was made at 11:45 that evening and for many the last stage of their journey commenced.

Second saloon passengers held their fancy dress ball Friday, October 3rd, and a most successful effort it was. Sports competitions were finalised Friday and Saturday, and on evening of Saturday prizes won at various events were presented.

Second saloon passengers held a "Gymkhana" Saturday afternoon and in the evening prizes were presented in conjunction with well chosen concert items.

Voyage 36 South will soon be at an end, our community will soon be broken up and each will go his or her separate way.

## CHAPTER 8

### OCTOBER 6th, 1930

#### *New Zealand*

This was day we arrived and set foot on New Zealand soil. Let us give you an unprejudiced analysis of what is happening to New Zealand. We base this conclusion upon reading, studying, holding conversation with many people, New Zealanders and Australians, and having experienced many reactions. (This note is written on October 12th.) We have talked to various clubs, talked with business men, and gotten their reactions.

We are convinced these people here are inbreeding mentally, hibernating commercially, and lacking contact with the outside world which could and would awaken them if they were to permit it brot about. As a mass, they refuse to go outside. They refuse to listen when those who have been outside, come back. Hence,



St. Heliers Bay, Auckland, New Zealand. Auckland is at one end of the North Island. Wellington is at other end.





Evans Bay and Kilbirnie, Wellington, New Zealand.



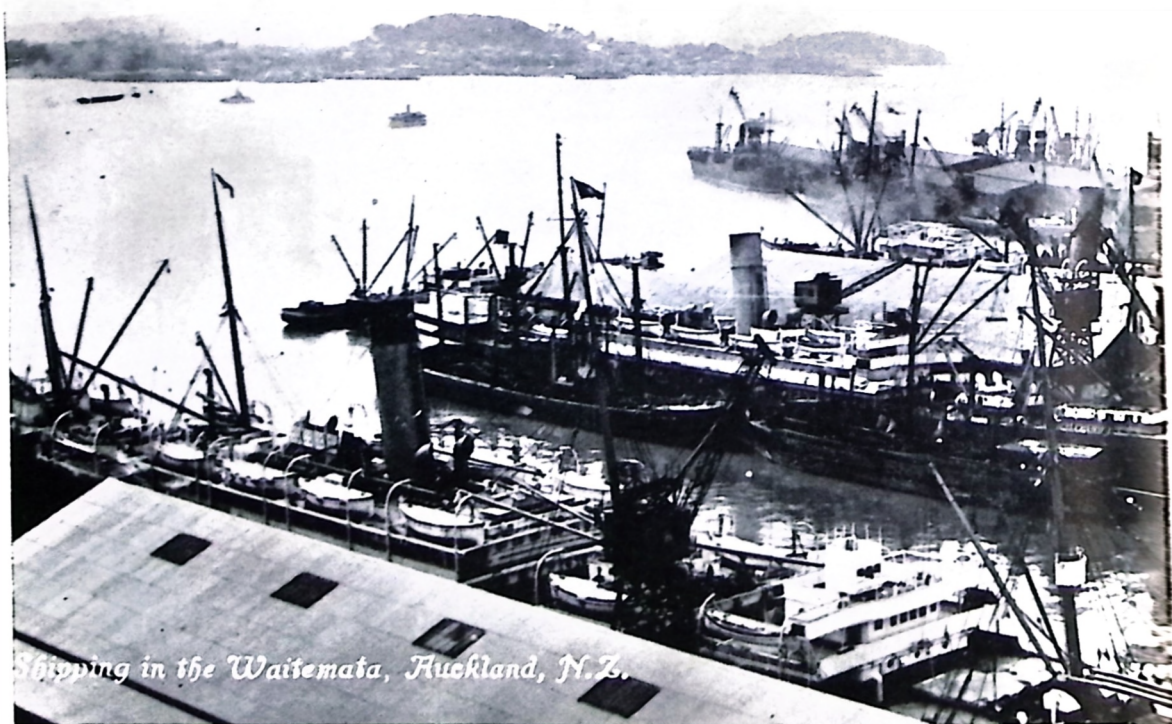
Lake Rotoma, New Zealand.



they are envious of progressive world outside; this has bred internal conceit; therefore, they little know how much they don't know that they could, should, and ought to know.

One local New Zealander who made three trips to "America" is now returning to his New Zealand family, town, and business. Having travelled, he is supposed to know more than local stay-at-homes. They ask him to tell about what he has learned and seen. He does. When thru, they soon tell him he has become fascinated, enraptured with the other world, he is now trying to high-hat his own people, he cannot expect to return here and start new innovations as he has seen elsewhere. It isn't long until he talks to strangers in his own home; his friends isolate him; his business gets back into its old rut, he again seeks his local hole and hibernates with the rest of his people.

That the rest of the world is ahead of New Zealand is obvious in many ways. New Zealand would like to isolate itself from the rest of the world if possible. It would like to be commercially independent. However, it depends upon much of the rest of the world for exporting its products, more particularly wool and dairy products. It depends upon the rest of the world for many products



*Shipping in the Waitemata, Auckland, N.Z.*

Boats and shipping at Auckland, New Zealand.

imported, such as Ford cars, etc. Notwithstanding they find they need money of the rest of the world and must depend upon products of many things that come from "America," they still rankle inside because they are not isolated from the rest of the world. One peculiar high-light in this feeling is they feel this as keenly



Ohinemutu, New Zealand. In general, all thru the South Pacific and the Orient, one general pronunciation of words is in common. Ohinemutu would be pronounced as tho oh-hee-nay-moo-too.

against their next door neighbor, Australia, and their distant cousin, Canada, as they do against United States. New Zealand is rapidly trying to build a Chinawall around its borders to keep out everything that is not branded "New Zealand." There is no objection to this if they can be internally independent but this New Zealand is far from being.

Minds of New Zealand are just beginning to face problems that more progressive peoples faced and solved five years ago. They are now where the United States was five years ago.

New Zealand is a wonderful country. It possesses great potential possibilities; its people are a sturdy, courageous race; are aggressive and desire to progress; BUT they want to confine all



this within their borders. This is a patriotic pride if sufficiently developed to internally bring it about. This they are not.

New Zealand has leaders of vision. Few go "outside" and gain contact. Many sit at home and bemoan their fate. Few return and try to deliver to many what they learned on the outside. Many, who still sit, refuse the few an audience, a hearing—thus



Green Lake, Rotorua, New Zealand.

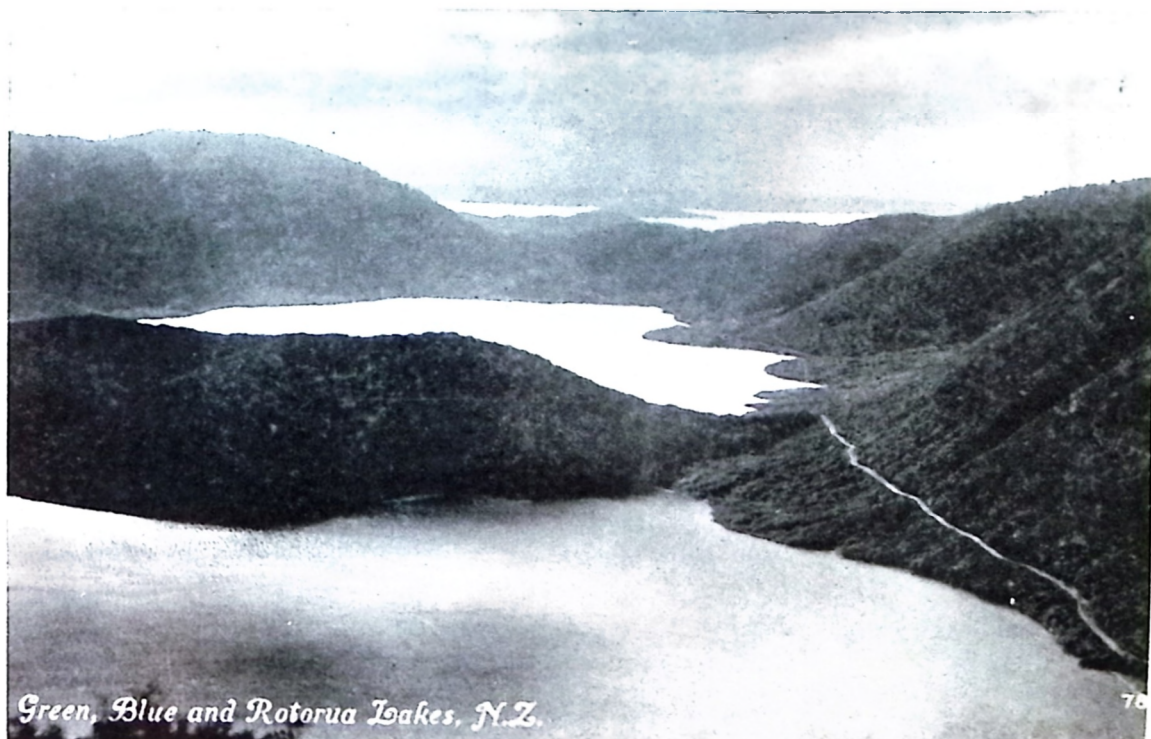
all lose. This is not because of inherent desire to suffer losses that follow stagnation but because of a geographical isolation from any progressive base, such as England on the west, the United States, or Canada, on the east. It's a two months round trip either way, saying nothing of time while there or the expense to make the trip.

This geographical isolation has produced an internal poisoning of minds and bodies against outside intrusion. They encourage internal growth without external knowledge of how to bring it about. We have addressed several local groups of business men. They are prone to stress our personal appearance and lay little strength upon the big message we bring them. They see us as an "American"; they see us thru an anti-American frame of mind.



Mind you, nothing open (except in the press) but mostly suppressed and sensed; some being frank enough to talk it over with us.

New Zealand consists of two large islands and several smaller ones, with a total area of 103,568 square miles—or somewhat more than that of Great Britain. It lies between parallels of 34 degrees



Green, Blue and Rotorua Lakes, New Zealand. So named because of their color.

and 47 degrees South latitude, and has a total length of 1,040 miles, with a maximum width of about 200 miles. North Island, while mountainous, has only four peaks of an altitude of 6,000 feet, all volcanoes, one of which is definitely extinct. South Island is more elevated, mighty chain of Southern Alps running down its entire length. There are numerous huge glaciers. Beautiful lakes abound, particularly in South Island, and there are many rivers, large and small. Extensive plains lie to east of Southern Alps, largest being Canterbury Plains.

Nationally, New Zealand is a Dominion, divided into ten provinces. Population is about 1,250,000, plus about 54,000 Maoris. To many people Australia and New Zealand are sometimes as-

## THE LAKE DISTRICT

Dunedin, (population 78,000), chief town of province of Otago, is a busy manufacturing centre, and principal university town of New Zealand. Further on is Lake District, with two beautiful inland seas, of which Lake Te Anau has an area of 132 square miles and Lake Wakatipu of 112 square miles. Beds of ancient glaciers, these lakes are easily accessible, but best for purpose of traveller is Wakatipu, which is traversed by small steamers. Loveliest of all lakes is Lake Manapouri, with many arms and surrounded by huge, thickly timbered mountains towering above it. Deep blue of water, coloring of trees, and gleaming snow above make an unforgettable picture.

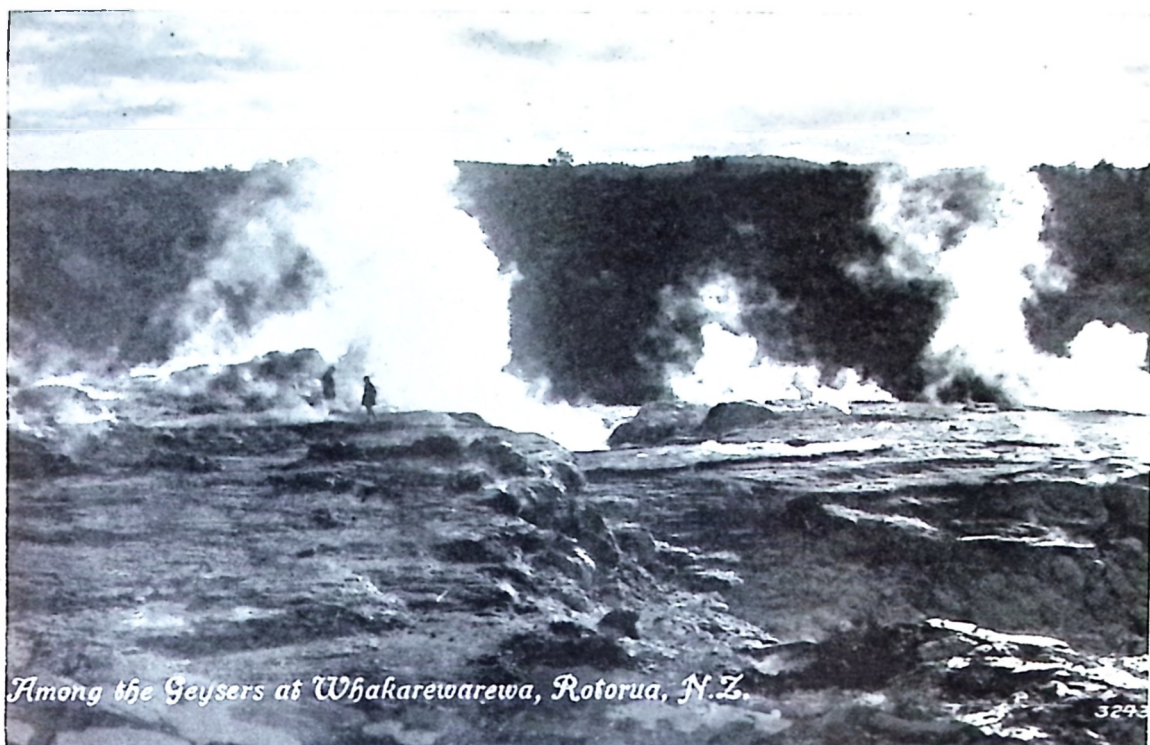
## MILFORD SOUND

Coast line of southwest corner of South Island is broken by a series of fiords or sounds, which penetrate inland from six to twenty miles. One of the most remarkable is Milford Sound, accessible from Lake Te Anau—a distance of 32 miles accomplished by walking only! It has been called “the finest walk in



Steaming Cliffs, Rotomahana, Rotorua, New Zealand.





Among the geysers at Whakarewarewa, Rotorua, New Zealand.

the world," and along the route hut accommodation makes it enjoyable.

#### DISTANCES IN NEW ZEALAND

	Railway	Steamer
Auckland to Wellington.....	426	564
Wellington to Christchurch.....	...	175
Christchurch to Dunedin.....	230	...
Auckland to Sydney.....	...	1281
Wellington to Melbourne.....	...	1479
Dunedin to Melbourne.....	...	1327

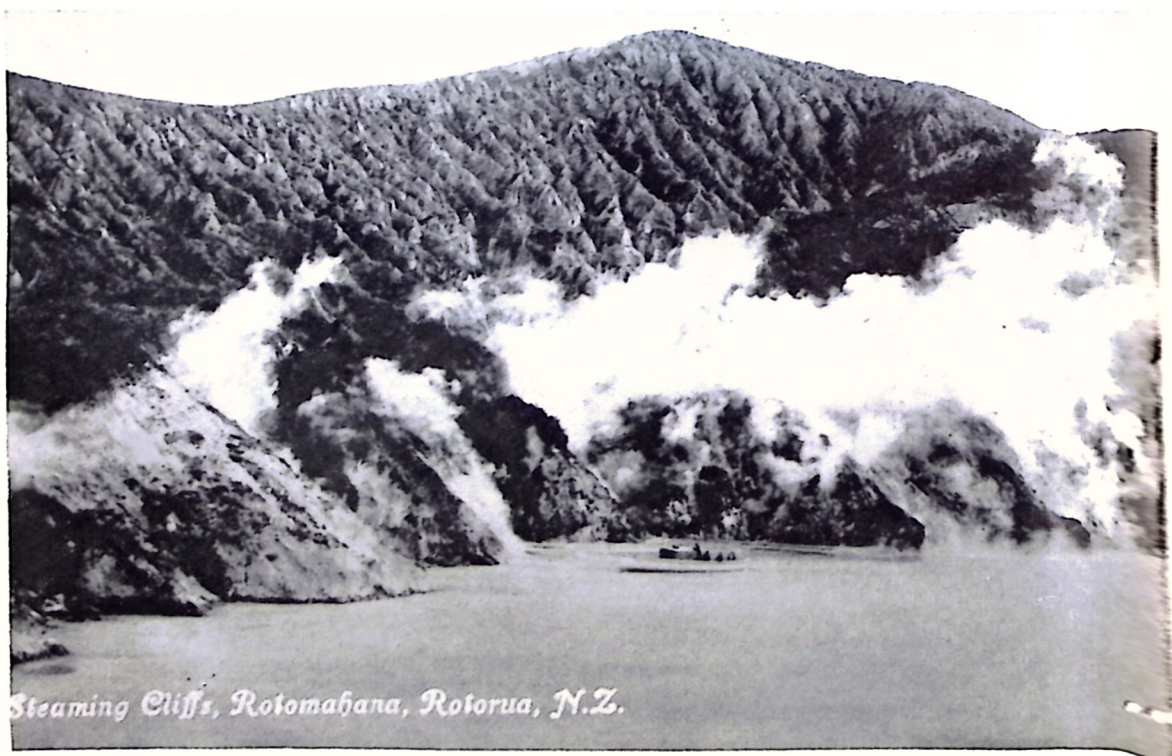
Lakes, fyôrds, waterfalls, mountains, glaciers; volcanoes, active and extinct, geysers, fumaroles, boiling springs; caverns lighted by glow-worms; best fishing in world, and magnificent big-game shooting; these are chief tourist attractions of New Zealand. But by no means the only ones! Here is a land of sunshine, tempered by cool breezes; a land of streams, hills, smiling valleys and fertile plains; pastoral land "flowing with milk and honey"; land of green forests, white beaches, and blue bays. Here a healthy

## . THE LAKE DISTRICT

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Wellington to Melbourne.....	...	1479
Dunedin to Melbourne.....	...	1327

Lakes, fyôrds, waterfalls, mountains, glaciers; volcanoes, active and extinct, geysers, fumaroles, boiling springs; caverns lighted by glow-worms; best fishing in world, and magnificent big-game shooting; these are chief tourist attractions of New Zealand. But by no means the only ones! Here is a land of sunshine, tempered by cool breezes; a land of streams, hills, smiling valleys and fertile plains; pastoral land “flowing with milk and honey”; land of green forests, white beaches, and blue bays. Here a healthy



Mud Volcano, Whakarewarewa, Rotorua, New Zealand.

Anglo-Saxon community has carved a home out of waste and wild, and has reproduced wealth and culture of older countries, with modifications as situation and surroundings have inspired. And here, alongside, live in peace and prosperity descendants of the finest of all savage races.

No other country of equal size is so varied and complete as New Zealand; she is as it were a miniature of the whole world. To quote an American writer, "New Zealand is beautiful in every feature." Her wonders are many. There are three great regions of geyser activity on earth; of these New Zealand contains most remarkable. Other countries have bigger waterfalls; New Zealand has highest. Her sounds are grander than fiords of Norway; lakes more beautiful than those of Switzerland or Highlands of Scotland. Her Alps, though not as lofty as European namesakes, have a greater height of rock and snow; enormous glaciers creep down, sometimes almost to sea-level. There are gorges on as grand a scale as famous Yosemite Valley, hot crater-lakes at summits of ice-capped volcanoes, rivers thread their way among tinted cliffs and jungle-clad steeps unmarred by man. Her evergreen forests are tropical in wealth of vegetation; in them roam curious wing-





A general-over-all view of the sulphur beds, Rotorua, New Zealand.

less birds, unapprehensive in absence of native beasts of prey. She can offer what is probably finest spa in the world, both for excellence of baths and for medicinal qualities of waters. Sports and games of all kinds flourish in New Zealand, but chief attractions for visiting sportsmen are trout and salmon fishing; deep-sea fishing for swordfish and mako sharks, for which fishermen come from every part of the world; and deer-shooting, mostly red deer; there are also fallow, Virginian, and axis deer, sambur, moose, wapiti, chamois and thar.

### DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT

When New Zealand became known to Europeans it was inhabited by Maoris, a Polynesian race, who colonized the islands centuries before, wiping out their predecessors. Who these were remains in doubt, but there are indications the country was peopled ages before.

The European discoverer of New Zealand was the Dutch navigator, Abel Jansen Tasman, after whom Tasmania, another of his finds, is called. In 1642 he arrived off west coast of New Zealand

and skirted to the extreme north. The hostility of natives, who attacked a boat and murdered some of his men, made him go off without landing. Captain Cook, visited New Zealand in 1769, belongs the credit of being first European, as far as is known, to set foot on these shores. This was earliest of his famous voyages, but during next two he came again to New Zealand, spending altogether nearly 12 months here, and charting coasts.

Other explorers followed, but relations with natives were marred by murders and outrages, and New Zealand gained an evil reputation in those early days, though faults were not all one side. It was not till early in 19th century that small beginnings of European colonization were made in form of whaling stations and missionary settlements, first missionaries arriving in 1814. Gradually trade began to grow, this was stimulated by Maoris' hunger for firearms, introduction of which had been the signal



Maori Children, Rotorua. Like all kids, they are just kids, except where they know their way 'round better, where they bump into so many tourists.





"You Like Haka?" Figure out for yourself what these kids mean.  
Would the posture indicate anything?

for bitter intertribal wars. In 1833 a British Resident was appointed, with headquarters at Bay of Islands (which had become the resort of large numbers of whalers) but without authority. In 1840 British Government, reluctantly concluding a settled form of government was necessary to protect natives, avert a war of races, and overcome difficulties through want of legal control over white settlers, which were to be increased by organized immigration to New Zealand which was then taking place, made Treaty of Waitangi with native chiefs. By this sovereignty of New Zealand was voluntarily ceded to Britain but whole of land was left in possession of chiefs and their tribes or such whites as had bought land from them.

In same year first body of immigrants under a definite scheme of colonization arrived at Port Nicolson and founded settlement of Wellington. Other similar settlements were made in parts of New Zealand during next ten years, and by 1851 white population numbered 26,707. These early settlers were a fine stamp, hardy and enterprising, a large proportion being men of worth, educa-

tion and ability. A few years later, gold was discovered, a rapid advance took place, population being 266,986 in 1871. In that year began a policy of assisting immigrants by paying passage money, or part of it; since then over 200,000 assisted immigrants have arrived, of whom all but 4,000 were from the United Kingdom. Population is about 1,450,000, including 65,000 Maoris.

For first year of British sovereignty, New Zealand was a dependency of New South Wales. In 1841 was created a separate colony. Administration was first vested in a Governor, answerable only to British Government, but in 1854 a local Parliament was instituted, with fully responsible government from 1856.

In meantime, difficulties with natives in connection with transfer of lands purchased by settlers led to war in various parts of colony. These troubles continued in a more or less aggravated form till 1872. Since then, for a minor affair a few years, Maoris and Europeans have lived side by side in complete harmony.



Tohunga tattooing Maori Princess, Rotorua, New Zealand.



The Maori language boasts of a rich oral literature, abounding in songs, proverbs, legends, creative myths, and more or less trustworthy traditions. The Maoris have steadily declined in numbers from perhaps 100,000 in 1840 to 65,000 in 1856 and 43,000 in 1901. These are mainly confined to North Island, where they



On left, Georgina; on right, Eileen. Two native Maori guides at the thermal country. Notice tattooed chins. If these girls take a liking to a man, watch out. They are phallic worshippers.

have made some progress in the European arts and many have embraced various forms of Protestant Christianity.

Maoris are native inhabitants of New Zealand, a people of Polynesian race, as is attested not only by ethnological considerations and by their own legend they came from Hawaiki (Hawaii or Samoa). Their carefully kept genealogies go back less than a score of generations, so it seems probable their coming to New Zealand was 6 centuries ago. Remains of a previous population with Papuan characteristics have been found. Maoris are well built, longer bodies and shorter legs than European type; they have black hair, little whisker on face, and smooth bodies, wide open, straight black eyes, heads slightly macrocephalic, the index being 77, nose straight, and color slightly brown. Their costume, adopted only upon their coming to a colder country than

their early home, was a loose garment, woven from fibre of *For-mium tenax*. Tattooing they brought with them to New Zealand and perfected it. They tattooed the face, decorating in this way the young warrior after his first successful fight, adding fresh designs for each new exploit. They also knew how to make carv-



*Maori Salutation, N.Z.*

As the Japanese bow low, as we Americans shake hands, so do the Maori natives salute each other by rubbing noses. New Zealand.



*Maori Mother and child*

They carry on their backs much like our American pap-pooes on American Indian mothers' backs.

ings of great delicacy, and armed themselves with stone weapons. Their religious beliefs were crude, but tinged with animism; they recognized the soul as distinct from body and surviving it; but connected an enemy's cunning and bravery so closely with his dead body that they ate it, to win his warlike virtues, locating intelligence in brain and courage in heart. Their worship combined ancestral fetishism. They were divided into tribes, six of these representing divisions among original settlers. A warlike people, their chief had absolute power and could pronounce "tapu" or taboo (q.v.) at will. Before coming of English they were mostly vegetarian, caught some fish, lived in bark or bough huts, and made canoes. Polygamy was practised, and arikis or priest-chieftans acted as physicians, having some knowledge of



herbs. Their numbers and physique have suffered sadly since introduction of civilization. For the history of the Maoris since British occupation, see New Zealand, History.

### ROTORUA AND THE THERMAL REGION

Rotorua is a miniature Yellowstone Park south of Auckland and almost in center of North Island. It lies in remarkable thermal region of New Zealand. Nowhere is there a larger number and greater variety of hot springs, while volcanoes, geysers, fumaroles, mud cones, steam vents, and sulphur wells, contribute to make the district one of the wonders of the world.

Rotorua, 171 miles by rail from Auckland, is chief town of this thermal strip. Situated at southern end of Lake Rotorua, a fine



Rotorua is the thermal country and is to the North Island, New Zealand, what Yellowstone Park and its thermal country are to The U.S. Maori women cooking in hot pool.



Maori Weaver, Rotorua, New Zealand.

sheet of water 32 square miles in extent, it is a well-laid-out place of about 5,000 residents. Government Tourists Department, which manages the town, has built a magnificent bath-house, where many kinds of mineral water, acid or alkaline, may be taken, either externally in public hot swimming baths and private bath-rooms, or internally by drinking.

In addition to its attractions as a spa, with charming grounds, lawn tennis courts, golf links, and bowling and croquet greens, fishing and shooting, and beautiful lake, Rotorua is a center of Maori life. Within walking distance are villages of Ohinemutu and Whakarewarewa, where natives live in a more or less primitive state among warm pools and boiling springs, in which, they do most of their washing and cooking.

At Whakarewarewa, called the uncanny country, amount of hot mineral water is enormous. The valley seems alive with every kind of thermal activity. Here are geysers throwing waters sometimes 100 feet in air; there, miniature volcanoes of mud; and



everywhere boiling springs and spluttering steam vents, crust of earth in places being so thin that if a walking-stick is poked into it a jet of steam will follow its withdrawal.

Within a few miles of Rotorua is the valley of Tikitere, which is well to see; no other spot in these regions is like it. In horror and desolation it is unapproached.

At Waiotapu, on Taupo Road, 21 miles from Rotorua, are many hot springs, mud volcanoes, sulphur lake, cliffs of pure yellow sulphur, and terraces of silica.

At Wairakei, 52 miles from Rotorua on Taupo Road, are more wonders—in fact, nowhere is such a variety of thermal activities crowded into one spot. The earth quivers with giant throbs. Geysers play, some every few minutes, others at larger and irregular intervals. There are beautifully colored mud springs, vast seething cauldrons, steam vents pulsating and whistling, and a



Titi (pronounced Tee-tee) Toreia. Maori game of sticks. Rotorua, New Zealand.

marvelous pool into which hot stream from valley disappears, to sound of a great steam hammer; red lakes, green lakes, and blue lakes, pink terraces, hot falls, sulphur beds, and Karapiti, the greatest steam blow-hole in existence. Near by are splendid Aratiatia Rapids and the Huka Falls of Waikato River. Excellent natural hot and cold baths may be had, and the accommodation is very good.

A few miles from Wairakei, Taupo, another health resort, is reached. This is on shore of Lake Taupo, which covers 238 square miles and is largest lake in New Zealand and most wonderful in strange volcanic beauty. At Taupo there are many hot springs and geysers, a number of comfortable baths, and several kinds of mineral water, most of thermal attractions being about Spa Hotel ( $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles from the township) and Terraces Hotel. Lake and tributaries are claimed to have finest trout-fishing in the world.

Across the lake at Toka-anu are more hot springs, geysers, and a Maori village. In the Tongariro River here is the best of the Taupo trout-fishing.



Chinemutu, Rotorua, New Zealand. Many names of things and places, in New Zealand, are Maori names. (Pronounced as tho Mow-ri) Maori's are to New Zealand what our Indians are to the U.S.



## THE TOWN OF ROTORUA

Rotorua is a modern town, with all comforts and plentiful accommodation inseparable from requirements of the tourist. Provision is on a scale to suit all purses and all classes of tourists. Rotorua lies at an altitude of nearly 1,000 feet in a great basin of hills. These hills, fern-clad on lower slopes, summits covered with rapidly disappearing primeval forests, rise to a height of 1,000 feet or 1,500 feet above level of valley, and serve to shelter it from the full force of winds. It is situated in latitude 38 8' south, an equivalent in Europe to that of south Spain. The spa has a dry, bracing climate, and soil is a porous pumice.

In one building in Rotorua it is possible to have any sort of mineral bath, all different kinds of water being laid on from the springs, mud baths, vapour baths, electric baths, sulphur baths, and many other kinds. There are public baths, quite the best we have ever seen. Within easy reach from our hotel is the best fishing in the world, and excellent deer-stalking, as well as shoot-



Rainbow Trout in Fairy Spring, Rotorua, a native stream of the North Island. New Zealand. Whatever you do, don't get the author started on fishing. These native trout are 18 inches or longer. No kiddin', they ARE rainbow trout.



Another view of Fairy Spring, Rotorua, New Zealand. Those ARE fish you see—rainbow trout. Boy, that's fishin'.

ing duck, rabbits, teal in myriads, and wild swan. It is no exaggeration to say anglers here measure their annual catch by the ton. Rainbow trout are so numerous that, going up a small stream in a boat one afternoon in spawning season, we had literally to force our way thru.

There is probably no spa in the world as rich in hot mineral waters covering so wide a range of "therapeutic" possibilities. On one hand there are the alkaline saliceous sulphur waters, arising in immense quantities from a large number of springs, at or near boiling-point, each differing in details of analysis from its neighbors; on other there are strong sulphuric acid hot springs, quite unlike any waters known in Europe, and possessing unique powers said to stimulate cutaneous circulation when used as a bath. There are hot mud springs, consisting chiefly of silicates with a large proportion of free sulphur, used for fango baths; fumeroles charged with sulphuretted hydrogen and those charged with sulphur acid, both of which are used for vapour baths; and finally, there are tepid sulphuric-acid springs, bubbling with free carbonic-acid gas. All natural resources combine to





Maori Women, Rotorua, New Zealand.

build the reputation of Rotorua as a bathing resort, but it is on sulphuric acid baths the reputation chiefly rests.

Rotorua lakes are famous the world over for their trout fishing. Fish up to 15 pounds are often hooked. A visitor last season caught, with selected flies, one ton and a quarter of rainbow trout, and he was beaten on last day of season by a Scottish visitor, who hooked five large fish, giving him a lead of 15 pounds. Many enthusiasts return from Britain and America year by year, attracted by memories of pleasant hours spent on lake and stream in this exciting sport. On all lakes fly fishing is favorite sport, but trolling with minnow or with fly on chains of lakes makes an exciting change.

#### OHINEMUTU

One night as the moon was scudding through clouds we skipped to old town of Ohinemutu, on shore of Lake Rotorua, to attend

a native church service. There was a crowd of Maoris who sang hymns by dozen in native language with force and rhythm. Pastor addressed them, spoke a few words of English to us, and proceeded to give an illustrated lecture on Jerusalem. Slides didn't fit the machine and repeatedly stuck between Jerusalem and Jeri-



Maori Carver at work. These carvings are phallic in purpose. The author has one of the only three such collections in the world.

cho. After service he showed us the new edifice and introduced us to the old native carver who made the fine pulpit, bench, side-wall, ceiling and other carvings. What first had looked like a lot of plane geometrical figures were found to be ornamental and had as much meaning as most mural decorations.

We came out of church and glanced at the little native houses with carved door posts, at old church, now used as a lumber room, at Square with its big whares and a monument to good Queen Victoria who is ever remembered as an example of right living. Streets steamed and gutters ran with hot sulphur water, and we



hope the husband who comes home late at night is sober. If not he is liable to get not only a scolding but a scalding, and be made to cook breakfast over one of these boiling springs. We saw old tribe burial grounds and carved posts of a sunken fort called Pah. In distance lay historic island of Mokoia bathed in moonlight. Guide



Maori Beauties, and many of them ARE beautiful in a native way.  
Rotorua, New Zealand.

began to tell me of the bath and calabash love tale we heard day before. We told him to hold his horses, which meant he was to give no rein to his imagination.

### POOH-POOH, POHUTU!

Geyser Hotel had promised us something special in geyser line for Easter and the little "Wocker" village was full of expectant people. So far weather had been fair, but this Sunday we exchanged our ordinary spout bath for a shower bath that came

down from skies in wet sheets that wrapped one in cold embrace.

Pohutu geyser was advertised as the big act that would promptly perform without fail. Crowd stood around and waited. There was a hitch somewhere. Guard was anxious to please us and tried



Guide Rangi, who was our guide. Things could have happened with Rangi which could not be told in this book.



Guide Rangi was a very delightful person.

to coax it. He had string tied to a lid in the geyser, and would pull it up or let it down to get pressure necessary to spout twenty to one hundred feet it had been advertised. Like every other thing so far it was slow. We begged our guide to lose no time showing us some side show sights. She knew Maori legends, life, curios and customs, and her descriptions were animated, colored and interesting than phenomena she showed us. On the plateau we saw the "Brain Pot," so called from the legend that a warrior from a rival tribe was caught and killed and his brains thrown here.



Our path lay by steam vents, bubbling mud craters, colored pools and extinct geysers. The "Torpedo" fired and echoed like grunts of dying pigs that were said to have fallen in and been cooked. The Wairoa geyser was a mere memory. Across hot water stream by Taupo road, there were mud-volcanoes and a warm opal colored lake. Once she pointed to a dangerous spot, and unangelic and fool-like we rushed to see, but she caught our hand and held



Maori Wahini (pronounced wa-hee-nee) meaning a cross between native and white. Rotorua, New Zealand.



Flax Weaver at work. Rotorua, New Zealand.

it so tight and long that her nervous fright was communicated, and we learned we were in a dangerous condition. We were saved a nervous collapse.

To show how the natives live the government has built a grand Pah or model Maori fort. Within the stockade were houses, barns, poles carved like Totem poles, wash basins, canoes and utensils. Fort itself looked like a bamboo tower. We entered some native huts, but outside cleanliness and air were better than rain-shelter.

Back we came to Pohuto, drenched and bedraggled, and waited for fireworks or waterworks. Te Horo, a hot water well 20 feet in diameter, furnishes power and rises from Devil's kitchen where Satan is seasoning soup with sulphur. It steams and boils, and



when almost brimful blows thousands of pretty glassy bubbles, as if kindergarten were having recess sport. We might say soap bubbles, for the new keeper was so anxious to please his visitors and make a record for himself that he threw a cake of Pears' soap in the water. This upset Pohutu's stomach so badly she threw up fountains and spurts and splashes fifty feet high.

### IMPRESSIONS

On our way back to hotel to get some dry clothes we saw natives outdoors in improvised bathtubs; girls jumping from high bridge and diving for pennies, and old women preparing supper by wrapping their fish and vegetables in a cloth and setting it over a steam hole, which is their fireless cooker. We looked in huts and kodaked carvings and church; visited a slab tomb with carved posts and rails that looked like a bedstead whose occupant was lying asleep, passed by pools where boys, girls and old women were absorbing heat enough to keep from freezing in fireless



Poi Dancer. To one who understands phallic worship, he will see what we mean in this carving. Rotorua, New Zealand.

houses. Some children danced the "haka" for a "penny a hak," and it was amusing to see their moving tongues, eyes and limbs, and palms of hands held out for money. Walking near a government public bath house and along a fiery river we wound around



Maori Life at Whaka (pronounced wha-kah, meaning home). Rotorua, New Zealand.

to the back entrance of the hotel where hot water was channeled for our bath.

A wet drink, a dry suit, a good dinner, a backlog fire, some piano music and we strolled to the veranda. Moon was full and glorious and quiet was all around until our big-bodied friend, the Geyser Hotel proprietor, came up and said, "Doctor, you leave in morning—you are satisfied? Tell me how you have enjoyed yourself and how this compares with your National Yellowstone Park." We told him comparisons were odorous, that we were from America, and disliked to seem discourteous. He laughed



and said, "On the square, I want to know." Pointing to the big silver moon overhead we replied there was as much difference between our National Yellowstone Park and his Rotorua as there was between the full moon and a Jack-o'-Lantern. He made no further inquiry.



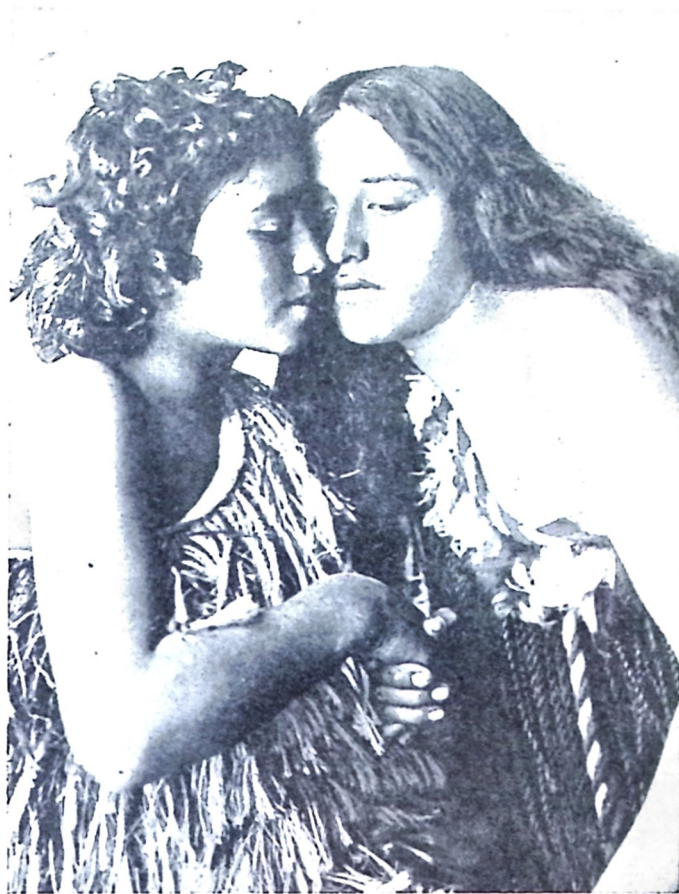
Guide Mary Mica, Whakarewarewa, Rotorua. Whakarewarewa means the entire thermal district. Guides show tourists around but they will not mention their phallic worship unless asked directly and they know to whom they can speak freely.

#### RUBBING NOSES

At the depot we learned the Maori way to say "Good-bye." It isn't an exchange of nosegays but a nose massage. We asked "Edie" to greet us in that fashion, but she said it wasn't customary, for tourists, and there were too many people looking on. However, we overcame her native scruples, retired to a corner



of the depot, stood in the sunshine, wiped our nose while she wiped hers, then clasped her hand and we were mutually drawn towards each other until our noses touched and rubbed. Friends were nosing around and kodaked us in this vis-a-vis. This may be a more sanitary way of greeting than to kiss lips, but it is less



"TeHongi" meaning "How do you do," which is done by rubbing noses. New Zealand.

satisfactory. Equimaux and horses rub noses, and "horse sense" is at a premium in this world. Perhaps this Maori custom is not so senseless as it looks. Lip-kissing is unnatural to the Tongans and Maoris, handshaking was a missionary innovation.

### LETTERS

We left Rotorua by car through the bush to Auckland and en route we noticed the novel way which New Zealand distributes

mail. The mail pouch was open, and so was the door, and one by one letters and papers flew into woods and pastures. This must have been the rural free delivery. But it was too free, warning was given, train was stopped, and an attendant went back and collected the mail. This was an accident, but if we had been postman and found letters addressed to the following named places on the route we would have fired them out the door and let them reach their owners as best they could. Here are a few names and they were so rough we broke our pencil point several times before we could write them down. No wonder the road bed is so rocky and one finds it difficult to take a nap. This is not the order of the stations, but we have arranged a few for easy reference:

Matamata, Mangapeehi, Motumaoho, Ngaruawahia, Ohakune, Otorohanga, Pukekohe, Putaruru, Taumarunui, Tekuiti, all Maori names.

### CARVINGS AND CANVAS

Auckland again, but there was no room for love or money at our hotel. It was full, and so were most of the men, for the ground floor was one big bar with liquor enough to float schooners and all kinds of craft. Other hotels were full, so we managed to land our party in three different places. Why this hegira on Saturday before Easter? To serve God Sunday? No. Crowd had come for races, to worship devil on Monday.

Sodom had its Lot and we found people included Easter with Christmas as two days in the 365 when they were to worship and thank God for all past favors of the year. We went to St. Patrick's in the morning and to the Anglican St. Matthew's at night. (In afternoon we visited Museum where Maori-land is on exhibition, its fauna, flora, implements, war weapons, carvings, gold, gems and green stone.) There was a big war canoe that could hold a small army with no fear of capsizing. The most curious and interesting thing was kindness of keeper, who personally pointed out and explained exhibits and allowed us to photo wares, whares and carvings.

Their one Apollo ideal is always and everywhere a carved dwarf. He is a grotesque gargoyle, bow-legged, with hands wildly clutching stomach, cheeks puffed out, bullet eyes shooting glances and tongue poked out. Figure suggests the early days when we stole into farmer's orchard with usual griping results. Eyes are striking and staring and are made from pawa shell that resembles mother-of-pearl. These stomach-ache statues or carvings are alike in substance and spirit and are found as ornaments on canoes and houses. This idol is a nightmare and not a dream, yet Maoris





*Guide Tina, Whakarewarewa, Rotorua, N.Z.*

Guide Tina. Rotorua, New Zealand.

like it. In art as in religion we find there is no accounting for taste, and what to one is a damned error is a holy thing to another and proceeds to bless it with a Scripture text.

Some carvings are not only quaint but questionable. They were not taken from sporting houses, but are decorations for home with a wife's and children's contemplation. One righteous missionary is said to have taken his axe and ruined the "very fine" carving we were studying. He chopped off enough indecencies to make kindling wood. "Eyes, but see not," is what the average tourist does to a Maori carving. These carved figures on his whares or native wood houses are not licentious as were those we saw at the Nepal temple in Benares or pictures on Pompeian walls. They would make excellent decorations for a club house in Sodom and Gomorrah. Phallic relics of the past floated down the stream of time were the big warrior canoes inside and live lizards outside, the last of their race.

Walls of Art Gallery are covered with works of local and foreign artists. There were no good nudes and no bad ones for Maori carvings in the Museum are sufficient to fill any long-felt phallic want for a long time. What we most enjoyed was Artist



Lindauer's collection of Maori Chief paintings. Famous warriors look at you from walls, natural as life though many are dead. The artist gives face, skin-tint and tattoo marks as if they were colored photographs. Among striking pictures was one of priest "Tohunga." He is under some tabu penance, and not daring to touch food he kneels with hands placed behind him while a little naked Maori girl feeds him with boiled potatoes.

### IN EDEN

Adam tramped around Eden and we four descendants "trammed" three miles to Mount Eden. The serpent temptation here was in a tea-house. Some of our party fell by the wayside, others said, "Get behind me." We climbed around and up over 600 feet. View is paradisiacal. From this height you looked out on city and country, suburbs, harbors, mountain ranges, on more than fifty extinct volcanoes, in a range of five miles, and at triple tiaraed Rangitoto that overlooks land and sea scape. There was sunset, gold and glorious, and if Eve and Adam had as fine a prospect as this, we wonder how they ever did anything that put them out. This Eden summit is an extinct crater and in form of an amphitheatre. Long ago it was a Pah or Maori stronghold, as is proved by ruins of fortifications that rise in terraces from bottom to top. New Zealander may drive or walk up, but he always takes his girl with him. Adam was lonely in Eden, and God said, "It is not good that man should be alone; I will make an helpmate for him." He did, and you know what happened, for the guilty, naked pair hid themselves. Times are better now; gates of this Mount Eden are shut early and police regulations are improved.

### EASTER GAMBLING

Before going to races we went into barber-shop. Taking us for a muttonhead, they trimmed us. When we came out bootblacks "cleaned," but did not shine our shoes. Ellerslie is headquarters of Auckland racing club. We were railroaded into race track by buying a railroad ticket which admitted us to the grounds. This was cheap, too cheap, ladies thought, so they paid ten shillings more, which exclusive and rich privilege permitted them to bet nothing less than five dollars on each race. We couldn't bet less than two and a half dollars, and we didn't care to do that, though we were earnestly invited to by a number of men and women. It was lots of fun, but we worked hard, for we were now "in" and then "out" and finally broke even.

Colonists are all good sports and will bet on a card, on which

a fly has lit, to see whether it is a one or two spot. Horses are nothing in looks or gait that appeals to anyone bred in Old Kentucky. Betting is the thing wherein to catch coins of the crowd. The main event is not horse or racing but gambling. The government has tried to remedy gambling evil and to limit, if not eradi-



Guide Eva. Rotorua, New Zealand.

cate, world-desire to get something for nothing or much for little. To this desired end it has legalized the "totalisator," a mechanical bookmaker. European friends would call it the "Paris-Mutuel," the idea of which is to give the gamblers a square deal for their money. Government's relation to this game seems as creditable as if Uncle Sam had run a Louisiana state lottery instead of abolishing it. New Zealand government was jealous of gambling rake off and wanted a big sum for itself.

We didn't bet and never have bet a dime's worth of anything in our life. We know this is painful and late confession to our



friends who have thought all along we never missed a chance on anything. This is the gambling game. You see horses, a gait takes your fancy, you put up your money with the government official, who puts down a numbered ticket. Thousands of others do the same; you know because the number is shot up in big figures all may see. If favorite horse wins money is equally divided among gamblers after government has taken its share, while there is a decreasing percentage returned to those who bet on horse that came second or third. If majority backed winning favorite you will probably get back what you put in. If you were fortunate enough to get back a winning outsider and you were the only one, you would get the pile. In Australia you get your share minus ten per cent, governments get seven and a half per cent and allows promoters two and a half per cent to keep up game, buildings and fund.



King Edward's Court, Ruakuri Cave, North Island, New Zealand. Stalactites hanging from the ceiling. Wherever we went, we always hunted for caves. We have seen and studied all the great caves of the world.





Glow-worm Chamber, Waitomo Caves, North Island, New Zealand. Enough light is given off by the glow of glow worms that a newspaper can be read.

### DUMB BELLES

After dinner we climbed to top of a "tram" car and rode eight miles to the Sumner ocean beach resort. Motor boats were chugging, lovers on sand were hugging and on pier a man was experimenting how he could photograph a little fish and make it look like a whale. We explored a gigantic cave rock that had been eaten out by waves, looked at foam and listened to echo of sea through corridors. Sumner means good old summer time sunshine. It is bright here, even in winter when it is cloudy everywhere else on island, and residents boast an average of over five hours sunshine the year round.

Looking down the beach we saw fifty or more girls, more or less pretty, from twelve to fifteen years of age, sitting on an embankment. They were dressed much alike, hats were alike and on each band we read the letters "P.F.D.T." Approaching them we smiled,

they did, too, and we asked one who seemed to be the leader, "Excuse us, we are inquisitive. Tell us what those letters stand for?" She sat silent and we stood embarrassed and repeated the question. She deigned no answer, and we went away, saying something we hoped she didn't hear. Talking to an old man sitting on a bench, we said, "What's the matter with those girls? We asked a civil question and they froze out a stare and wouldn't say a thing." He laughed, slapping his knee, replied. "Why, man, they didn't hear you; they're deaf." Back we went to an elderly lady near them and told her what happened. She, too, laughed and we joined in. Motioning to a young Maori girl to come to her, she pointed to our lips and requested us to ask the girl's name and age. We did and the girl read our lips and answered vocally in a clear and distinct manner. Surely prophecy is fulfilled, "The deaf shall hear and the dumb speak." The woman was a teacher in a school that had been maintained for thirty years, only school for the deaf in the Dominion. Building cost \$100,000; there were fifteen acres of land laid out in orchards, gardens and landscapes, and 100 pupils and trained specialists. Method is oral and by lip movement, words without sound. These children are taught to speak and read one's lips as we listen to sound. The moral of this incident is that even a dumb woman or girl will talk if you give her a chance.

### BARMAIDS

After election returns we followed some dry-throated men to a Grand looking hotel. Everything was in demand, so we asked for a lemonade. On entering two of the three barmaids were dancing, while a third was busy leaning over the bar with her face in a fellow's hands. We overheard some things that wouldn't look good in print. It's a short step here from bar to brothel. This was a common sight all through New Zealand and Australia, a scandal to society, and a "bar" sinister on the Union Jack. English barmaids should be barred from selling booze.

### MAKING HISTORY

People enjoy life here. They attend race course, play golf in suburbs, and in town theatres and movies are crowded. Soldiers were always present, and if they were in uniform paid only half price and received double attention. Thermometer was low and chilly, but feeling of patriotism ran warm and high. New Zealand was giving men and money generously, flags waved from buildings, and at home, theatre, church, lecture, or on streetcar





This is what the glow-worms look like in the light. Waitomo Caves,  
North Island, New Zealand.

women were knitting for "Tommies." Bands played, soldiers marched through streets in regimentals or in everyday clothes, with proud look and step of "England expects every man to do his duty."

There was tumult in Wellington and streets were rife with soldiers and citizens marching to Parliament House. Falling in line with the crowd we learned that Prime Minister W. F. Massey, P. C., was about to read a telegram from the Government thanking New Zealanders for their bravery at Dardanelles. Though Easter week holiday was recent and people had voted day before for a half holiday on Friday and Saturday, a hurry-up half holiday was proclaimed that all might hear what the Government said. There were flags and music all the way, people poured by hundreds from streets up hilly slope, until a mass of patriotic men and women reached to the steps. They were silent, determined and expectant. We caught the patriotic fever, and wanted to get



pictures and stand next to the speaker, Premier Massey. Telling "bobbies" we were an "Ally" reporter and there for copy, we were permitted to climb steps and stand by his Honor and staff. As he read the cablegram he took off his hat and the crowd did the same. We held ours on, not from disrespect, as appears in official photograph, but because wind blew cold and we were unwilling to have it skate away. The crowd saw and understood, but if it had been Sydney, where Americans are bitterly hated, the mob might have handed us something we didn't want. Cablegram was received with deafening applause, flags waved, men sang the national air and "Rule Britannia" which echoed from hill to waves of harbor. We were ten thousand miles from home in a strange land and sang "America" when they sang "God Save the King"; the melody is the same. There was the common inspiration of God, home and native land.

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### THE NEW ZEALANDER

Wellington is New Zealand's capital, and has a population of over 83,000 engaged in woolen mills, candle works, soap factories,



General View, Wellington, New Zealand. In distance is North end of South Island.

foundries, cold storage and the manufacture of pottery, boats, ropes and wax matches.

New Zealand is well named. Land is new and full of zeal. Citizens are rugged as scenery, and warmer than climate. Intellectually they are resourceful and capable. Politically they are so



Maori mummy. Found in Taupo, New Zealand. This body was placed in a box in a burial house with other coffins. After 14 years the father Henare Porhipi, on removing the house, discovered the body in this preserved condition.

loyal to the Empire that New Zealand has been called the "Britain of the South." They are hard workers in pastoral, agricultural and mining pursuits, and are strong in body, mind and morals. New Zealander appreciates the Scripture, "Godliness with contentment is great gain," and wants little here below. He doesn't worry about wealth and fame. They are reverent towards





Maori Haka (pronounced hah-kah-, meaning dance) Rotorua, New Zealand.

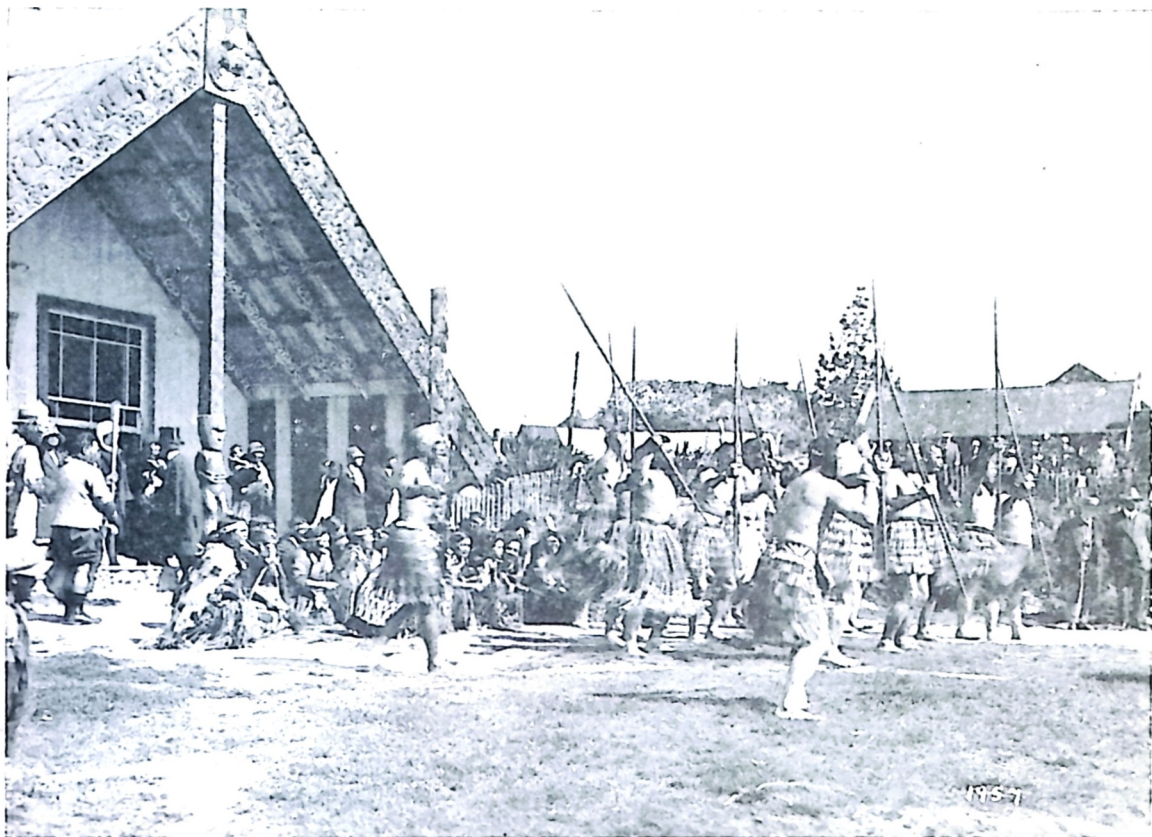
God, love home, give women political suffrage, and boys and girls healthful sports and good education, and believe native land is the best and most beautiful the sun shines on. Visitor to their ports finds an export of mutton and an import of tourists. The only trust they believe in is God, and the only monopoly they tolerate is the mountain range which holds down much of their land.

The people are slow, sleep late, go to office late, walk, eat, drink, and run their horses slowly, have many holidays, and shut their shops early, but they are sturdy, solvent, sincere and stable.

#### MAORI FIGURES

The Maori race is almost run. From an estimated number of 100,000 in 1840 Maoris have decreased to 43,000, according to census of 1901, and who knows how few they are now? What a





Another Maori Haka, Rotorua, North Island, New Zealand.

falling off, you countrymen of North Island! That is because you made progress in European arts and embraced various forms of Protestant Christianity. Without caring a fig for dates on chronological table, we know Maoris are Indian aborigines of New Zealand, and that while they belong to Polynesian race their body and brain are markedly different. Their nearest kin are Rarotongans 1,500 miles away. Maoris are blond or brunette. Some have straight black hair, others curly and frizzy. Some have long arched nose like a Papuan and others possess courtier features of Melanesian.

They have reliable traditions that when they came to New Zealand they found Melanesians, whom they killed off or spared and married. Their language is musical and full of myths, proverbs, songs and traditions. They lived in well built huts or whares, and villages which they strongly fenced in against their enemy. They wore clothes and made mats that they obtained from native flax. So artistic were they for beauty's curves that they tattooed faces of chiefs in circles. They were artists, but instead of painting on

canvas or parchment painted on live skin. They were great portrait painters. When a chief died they embalmed his head and put it on the what-not for everybody to look at.

Nature left Fijian clay in oven till it burned black but removed Maori clay when it was a nice brown. Maori, who was sturdy and symmetrical, has sunk to a low level, and mighty warrior and man-eater has become a money-hunting mollicoddle. His mind shows respect for law and custom, but like a child, and if he wants a thing bad enough he will take a chair, climb into closet and eat the forbidden jam. While natives are gentle and affectionate to their children and to aged, they wear a chip of pride on shoulders, and if you knock it off you may have to pick yourself up. They used to be furious fighters, but after the battle would kiss their enemy and make up with man they had thoroly licked. Intellectually they were like most natives, with minds keen and quick to



Maoris in Model Pa, (meaning community house) Rotorua, North Island, New Zealand.



study nature and watch their enemy, still it was easy for Europeans and traders to frighten them into some supersitious spell.

### MORALS AND MUMMERY

As usual, woman was the "lesser man" and had to drudge and do work of a dozen men. She was mistress, wife, mother, cook, bottle-washer and pant-maker. Men built houses and canoes, fished and hunted, went out to rob and kill enemies. Now they make laws instead of nets. It is claimed Maori morality was high and out of reach of ordinary villain. The girl was allowed some high flying before she married. Marriage ceremony was a kind of hand-me-down and over, a give and take affair. When man got her she had to live decently if she wanted to live. They were polytheists and not polygamists, and laid emphasis on gods,



Poi Dancers. Rotorua, North Island, New Zealand, in front of their "pa" or community house.



not girls. Their deities were good or bad, and if one failed they could go the rounds and get another. Their ology was a mythology said to resemble that of Greeks and Scandinavians. If it seemed flat they seasoned it with flavor of the Hebrew story of creation and flood, and Greek New Testament idea that spirit left the dead



Full-blooded and typical Maori woman, New Zealand.  
They are a hospitable people.

body and went to another world, sad or glad, as it had been bad or good here.

Women had no place in religious services. They were kept busy in sewing society at home to make men folks of family decent and presentable at service, and prepare a meal for their lords after exhausting prayers. There were religious ceremonies, and naturally more ceremony less religion. As usual, spectacular sanctity was in hands of priesthood, big hands, dirty hands and avaricious hands that kept sacred office in family and handed it

down from grandfather to father and son. Poor natives were so buffaloeed and befooled they couldn't do anything much, big or small, without an omen (now it's Amen) and incantations of magical words chanted and enchanting. This is always prelude to fugue and fugitive hearer. They believed in witchcraft and



This noted chief fought on the British side in the Maori war. It is quite customary for men and women to beautify themselves by tattooing.

practiced it. A wizard called "Tohunga" had only to stick his tongue out, roll an eye and make a face to make a healthy man get up from table sick and go out to dog-house and die.

### TABU

"Tabu" was a magic word equal to our police enforced sign, "Keep off the grass." Word means to make a thing or person



sacred. Everything a chief wore or had on was sacred, and if a sneak thief attempted to steal it he would commit a sin, the bigger the steal the greater the sin. Fear of "tabu" swung a bigger club than Moses' Ten Commandments. To break tabu would surely be found and punished. Culprit might be made sick or killed out-



Maori chief with tattooed face. Notice different designs.

right by offended god, have his people drive him out of tribe or confiscate his property. If he managed to give them the slip gods would catch him and give him worst punishment of all. Word "tabu" was great with gods and chief. If chief wanted anything to eat, drink or wear, hut to sleep in, tree for a canoe, he had only to say "tabu," or put up a sign, and the coveted object was immediately handed over. This club was more potent than a warrior's club. Just think how it worked! Mr. Chief could come to your house and say, "Tabu—get out of here—this is mine—all



lunch and drink, canoes, mats, wife and daughter thrown in." It was a great game, and we have known of religions this side of New Zealand and India to practice the same principle. Cortez used it. "Resolved that this world belongs to the saints; resolved that we are the saints."



Maori Chief Kewhe Taukau, New Zealand.

### ON EASY STREET

The Maori is well fixed today, owns land and rents it to the number of 7,000,000 acres. He lives in modern houses unless in tourist business, when he occupies a "whare" to show how next to Nature his people were. Native houses look like thatched wood tents, small, oblong in shape, are built of reeds or wood, roof is pointed like a good greenback V upside down, or a generous cut of pie, and has long overhanging eaves. Front looks like a dog-house with small door, back like a smoke house with little win-

dow, for there is no chimney. Cooking is done outdoors in hot springs. They have natural steam laundries but prefer dirty clothes to clean linen. They have good appetites and plenty to satisfy them. There were fish and vegetables, berries, bird and dog meat and "pigs" when Capt. Cook came.



Chief Pehi Puroa, Wanganui District, North Island,  
New Zealand.

Their wardrobe is limited to two garments, one wrapped around waist and other fastened across chest under right arm and over left shoulder. In war times they wore only a small loin cloth. Some natives wear English clothes and as many and outlandish as they can pile on. Maoris love greenstone as much as Chinese like jade. Years ago they wore stone earrings and often pierced nose and stuck a feather or piece of greenstone in it. Now women chiefly wear greenstone "tikis," embryonic baby charms.

## MARKED FOR LIFE

There were two kinds of tattooing, straight line variety found in Polynesian islands, called "mokokuri," and spiral tattooing, original with Maori, called after inventor artist, "Mata-ora."



Chief Ngakpa, Maori people. New Zealand.

"People who dance must play the fiddler," and their vanity was expensive. Skin was cut with sharp shells and a mixture of oil and soot was rubbed in. It looked devilish to foreigner but was a mark of beauty among natives. We suppose it was to make an otherwise mild looking man "fierce as ten furies." It was a brave warrior's mark. A brave man took literal pains, for blood had to flow. Women were not to be outdone for they, too, had beauty marks. They were tattooed on lips and chin. It was black on lips, because it was preferable to our red, and it gave them a stiff upper



lip that enabled them easily to hide their grief. Long before pale-face came to plot against them natives had designs on themselves. They were thus marked for life, and some are remarkably proud of it, just as sailors carry their tattoo crosses, girls, ships and flags with them.

### PECULIARITIES

Canoes were often made of one log, 80 to 100 feet long, open and carrying 150 men. There were no nails but plaited ropes of flax fibres, bow was decorated with ugly figurehead and stern carved and built several feet high. Boat was usually paddled with paddles six to eight feet. Sometimes they had a flat mat sail painted black or red.

Their music is made of minor tones that sound flat, though voices are sweet. Their "haka" dance was originally performed by women to encourage warriors. War dance was to get up steam to fight enemies. Men made faces, raised arms and clubs, beat ground with feet, kept time to singing and worked themselves to fever and fighting heat. They know how to talk and influence each other by voice, gesture and figure of speech. When enemy attacked, children ran to their ma's and then went to their "Pahs," their fort or stronghold near the center of population. Pah was always strongly palisaded and fenced. War was Maori's game and he knew how to play it. His arms were wood, bone and stone made into spears, clubs and axes. When war was over he wore them as peace ornaments.

They were cannibals and believed if a brave man was killed and eaten his bravery would be theirs. Window of the soul known as the eye was in demand to make one far-seeing.

Maori has fallen upon evil times. What his father labored hard for he gets for nothing. Old man worked, children rest. Ancestors were active, and descendants are lazy and degenerate. Native must work his own salvation or be lost. Rev. Bennett, whom we saw and talked with, is urging his people to a higher and better life, a life found not only among polite professions, but on farm and in sheep-runs.

## CHAPTER 9

OCTOBER 7th, 1930

### WE LECTURE

We addressed a college of 200 girls yesterday. The President was brutally frank (which we admire) in telling us there was a marked anti-American feeling in New Zealand. As a reason, he cited two letters he had received from the United States. One had some misspelled words in it, other was trying to create an agency for their product. They argued quality of goods and enclosed a circular they wanted him to read—all of which was printed IN SPANISH. Somebody back home thot New Zealand was a Spanish country—IT'S ENGLISH! The stupidity of some people! Some careless under-clerk, or stenographer, ruined a perfectly good transaction and intensified antagonism against our so-called superior business ability.

Even tho this be true, progress has a way of forcing itself into lives of those who stagnate and stalemate; so, given time, they will catch up to realize they are behind others who opened their doors and welcomed co-operation in giving and taking exchange of ideas and methods. Nowadays, there is no country that need be further away than mail, radio, and ship lines. Countries may be miles apart and be as close as minutes to facts.

We were met on dock, at quarantine, by press fotografers. Auckland Star, Christ Church Sun, Wellington Dominion, Auckland Herald, and Australian United Press, all took shots of us, etc. Some of our people came out and got on board to welcome us. During the day, we had callers galore, Kate Fraser, Jack Young, Dr. Bryce, Tom Giles, Mrs. Young, Freda Duggan. We received letters from Drs. Stevens, Welch and Nolan, and wires from John Nolan and M. Lawson.

"Dear B. J.:

We are glad to know you are in New Zealand at last, and do hope you enjoy your stay here, a stay which we are pleased to know will be longer than you originally intended.

We received your circular letter and see you mention we have offered the courtesies of our home to you.

We will be delighted to have you both if you care to stay with us; for tho our home is small and unpretentious, we would just like you to see the inside of a New Zealand family circle. We are not "well to do" B. J., have not made as much money as some

others, but we would make you feel as if you really belonged to us.

I rang John Colwill to see if anything had been arranged by the chiropractors here to have a meeting, but he was quite "in the dark," as he did not know what your movements were to be. I told him I was writing to you and would let him know if or when I heard from you. Will Lawson of Palmerston North wrote to me to find out when you were due in Wellington and what arrangements had been made. I likewise told him I would let him know when I heard from you.

Rupert Lorenzen is in Nelson—to him I wrote asking if he were coming over here to greet you. I have not received a reply yet. Bob Olsen is in Masterton—has just moved there from up Thames way and is having a hard struggle.

We do not want to try and monopolize you to the exclusion of the other of your old students; but if it is suitable to you, we would love to have you as our guests.

Could you please let us know either by letter or telegram as to whether you can accept our offer and what date you will be down here. As you are due to lecture for Nolan in Wangauni on 17th October (a Friday) I expect you will be here for the week-end. How about a game of golf at Nurawar links?

We still have the old "Dodge" we bought in Davenport—it is very "rough and tumble" but it still carries us around. Someday we will buy a fine new car but not yet awhile.

Again we say

Welcome to New Zealand.

Very best wishes to you both,

Yours sincerely,  
W. Kemble and Ruby Welch."

"Wanganui  
2-10-30

Dear B. J.:

Altho I will not be in Auckland to welcome you to New Zealand, I sincerely hope that your stay amongst us will be a happy one. It is true—through circumstances over which I have no control—I am not co-operating with your lecture in Wanganui. All the same, B. J., I want you to know that I am still for the PSC, and for the PSC only. In fact, I don't see how a chiropractor could be otherwise. Any prospective students, two of which I have interested at present, I shall certainly advise to go to the PSC.

While you are in this country, I would like to have your NCM analysis of myself. If you could take me in Wanganui would you kindly let me know the date, time, and place, the latter preferably at my office.

I do not know if you have any special itinerary while here. If not, I would be delighted to motor you around the chief places of interest in our little city.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely,  
W. A. Stevens.



Hamilton, 4th Oct. '30.

Dear B. J.

Enclosed please find a copy of the ads we propose to put in the local paper prior to your lecture for us. We would value your suggestions or criticism. Kindly advise as soon as possible the title of your lecture or the subject. We are arranging for you to speak, (subject to your consent), over the small local radio station, sometime before 1:30 p.m. on Tuesday, so we would like to know about what time you expect to arrive in Hamilton.

The best train is the Rotorua Express which reaches here about 1 p.m. How would you like to spend the afternoon of Tuesday? If it is a fine day, what would you think of a picnic? We thought that you might appreciate a little relaxation in the country. We could even go to the seaside—a picturesque drive of 35 miles. I expect to see you at the boat but in case I don't get an opportunity of speaking to you afterwards, I'm penning this note so that you can have it in black and white.

We would appreciate a reply at your earliest convenience. Am enclosing some New Zealand stamps as you are not likely to have any in your pocketbook.

Mr. Blackie joins in kindest regards.

I am,

Yours sincerely,  
Allan Bryce.

(Telegram)

B. J. Palmer, Aorangi, Auckland.

We welcome you to our shores.

Kate and John Fraser.

(Telegram)

Dr. Palmer, Grand Hotel, Auckland.

Hullo folks, wishing you both a happy vacation while in New Zealand.

W. Lawson.

(Telegram)

B. J., care Duggan and Duggan, Winstone Bldg., Auckland.

Hearty greetings to our shores. Know your tour will prove one big success. Hoping meet with you Wednesday.

Hubert Jenkins, '27 class.

Wanganui, October 3, 1930.

Dear B. J.:

In your itinerary you have allotted October 17th as the date for the Wanganui lecture.

The unfortunate part of that lies in the fact that Oct. 17th is the late shopping night (Friday night). This is the only night in the week when shops are open after 5:30 p.m. It is really an off night for lectures, movies and all such performances, as the streets are full of people till nine o'clock.

In view of this, I wonder if you could make it any other day,

(16th Thursday night, or 18th, Saturday night would fill the bill admirably).

I am sending this to Duggan and Duggan so you can have it immediately upon landing. I have not made any arrangements in the way of hall and advertising as yet. I am waiting for your advice. Please wire me immediately so I can go on and have things arranged.

Kind regards.

from S. Nolan.

P.S. Welcome to Maoriland!

By previous invitation, gave SELLING YOURSELF to the Rotary Club here. Have given this talk everywhere over the world but we don't know when we were so nervous about giving it, as here. We had been forewarned this was a provincial state of mind, that humor was taboo, these people and their sensibilities were easily offended, to be careful of what we said, etc. In fact, it had been suggested that a committee should be appointed to confer with us to pass judgment on what we said before we said it, etc.

160 members were present. We decided what we had to say was what we had to say; that we would stand on our record as a student and speaker; that if we had to listen to what "they say" about what we were to say, we wouldn't have anything to say. They invite an outside speaker to present outside views and then try to trim him down to inside views on inside subjects. Our reasoning told us that human nature was the same the world over; there usually was a difference in character and thickness of the educational and social veneer hides but underneath there is no difference between men AND men.

We gave them our regular talk without eliminations. Following letters speak for themselves.

#### AUCKLAND ROTARY CLUB

Auckland, New Zealand, 6th October, 1930

Col. B. J. Palmer,  
% Grand Hotel,  
Princes Street,  
Auckland.  
Dear Colonel:

I think the attitude of the Club today must have convinced you how greatly they enjoyed your address.

I think they are quick enough in the up-take to seize upon every point you made.

Your address is a great help in our programme which fitted in particularly well under the heading of "Vocational Service," and I

am quite sure that the Committee dealing with that branch will be inspired to greater efforts in putting over their particular message.

Please accept our best thanks,

Yours rotarily,  
"C. J."  
C. J. TUNKS  
President.



Another Maori Chief. There is a common pattern in Maori chief's tattoos. Compare these different chiefs' designs.

Auckland, 6 Oct., 1930.

Dear Col. Palmer:

I enjoyed every bit of your address today with one exception, and I hope you will not mind my mentioning it to you. I refer to the incident you narrated where some one referred to you as the Holy Ghost. The telling of that evoked laughter but it also hurt the religious susceptibilities of some Rotarians, myself included. I know it wasn't meant to do so, and therefore I venture to suggest that your address would in no way suffer by its omission.



Will you please accept this as a Rotarian from a Rotarian in the spirit in which it is intended, and believe me to be

Your rotarily,  
C. J. Tunks.

Col. B. J. Palmer,  
Dear B. J.

That is the Rotarian way—sitting at the fire tonight anticipating tomorrow with pleasure—at least 1 to 2—it just occurred to me I asked you to a lunch meeting at which there isn't any lunch, so am sending this warning—eat first or allow yourself time to do so after. There will be a couple of hundred or more healthy happy girls there, you may look at them—they certainly will at you—but you cannot eat them.

I am really deeply indebted to you for consenting to come and talk to the girls. I take this business seriously. This one year, or often shorter period they are with us means so much to them—if we could only make them realize just how much—we would get better results. I do my best, pay as much more than we should for teachers.

It would be cheek on my part to criticise the great and glorious U.S.A. I never criticise, I do sometimes suggest, make positive suggestions—now we are always glad to welcome American visitors—we get two sorts, good and bad. 100% Americans and International Americans, both are welcomed. The 100% American is the American who kills America, who obliterates the good done by the International American.

To the one hundred percent American, our language is all wrong, our clothes, our food, our hotels, our homes, our women folk, our children, our ways of doing business, everything we have, do or say, must be measured up to American standards and is just “no damn good”—that's English.

The International American recognizes we are not all right and not all wrong. We are we—and we are entitled to be we—he does not wish to standardise us—he realises that a 32 story building would be out of place in Queen St.

The unfortunate part is the 100% fellow predominates and there just is not any U.S.A., not even a U.A.S. “United American States”—get down to the 100% fellow's skin—and you will find he is a 100% home town man—a 100% individual—he is the United States—he made it what it is—he certainly will make it what it's going to be—unless you fellows get after him.

I suggest you tell your fellows:

Not to publish codes—to live them and say nothing about it.

To build the biggest buildings—and let the other fellow tattle about them.

To give service. The other fellow will advertise it.

There is a whole lot more I would like to say, but I'm married and the good lady says quit. Now I'm boss in this house, so I'm quitting.

A. J. Hutchinson.

P.S.—Am not quite sure—J.B. or B.J.—in any case there's only one—that's you.”

— — —



Mita Tapopki, Chief of the Arawa Tribe,  
Rotorua, New Zealand.



Ve Ritimana, Ve Rapoutu, Maori Chief,  
New Zealand.

Received an invitation to address the Brain Commercial College. The letter speaks:

6th October, 1930.

Dear Colonel Palmer:

Remember the date fixed for you to give a talk to the girls of Brain Commercial College, Wednesday, October 8th, at one o'clock sharp. Take note of the change in the place. The address will now be given by you in the upstairs room, Chamber of Commerce, Swanson Street. A taxi will call for you at the Grand Hotel and bring you to the meeting place, unless I receive word from you that you wish to be picked up at some other place.

You will find assembled in the Hall, over two hundred of the brightest and best commercial students in the city of Auckland, and I will venture to say that you will find as many good looking ones in the crowd as you would in any two hundred girls in any city of the United States of America. I can assure you of an intensively interested audience, that will be easy to talk to.

I very much appreciate your kindness in acceding to my request to talk to the girls of Brain's College. It is true that I am running the College as a commercial venture, for profit, and I am making a profit, but I do feel that I and my partners in this College earn the profit we make, and we give distinct service and value to citizens and do give students who attend our College every possible opportunity we can. Every fortnight we have some business man to talk to them and I feel sure that the opportunity I seized when I heard you speak at the Rotary Club today will be one of the very best we have had this year.

Kind regards and many thanks,

A. J. Hutchinson.

— — —

Received invitation to address the Palmerston North Rotary Club. Unable to accept because of limitation of time.

THE ROTARY CLUB  
of Palmerston North  
N. Z.

4th Oct. 1930.

Dr. B. J. Palmer,  
Grand Hotel,  
Auckland.

Dear Dr. Palmer:

The Rotary Club of this town is in hopes that you may have the opportunity and the will to give us an address, and to that end I am extending you this official invitation to visit us if you find it possible.

We meet on Mondays at 12:30, and the only dates available, which might suit you are the 13th and 27th of this month, unless your movements are subjected to modification, from what we now know of them.

However, if neither of these Mondays suits you, and a later one does, we shall be very happy to hear so from you, and will arrange accordingly, thanking you.

Yours Faithfully,  
C. T. Salmon,  
Secretary.



## CHAPTER 10

### ALL ABOUT AUCKLAND

The "Aorangi" entered Hauraki gulf, slipped by Rangitoto mountain, with its volcano cone, and steamed into Waitemata harbor to Auckland. In spite of the hard names Maori natives call these places, they are very beautiful.

Docked at last, we bade good-bye to good ship and officers, our floating hotel and servants, and started for the "Waverly," a novel named hotel. We learned that Bank holidays began at three o'clock, and banks would be closed for ten days till after the races. We needed money. If we failed to get Cook draft at once our goose would be cooked.

We hurried and crowded in before bank closed, and were told point-blank that although we had given good gold for our American express checks to Cook in Vancouver and had received draft on bank of New Zealand for English gold, the government would pay out no gold. It was war-time and we must take pounds of their paper or nothing at all. We took it, although we knew if any "paper" was left over when we reached Australia it would be discounted. Australia and New Zealand banks think little of each other's daily news or bank paper. Like ancient Jews and Samaritans they have as little dealing with each other as possible. Fifteen minutes later and we would have gone begging, and been in an excellent mood to preach a new sermon, on bank steps, from text, "The door was shut." Here was another argument against incestuous union of church and state that Easter or any other church day should close business and bank doors. Henry VIII didn't go quite far enough in his ideas of divorce of church and state, though he did go the limit and more when it came to women and wives.

We rode over town in a double-decker car, having acquired ship habit of sitting on deck. Houses are built on one pattern, homes of small wooden boxes with an iron lid on them. As if ashamed of human nature's journeyman carpenter work, that had traveled so far from art ideals, Nature tried to cover up angles with vines and roses. Viewed as a trellis house frames are very satisfactory.

Auckland has a population of 181,000—largest city of New Zealand and one of the most beautifully situated of that favored country. Built on an isthmus which is so narrow as to be practically an island, the city faces two seas, Pacific Ocean and Tas-

man Sea, with Waitemata Harbor, on one hand, and Manuka Harbor on other. It is a city of eternal summer—climate one of the most equable in the world. Numerous little volcanic cones, all extinct, dot the isthmus on which city stands, notably adding to its beauty and charm. One of these, Mount Eden, 640 feet high, easily accessible by motor or tram car, gives a beautiful view of city and surroundings.

City was founded in 1840, and 25 years from that time was the capital of the Dominion until more convenient location of Wellington brought about change. Site was chosen to separate what were once the most numerous and warlike tribes of Maoris; in consequence Auckland possesses a museum that contains an unequalled collection of Maori relics, including richly carved houses and a fine war canoe.

### VOLCANOES AND BEACHES

Not far from Auckland is a larger extinct volcano, Mount Rangitoto, "the mountain of the bloody sky,"—an island at entrance to harbor which is most prominent object in landscape for miles around. It is a great resort for picnics and outings. Waitemata Harbor is of great extent, and numerous indentations are favored playing ground of yachtsmen who swarm in these waters, while sheltered waters of Hauraki Gulf, opening out from harbor, are a paradise for those who take pleasures on water.

All year round inhabitants of Auckland can live, if they desire, in open air, for there is practically no change in temperature from one month to another. They are in consequence among greatest out-door people in the world. Bathing, boating, yachting, and swimming are indulged at any time.

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That night we asked the hotel clerkess if there was a vaudeville show in town. She was tall and rather good looking, but before answering, rose to full height, looked at us in injured innocence kind of way, and said, "My word! you are in New Zealand. Auckland is a respectable city—there is a play at Queen's opera house." We begged her "pawdon," thanked her, and went up hill to the op'ry. It looked ordinary outside. We put down twelve shillings for our party and were given six metal cart wheels which ticket taker took at door and rolled into a tin box. The so-called "opera" was a good first-class second-class vaudeville show, such as you can get home for half the price.

There was little applause. Dreary silence was broken every

few minutes by thump and dump of big cart wheel tickets. It was the usual song, dance, juggling variety bill. The bit that made the hit was "Kaiser Bill," for he was often referred to, and in a way that made English soldiers and sailors shout.



Koturongo, one of the Maori gods. It is even tattooed and dressed. New Zealand.

After the performance we went in a dive. We are sure it was, because word "dive" was written in big, bold letters over the door. We knew there were dives but didn't know they labeled them that way. We took a chance, and entering found it was a restaurant. In the United States it is often reversed, what is advertised as a restaurant is frequently a dive.

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On this day there was a stream of callers, John and Jean Williamson of Dunedin rolled in, Jane Winstone, et. al.



American Indian is noted for his pipe-stone and bead work. New Zealand Maori is the native of this country. He is Polynesian and we shall tell more about him later as we go down to his country. He is a worker in two arts, green stone and wood carvings. Green stone is to this country what jade is to China.



One of the Maori gods. Carved in wood.  
Body tattooed.

Drs. Williamson gave us four wonderful presents carved in green stone. Jane Winstone gave us two green stone pieces, one of which is worn by the orator of the tribe.

This day delivered **SELLING YOURSELF** before Auckland Advertising Club. They had an overflow meeting, including many Rotarians who returned and brot friends or department heads of their businesses with them. About 110 were present which is double their usual attendance.

OCTOBER 8th, 1930

Tonite we speak over Station 1YA. It is a 500 watt station.

October 7, 1930.

Dear Colonel:

Following our conversation of yesterday at the Rotary Club luncheon, we should be very glad if you could make it convenient to speak for about fifteen minutes tomorrow evening, Wednesday the 8th. If you could be here say in time to speak at approximately 8:30 p.m. it would suit our arrangements and I hope will suit you very well. Could you telephone me at the Station this evening, on phone No. 43,707, any time after 7:30 p.m., when we could make definite arrangements?

Arrangements will be made to send a taxi for you and to take you back to your Hotel again.

Yours Faithfully,  
Station Director.

— — —

We tried to buy a box of cigars last night and found it a complicated transaction. The bar was loathe to do so because "they didn't sell cigars that way, but if we wanted a box, they would give us name and address of a place down town where they thot we could get such."

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Papers have been considered very generous with space here. Just to show by comparison, we quote each one, by dates:

"We really are on a travel tour of the Dominion to study local conditions and educational matters, so we can go back to Davenport, Iowa, and talk over the air about what we have seen," said Col. B. J. Palmer, who is chairman of directors of the Central Broadcasting Company, operating station WOC at Davenport and station WHO at Des Moines. Col. Palmer, in addition to being president of the Palmer School of Chiropractic, is also business manager of B.J.-WOC Tours. "When we get back," he added, "we hope to put New Zealand and Australia on the map as far as tours are concerned." Col. Palmer lectured at the Rotary Club's luncheon today and will also deliver other lectures in Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin.

—The Auckland Star, Monday, October 6, 1930.

Col. B. J. Palmer, chairman of the board of directors of the Central Broadcasting Company, Davenport, Iowa, arrived by the Aorangi yesterday. He is at the Grand Hotel.

—The New Zealand Herald, Tuesday, Oct. 7, 1930.

#### AMERICAN TALK ON BUSINESS

Ideas of a typical American on business were voiced in a breezy and humorous address delivered to Auckland Rotarians yesterday

by Col. B. J. Palmer of Davenport, Iowa. The visitor, who obviously prided himself on an unusual appearance, viz., flowing black hair and beard to match, kept his audience amused and interested as, with numberless metaphors and epigrams and witty anecdotes, he enforced his lesson on the ethics of sound business and methods of salesmanship. As to the former, he maintained there are two kinds in business, the small man and the large man; it is all a question of breadth of vision. As to the necessity of confidence in salesmanship methods, he asserted that nine-tenths of a sale is completed when the buyer believes the seller.

A hearty vote of thanks to the speaker, moved by Sir Geo. Fowlds, was carried by acclamation.

The chairman was President C. J. Tunks, and visitors included Messrs. Claude Kingston (Melbourne), F. H. King (Dunedin) and R. Wallace (Napier).

—The Auckland Star, Tuesday, Oct. 7, 1930.

#### VALUE OF OPTIMISM

##### Advertising New Zealand

The value of a positive attitude, not a negative one, was stressed by Mr. B. J. Palmer, of Davenport, Iowa, in an address given at a luncheon meeting of the Auckland Advertising Club yesterday. Mr. W. H. V. Taine presided.

"Remember that hard times are not coming; it is just easy times that are going," Mr. Palmer said. "Depression can be made worse by talking about the negatives of it. Do not think and talk depression. Get it over into the positive. Resolve that 'I am going to make 1931 a better year than 1930 for my business, for Auckland and for New Zealand.'"

"The world had been faced with economic depression since the war. It was no use minimizing the fact. The quicker we faced it and built thru it the better. Progress has always come from the pursued, never from the pursuer.

"Geographically, New Zealand lies down here in a wilderness, separated from the rest of the world, but you do make some of the finest things in the world," Mr. Palmer continued. "But you will be alone in that wilderness as long as you do not use printers' ink to tell the rest of the world what is going on." He had been very pleased to learn in Auckland that a campaign was being carried on, under which literature was being sent to the United States and other countries with the object of drawing tourists and other business.

The shop window displays in Auckland were criticised by Mr. Palmer when speaking of methods of salesmanship. The first great thing in salesmanship is to interrupt. In regard to this he said that 80 percent of the impressions that reached the brain did so thru the eye. Walking down Queen Street he had found that every shop window was just like every other. There was nothing in them which would interrupt his eye long enough to make him stop and buy.

"You have a window for attracting the eye, causing people to stop and want to buy what is in it," he said. "Yet you are so afraid you will put something in the window that will interrupt, that will cause



people to buy, that you do not do it. Your windows are for the purpose of causing people to talk, and you are so afraid to put something in them which will cause people to talk."

—The New Zealand Herald, Wed., Oct. 8, 1930.

The reason why he wears his hair unusually long and a spreading black necktie, described by himself as a "chest protector," was explained by Mr. B. J. Palmer, of Davenport, Iowa, when addressing the Auckland Advertising Club yesterday. He said the first point in salesmanship was "interruption," and in accordance with this principle he drew attention to himself by making his appearance "a constant interruption of what a man thinks a man ought to look like." Mr. Palmer related a number of anecdotes concerning remarks on his appearance which he had overheard. One of the most amusing occurred at a college. As he was passing a group of students one of the young men said to the girls, "Hey, Kids! Pipe the Airedale!"—New Zealand Herald, Oct. 8, 1930.

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We leave Auckland and go into the interior tomorrow morning. We are closing this letter and will get it out by next boat for America.

How do we go into the interior? We secured a private automobile. It will be at our beck and call constantly, to come and go where we please, when we please, as we please. Our next letter will probably be mailed from Australia.

## CHAPTER 11

OCTOBER 9th, 1930

We have ahead of us a busy week. There is much to do. We shall speak before civic clubs, give public lectures on Chiropractic, hold what is called "conferences" over here what we call a "convention" in the States; we shall travel, read, and study much about sights we see, as we pass thru; we shall take motion pictures of things we believe worth photographing and show them when we return home. Between times, we shall try and get a breathing spell and rest a bit.

We hastily review passing items and then give much time to study places worth while telling about.

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In the afternoon, we were invited guests of a Chiropractic Conference held at home of Freda and Lionel Duggan. Twenty-seven present. Twenty were Chiropractors. When remembered we have but forty Chiropractors in New Zealand, this was a good attendance. It was a very constructive and educational meeting.

In the evening, we addressed one of the banner meetings of our speaking career. Here we were, stranger in a strange land, uninvited person so to speak, for no organization had invited us to come here. We came against advices of our own people. It happened this way: they know their own people, they knew they were conservative and cautious; they could be easily offended. They knew us well enough to know that we were an American; perhaps super-American, one who thot radical ideas and spoke them fearlessly. They advised us not to come here for fear we might upset constructive work they had been building, covering a period of years. One thing they overlooked, however, was that while there may be a superficial veneer that makes people of various nationalities different, under the hides they are the same. Same emotions, passions and prejudices that move us, move them. That we knew. But, coming as we did, in spite of advice of friends, all they could do was to advise us what to say and what not to say.

This evening we addressed an audience in The Town Hall in Municipal Building. There were 2,500 present. Sir George Fowlds WAS chairman. We gave our latest, A HOLE IN ONE. Every Chiropractor present was immensely pleased. They found

that we said nothing but what fitted perfectly into a better Chiropractic program and progress here. By previous arrangement, a large group of ministers of various denominations were present. Educational work thus done can hardly be estimated.



Two Maori gods. One on left indicates phallic worship as the male; one on right is female.

In putting on these series of talks in Auckland, there is no way of estimating good done. We left behind a new inspiration to Chiropractors, as well as a tremendous fund of educational good to public at large.

In review: Rotary club, 160 present.  
Advertising Club, 110 present  
Brain's Business College, 200 girls.  
Century Club, 60 business women  
Public audience, 2,500 people.

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Two carved wooden objects. One on right indicates eyes above, spread nose in middle, open mouth below which is indicative of the worshippers of the yoni.

### FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1930

We found Freda Duggan checked out our hotel account. We get accustomed to that being done in America but we were agreeably pleased to have this done away over here.

9 a.m. we were ready to travel South. We engaged private car, with driver, to be with us until we arrive in Wellington down south at other end of this north half of New Zealand.

We insert newspaper accounts as published in Auckland:

A reply to criticisms made in the correspondence columns of the Auckland press regarding his action in taking the chair at a lecture on Chiropractic was made by Sir George Fowlds last evening at the opening of the lecture delivered in the Town Hall by Mr. B. J. Palmer. "Some correspondence has appeared in the local press," he stated, "condemning my action in taking the chair at this meet-

ing, and condemning wholesale the Chiropractic system. If the person responsible imagines he can frighten me from what I consider right, he has another think coming. I am sure we shall have quite a treat in listening to Mr. Palmer," added Sir George in calling upon the lecturer to begin his address.

—New Zealand Herald, Oct. 10, 1930.

## "NEW ERA IN HISTORY"

### Science of Chiropractic

#### Illness of the King

"The world before the coming of Chiropractic was like darkest Africa before the coming of Livingstone," said Mr. B. J. Palmer, of the Palmer School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa, in the course of a public lecture in the Town Hall last evening. There was a large attendance. A new era in history began, he said, with the discovery that if a bump in one part of a man's spine produced deafness, other bumps in different parts of the spine might produce various other diseases.

"We have been asked why we do everything different from the physicians," Mr. Palmer stated. "It is a question of the avenue of approaching the subject. We are both interested in making people well, and we admit there are places where doctors are indispensable. We do not question their honesty and sincerity, or integrity of their intentions, but here we are entitled to discuss right and wrong without discussing personalities."

The speaker said the medical profession believed that man was a combination of physical and chemical properties, and if these were improperly balanced he became sick. The remedy, therefore, was to restore balance by external supply of deficient chemical or physical properties. Chiropractors, on the other hand, laid down that chemical properties in man were by-products of a mechanical action, induced by an electrical force which was in turn controlled by spiritual force of his mind. In attacking disease he therefore corrected mechanical defects and attacked disease from within while the medical doctor attacked it from without.

"Take the case of a man with gout in his right foot," Mr. Palmer said, illustrating his contention, "The doctor gives him a drug to restore balance of chemicals in that foot. Drug is applied thru lips and goes into stomach, then what happens? Doctor assumes the stomach knows as much as he knows and will direct drug to place where it is needed. But what if stomach make a mistake and sends drug into left foot? Then doctor changes drug, and that perhaps explains why changes are made so often."

The speaker quoted various instances which he said showed the growing recognition which was being accorded in America to the science of Chiropractic. "The private physician to the President of Mexico is a Chiropractor," he stated. "Our own president, Mr. Herbert Hoover, has taken adjustments. I do not want to say what happened in the recent illness of your King. You do know that something suddenly took place—perhaps that is enough to say."

The concluding remark did not lose its effect. There was a short

tense silence, and then a few desultory bursts of applause broke out in one or two quarters of the hall.

Shortly afterward a vote of thanks, proposed by the chairman, Sir George Fowlds, brought the lecture to a close.

—New Zealand Herald, Oct. 10, 1930.

#### CHIROPRACTIC

Sir:—Two reported statements made at the recent lecture on Chiropractic appear to me to call for comment. Firstly, Sir George Fowlds' statement that "if the person responsible for condemning his action in taking the chair imagines he can frighten me from what I consider right, he has another think coming"; secondly, Mr. Palmer's, "I do not want to say what happened in the recent illness of your King. You do know that something suddenly took place—perhaps that is enuf to say." To take No. 2 first. What Mr. Palmer said is not enough. The inference is that Chiropractic was responsible for His Majesty's recovery. Now, a full account of His Majesty's illness was published in the medical journals and contains no reference to "something which suddenly took place." On the contrary, the clear and concise official statement of the course His Majesty's illness followed, together with the measures applied by His Majesty's physicians and surgeons, which was issued in the medical press, contains no reference to any sudden happening or to Chiropractic. Mr. Palmer's statement is misleading and his innuendo unwarranted. It is just this aspect of chiropractic which, to my mind, in dealing with statement No. 1 warrants us questioning Sir George Fowlds' sponsorship of Chiropractic. I have not read the correspondence referred to by Sir George, but statements such as Mr. Palmer's, based as they are on inference and innuendo, lack that element of scientific truth which the important faculties Sir George Fowlds presides over rate as fundamental. I submit that it is not Sir George Fowlds' personal courage which is at issue, but his consistency in presiding over a meeting designed to further an activity at once at variance in ideals and practice with the great educational institution he controls. Surely we may demand of Sir George, before he lends the support of his office to itinerant vendors of new wares, that he inquire whether they fulfill the conditions his faculty demands of its own teachers. Quackery is rife and the uninformed public is always on the lookout for some new thing. No system of healing which is not based on scientific truth should have the support of our university, nor may the responsible head of our university lend his support to such without being asked to justify his action. Sir George's personal courage and audacity may suffice in Chiropractic; we look for additional qualities in the president of our University College.

E. B. Gunson,

M. D. (Edin.) F.R.C.P. (London)

—New Zealand Herald, October 11, 1930.

#### CHIROPRACTIC

Sir:—Dr. Gunson is probably correct when he states that Chiropractic was not used on the King. Having used and seen it used



for many years I should say that even if it had been possible to give Chiropractic "adjustments" to His Majesty in his very weak state they would probably have killed him. When Dr. Gunson states that "no system of healing which is not based on scientific truth should have the support of our university," he is again correct, but is he not hard on his own profession? Many of the leading men in the medical profession candidly admit that there is no such thing as science in the practice of orthodox medicine.

"Looker On."

—New Zealand Herald, October 13, 1930.

Sir:—The great improvement of the new science of Chiropractic over orthodox medicine has been so strongly recommended of late and so clearly elucidated that only fools would attempt to argue against it. Think how much cheaper it would be to train the guardians of our health, for instead of five to ten years' medical training, costing each doctor, I suppose, from £1000 to £2000, we could prepare Chiropractors in a year or two, at quite a small cost and without any general scientific knowledge. Also, how much cheaper it would be for the average patient, who could then be assured of a quick, cheap cure, without the fear of operation or dread of a prolonged illness in bed, with heaving nursing and chemists' expenses. No wonder the new science is acclaimed as opening up a "new era in history." In spite of what "G." says progressive people now look for the announcement of a proposal to introduce a course of lectures in this proven science, at our highest seat of learning and, in fact, feel confident in recommending the favourable consideration of an additional faculty in the university curriculum. Auckland's aim to form a medical school might be quickly and easily achieved. A faculty in this new medical science could be more simply conducted and economically run—one professor with one or two lecturers would probably suffice, instead of the usual 30 to 40 in orthodox medical college, with its tremendous cost of salaries and equipment, which cost is largely borne by the taxpayers. Then, degrees in chiropractic could be conferred here, instead of ambitious youths having to speed away to U.S.A. and back. With reference to the directions in which Dr. Palmer says doctors "are indispensable," I presume he means such branches as midwifery and accidental surgery. I cannot imagine what other lines he would include. Surely those subjects could be taught to our chiropractor students, for it is logical and natural that these indispensable avenues should be combined to a true science rather than to the false and superstitious "ologies" of the old. Soon then our hospitals could be staffed with chiropractor physicians and the human death-rate, especially that from cancer, might decrease by leaps and bounds. It is indeed cheering to read and hear from the patrons of the new science so many wonderful cures of real organic disease. It is surely a very significant fact that one does not hear of patients who have been cured by ordinary commonplace doctors after the chiropractor has failed. Are there any? Might their name not be legion?

"Progress."

—New Zealand Herald, Oct. 13, 1930.

## CHIROPRACTIC

Sir:—To the informed mind, Dr. Gunson's letter is not misleading. But to the uninformed it could have a baleful influence. It is freely admitted that a full and technical description of the King's late illness, together with the very latest means and methods of science as employed by attendant physicians and surgeons, appeared in the various medical journals and the secular press. But just what influence publishes and controls the leading medical journals of the world? Is it likely that the B.M.A., or its sister organization, the A.M.A., would give credit to a practice that they so genuinely hate and condemn? Mr. Palmer freely admitted that the branch of science he represents is but yet in its initial stage or infancy. Can the Allopathic School of Medicine show a period anywhere during its fifteen hundred years of existence or more, that will even remotely compare with the results obtained by chiropractic in 35 years? "Comparisons are odious." No one questions the honesty or integrity of the magnificent and splendid body of men who make up the personnel of the medical fraternity—no one questions that they have not labored to their utmost to relieve suffering and to conquer disease, but unyielding justice compels a verdict in accordance with the facts and the facts spell failure in such unmistakable terms that it were useless to close our eyes. On the other hand, judging the chiropractic by the same rule, results so far outweigh failure that no unbiased mind could possibly experience difficulty in arriving at an honest and impartial conclusion.

Charles Spencer.

—New Zealand Herald, Oct. 14, 1930.

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Our first stopping place was at Rotorua. This is thermal or volcanic country.

Yesterday we were fortunate in being able to pick up five ancient carved wood panels of ancient Maori carvings from one of the old town council halls of one of the Maori tribes. The total weight of the five pieces was estimated to be 2500 lbs. They will be shipped by freight from here.

Yesterday was spring. Today is summer here. City people wanted daylight saving time. Farmers do not. They compromised by advancing 30 minutes at 2 a.m. We understand they held a ceremony at that hour in the city town hall. If they did, we did not know about it for we were asleep.

As we motor southward, we are going thru magnificent dairy country. They have cattle and make cream, cheese, and butter.

People in New Zealand have much to learn about hotel service for travelling public. They have little, if any, heat in rooms. Here at Rotorua they have an open window in all rooms with ceiling ventilator to let heat out that might get in.

From Rotorua we pass on to Wairakei, geyser country. Here

again we found it colder than ever and no heat whatsoever, day or night, except a small wood fire in common sitting room.

We always ASK FOR private bath because they have bedrooms where all have a common bathroom and toilet, etc., where each takes his turn. Hotels here are like boarding houses in the States; only difference being that where there are 5 or 6 rooms in a boarding house to one bathroom, here there are as many as 50 or 60 rooms. If you get a private bath, in connection with room, you pay 10 shillings or about \$2.50 per day extra for its exclusive use. Toilet is in a separate room from bath tub and wash basin. Each has outside window with opening above which lets all outdoors inside, be it hot or cold. As well be in the old fashioned Chic Sales telephone booth in back yard with Sears Roebuck catalog as to have one of these with no heat.

In dining rooms everything is served European plan; meals are included in hotel bill per day. As you pass from one hotel to other, you can guess at what is going to be served. Two soups,



A carved wooden ornament. Circles indicate convolutions of uterus.

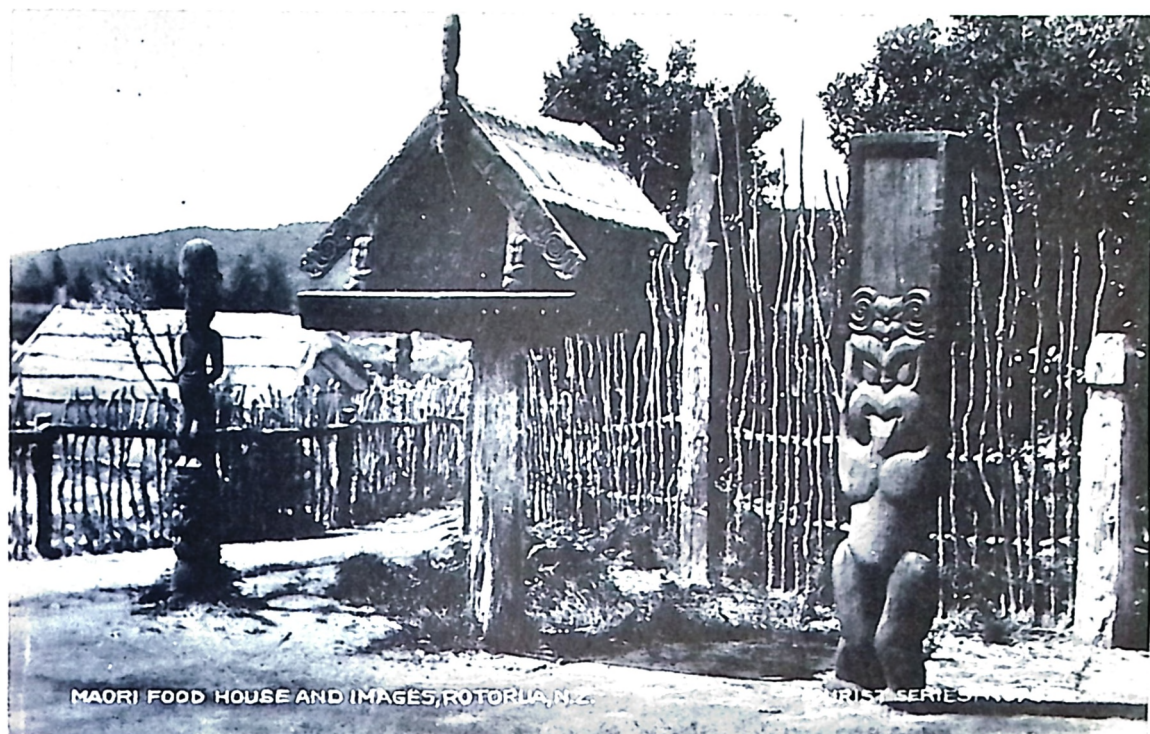


one thin, one thick; a bit of fish; meats which consist mostly of mutton and beef, for cattle and sheep are plentiful; a sweet or two; cheese and demi-tasse coffee. Tea is served in your room at 7 a.m., in lounge 11 a.m., in lounge 4 p.m., and at all meals.



Portion of a large wooden slab. Note three fingers. In almost all such some sex carving permeates the thinking.

If you want coffee, it is served as a demi-tasse in lounge after meal. Water is not served at any meal unless you ask for it. A male waiter awaits orders for liquors, for each hotel has licensed bar and that's where some profit comes from. Usually bar room is directly connected with dining room. Altho this is dairy country, no butter or milk is served with any meal, unless you specifically ask for it. For dinner, they place one very small piece of bread on your fork an hour before you come to dinner. By time you arrive it is dried out. We think they don't want



Maori Food House and Images. Note hanging out of tongue on figure.

bread eaten down here for some reason or other. Only in one place did we see a plate of bread placed on the table.

Hotel at Wairakei was bitterly cold. Only heat was three pieces of wood size of my head in a very small fireplace and this was in a public hotel. Dining room was the same. Food was cold before it reached table from kitchen. There is no occasion for this for Wairakei is surrounded with virgin forest—wood galore. Within one mile from hotel is Huka Falls with millions of gallons of water-power going to waste. Hotel could have a water-power hydro-electric plant at its foot. They could easily electrically heat whole place with power. Electric heaters? No such animals! Wairakei is geyser country. Hotel is surrounded with geysers spouting millions of gallons of boiling hot water 212 and 312 degrees hot. They could use some electric power to run a pump which could pipe that hot water all over the hotel. Why don't they heat with wood, electricity, or pump hot water? We don't know. We do know that it wouldn't take an American hotel-keeper long to use these natural advantages and give comfort to his guests.

We passed into the town of Hamilton, arriving one noon. We



talked over radio station IZA. In evening, local Chiropractors, Drs. Bryce and Blackie, with wives and friends, tendered us a dinner party at hotel. Luckily, our room had a small fireplace and by asking for it we received a small box of coal. It rained all day and about 6:00 p.m. it poured down, for this is spring of year here. We spoke that night in largest available hall in town. It



Maori Whare, Ohinemutu, New Zealand.

was packed, over 400 present. Even side aisles were filled. His Excellency, The Mayor, Mr. Gower, presided as chairman. A gang of Chiropractors from Auckland came down and after lecture we gathered around fireplace in our room and chewed fat until wee sma' hours for many of these folks we hadn't seen for years.

Freda Duggan presented us with a set of gold spoons with greenstone handles. She also presented us with a real, mighty fine, tiki of greenstone. When you remember the greenstone is the jade of New Zealand you will appreciate what this means to us.

When we came to check out of this hotel next morning, we



found that Drs. Bryce and Blackie had taken care of that for us. Thanks.

From Hamilton we jumped to visit the Waitomo Caves. It is well known in our profession that we are a cave fiend. We like to see and study them. But more about caves later.



Natives carving logs to be used as upright supports in a home or community house.

We spent that night at New Plymouth. We were off next morning for Wanganui where we spoke in opera house that night to an audience of over 1,000 people. Mr. Luxford acted as chairman. Leaving there we motored to Wellington, stopping at Palmerston North to meet Rotary friends from whom we had received a letter.

We appreciate this wire:

"Greetings. Best wishes for happy tour.

Olsen."

Also this letter:

"BRAIN'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE  
AUCKLAND

Thursday, Ninth October, 1930.

Col. B. J. Palmer,  
Grand Hotel,  
Auckland.

Dear Col. Palmer,

On behalf of our Director, Staff and Students, permit me to express our appreciation of the interesting and helpful Address with which you favoured us at the Auckland Chamber of Commerce yesterday. I can assure you that your remarks were followed keenly by the Girls and by us all, from the beginning to the end of your Lecture, and I feel certain that the fresh inspiration that pervades the college this morning will be sustained for a long time to come. Personally, I enjoyed the Lecture very much indeed, and I am afraid I shall very often be guilty of quoting you to the Girls, in the future.

Once again—thank you ever so much!

Yours very truly,  
E. G. Phipps  
PRINCIPAL."

The following newspapers tell their story:

CHIROPRACTIC  
Increased Recognition

American Exponent's Lecture.

The growing recognition of the science of Chiropractic was referred to by Mr. B. J. Palmer, of the Palmer School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa, in the course of an address in the Town Hall last evening.

Mr. Palmer asserted that the world before the coming of Chiropractic was like darkest Africa before the coming of Livingstone. A new era in history began when the discovery was made that, if a bump in a man's spine produced deafness, other bumps in different parts of the spine might produce other diseases. He had been asked why he did everything differently from physicians, but it was all a question of approaching the subject. They were both interested in making people well, and he admitted there were cases where doctors were indispensable. He did not question their honesty and the integrity of their intentions, but one was entitled to discuss right and wrong without discussing personalities. The medical profession believed that a man was a combination of physical and chemical properties, and if these were improperly balanced he became sick. The remedy, therefore, was to restore the balance by the external supply of the deficient chemical or physical properties. The Chiropractor said that the chemical properties in man

were the by-products of a mechanical action, induced by an electrical force, which was in turn controlled by the spiritual force of his mind. He, therefore, corrected mechanical defects, and attacked the disease from within.

After quoting specific cases that indicated growing recognition of Chiropractic in America, Mr. Palmer said the private physician to the President of Mexico was a Chiropractor.

A vote of thanks was accorded the speaker at the instigation of the chairman, Sir George Fowlds.

—Auckland Star, October 10, 1930.

### CHIROPRACTIC WHAT IT IS AND DOES Cause and Cure of Disease

Dr. B. J. Palmer Speaks

The principle and practice of Chiropractic was explained to a packed audience at the Winter Show Hall, Hamilton, last night, by the world's greatest Chiropractor, Dr. B. J. Palmer, principal of the Palmer School of Chiropractic, and son of the discoverer of the principle of spinal adjustment. His Worship, the Mayor, Mr. J. R. Fow, presided.

The lecturer opened by explaining the circumstances that gave rise to the discovery by his father of the principle of spinal adjustment for the cure of disease. He described the brain as a battery which generated energy for distribution thru the nerve system of the body thru the medium of the spinal column. While the normal quantity of mental impulse—that force or mind energy—got thru from the brain to the body, we would have a normal quality of function of the body. Quality of body was dependent on the quantity of energy that got through without interference with the transmission of the normal quantity of energy as brought about by a misalignment of a segment of the backbone. He likened life to the light in an electric globe. If there was an interference with the flow of current, the light was reduced. If the current was cut off altogether the light failed. And so with life. If the flow of energy was normal, health was good. If that energy was shut off altogether, life ceased. Disease was something between the normal flow of energy and no quantity. The principle of Chiropractic was simple, the practice of it was simple, and the results were just as simple. The Chiropractor could be described as a backbone button specialist. He merely discovered the button that was out of place—the knuckle of the spine that was out of alignment and which was bearing down on some nerve or set of nerves thru which the life energy flowed, thus reducing or stopping the flow, and restored it to its proper place. The impoverished nerves were thus strengthened again as the life impulse flowed through them again.

### DIFFERENT FROM PHYSICIANS

We have been asked why we do everything different from physicians," Mr. Palmer stated. "It is all a question of avenue of ap-



proaching the subject. We are both interested in making people well, and we admit there are places where doctors are indispensable. We do not question their honesty and sincerity, or the integrity of their intentions, but here we are entitled to discuss right and wrong without speaking personalities."

The speaker said the medical profession believed that man was a combination of physical and chemical properties, and if these were improperly balanced he became sick. The remedy, therefore, was to restore the balance by the external supply of the deficient chemical or physical properties. The Chiropractors, on the other hand, had laid down that the chemical properties in man were the by-products of a mechanical action, induced by an electrical force which was in turn controlled by the spiritual force of his mind. In attacking disease he therefore corrected mechanical defects, and attacked the disease from within, while the doctor attacked it from without.

"Take the case of a man with gout in his right foot," Mr. Palmer said, illustrating his contention. "The doctor gives him a drug to restore the balance of chemicals in that foot. The drug is applied through the lips and goes into the stomach, but then what happens? The doctor assumes that the stomach knows as much as he knows and will direct the drug to the place where it is most needed. But what if the stomach makes a mistake and sends the drug into the left foot? Then the doctor changes the drug, and that perhaps explains why changes are made so often. What a wonderful thing was expected of the stomach." (Laughter).

When a Chiropractor gave an adjustment he merely gave a relief to a certain nerve or set of nerves, and where that relief was given, the energy flowed along the nerve system automatically, and the Chiropractor did not presume to tell nerve where energy should go. It went along the predetermined channel. He did not presume to stimulate or inhibit. He merely restored.

The speaker quoted instances which he said showed growing recognition which was being accorded in America to the science of Chiropractic. Six American universities had now adopted the principle. He mentioned this to show that the United States was perhaps more aggressive in proving or disproving theories laid down.

#### Disease and Medicine.

Speaking of disease and medicine, he declared that as a matter of fact there were only two diseases—one where there was too much energy, giving an over-stimulated condition, and the other where there was a deficiency of energy creating a lowered or paralysed state. All there was in the practice of medicine was the administration of two kinds of drugs, one to stimulate and the other to reduce activity of the organs. If the heart was in a state of palpitation, the doctor prescribed a drug to reduce its activity. If the heart was weak, he prescribed a stimulant. If people were able to read Latin they would find they already had most of the medicines at home contained in the prescriptions given them by the doctors, which were always written in Latin. They would probably find that they could get a gallon of the stuff for next to nothing, instead of having to pay 10s for ten teaspoonsful. (Laughter.) The

speaker created a further outburst by remarking that while prescriptions were always written in Latin the bills never failed to arrive in English. The private physician to the President of Mexico was, added Mr. Palmer, a Chiropractor.

There was only one way to stop the invasion of the Chiropractor, and that was for doctors to cure all the sick—there would then be nothing for the Chiropractor to do. (Laughter.)

—The Waikato Times, Oct. 15, 1930.

### CHIROPRACTIC

Dr. Palmer, who is to give a free public lecture at the Opera House tonight, is a son of D. D. Palmer, who accidentally discovered the principle of Chiropractic upon a deaf person way back in 1895. His father was old, and it was left to young B. J. (as he is affectionately known amongst the members of his profession) to give this great message to the suffering mankind. For the first few years he was ridiculed and laughed at, but soon (as he was effecting cures that baffled the orthodox practitioners) he was very much taken notice of. He started to teach others how to adjust human spines, and as his ranks, both in pupils and patients, grew, the orthodox methods became alarmed and organisingly commenced wholesale prosecution of this new movement. Hundreds of Chiropractors were gaoled, thousands paid the fines, but that only made B. J. more determined. He fought 8,000 court cases directed at Chiropractic. He compelled 29 states in the Union to scrap their old barbarous laws and replace them with equal rights for all practitioners that were aiming to better the health of the human family. One school sent several men to investigate and expose frauds of Chiropractic, but the men were so impressed with Chiropractic that they joined its ranks. Today Dr. Palmer is the president of the Palmer School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa. He is the chairman of directors of the Central Broadcasting Company. He has had as many as 3000 students taking a three year course in Chiropractic at the same time. He has graduated over 14,000 practitioners. His free clinic is daily visited by over 1000 patients from every state in the Union. As a lecturer he has no equal, drawing the highest fee in U.S.A. today.

—The Wanganui Herald, Oct. 16, 1930.

Dr. Palmer, the eminent Chiropractor, made some humorous remarks regarding the use of drugs at his lecture at Hamilton on Tuesday night. He stated that the medical doctor's prescriptions were always written in Latin. Perhaps this was because if the patients understood these they would probably find that some of the chemicals prescribed they had at home, while others they could get for next to nothing, instead of having to pay a lot of money for a few teaspoonsful. The lecturer caused a good laugh when he added that it was remarkable that though the prescriptions were in Latin, the bills never failed to arrive in English.

—The Waikato Independent, Oct. 16, 1930.

## CHIROPRACTIC

Lecture by Dr. Palmer

Instructive and Interesting  
Address.

Considerable interest in the science known as "Chiropractic" has been manifested through the visit to New Zealand of Colonel Dr. B. J. Palmer, D. C., Ph. C., recognized as the world's greatest Chiropractor.

The interest was manifested by the large and representative attendance at a lecture given by that gentleman at the Winter Show Hall, Hamilton, on Tuesday evening, when a considerable number of Cambridge people were among the audience.

Mr. J. R. Fow (Mayor), in introducing the lecturer, referred to the great mystery of suffering, the problem of which was as old as humanity. There were some who were doing great things for humanity in unorthodox ways, and because a system of treatment was unorthodox, or we did not understand it fully, we should not condemn it. Doubtless many present could testify to the value of Chiropractic, and all would be glad to hear what their distinguished visitor had to say.

## THE STORY OF CHIROPRACTIC

Dr. Palmer, who impressed his audience as a remarkable man in many ways, is an excellent lecturer, with a wide knowledge of his subject, and possessing a keen-edged sarcasm, which frequently kept the audience in good humour.

The lecturer briefly told the story of how Chiropractic was discovered, in 1895, in Iowa, U.S.A. A man was stooping in a cramped position when he felt something move in his back. He then became afflicted with deafness. The lecturer's father examined the man and found a large protuberance which had apparently caused the deafness. Reasoning that adjustment of the backbone might relieve the man, his father pressed upon the bone for three days, when the hearing was restored. Others suffering with deafness were then experimented upon, with good results as a whole. From this discovery Chiropractic had developed.

Dr. Palmer proceeded to state that the human brain was the source of all energy, and the mind the controller of energy; therefore if the human dynamo (the brain) were working properly, and the nerves were functioning well through a proper receiving set, a man should be in normal health. He likened the human body to an electrical system, stating that just as darkness and light were dependent on the electrical force and the connections being in good order, so it was with man—health was dependent on the nerve energy that was carried to the various parts of the body. No one thought of tinkering with the electric light bulb when the source of power failed, and when a man's health was impaired it was reasonable to see that the transmission of energy was not impaired. The lecturer proceeded to state that man had diseases of many kinds because the flow of energy between brain and body was interrupted by misalignment of segments. Misplacement of the



backbone produced pressure on the nerves, short-circuited the flow of thought energy, and produced disease at the end of the nerve. It was the aim of the Chiropractor to locate the interference with the flow and correct this by readjustment of the backbone. In other words, the Chiropractor was what was known in the States as "a backbone button specialist." By relieving the undue pressure it permitted the restoration of mental impulse, which restored the mental functions. That was all there was in the story—nothing more. It was a very simple matter, but all great principles are simple.

#### DIFFERENCE IN VIEWS

Dr. Palmer said he had no fault to find with the medical profession, the members of whom he believed were as honest and sincere as Chiropractors. Many of his best personal friends were medical men. Medical men were as vital and necessary as Chiropractors.

The lecturer proceeded to refer to difference in methods of treatment by medical men, and those of his profession. As an instance he stated that a medical practitioner gave a patient medicine to cure, say gout in the toe. He anticipated that the stomach would cause the medicine to affect the afflicted member, and not the other toe. They expected too much of the stomach, he declared.

#### SCIENTIFIC FACTS

The theories advanced by the Chiropractors had been at first ridiculed by medical scientists, but the X-ray proved these theories to be correct, and these were no longer theories but accepted scientific facts. No physicians in the U.S.A. now disputed vertebral subluxations, declared the speaker, who also claimed that a new invention in 1923, for measuring the flow of energy through the human body, and now patented in thirteen civilised countries, also proved theories on which Chiropractic was founded.

Dr. Palmer said Chiropractors' methods were now regarded in the States as scientific. Perhaps they had gone further into the science than some other countries.

#### GERMS

If the cause of disease came from within a person, as they claimed, how did he account for external germs causing disease? This question was often asked him, said the lecturer, who explained that, as all knew, people often fell ill when others exposed to the same germs were not affected. It all depended on resistance from within. No two people agreed as to what was contagious or infectious—it was largely a matter of geography, not scientific facts. Germs were scavengers—our friends—and we would be in a fix without them. Disease was individualistic, not communistic—the cause was within one. Chiropractors did not deny existence of germs, but did not believe they were the cause of disease. By building up nerve system people were able to resist action of germs.

Speaker quoted opinions of two of the leading medical scientists of the day to the effect that from 52 to 80 percent of diagnoses by medical practitioners were wrong.

## PROVED BY RESULTS

Dr. Palmer said those best suited to pass an opinion on Chiropractic were those who had tested it, and he referred to a great many eminent men who could endorse, through their experiences, the benefits derived from Chiropractic. Dr. Palmer instanced certain cases he had personally tended, including the wife of one of the world's most famous medical doctors, where cures had been effected.

Dr. Palmer concluded his address by remarking that there was only one way to stop invasion of the Chiropractor and that was for doctors to cure all the sick—there would then be nothing for the Chiropractor to do.

The Welfare League benefitted to the extent of L6 9/4, the amount of a collection taken at the meeting.

—The Waikato Independent, Oct. 16, 1930

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Upon arriving at Wellington, we found a mass of mail awaiting our attention. When we broadcast from 1YA at Auckland we offered to send copies of our talk to those who would write the station for same. That mail was forwarded to us here—about 250 letters which we shall mail home and have them forward the lecture.

Let us now get into some of the interesting studies of this country.

At this writing, we have been “interrupted” by receipt of following letter which speaks for itself about talk given before Brain's Business College girls:

Auckland,  
16th October, 1930.

Colonel B. J. Palmer,  
% Midland Hotel,  
Wellington.

Dear B.J.:

Herewith please find two reviews and one verbatim report on the Address you gave to the Students of Brain's Commercial College.

I think the Review by Marion R. McMurchy is particularly good on account of her age and the short time she has been at the college. This girl was not sufficiently advanced in Shorthand to give a verbatim Report, but she certainly got a good grasp of what you were driving at.

I will take this opportunity of thanking you again, very sincerely indeed, for the valuable interruption you made in the ordinary routine Lectures given to the College girls. That you made an impression, and a valuable one, there is no doubt. I have had repeated evidence of this during the past week and I have not the slightest doubt that, in the years to come, more than one girl will make headway because you interrupted her at the particular moment you did.

If we could only make the right impression upon the Juniors' mind at this particular moment, I feel sure we would do more for the next generation than by endeavouring to alter the set opinion of the older citizens.

Kind regards and again many thanks.

Yours very truly,  
A. J. Hutchinson.

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## CHAPTER 12

### SOME COMPARISONS OF LANGUAGE

No matter where one goes into any foreign country he must compare what he sees and hears with something similar at home. If everything away from home, was like at home, he might as well stay home. People complain about inconveniences, such as cold bedrooms, dirty conditions, foods, drinks, etc., as we have spoken of them in previous sections of this story we write as we go along, but that's part of going away from home—to see how rest of world lives.

When you step into British possessions you find many things different. For instance:

- street cars are "trams"
- elevators are "lifts"
- transfer wagons are "lorries"
- meat packing plants are "freezing plants"
- department stores are "draperies"
- shoes are "boots" and a store that sells shoes is a "bootery"
- a saloon is a "bar" and a barbershop is a "saloon"
- a tobacco store is a "tobacconist"
- electric heaters are "radiators"
- moving pictures are "cinemas"
- announcement of showing of a fotoplay is a "screening"
- going thru a cave is an "inspection"
- to hurry is to "toddle"
- the verb very is "jolly," as "jolly good" or "jolly bad"
- a park or estate is a "domain"
- a detour in road is a "deviation"
- a sign on road reads "speeding or furious driving will not be tolerated"
- weight is figured by "stone" or 14 lbs; speaking of our weight you would say "11 stone 1"
- what we call "comfort stations" are called "public conveniences"
- money is figured from a "pound" or \$4.85 of our money
- 10 shilling bill \$2.50
- 1 shilling \$.25
- 1 crown or 2 shillings
- 1 florin or 2 shillings 6 pence
- 6 pence is about 12 cents of our money

3 pence or about 6 cents

1 pence copper piece, or about 2 cents

a store is a "shop"

Here practically every room is individually heated but when you do find one heated from a common place, it is called "a central heating system."

a convention of any kind is a "conference"

a baggage wagon is a "luggage van"

milk tickets are "tokens"

## CHAPTER 13

### WAITOMO, RUAKURI, AND ARANUI CAVES

Within easy reach of Auckland, Wellington, and New Plymouth, in the heart of the famous King Country, are limestone caves second to none in the wide world. Visitors from all parts speak in rapturous terms of the dazzling beauty of these works of nature. Every New Zealander, young or old, should visit these beauty spots placed by nature so close at hand. The caves, of which there are three series, are distant only six miles from the Hangatiki and fifteen miles from the Te Kuiti Railway stations, on the Main Trunk Line, whence motor services connect with a first-class tourist Hostel replete in every particular, fitted throughout with electric light, hot and cold water, etc., while an excellent long-distance radio acquaints visitors with the happenings of the outside world.

The many thousands of tourists who have sung of the beauty of these limestone wonders inspected them with tallow candles, or at a more recent date by the light of hurricane-lamps and magnesium flares. But the old order has changed, and the year 1926 marked a transition. The caves are now electrically illuminated, and the past is but an "insubstantial pageantry." These fairy palaces now yield up all their true and elegant treasures, particularly so in the Aranui Caves, where undreamed of ethereal vistas for the first time unfold themselves.

#### WAITOMO CAVES

The series of caves nearest the Hostel are called Waitomo. These caves, which although known to the imaginative Maori, who people them with the patu-paiarehe sprites and other uncanny creatures, went unexplored until 1879, were first entered by the late Mr. Fred. Mace, an intrepid surveyor. The caves consist of a series of wide and lofty stalactite chambers in the heart of a wooded hill, and are traversed throughout by an underground river. There are two entrances—one where the river enters the caves, and by which Mr. Mace made his first visit, and the other in the midst of a deep and fantastic thicket through a rocky portal in the hillside.

Lovely beyond description are these glistening halls of the underworld. In one chamber is a curious formation exactly resembling a blanket hanging in many folds, edged in spectrum

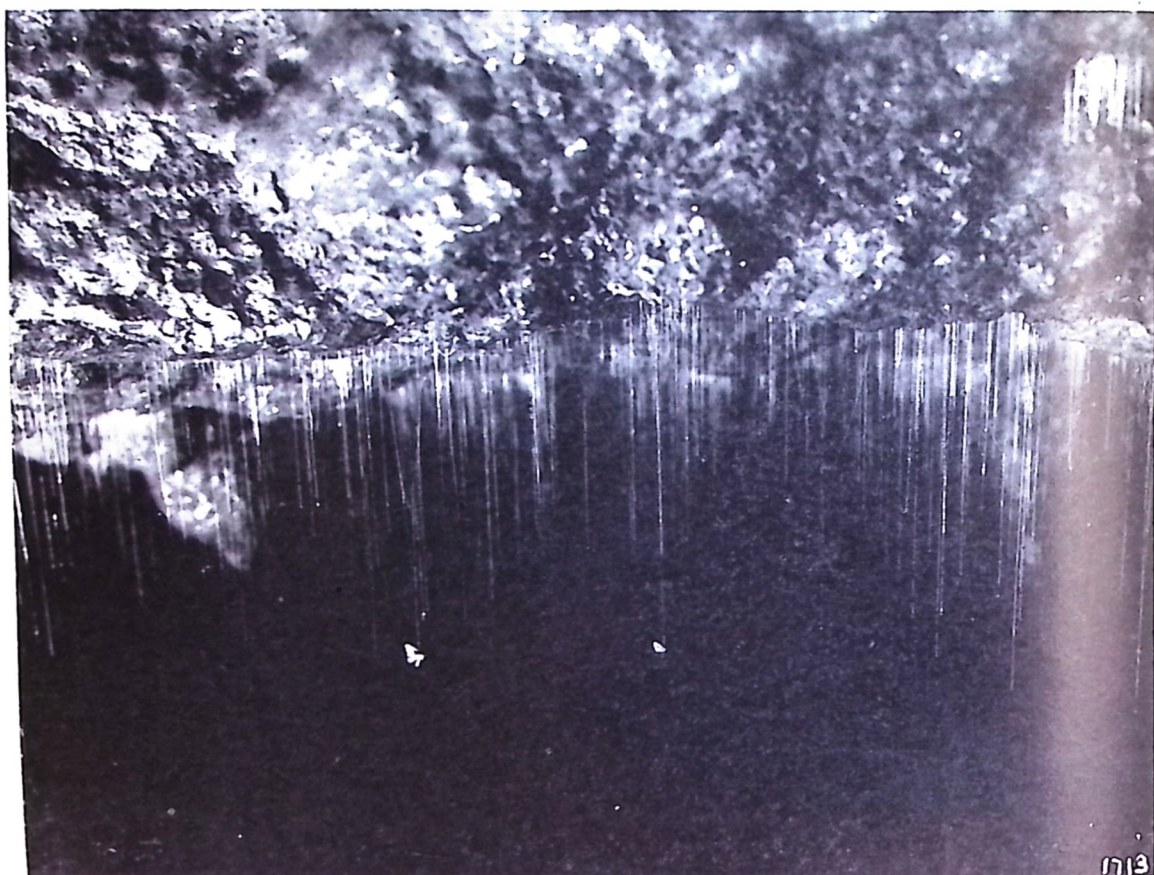


colours most pleasing to the eye. More magnificently cast than anything ever conceived by a Cellini is the Sculptor's Studio with its stalagmites, silently cold, representing a variety of busts, statuary, and figureheads. Pillars of pure-white support the roofs of the halls and winding corridors, while in the Banqueting Hall long snowy stalactites hang from the domed ceilings of glis-



Entrance to Model Pa, Whakarewarewa, New Zealand.  
Note lapping tongue and male sex.

tening white limestone to sparkle with innumerable beads of moisture. The Waitomo Cathedral, with its massive dome and remarkable acoustic properties, is a grand cavern, where the five orders of architecture, with perhaps a preponderance of the Ionic, can be so faithfully traced that, while it cannot be said that Nature imitates Man, she here most certainly anticipates him. Quite in keeping is the Organ-loft, where a gigantic mass of conglomerate limestone presents the replica of an organ.



Glow-Worm threads in Waitomo Caves, North Island, New Zealand. Millions of glow worms, let down threads with sticky substance at tips. Mosquitoes flying get caught, the glow-worm pulls up his thread, eats mosquitoes, lets down his thread again.

And now the glow-worms! The Waitomo Caves are world-famous for the Glow-worm Grotto. The Cheddar Cliffs Caves of England, the Mammoth Caves in Kentucky, and the Jenolan Caves in the Blue Mountains of New South Wales—all have their formations, both stalactite and stalagmite. Only Waitomo has a Glow-worm Grotto. The little insect (*Boletophela luminosa*) which is responsible for the grand spectacle is the New Zealand glow-worm par excellence, being peculiar to the Dominion and more particularly to these caves. The whole of the roof of the grotto through which the underground river flows, upon which the tourists make a boat journey, is illumined with myriads of glow-worms, shining with a pale lustre on the snowy fingers and glistening spears of the slowly dripping stalactites. This masterpiece, which makes its appeal because it is "life" and not



of the inanimate, has been variously described as "The Eighth Wonder of the World," "The Enchanted Cave of Stars," "The Milky Way of God's Own Country," and "The Canopy of Heaven."

### RUAKURI CAVES

The Ruakuri Caves, which were explored first at the beginning of the present century by Mr. J. Holden, who is still resident in the district, are situated about a mile and a half up the valley from Waitomo. These caves are finer still in point of dimension and variety of stalactite formation. Magnificent in their grandeur, they comprise at least a dozen spacious caverns or halls, connected by winding corridors and labyrinthine ways. Ruakuri Caves are very wide and lofty, and the stalactites and stalagmites are even more delicate and fairylike than those of Waitomo; some seem as light as gossamer, while others are many feet in thickness and therefore of great age; some are pure-white, others an exquisite creamy hue. The entrance is a rocky archway in a rugged cliff; thence the first corridor descends for some distance to the Ghost-walk, at the end of which somewhere deep in the secluded recesses of the great caves is the Hidden Waterfall. Here perpetual thunder dwells, and the heavy muffled booming of the rushing waters of the Kahikatea Stream, a tributary of the Waitomo River which flows through the caves, is indeed weird in the extreme. To the Maoris the entrance had been known for many years. As the name suggests, in other days it was the home of the native wild dog, and out of veneration for a powerful chieftain, who in the long ago slaughtered all the cave dogs, and now lies buried in state in a cave above the entrance to Ruakuri, no Maori ventured to explore the caves, at least since the advent of the pakeha, until they were opened to the tourist traffic.

### ARANUI CAVES

Unlike the Waitomo Caves and the Ruakuri Caves, the third series of caves were unknown to the Maori. These caves—the grandest of them all—were discovered by a Maori pig-hunter in 1911. Aranui, the name of the discoverer (which translated is "lofty pathway"), is decidedly appropriate to these lofty halls. Almost in the bluff opposite Ruakuri, these caves are of easy access. From the moment of entering the first cavern huge stalactites meet the eye, until it seems impossible that there should be any creation of fancy that is not represented in the fantastic shapes and forms shown in limestone. Baffling all de-



scription is the Fairy Walk, while the immaculate sparkle of the Crystal Block in the Temple of Peace has to be seen to be appreciated. With the aid of wonderful lighting effects both the imagination and the fancy drink their fill at the Chocolate Block at the head of the Cathedral Majestic, as a series of panoramas, as varied as the life of man, unfold themselves, and leave an everlasting imprint on the memory. Tall stalagmites stand up as statuary in the Crystal Palace. One is 12 ft. high and measures 17 ft. 6 in. at the base; another, like a sentry standing to, is 11 ft. 6 in. high; then near at hand the work takes the form of arches and balconies, the most delicate and beautiful stalactites depending from them and from the walls and roof. The latter rises in places to at least 90 ft., and the whole is covered with stalactites of varying form, colour, and size, some at least 18 ft. to 20 ft. in length. Most of the limestone is of a pure crystalline white, but in places it shades off to a delicate brown. White shawls and blankets appear only singly in the other caves; in Aranui they are hanging everywhere, the markings of the coloured edges being almost faultless. Nowhere has imagination's power a more appropriate chance of creation than at the end of this heavenly Crystal Palace. As with Rabbi Ben, truly "the last . . . for which the first was made" is "best." With all lights dimmed in the palace proper a still picture is portrayed. This calm tableau of nature makes a physiological appeal. Thus to one it is the resplendent vision of an Eastern bazaar; to another it is the Hamlet of the West; while many a New Zealander sees in it the Maori village. Again it suggests the fishing village of old England; the ruins of Pompeii; and, decidedly so, "The Celestial City." The scene changes. A lonely, deserted stalactite comes within the spotlight. So lifelike is it in its isolation and so fitting is the background that to the imagination it appeals as "A Sower Went out to Sow"; "The Sea Hath its Pearls"; "The Good Samaritan"; and—perhaps most pertinent, certainly most human, of all—Captain Oates of immortal memory leaving his snow-hut for the blizzards of the Antarctic and pronouncing his prophetic words, "I am just going outside, and may be some time."

No pen-picture can ever hope to do justice to the marvels of these caves, each of which has its own particular characteristic beauties. Succinctly, it is Ruakuri for weirdness, Aranui for beauty, and Waitomo for romance.

## CHAPTER 14

### IN WELLINGTON

Saturday and Sunday were days amongst friends, motoring us here and there, having teas on beaches, etc. What delightful memories!

Monday was a day of calls. Called on Mr. Scofield, the Parliamentary Librarian. The secretary of the Rotary Club called and paid his respects. He had already, in the name of the Club, sent up a bouquet of flowers. Was invited to call upon the President of the Pioneer Club of this city.

The following two letters are good to read:

"Dear B. J.,

What a wonderful four days you have given us!!! I would give a good deal to have all four of them over again.

You have "up-rooted" more apathy in regards to Chiropractic in those four days than would have been done normally in that number of years. You have convinced large numbers of people but, believe me, B. J., you certainly have got them talking and I am sure that will please you as much as it pleases me.

'If you want a crowd get B. J.' has been proven to be equally as true in N. Z. as in States. Those 2500 were a wonderful representative audience—far more so than at any other lecture ever given in Auckland.

At least twenty well known doctors were recognised by ex-patients. "A Hole in One" is certainly finest talk I have ever heard and I am convinced there is more in it than that which reaches the ear first time; having enjoyed it even more upon hearing it for the second time in Hamilton.

I received a great number of appreciative letters, one of which I prized more perhaps than the others because of its source.

This gentleman wrote as follows: "Anything more admirably expressed and more lucid in its exposition it would be impossible to hear."

The Lyceum Club members enjoyed talk tremendously and quite candidly express their regret that they did not have the opportunity of hearing more. I can sympathize with them.

I feel certain the uplift to Chiropractic as the result of your public engagements alone is very appreciable and I shall always be deeply grateful for your generous expenditure of both time and energy in this way. It was a very wonderful thing you did, in coming all this long way to help us here in N. Z. and little did many of us realize how great was the need for this 'help-out.'

I shall always be happy in remembering how Auckland was 'conquered' by both of you. From a public point of view there was very little else you could have offered.

Lil joins me in sending gratitude and best love to both of you.

Sincerely yours,

Freda."

"October 20, 1930.

You have no doubt received circular from Messrs. Duggan and Bryce concerning B. J. and N. Z. Chiropractors. I feel that I must express my opinion on the subject after hearing B. J. give his lecture here last night. Superlatives can not express my views on anything concerning the lecture. B. J. was simply wonderful. I think this is the best talk I have heard him put across, and I have heard him often. Boys, it was a real knockout; there were 1100 present and everyone was spell-bound throughout the whole procedure. I have had congratulations from business people galore all day. Needless to say we x-rayed six new cases today and we are booked full for tomorrow and more. I am glad to see that something is done in the way of a conference for Labour Day, but why that is not made under the auspices of our association is beyond me.

What in hell has happened to us all? (Pardon the expression but I mean it). Here we have the greatest factor right amongst us, that can and would give us all the latest findings and advance that Chiropractic has made since we have left school, but because we are darn fools we don't take it. It is not B. J. that wants us, it is we that want B. J., and want him badly at that. He can do without us but we cannot do without him. He has the goods, he is still the source of all that pertains to Chiropractic. Let us be sensible and accept chance offered; we should not only be glad to welcome him, but should grab knowledge offered us with open arms, and consider ourselves lucky to get it.

Come let us roll up and welcome our chief!

Chiropractically,  
S. Nolan."

— — —

I doubt if there is a better equipped bookstore, that carries a fuller line on all subjects, ancient and modern, than Brentano's in New York or Chicago. If they haven't it, they'll advertise; they'll get it if it can be had anywhere in the world. Months before leaving on this trip, we put in a requisition for books on New Zealand and Australia. We waited in vain for they reported there was nothing but advertising circulars. Then we figured when we reached Pacific coast we could get something as there would be more of a demand by travellers going that way. Seattle revealed nothing, surely Vancouver would have some such. They had nothing. Upon arrival in New Zealand we made the rounds of leading bookstores in Auckland (which is Chicago out here) and Wellington (which is New York of N.Z.) but they had nothing. So far as we know these are the only two spots that seem to be isolated from book publication. In "luggage" No. 6 we have an armful of circulars on these countries which reveal but little that we would like to tell you.

Generally speaking, there is little to tell. Imagine two islands, each about 500 miles long, lying North and South; one island



south of other; covered with mountains, with here and there plains, mostly covered with sheep and some cattle; with a limestone cave infested strip thru the North Island; with one area of thermal and volcanic activities, and you have about the whole story. The one real interesting study here is that of the Maori, or native people, who are to this country what our American Indian is to us.

One afternoon, during our stay, we were invited guests of His Excellency, The Mayor and Mayoress, Mr. and Mrs. Troup. We were invited to their offices in City Hall and then taken for a 40 mile drive and tea at one swank place along the drive. The Mayoress, here, assumes a semi-official position; she is unofficial Mayor and is social Mayoress. She presides at all meetings where women are involved; opens all functions and presides at right of Mayor. While not elected by people as is Mayor, yet she fills a very important position. She also has an office in the City Hall where distinguished guests may meet her. It can be said we were officially received and handed keys to Wellington so we now feel we have been welcomed here as much as we were in other cities in New Zealand.

Edmund Anscombe, F. N. Z. I. A., of Wellington, called to invite us to address English Speaking Union of this city.

One who stays in the United States and never gets away in other countries can little understand what tremendous effects America has had and is having on the rest of the world. Our much advertised wares, home as well as abroad, have created a demand for them. Walk down streets of Wellington, see American-made products sold; look at advertisements on street cars, in newspapers, etc. you find us everywhere; but perhaps no other place is our invasion so marked as in cinemas. American movies, Hearst news and other news reels, Graham McNamee broadcasts, all of which pictures American streets, American cars, American styles, American events, all talkies using American language. In reality, this constitutes an "American invasion" that penetrates and permeates into heads, hearts, and hands of other countries. Inwardly these people are courtesy personified; they like us, socialize with us; but you know they commercially resent invasion of anything made in America. Recently they added another larger tax on American made films; they recently increased tax on American made automobiles. They are trying to force their country to use British made films or those made in New Zealand. This would be all to the good if they were as good as or equal to ours but they fall short of being anywhere near their equal. Recently, an increased tax has been placed on American

gasoline, endeavoring, of course, to force purchase of gas made by their allied countries, even tho New Zealand has no wells. There is an anti-invasion movement; decided and firm. If suppression of better made goods at cheaper prices keeps on it will eventually constitute a China wall around New Zealand and will eventually stifle growth rather than help it. New Zealand has not yet learned limitations in many things. Patriotism reigns supreme in New Zealand but it must be tempered with reason or you hinder rather than help growth of country it lives most in.

### REACTIONS

One of most interesting things is to study reactions of minds of human beings. Why do they think what they think, if they think at all? A certain Chiropractor called today. During course of conversation, he was quite firm in telling us he did not like US. He also stated he DID like another man, naming him. He said he would not send any students to the PSC but he would send them to another school where this other man is. He said this other man "had been the brains of the PSC," etc.

To make subject interesting, we finally got him to admit these salient facts: First, he did not like US. Second, he did like this other man. We then asked him what idea, development, or any other thing this other man had EVER done to or for Chiropractic. We pinned him down to brass tacks. He could not and DID NOT mention ONE thing. Why? Because there were none. Then we asked him to mention those which we had developed in past 35 years. Before he was thru, he mentioned 28 different stages in growth of Chiropractic, all of which were children of our brain, all of which he studied at the PSC, which made him the Chiropractor he was. When we asked how he figured this other man was "the brains of the PSC," he had to admit that it was because "he liked that man and did not like us." He further admitted the PSC existed many years before that man came to the PSC; it was existing now that he was no longer with the PSC. It finally developed that reason he did not like us was because we WERE ALWAYS DEVELOPING SOMETHING NEW AND KEPT HIM IN HOT WATER TRYING TO KEEP UP TO THE PROGRESS OF THEM ALL; and reason why he liked other man was because HE NEVER DEVELOPED ANYTHING AND LET HIM STAND STILL AND DOZE HIMSELF INTO A HIBERNATED STATE OF MIND.

That's why we asked the question, "Why do they think what

they think, if they think at all?" Interesting to study reactions of minds, isn't it?

Here is another example of what some think, if they think at all. A conversation was held between a certain Chiropractor and a visitor in which subject arose that we were in New Zealand. Chiropractor stated that we were here because "he was paid to come." This Chiropractor should have gotten in touch with the secretary of his Association who said that if we came "we would have to pay our own bills." There seems to be a conflict somewhere as to why we are here.

Here is another example. A certain Chiropractor said Dr. Palmer is getting old and is not progressive. Yet we pick up that same man's booklet on Chiropractic printed July 1st, 1929, and quote this from it: "Improvement followed improvement, but by this time D. D. Palmer was growing old, and the son, Dr. B. J. Palmer, then took up his father's work, AND TO THE SON MUST BE GIVEN THE CREDIT FOR THE RAPID DEVELOPMENT IN SKILL, and the organised educative work THAT HAS MADE CHIROPRACTIC WORLD FAMOUS." We know our father had no other son by our name, so he must mean us. This same man states, with seeming pride, he is a graduate of the PSC. Funny how they try to fade us out of the picture and then fade us in again when they want to show how wonderful they are. Why do they think what they think, if they think at all? Suppose now he will take that statement out of his booklet for certainly he has no desire to be quoted as a plain, unvarnished, alley-rat liar. Harsh words? Do facts warrant it?

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This seems to be a hodge-podge of ideas. We write them, not with any semblance of form, but as they keep coming.

In the dining room of any average hotel here, you can pick out Americans—they always ask for COFFEE. Out of Americans, you can pick out old-timer who has knocked about world, for on his table you will see a can of George Washington Instant Coffee. It comes ready to mix with HOT water (if you can get it) after which it tastes nearer like coffee we get at home than anything else.

In United States—and perhaps these comparisons are odious—our Government encourages initiative of people. Over here there seems another tendency. Government owns, runs, and operates railway system, mail, telegraph, telephone, etc. Cities own, run, and operate tram system, electric light plants, etc. A short time ago private individuals began to establish a system of buses in



competition with city owned system. City Council passed legislation demanding a license; then established a Board to regulate over which routes they could travel. Their restrictions became so oppressive that private owners sold out to the city. City now runs bus system. At present, radio situation is privately owned but governmentally governed. It is now contemplated that Government is going to take over radio stations and run them, regardless of whether privately owned stations want to turn them over or not. It is a well known fact that no governmentally owned movement, over here, pays.

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We are past masters in subtle art of subtle deception. We have been stepped on, spit upon, and lied about so much, that when people feel impelled to call upon us for the sake of decency or because they are afraid we will do something big and they won't be on ground floor, we know how to smile, be as pleasant as we can. But this much is true; those folks know we know what has taken place before we arrived; they know we know they voted against our coming; they know we know why they called. We smile, but little do they know what we are thinking away down deep. We may not SAY it, but WE know who our friends are.

Amongst these unpleasant things, there are many mighty fine ones to be chalked up on constructive side. Read following letter and article and you'll get the other side.

"Dear B. J.:

Here is a cutting from a newspaper. We have been extremely busy following the lecture. Have booked enough business so far to cover all expenses connected with lecture. This business is solely due to lecture. I am going to write you a more formal letter later on. But just now I felt I must say just a line. Kind regards from myself and Mrs. Nolan.

S. Nolan.

P.S. See you in Wellington."

#### "CHIROPRACTIC

Col. Palmer's Lecture.

What It Is: How It Works.

The Opera House was crowded to hear Dr. B. J. Palmer (developer of the science of chiropractic) give a masterful address about the inception, progress and present position of chiropractic; its relationship to human health, also its attitude towards other healing methods. Mr. W. M. Luxford (chairman) in introducing the speaker, said that chiropractic had made rapid strides in the last 20 years in

the United States, and it was making very gratifying progress in New Zealand, there being about 50 bona-fide chiropractic practitioners, and all making good with the sick people.

Dr. Palmer said that up till 1895 the human spine was unexplored territory. Students did study the numbers of bones, cartilages, tendons and nerves; their shape and size, but its physiological functions, its importance upon the rest of the human body, was very vaguely understood.

In 1895 D. D. Palmer (father of the speaker) asked his janitor, who had been deaf for 17 years, how he became deaf. He replied that once, when he fell, something popped in his back and he immediately became deaf. Upon examination large protuberance was found, this was pressed back into position on three consecutive days, and the patient's hearing was restored. Thus chiropractic was born. Later, D. D. Palmer reasoned that if there was one place in the spine that controlled hearing, there must be other places that controlled other organs. He set to work, made an anatomical study of the spine, and found that when spinal segments were slightly misaligned they produced pressure upon nerves which emanate from the spine, and in so doing prevent mental impulses from the brain reaching the organ or organs at the end of the impinged nerve, which in turn cuts down the functioning of that organ, producing a condition known to us as disease. Chiropractic was likened to a telephone, telegraph and electric wire repairer, the speaker continued. If the spinal bones were out of place he brought them back into their proper alignment. By doing so he released the pressure upon the impinged nerve, which in turn flowed into the organ or organs at the end of the impinged nerve and function was restored.

Health was nothing but an expression of mental energy through an organ. The quality of energy determined the quality of function. "Cut down the quality of nervous energy and you have cut down quality of function. Restore the full flow of mental energy and you have the full quality of function and that is all there is to Chiropractic," Dr. Palmer said.

#### MEDICINE

Physician and surgeon had a different avenue of approach, the speaker said. He also tried to establish chemical balance in a diseased body, but he used a different method. He either added or took away physical things from the body, i.e., inhibits or stimulates. There were only two kinds of drugs (though they have 5,000 names). Inhibitive, with which the physician inhibits over stimulated organs; and stimulative, with which the physician whips the tired organs into action. The chiropractor did neither of the two things. He simply restored. "For instance," said Dr. Palmer, "you have a gout in the big toe of the right foot, the physician prescribes drugs. Is your stomach intelligent enough to know what the doctor thinks? In other words your stomach is expected to send that medicine fully labelled to the big toe of the right foot. (Laughter). Supposing the stomach makes a mistake and sends it to the left foot. (Laughter). You take one medicine for headache, one for kidneys, one for foot, they all go to one common melting pot and who is going to direct all of these drugs to their definite destinations?" (Laughter).

## DIAGNOSIS v. ANALYSIS

Continuing, the speaker said: "You go to the physician and you tell him that you have a pain in the back, in the stomach and in the chest. He tells you that you have acute nephritis, translated from your plain English gastrodenia and dyspnea (which is nothing else but the same complaints in Latin.) Chiropractic on the other hand analyses your spine and can much easier locate the seat of the trouble.

## GROWTH OF CHIROPRACTIC

"The new movement naturally alarmed conservative minds, and a bitter battle has been fought, but now there are 39 States in the Union having Chiropractic laws, and a Chiropractic Board of Examiners, the science having equal right as other healing methods.

"The Palmer School of Chiropractic, Davenport, Iowa, covers three city blocks, its clinics are visited daily by over 1000 patients. The X-ray laboratory has taken over one million photographs of the human backbone. Edison, Henry Ford, President Hoover, John D. Rockefeller and many other famous men have taken chiropractic adjustments. The health of our King has been restored not through medicine, but through method akin to chiropractic. There is at least one medical university which has adopted chiropractic in its curriculum."

In conclusion, Dr. Palmer said that he was not antagonistic to medicine. Each method had its own field. There were things that should be done medically and surgically, and it was no business of chiropractors to deny this, but there were things that should be done chiropractically and the medical doctor's opinion on chiropractic was as good as the chiropractor's opinion on surgery.

The medical doctor did not even look at the spine while diagnosing, while the chiropractor palpates, analyses, X-rays, and examines spines all day long. He jokingly remarked, "Let M.D.'s get everybody well and chiropractors will go out of business."

Dr. Palmer was accorded a most attentive hearing.

—Wanganui Chronicle."

Here we are at Wellington, lying around, wasting ten perfectly good days waiting for this conference to come off, when, had Chiropractors in Wellington and in South Island been on tip-toes they could have been booking civic club and public talks and using us to build their businesses. None are so blind as those who not only can't see but WON'T see when light is brot to their door and turned on in front of them.

It is these contrasts between people and people that keep life interesting for us.

Chiropractors down here have proven themselves to be of three kinds. Perhaps a simple comparison would not be odious.

All are walking down New Zealand highways. They want to go from where they are to where they are headed. First class passengers KNOW that a bus will arrive; that that bus will take



them to place they want to go. They notify bus when it arrives. They get on. Second class passengers laugh at first by telling them there is no bus; and if there were, it wouldn't come that way; and, if it came that way, it wouldn't stop; and, if it stopped, it wasn't going where they were; and, if it were, it couldn't arrive at any destination; and, if it would, it would break down en-route. So they ignore the bus UNTIL IT ARRIVES and is going strong, then they hail it, step on. They smile and pretend they were going to get on all the time and proceed to try to make merry with first class passengers. Third class passengers agree with everything second class have said; let bus come and go by and after it has turned the bend, run like mad to try to catch up, so they can get on. We've seen the three classes since coming here. However, New Zealand has no monopoly on second or third class Chiropractic passengers.

As you must travel much to see a little, so it is sometimes necessary to meet many people to find a few who represent the salt of New Zealand. Among rest here, we renewed our friendship of many years with Dr. and Mrs. Welsh, who came to PSC, graduated, returned here, practised a while and war drove them back into his former work of dentistry. No sooner had we arrived than they put themselves out time and time again to take us here and there, ask us to dinner at home, cart us around in automobile; in brief, if there is anything they haven't done time and again, we don't know what it could be. We met many delightful New Zealanders several times at their home. We who have travelled much, know there is a difference between people AND people, just as there IS a difference between Chiropractors AND Chiropractors. Some leave us severely alone—maybe it is just as well. Some bother us too much—maybe less of that would be better. But there are others who come and go as real, genuine friends, whom we want around, who listen to us and we to them. Such friends are the Welsh family, including Nan, Herbert, as well as "Aunt Allen." We wish we had more like them, but so long as we are in Chiropractic, and so long as Chiropractic is a growing movement, and so long as we have amongst us those who do not want to grow, we will always have many of other kind with us.

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#### STEAMER RUGS.

Thru courtesy of Dr. and Mrs. Welsh, we were privileged, by special permission, to go thru The Wellington Woollen (they spell it here with two "l's") plant. We watched the process beginning with smell, followed thru to completion of two "The

Prince of Wales" rugs with our initials and address monogrammed on them. First the raw wool, dirty, as it has been shorn from sheep. Dirty as it is, it has been carefully selected for quality. Dirty sheep's wool smells—that's where we started. It is now shovelled into long vats with running water, boiling hot, with soap. It is washed in the first moving vat, pulled out and passed into another bath which is not quite so strong. Wool now comes fairly clean but matted and wet. It is passed thru wringers. It passes to a machine that feathers out matted hair. It comes out other end a wide, flat and thin mat. From here it is wound into loose balls. It is next passed to dyeing room where it is colored in hot boiling dye. From this vat it passes to centrifugal vat that spins at high speed which separates water from balls. Colored ball bundle passes to various twilling lathes where it is twilled into right quantity and thickness to be used as yarn. This is finally wound on spools. From here it passes to another machine that makes it into warp for cloth or steamer rugs. This warp is now passed to weaving machines where woof is bobbined back and forth, giving definite form to article. We watched our rugs in the making; we followed them on. They pass to steaming table, where under high pressure live steam saturated every bit of roll. This cleans them, washes them, shrinks them. They are now passed to clipping machine which clips off tufts that might be hanging on and irons them as they roll. We have now reached that stage where our two "Prince" rugs are handed us finished. We write letters and address we wish monogrammed on each.

Wellington Woollen Mills Company is a tremendous plant. They make socks, shirts, sweaters, bed blankets, steamer rugs; in fact, anything in wool. They make only one quality but many sizes, shapes, colors, and different weights. Upon occasion of last visit of Prince of Wales they made him up a special, extra-heavy weight, steamer rug done up in his Scotch tartan plaid design. It became so popular they have been making it since. It is by far finest rug we have ever seen. That is why we desired to visit factory it was made in, see them being made, watch two going thru, and then get them. Only thing we didn't see was the sheep that wore the wool. These are THE last word in steamer rug perfection.

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As I scribble this note, here comes another letter:

"Dear B. J.:

I am sure there are many who have been with you in thought over the last few days—far more than you anticipated a few weeks ago.

If only it were February or March now instead of winter, then you would indeed see something worth seeing, and your impressions would be very different from what they must surely be at this moment.

You know, some of us who landed in Davenport (happy days!) in the middle of winter when the fog and smoke lay heavy were tempted to write home describing the "climate of the U.S." However, the weather is of small import. What will warm your heart in spite of it, is the knowledge that other hearts and many too are warming to you. I wrote to those who I know will appreciate the value of anything extra you are willing to offer and have asked them to be at the Midland at 2 p.m. Sunday, allowing for strays, all who intend coming should be present by 2:30. Hope this will not be rushing you; but we shall await your pleasure.

I do hope you are both very fit and well.

Au Revoir,

Kia Ora, As ever  
Hugh Jenkins."

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We understand "distinguished" foreigners are sometimes extended courtesies of complimentary passes to Wellington Racing Club. In pursuance with that fact, we were extended this courtesy to "gallops" on Spring meeting of October 25th and 27th. It rained all day 25th, and 27th was day of our convention. We regret this as we were anxious to attend. The New Zealander is a great racing fan and bets heavy. Government licenses betting as well as lotteries. They have a way of raising money here that seems to appeal to the betting desires of people. The free ambulance service is raising money to carry on and to enlarge their service. Suppose they want to raise \$50,000. They sell chances on a \$5,000 lottery. Every subscription carries a ticket to lottery. They raise \$50,000 and somebody gets \$5,000 of it in lottery. They raise money this way that could not be raised any other way. There always has been, there is now and there always will be a strain in people thinking they will be THE lucky ones who will get something for nothing, put in a pence and pull out a pound. We have never taken stock in this, believing in other policy that you get just what you give. While you may win once in a thousand times, you have more than paid for what you get in thousand times you have put in. So, we rarely bet, altho we did so on board the Aorangi coming down from Vancouver.

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OCTOBER 27th, 1930

This is the day of "conference." It is day of a national convention of Chiropractors. It is day that something is being done which it was said could not be done.



"If you want a crowd, get B. J." still holds good in New Zealand. Knowing many coming up from South Island would be in here on Sunday morning boat, and others would motor down from North, we let it be known that if they cared to gather in our room at hotel Sunday afternoon, we would give them something in addition to meetings arranged for today. Dr. Colwell suggested we could have his offices. At 2 Sunday there were 27 present, which seemed to surprise everybody. Dr. Colwell, in whose offices conference was held today, was quite certain he would have to arrange for a regular meeting hall to take care of additional ones who would come and be here today.

We find Chiropractors of New England like any other group. They have heard reports which have been surreptitiously spread about. Many untrue things, linked with few true ones they know, sometimes has been made into a horrible picture of man who would come to be heard. Let some one ring-leader get a half story out of a true situation, and he goes about spreading poison. He does not write to ask the facts, neither does he permit us to explain the situation as we see it. When we offer to come and speak in our defense, we are told to keep away. Now we are here and we meet and they come in contact with truth, facts and we find them like anybody else. When men are prejudiced as some of these have been, then fight to prevent themselves from coming to hear; then when they arrive they plug their ears to prevent themselves from hearing something which might change their thots—then once we've got that reserve broken, we find Chiropractors here like those in the States.

Today's meeting is biggest in history of their Association. They had more Chiropractors in attendance than any other time. Present roll call shows there are only five absent at this meeting. One of those was "so busy"; another man was "just starting in practice"; and another honestly said he wouldn't go across the street to hear us—so that's that. "If you want a crowd, get B. J." and the Secretary said, "it was impossible to hold a conference in October."

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## DAY AFTER CONVENTION

This is written on morning after day before. Yesterday was a peculiar day; it looked like a scrap was in order. Usual indications of a storm were in atmosphere. The old sea-salt cast his eye over the sky and calmly announces, "We're in for a blow." We prognosticated there was a fever that had to come to a head. When we make a visit and a Chiropractor comes up and shakes

hands and openly looks us in the eye, we know he is glad to see us. When another does the same and talks like he had hot mush in his mouth and does NOT look us in the eye when he tells us he is glad to see us, then we know how he feels also.

Meetings were held in Farmer's Union Building. It had been arranged there was to be "an advance meeting" 9:30 and 10:30 a.m. for a sort of political caucus, such as politicians sometimes think necessary. We were not present. We had, however, said that we would be glad of every possible minute that we could have as we had much CONSTRUCTIVE work we wanted to deliver. True to prediction, the meeting was "larger than expected."

We took the platform at 10:00 a.m. and carried thru to 12:40 when we adjourned for lunch. We took the floor again at 2:15 and carried thru to 5:30 when we adjourned for dinner. This was not an official call of Association. We were as much pleased that it was not, for as it was, it was merely a call of clans, therefore it was our meeting and we presided and guided its destinies.

We came into New Zealand with the understanding that four voted for our coming and thirty six were against. Had a vote been taken yesterday as to whether they were glad we came and whether they wanted us to come again, this vote would have reversed itself; there would have been 36 FOR and 4 against.

Misunderstandings will happen amongst best of friends. If a friend is sincere and desires to learn truth, he can always get it. We are glad that most of those present came to learn, to get all they could, to find out all we would give, to be constructive, to get CHIROPRACTIC and best they could absorb. That is what we gave for eight hours of service rendered. But, as usual, there were some who had no desire to be fair or just. They had taken a certain position; were stubborn; pride of position was at stake; therefore, they tried to pursue a course that did not enhance them in the eyes of fellow members.

Coming to New Zealand is another instance of where right is might; truth crushed to earth will rise again; where reason ultimately directs more men than prejudice and hatred; where Chiropractic being true becomes paramount over and above personal ambitions. State by state, newer order of a greater, better, and more scientific Chiropractic becomes established. It has had to fight its way every inch of the day, slowly but surely. There isn't a Chiropractor who attended any meetings in New Zealand but who today is a better Chiropractor, has a broader understanding, is bigger and better, and is going to render a more competent service than before.

We came HOPING to be of service. We accomplished more than we could have hoped under the circumstances. It was a wonderful gathering, very constructive meeting and much good done, fighting against tremendous odds. Our friends had had much misrepresented to them. They are friends once more. What more could one ask? The NCM which was stumbling block has been cleared. They now know what it aims to do and how.

Following the afternoon session, twenty-four of the good people retired to Midland Hotel (where we were staying) and had dinner. Immediately after crowd broke up, some going on evening train to North, some on evening boat for South Island, balance came up to room and we talked shop.

New Zealand is "wet." We noted frequently, at meals, in pouring wine the waiter first puts a little in bottom of glass of host, he then goes about and fills all other glasses, comes back and fills the host's. We inquired why. "It is a custom of old days of poisoning of people with wine. They give some to host first. He is supposed to drink before any of others. If he survives, then wine is not poisoned."

Wednesday noon we were invited guest-speaker of the ENGLISH SPEAKING UNION. This organization was formed in England to knit closer English speaking people who go from one English speaking country to another, such as we were doing here. They were royal in request we speak; they met us heartily; they sent us away with a real appreciation of what we said and did.

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Mail must be figured by boats, when they come and go. In two days we go west to Australia and this letter goes east back to the United States.

We are invited out tonight and tomorrow night. The ship we sail on is in harbor. We have been down and looked her over. Ulimaroa is her name. She is an inter-country tripper that plies between Wellington, New Zealand, and Sydney, Australia..

There are many ways of saying "Good-bye":

auf wiedersehn	(German)
adios	(Spanish)
sayonaro	(Japanese)
aloha oe	(Hawaiian)
adieu	(French)
cheerio	(English)
kia ora	(Maori)
carbolic acid	(Any language)



October 31st, we sailed on Ulimaroa from New Zealand for Australia. Down at dock were Jane Winstone, Dr. and Mrs. Welch, true and tried friends. Unfortunately, none of Wellington Chiropractors had time to say "carbolic acid."

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President of the Union Steamship Line on which we came from Vancouver, took us over and introduced us to the President of the Huddart-Parker Line. A courtesy but none the less appreciated. It shows hospitality of those who were under no obligation to us.

On boat we received flowers from Kate and John Fraser, D's C., Jane Winstone, Mrs. Bennie, and Mona Finch.

Following telegrams and letters were received at hotel before sailing or on the boat at sailing. They speak!

"B. J. Palmer, Midland Hotel, Wellington.

Bon voyage and best wishes.

"Hastings.

Fred Johnson."

"Auckland

B. J. Palmer, passenger Ulimaroa, Wellington

Our very best wishes go with you. Wish to thank you again for constructive work you gave us and hope to have the pleasure to welcome you to New Zealand at a not far distant date.

Thomas Giles."

"Auckland

Col. Palmer, passenger Ulimaroa, Wellington

Wishing you all sorts of luck on your Australian tour. Cheerio and love from us both.

Freda and Lil."

"Wanganui,

Col. Palmer, passenger Ulimaroa, Wellington

Best wishes for a bon voyage. Come again.

Mr. and Mrs. Nolan."

"Wanganui East,

Col. Palmer, S. S. Ulimaroa, Wellington

Haere ra kai ora.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevens."

"Masterton,

Col. Palmer, Midland Hotel, Wellington

Best wishes for safe return home. Kia ora.

A. Allan."

"New Plymouth,

Col. Palmer, passengers Ulimaroa, Wellington

God bless you both. Don't forget to keep to the right side when you get back to the U.S.

Hugh Jenkins."

"Hamilton,

Very best wishes. Everything o.k.

D. Blackie."

"New Plymouth,

Dear B. J.:

As the time draws near for your leaving us, we who feel we understand you, know in a small measure what mingled feelings must be yours.

Even though there are regrets at opportunities lost, look back and remember queries which filled minds, and doubts one month ago—how minority you expected really turned out to be majority. Final meeting was a great victory.

With few exceptions, we are far better chiropractors than we were a couple of weeks ago. One cannot come under cleansing fires of your personalities without feeling a strange and powerful up lift—the response to a recognition of two lives fighting through countless difficulties, sacrificing constantly, in devoted love of a just cause.

Every minute spent with you was a golden one to me. Further, when I remember that you, B. J., the world's greatest chiropractor, could not do enough for me,—just one of your thousands of boys—well, I just feel what I can't say! Definite results are coming from your checking and adjustments, and I shall follow your instructions. We reached Wanganui at 1 a.m. Before I left in the morning, the places were checked but read only one point each, so no adjustment was given.

Already I am looking forward to getting into harness and doing some real work soon. What a joy there is in the anticipation, after staggering along from day to day for three long years.

Today has been a real spring day—almost summer in fact, up this way. Sometimes we get quite a lot of this fine weather in the middle of winter. Dear old Davenport will be bathed in autumn colours just now. Vanderveer will be glorious and a place of perfect peace. What memories come back to one!

If my life has been a short one, it has been a crowded one from the time of joining our N. Z. Division in France in 1917. I have been in many countries and have passed through many experiences but there has been none to equal, nor can there ever be any to surpass the great and wonderful experience of studying for and becoming a chiropractor at the Fountain Head of Chiropractic—the Dear, Old PSC.

We have learned a philosophy under the greatest teacher and we live, as chiropractors, different lives from those around us. Out here in N. Z. where many of us are alone and a hundred or two hundred miles from another chiropractor, we draw on the strength which

memories of the old School give us. We have no one to talk philosophy or problems with, but we have our notes of talks given in the Auditorium and therein lies a treasure chest.

We all hope the conference in Sydney will be a wonderful success, and that from the remainder of your trip you will both benefit greatly to fit you for the work which must be now awaiting your return.

So I am going to say Au Revoir. Ever grateful for what you have done for us all—for Chiropractic in N. Z.—and for me personally.

With wishes for a greater Lyceum than ever for 1931 and for long to continue good health for you both.

Faithfully yours,  
Hugh Jenkins."

"Auckland,

Dear B. J.:

Just a note wishing you a Bon Voyage and the best of luck for your vacation. I thank you both for the help you have given me during your stay in our country and I am sincere in that, as there is no couple on this earth that could have given me the advice you folks have given.

Since returning from Wellington I have settled right down to business and feel now that I am passing on to the public something that is truly beneficial.

I say that, B. J., as now I am sure that I am doing the right thing in the right way.

I am sorry you have come against so many ignorant fools in the profession over here but there are sufficient members on the correct side to back you up.

I feel that in the future, B. J., the younger generation will see where they have been making the mistake and will stick to you and the right way.

Well, once again wishing you a happy time with all sorts of love to you both, I am, as I always will be,

Chiropractically yours,  
John W. Young, D.C."

"Hamilton,

Dear B. J.:

When I said in my last letter to you that I hoped there would be a landslide in your favour, I had no idea the whole hill would slip. But I believe it really has. There is no doubt that except for a few rocks up the slope, there is very little left of Mr. Anti-B. J. and I knew that would happen if the boys could only be together to hear and see you. As far as the rocks are concerned, their support is largely gone, and I think they'll soon roll down too.

Before you leave New Zealand, I want to personally thank you for your services to Chiropractic (and to me) while in this country. You have infused us all afresh with your own enthusiasm and given us a fresh vision to encourage us in our life work. NCM's may be good and very valuable to the profession. They can be purchased with money but this thing of the spirit cannot be bought. We all



realise that only a man can give that, and that you are the man.

I have esteemed it a great privilege to be of some little service to you while here in N. Z. I am not prominent in our Assn. councils and so my being for you hasn't had the weight it otherwise might have had. However, N. Z. has changed its mind towards you and I am proud to have been one of the few who didn't have to.

Had they not done so, I would still have felt it was a privilege to have been associated with the ones who have done what little they could individually to show their respect, esteem and personal affection for the man to whom we all owe so much.

Now, I'll close. Mrs. Bryce joins with me in wishing "Bon Voyage" and a safe return home. We also sincerely hope that you'll visit these shores again some day in the near future. I think most of the boys in N. Z.—if not all—would echo these sentiments now.

Kia ora,  
Allan Bryce."

"Oamaru, N. Z.

Dear B. J.:

I'm very glad that I went to Wellington, thankful to you for your very instructive talks, which I am sure will be of much benefit to all who were present. I will ever have pleasant memories of this meeting and will try to remember those sound words of advice given in her little talk.

Mrs. Wright joins me in love to you all. Good wishes.

E. J. Wright, D.C., Ph.C."

We ran into a new peculiar manner of handling stowaways here. We sailed at 12. At 11 all passengers and visitors on board were chased ashore. Policemen went aboard and searched the ship. Some one jokingly said it was to prevent runaway husbands from leaving wives; however, we found later this was the truth. Many husbands are deserting New Zealand, trying to get away from paying taxes; they are called "tax-deserters."

That leads us to discuss a situation here that is serious—taxes. They tax checks, receipts, theaters. Men going out of Australia are taxed when they go OUT of the country; bachelors are taxed; in fact, they are constantly raising taxes on imports and some exports; studying ways and means of raising taxes to let their Government live thru this depression. Business of all kinds is taxed to death, figuratively and literally. They are building a wall around New Zealand to prevent business from coming in, expecting everything to go out on sale but nothing to come in. One store had a big sign in the window: BE BRITISH. BUY BRITISH.

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We received following letter which makes us think we are going to have a busy time in Australia.

"October 22nd, 1930.

Dear B. J.:

Very glad to hear that you are putting things over in N. Z. It's wonderful country, isn't it? It's the country, I'm talking about.

About your lecture here, the local broadcasting station 2VW have cabled over to WOC asking them if they care to cooperate to the extent of linking up with some powerful short wave station in America similar to the one at Schenectady, N. Y., and arranging a reciprocal program. For instance, your speech could be re-broadcast in USA for half an hour, or a short two-way conversation could be arranged between you and somebody at WOC via the short wave station, or between you and somebody at the short wave station. I believe the most suitable time is from 9.15 p.m. to 9.45 p.m. Sydney time. This would be I am told 6.15 a.m. to 6.45 a.m. local Davenport time. I believe the PSC students would get up at that time to listen to B. J. So far no reply from WOC. Cable sent them October 18th. The two way conversation stunt would only be put on in the hall if reception was good from USA. Apart from that we are arranging for your speech to be broadcast locally from 8.15 to 8.45 p.m.

Re your accommodation in Sydney at hotel or elsewhere, Mr. Coxon is getting in touch with you on this and when he takes things in hand you may be sure that the arrangements will be O.K.

The following events are planned:

Nov. 4th, evening, meeting and dinner with local chiropractors.

Nov. 5th

Nov. 6th—Legacy Club luncheon and address, 12.55 p.m.

Nov. 6th—Public meeting 8 p.m.

Nov. 20th—Invitations from Geographical Society of New South Wales for you to address them on China or Japan at 8 p.m.

Undoubtedly there will be other invitations for you to consider.

On Nov. 9th (Sunday) a gathering of Sydney folks want to meet you in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Max Cotton after dinner. You are both invited to have dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Cotton. Dorothy and I are invited, too. Bring your bathing suits. Max has a swimming pool.

Am expecting to receive invitations for you, to address local Women's Clubs.

Mr. C. T. P. Ulm of Pacific flight fame has intimated that he would be glad to take B. J. for a flight over Sydney Harbor. Nothing finalized yet.

Dr. J. J. C. Bradfield, Designer and Chief Engineer of the Sydney Harbor Bridge will be glad to show you both over the bridge. No date set yet. Trying to arrange for Nov. 5th.

I suppose you will write a book on this trip, B. J. As you are "down under" I suggest that the title shall be "Upside Down with B. J."

Coxon says he has offered you the sole use of his car while you are here. That is splendid. My offer still holds good for our car with or without myself as chauffeur or if you use Coxon's car which is a comfortable closed car and need me at any time or all the time as guide or driver, I am at your service.

Am enclosing the invitations (copies) from Legacy Club and N.S.W. Geographical Soc.

I suggest that you send Col. A. W. Hyman, 27 Hunter St., Sydney, a wire or radiogram, giving him the title of your address for press notices. Have just watched the arrival in Sydney of Kingsford Smith. What a man! October 23rd. Said I would write you to N. Z. and ask you to cable or wireless Feminist Club, 77 King St., Sydney, your acceptance and subject of your speech, or your non-acceptance. The only other date they have available this year is December 2nd which of course is no good for you.

I have seen Dr. Bradfield, designer of Sydney Harbour Bridge, this morning and he has asked that you both meet him at 7 p.m. Friday, Nov. 7th when he will personally conduct you over the workshops and out on to the bridge. He will also arrange for you to inspect the bridge at other times if you wish to and he will arrange to meet you to supply you with the why and wherefore and the Vision behind the bridge if you wish it, at a time to be agreed on later.

Walter Burley Griffin, the American who designed and laid out Canberra, would be delighted to meet you at his unique home, both of you, of course, and give you the low-down on Canberra with all its triumphs, hates, beauties and pettifoggery. We do not want to book you up a tremendous lot. Coxons want to arrange some entertainment for you, also Lamperts. Coxons, Lampert and I are on an entertainment committee and my job is to see that no arrangements clash one with another. So if you have any of the time between Nov. 4th and 22nd definitely booked let me know at once.

Bless you both, a good trip across the Tasman and welcome to God's Own Country in the making.

Love from,  
Mac and Dorothy Searby, D.C.'s

Here is a sample form letter put out by Dr. Searby for public lecture.

"October 20th, 1930.

The Manager,  
M. McLeod Limited,  
Wellington.

Dear Sir:

It gives us much pleasure to advise you that B. J. Palmer, D.C., Ph.C., the Developer and Leader of the Chiropractic Movement, who is at present on a world tour, has intimated his intention of spending a few days in Sydney and has kindly promised to deliver a Lecture on the Science of Chiropractic at King's Hall, Hunter Street, City, on Thursday evening, November 6th, at 8 o'clock. We have much pleasure, therefore, in sending the enclosed invitation cards, and sincerely trust you, and your friends, will be able to attend.

In addition to his profound knowledge of the Science of Chiropractic, Dr. Palmer is recognised in many countries as a renowned speaker, having lectured before hundreds of Business Clubs, and other gatherings on varied subjects. His lectures are always delightfully interesting and we are fortunate in having him with us at this time.

We are sure you will greatly enjoy Dr. Palmer's lecture and acquaintance and look forward to welcoming you and your friends.

We would greatly appreciate a line from you advising how many in your party you would like us to reserve seats for.

Trusting you and your friends will make a special effort to be present and thereby assist us in our efforts to make known the benefits of Chiropractic in our Sunny Australia.

Chiropractically yours,  
R. C. M. Searby."



Feeding wallabies at Jenolan Caves, New South Wales, Australia. The wallaby is very much like the kangaroo, altho much smaller.

Sunday night we addressed the Independent Society of Theosophists. We were the preacher of the evening. We gave an extract from VISIONS OR ILLUSIONS; about 400 present, including regular roster of Chiropractors and families, Professor Cotton and Mrs. Cotton, and others whom we met while here.

We are getting regular invitations to spend evenings out. We could spend every evening somewhere, if inclined.

After lecture, as per usual wherever we go, whole gang came over to our room in hotel. About 16 were here and we spent a pleasant hour. Gee, but it's great to feel you have such friends; you are truly welcome here; they regret you're going.



The paper had this notice regarding the lecture:

"At The King's Hall, Hunter Street, tomorrow, Sunday, at 7:15 p.m. The Independent Theosophical Society (Sydney Lodge) has pleasure in announcing a further Sydney lecture by the noted speaker, Dr. B. J. Palmer, of Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A., now on a World Tour. Dr. Palmer's subject will be: "Visions or Illusions."

In view of the wide public interest occasioned by Dr. Palmer's visit to Sydney and the capacity audience at a previous King's Hall lecture, early attendance on Sunday evening is advised.

Special musical programme features the distinguished Russian violinist, Mr. Gregory Ivanoff, M.A., with Madame Evelyn Grieg at the piano.

—Sydney Morning Herald, Nov., 15, 1930."

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### POLITICAL TROUBLES.

We have in previous pages referred to pernicious taxation situation existing in Australia.

New South Wales is in hands of Labor Party, politically. Labor Party means unions of one kind and another. Being in control, politically, unions call a strike and get anything and just about everything they want. This can be as bad a situation as to have any country completely dominated by capitalists and bankers, with one exception—capitalists **MUST** use labor to make good themselves. Over here, unions exploit any and all business to maintain a living with as little labor as possible.

Situation exists here, where labor is trying to bring about a 44 hour week, with slow work, at high wages, with a "dole" for unemployed. By slow work is meant to take their time and see how little they can do during 44 hours, to extend work as long as possible and to spread it out to as many unemployed as possible, to see how little return they can give for big money they exact in payment. Nobody yet has been able to permanently get something for nothing. "Dole" means taxation upon him who labors to carry him who does not labor. This puts additional burdens upon him who wants to get ahead and puts a premium upon him who lays around and does nothing. Hence army of unemployed is growing in size and handful of workers is gradually decreasing, for why should union labor work when he can secure a comfortable living without?

Labor Party is taking position that all things which are not essential to bare existence are to be construed as luxuries. It is age old fight of mass against class; what mass doesn't want, class has no right to get. If mass can't have an automobile then class

can't have one if mass can stop them, construing automobiles as luxuries and taxing them almost out of existence.

At one time automobiles were shipped into Australia from United States, Canada and Britain, tax free. Labor resented rich riding about when they could not. Being in power, they began to



The koala or cuddly bear, or teddy bear. Lives only in Australia. Food is eucalyptus leaves.

tax automobile. And, in taxing this, they had separate taxes for separate parts; such as so much for engine, another tax for frame, another for body, another for wheels, another tax for tires, etc. When all taxes were tacked on, it almost made importation of a car an impossibility. To offset this, importers brot chassis alone and paid tax on that, built bodies, wheels, tires, etc., over here, to prevent tax, with local slow labor at union wages, which more than brot price back up beyond other level; but, in minds of the

Unionists, gave union labor here that money instead of leaving it in America. So, when car is actually sold, it costs buyer more money than it would have had it all come from America direct.

We know of a certain firm here who imports face creams. Before they sell their product, it being imported from America, they



Turuwul enjoys the gum leaves at Koala Park,  
Sydney, Australia.

pay eight different taxes before they can get it out of shippers' warehouses. They pay tax on tin can in which material arrives, on theory that tin may be used over again and thus prevent a local firm from making a tin can. Wooden case that tins come over in is taxed because, being wood, it can be used here and thus prevent somebody locally from making a wooden box notwithstanding the box is of no account by time it gets here and is burned because it is useless. At present time, Union Labor Party is raising tax upon these products, deeming them unnecessary lux-



uries. This year it is anticipated they will be permitted to import only 50 per cent of what they imported and sold last year. Next year it is reported that tax will be 100 per cent higher than last year, with additional intention of prohibiting its importation next year at all, regardless of tax.



Native Koala Bear at Koala Park, Sydney, Australia.

Government here, contrary to system in vogue in United States, makes it its business to interfere with conduct of any privately owned business, even to stepping in and directing how private business may run its private business; telling them what to sell, how much they may sell, what profit they can make, how much of that profit they can take, how to work their mines, how to run factory, what kind of help to employ, how much work to do and how little, etc. To be in private business of any kind here is to be constantly hindered by governmental interference where you never know whether business is yours or Government's.



When money is invested in enterprise here, you do not know whether you will or will not declare a dividend. If you make too much, some Union will step in to prevent your getting it and see that Union nonworker gets it on the "dole."

Strikes are regular and consistent thing. Strikes are as com-



Kackie Koala bear, the hard case of the family.  
Sydney, Australia.

mon as weeds in a flower garden; they are thorns to business. Union Labor Party Government upholds and assists strikers in every way to attain their ends. The other day there was a ship strike. It was not known when one of the big boats would sail. Right now there is a meat strike on, where butchers in meat packing plants are on strike for a 44 hour week. Meanwhile, all meat business is tied up indefinitely.

On top of this, Australian is a born gambler and race horse better. Everybody from top to bottom buys chances on lotteries of

every kind and description. Millions are gained and lost, correspondingly, on lotteries constantly hawked from every empty store door. All are Government endorsed, subsidized, and Government realizes a profit from each. Horse racing is on in Australia all year round.



Mother and her precious Koala bear gum baby.  
Sydney, Australia.

This information is not gained from but one or two sources, or from disgruntled business men, or from Americans here trying to conduct a business. We gained this information from high officials in employ of Government; from big business men; from men who were born in, live in, and do business in Australia; from successful business men in spite of what they are compelled to work against, as well as those who are ordinary in other respects.

Australia is a nice country to visit and pass thru but it is in

the most deplorable commercial conditions of any country we have ever visited and studied. Americans may think they are in a bad way but they are sitting pretty, are doing business in heaven as compared with Australia and its political messing of private affairs.



Billy Blue Gum, one of the residents of Koala Park, Sydney, Australia.

#### CLUB DATES

Again addressed the Legacy Club. Inasmuch as they had another speaker, we were given 10 minutes for a farewell talk. They certainly have given us the royal welcome and send off. A hundred were present.

Afternoon of same day, addressed THE ENGLISH SPEAKING UNION on Abraham Lincoln. They seemed tremendously pleased. Fifty were present.



Evening of same day, addressed THE NEW SOUTH WALES GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY on "China and Japan." This society is to New South Wales what NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY is to the United States. It can be seen how great was honor conferred in asking us to address them.

One more day and we leave Sydney and Australia. We sail on Nieuw Zeeland (it is spelled that way) enroute North, via Brisbane, Great Barrier Reef, thru Torres Strait, on to Celebes and Bali, which we will tell you about as we go along.

You will hear from us again in our next letter, mailed from somewhere; we know not where.

Carbolic acid!

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The time for our leaving Australia is getting near—two days hence. Last night the clans of Chiropractors, wives, etc., gathered at Dr. Coxon's office. We discussed shop, and "Tommy" Lampert, President of New South Wales Chiropractic Association, made a presentation speech as follows:

"Dear B. J.:

We Chiropractors of Sydney wish to express to you our sincere appreciation of your great help and goodwill toward us during your visit. You, B. J., have not only addressed two large public audiences for our benefit but you have brought to us a Post Graduate Course, unsparingly giving of your time in demonstrating to us the latest clinical findings known to yourself, so that we Chiropractors may be scientifically up to date in practice.

We would ask you to accept these small tokens as a memento of your visit to Australia and as an expression of the high esteem and love with which we regard you."

We were presented with a carved wooden bowl and hammer of wood for cracking and holding nuts, and a "waddy" which is a native wood war club, a carved wooden shield with which natives protect themselves against boomerangs directed at them, and a native carved wood boomerang.

The following is a description of the woods from which they are made:

#### THE WONDER TREE OF THE WILDERNESS

Desert Acacia (acacia aneura)

The wood is one of the most beautiful in the world, one of the heaviest and hardest timbers known—sinking quickly when immersed in water.

Grows on stony sand hills, on clay plains and ridges of vast inland, in "great quietness" of Australian bush. Has been called

"Manna tree of the Wilderness." Hundreds of thousands of cattle, sheep, and camels depend for food in long drought periods on small branchlets and falling leaves.

In far West and Central Australia temperature soars—sometimes touching 170 degrees. While other shrubs perish this tree flourishes. It braves fierce hot blasts, desert dust and sandstorms which are prevalent in dry years. It is inland "steel." From it Aborigines make shields, boomerangs, waddies, and other fighting weapons.

Outer bark is rough and hard. Tree is said to draw its nourishment from atmosphere. Tree grows in far Western inland and spreads over great "never never" reaching past Alice Springs in among Salt Lake country and in areas with a rainfall of under six inches annually.

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We leave Australia with genuine regrets. We came and were welcomed; we leave knowing our friends regret it as much as we. There is nothing they could do that they did not do. They strained to every detail that might add to our comfort, pleasure, or knowledge of people, country, customs, and ways of doing business.

We suppose our interpretation, as we see it thru American eyes and minds, will sound peculiar to people over here when they read it after we return home and print it, possibly as peculiar as what these Australians say about us Americans when they have been there and return and then comment about us. However, there is one difference between our observations of them and their observations of us, viz., we have many things they have not; we do many things better than they do, and when they return and comment on those things, it is largely either with ignorance or misunderstanding, or envy that we have what they haven't.

Last day in Sydney was spent at a dinner party and a cinema party that night. Late that day Mintie firm sent us a complimentary five-pound can of delicious confections. We shall store them in our "luggage" somewhere, pending arrival in Siam where they will taste mighty good, for delicacies are almost unknown there in those jungles.

We sailed from Australia on the Nieuw Zeeland, Royal Packet Navigation Company's flag ship. Gang was all down to see us off. We wish again to thank you all for your thoughtfulness in remembering us with flowers galore, kangaroo belt, jars of honey, books, cigars, and telegram which we herewith quote:

"Dr. Palmer, S.S. Nieuw Zeeland, Sydney.

Au Revoir Bon Voyage.

Tommy and Ida."

## WE SAIL AGAIN

We sailed at "high twelve." Our cabin is "De Luxe" and called "luxé hut." The t.s.s. "Nieuw Zealand" and "Nieuw Holland" are flag steamers of the K.P.M. Line. They are last word in modern steamship beauty and efficiency, and are distinctive in appearance, painted a fresh, cool, white, with touches of red to lend cheerful color.

Interior decoration and design harmonize in grace and spacious proportions with exterior appearance. In Dining Room of the t.s.s. "Nieuw Zeeland" a background of white enamel walls with marble panels is used to show to advantage red Andaman Paduk chairs, buffets and woodwork.

Painted tableaux, panels and other wall decorations, excellently painted in rich colorings, depict flora and fauna of Australia, New Zealand and Dutch East Indies.

Cabins de Luxe are furnished in polished teak with two separate beds, toilet table, writing table, individual safe, cupboards and private bath room with running hot and cold water. Other cabins are furnished in white enamelled okoume with polished teakwood berths, cupboards and luggage racks. Each cabin has its thermos flask for iced water, electric ventilation, adjustable venetian blinds, and an electric reading lamp fitted over each berth. There are no upper berths.

Delightfully appointed Music and Smoking Lounges are attainable from Promenade Deck, upon which sports and games of all kinds are played.

Situated at one end of Promenade Deck is The Roman swimming pool which has steel tank paved with tiles and lined with marble above water. Provision is made for passengers to go to and from cabins in privacy.

Veranda cafe with bar adjoins Promenade Deck.

There is a gymnasium off Boat Deck, a ladies' hair-dressing salon and barber shop for passengers' convenience, while fully qualified doctor and stewardess, good laundry service, ensure complete comfort for all.

Excellent English cuisine is provided.

Accommodation is available for 150 passengers, in cabins-de-luxe, double-berth and single-berth cabins. All cabins are amidship, and are outside.

Lunch was called at one noon. We were again invited to Captain's table, but this time we respectfully and regretfully declined this honor. You are expected to wait until Captain is thru before you get up to leave table. You must entertain as



well as be entertained by all present. It is a strain and an effort to entertain and be entertained by eight other strangers. We came away from home to get away from crowds. We have them at home; we have had them in New Zealand, and Australia. OUR vacation began as soon as we left Australia, so, why get into another crowd? Act of declining the honor is: "Our cat has a long tail," or as Australians would say, "That is a fair cow."

Up to this time we have not felt as tho we were IN the Orient. We are now aware of it. Our ship's officers are whites, Dutch (Hollanders), and crew is Javanese, Chinese and Singhalese. They are Buddhists, Hindoos and Mohammedans by religious faiths. Altho this is Dutch boat, was made in Holland, yet it flies French flag.

We now give up well understood English as commonly spoken and get back to "Pidgin English." On menu cards everything is numbered, such as "#4, Hare and current jelly." We call foods by number, for Chinese table boys do not understand much "Inglese."

We have a wine bucket of roses on our table in dining room, and four big bowls of flowers and roses in our "Luxe Hut," thanks to many friends we left in Australia. Truly they agree with Elbert Hubbard—"The love you keep is the love you give away."

This is a rule in the Orient: tea and a bite at 7 a.m., but no breakfast until 9 or 10. This hits us in the bread basket as we rise early and eat heavy meal early. We like this boat because they serve breakfast between 7 and 9 a.m. "Can do muchee like!"

Name of this Company is "Koninklijke Paketvaart Maatschappij." Translated into English, means "Royal Packet Navigation Company." This line plies between Melbourne on south of Australia to western end of Sumatra. There are 170 boats in fleet. Nieuw Zealand and Nieuw Holland are sister flagships. These two were built in 1928 in Amsterdam and therefore present very latest in possible tropical tourist comforts. They are equipped with Diesel engines, twin screw; two in this boat are Swiss-made and other two in sister ship are British-made.

Thruout ship little signs which point way are in "Inglese" as well as Dutch. For instance,

"Woman's Bath"

"Bad Dames"

Latter does not mean in English what it means in Dutch. English it might mean "bad women," in Dutch it means "Woman's Bath."

First day out of Sydney is smooth as glass. We are up and out all the time. We are travelling closely skirting shore line, travelling generally north of Australia. We are going towards Equator. It is getting warmer.

This boat has an air of sumptuous simple elegance. It is 20,000 tonnage, not so small at that, but superb in every appointment. Entire boat has beds, not bunks. There are no uppers. It has up-on-deck swimming pool, marbled and tiled. Floors in public rooms are covered with Oriental rugs. Otherwise, floors are plain unpolished teak wood. All furniture in social hall and smoking room is upholstered. Walls are panelled in marble. Ballustrades from one deck to other are cut out marble.

Our "Luxe Hut" is 20 feet square, with one big double two single beds. That's exactly what we mean. It is ONE bed, composed of two single beds, side by side, yet disconnected instead of being together. Floor is plain smooth finished teak not varnished. Rugs are Oriental. There are nine lights in our bedroom, a very large, tri-mirrored dressing table, center table and three comfortable chairs. We have four large windows, closing shutters; two face forward on front deck, two open outwards right sea. Our bathroom is tiled, blue and white pattern on floor, mottled white on side-walls. It has two scrumptuous wash-basins, one foot-tub, one clothes washing tub, one bath tub with hot and cold salt water, one fresh water shower. Bath room is about 20 feet long and 6 feet wide. It has two doors, one from bedroom, other private exit at other end into hallway outside. It is without question finest deluxe cabin we have ever travelled in. There are two windows from bathroom that look out over ocean.

How to spend time aboard a ship is sometimes a problem, other times it is easy. If sea is rough and one is not a good sailor, problem is automatically solved for he will likely spend it in bed, and up and out and then down again. If sea is smooth, problem is harder to accommodate oneself to. Then, if weather be warm, we sit on deck and read, other times go to cabin and write.

On one or two occasions we sat as spectator in dancing room. As soon as music starts younger folks take floor and prance about according to vogue. Young ones jazz, middle aged go to waltzes, older ones try to act young and make it appear "they just love dancing." There are always young girls who get semi-attached to brass-buttoned officers of crew. It is interesting to see this one and that retire to rest imprisoned tootsies which have been tightly encased in golden, silver or snake skin booties which permit toes to be cramped and fat of instep to overlap, with heels as high as Mt. Olympus; while some fat, hairless, neurasthenic, flat-footed

men retire, completely worn out and drained dry from work-out young-uns give them.

Last night we sat, watched and perhaps enjoyed dancing more than those on floor. One lady, fat, forty and bothered, graced floor barged in red, at least that portion that wasn't exposed. Long fat arms were bare beyond shoulder, neck bared to armpits, her chest (and we could see much) was plump and left little to imagination, her back was ready for a Chiropractic adjustment. Her skirt was short enuf to display much, as ample and shapely as any could desire. She danced so often and smiled so abundantly that she made herself manifest and very desirable. We wonder! We think she must have been a widow travelling on departed one's life insurance and seeking something now she must have missed then.

There was another lady of uncertain years with a plethora of avoirdupois who entered with two male escorts—she looked as tho she could handle both. She wore an abbreviated dress, top and bottom, tight and close fitting. It was a strange contrast to a most florid complexion. On floor she could be seen in all her beauty. Not less than 200 pounds, perhaps 70 around bust (and we thot she would), waist we estimate at 55, equator we should not like to mention, calves, perhaps 24. Her partners could manage to get a finger grip. They started to do Charleston, there came a flop and there lay upon floor, more exposed than ever, 200 pounds of femininity betossed, unloosed and in disarranged garb. There was a rush to rescue fallen Pavlova and after much labor she was restored to a bench amid laughter and giggling, in which "star" joined. We would like to have heard what was said in her cabin later when she retired. But, nothing daunted, she soon returned with another dress and then kept on dancing-flirting process. We wonder if she finally hooked some rich widower, some of whom are always on these boats.

That's how some evenings are spent on board a ship.

### MIND READERS

Darned if we don't believe these Chinese servants can read our minds. Last nite our toilet became choked. While standing, wondering if water would run out, in came room boy with wire to clean it out. Once you speak a desire for certain foods, in a certain way, or they hear how you once want a thing, you do not need to tell a second time. It will be done. At lunch today we ordered "No. 9" which was "Hare stew with currant jelly." Jelly was exceptionally good. We ordered some more. It came on sep-

arate plate. We then ordered "No. 11" which was "Fruit Compote." It came, but included currant jelly, the same as we had.

Perhaps you wonder where 170 boats of this fleet run to. There are several thousand islands in this Southern Pacific. Our geographies mention only the largest but for most part thousands are only dots on sailors' hydrographic maps. These boats, sooner or later, weave in and out between most of them, sometimes getting to some of them once a year.

Little can you folks back home appreciate how hungry we get for music, no matter how bad it is. You have 24 hour radio service of finest music in world. You can hardly understand how hungry human heart gets for something when it is hard to get. Today we heard a Victrola playing records in smoking room. They were playing "Old Black Joe" and "Massa's in De Cold, Cold Ground." These songs, altho American, mean nothing to Dutch, Javanese, etc., except they are "pretty to listen to" and again we feel that America has made itself felt over here without them realizing why.

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Leaving Sydney, we follow eastern coast of Australia, going about due North, slightly West. Brisbane, State of Queensland, lies 510 miles North of Sydney.

We had such a beautiful cabin de luxe it was a pity we couldn't be seasick so we could enjoy it. We look at ourself in perfect disgust, get our hat, leave cabin, but come back long enuf to stick our head in the door and say: "I call that poor philosophy!" With that subject was dropped.

We are discovered again, by gosh! For once, say we to ourself, we are over here where nobody knows us, now we can be by ourselves, away from all who know us professionally. About two days out, comes an elderly lady, who said: "I know you. I heard you talk in Shanghai about nine years ago. We wish you would tell these folks that Christian Science joke."



## CHAPTER 15

### PHALLIC WORSHIP

(See Phallic Worship, a more full comprehensive series of data, P. 514, Vol. XXII, Palmer 1949)

For 20 years we have been gathering information re phallic worship. If you who read this, do not know what that word means, we suggest you look it up in Webster. 20 years we have been gathering phallic worship pieces. We have been studying the question in all countries, under all conditions, with all colors of people. We gathered extensive literature regarding it. We found every type of native, in every country we have been in, worship some form or other. They accepted natural relationship as a subject for veneration, idolization, and worship. It seemed natural to them, and without other than natural understanding they worshipped nature within themselves which they best understood. They could, and did, understand that which was close to them. They could not understand that distantly removed. They could grasp that which was within themselves which was so marvellous it could create life within themselves. It was worthy of being symbolized into reality and practical form. They could not grasp why some foreigner should come to them, ask them to worship some thing or man of long ago, who talked about something up in skies, a long ways off. So, world round, they reproduced that which was themselves, carved themselves and portions of themselves, placed reproductions on altars (such as they were), reproduced themselves in common meeting houses, etc.

Back in and behind every native, regardless of whether it be American Indian, Eskimo, Aleutian Indian, Hawaiian, Roman of days of Pompeii, Egyptian of olden times, native Maori of New Zealand, bushman of Australia, head-hunter of South Pacific, Hindu and Buddhist of Near East and Far East—in fact, anywhere and everywhere it is a dominant and present issue.

#### THE NEW ZEALAND NATIONAL

On this trip, we called at a museum at Wellington and asked the Curator if he had any specimens and literature on phallic worship. He looked blankly, did not understand and finally confessed that we were raising a subject of which he knew nothing. We then began to explain. He took us to a wood carver who was

reconstructing some pieces of the museum. We asked this man if he could explain phallic worship as contained in his work. He looked blank. We then spoke plainly and asked him to explain how he worked out sex question in his carvings. His eyes began to brighten, and he told us we were one of very few who know and understand their carvings. He told us and curator things we wanted to know and which the curator was learning for first time. It is a subject of which average individual knows little.

At present time, we have a fine collection of museum pieces which we have been gathering here and there, this country and that. We have frequently shown these to friends, privately, as they call at our home. We have finally decided, on this trip, to put them on exhibit in a museum which we shall build. We shall put our writings and findings of literature of others upon this subject into booklet form which we shall present to those who visit this museum.

This collection consists of ivories, wood carvings, bone carvings, images in stone, fotografs galore, etc. Some pieces are gross and raw, some are finely carved and artistic; all depending upon state of advancement of native depicting that which he understands. Obviously, very nature of subject matter requires discreet discussion and exhibition and a type of mind to see that accepts it for what it represents. That there will be those who consider it obscene, lewd and lascivious, is taken for granted. However, it is a study of history, past and present, of world as is. Therefore, we believe it will be considerably accepted by knowing public at large. Some will take its exhibition and discussion in proper sense, others will regard it as degrading and condemn it. It's a question of viewpoint. Mental stay-at-homes will sniff and sneeze because their horizon is limited to stay-at-home concept. Those who desire to study fruits of travel of those who have been away from home, will come, study, see, and understand more about what is back in behind the human race than they could understand in any other way. Such has always been the way of every view of sex.

At first, we intended to confine this exhibition to men alone. However, as we now consider the matter, we believe it is of intellectual value, as much for women as for men. Gradually, as we see the world at large, we are becoming more frank and open in believing that there is a necessity for a greater understanding of importance of a true and sincere study of sex, for it is the most dominant passion, least understood and upon which more education is vital for future of human race. If that be true, women need what this museum will teach as much as men. We shall

more than likely set aside different hours for men and women. Literature upon this subject will be presented so it can be thoroly studied at leisure. People coming to see A LITTLE BIT O' HEAVEN will have access to this collection. (Later, we found a resentment to this museum. Occidental mind could not understand, and resented oriental views. We also learned that occidentals soon challenged our personal reasons and life, for gathering this museum. So, in disgust, we closed it, and rare indeed is that favored person who sees it now, some 23 years later. B. J.)

## CHAPTER 16

### AT SEA BETWEEN NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA

Going from Wellington, N. Z., to Sydney, Australia, we cross Tasman Sea, one of most violent bodies of water in the world. We are on one of smallest boats that cross, our accommodations are fair so we look forward to this trip of 4 days with no pleasure.

First question to ask about a book on travel is, "Can the author go back to places he described?" Usually he can't. We have noticed a quizzical look in the eyes of officials and people to whom we have been introduced when we told them we came to look, see, listen, to fotograf, write and lecture about it all.

We travelled for sake of travel; to push back horizon of understanding, realizing that further we go away from business and longer we stay away, greater is our vision of what we try to do at home. During last 21 years we have covered many miles, calling at strange ports where we have no friends, and at friendly towns where we made many more.

Our talks and lectures are narratives of personal impressions. They are like casual fireside talks when stream of anecdote and reminiscence carries one from continent to continent, sea to sea, adventure to adventure. We have written as we travelled.

We have read much and seen the pathos of last nights on board ships when brief friendships are scattered in four directions. Whether voyage be 19 days between Vancouver and Auckland or three and a half days between Wellington and Sydney, whether it is to mean opening a new and entrancing chapter of fresh experience, or a return grudging to conditions from which we can temporarily escape, there always rises that last night a clouded mood. People to whom you have hardly spoken during the voyage come to you after dinner, saying, "Well, where will we meet again? Where do you go and when?"—only later to meet again at some distant port or place.

For days we had counted hours to our release. For days we told ourselves that in this life did we wish to see again one inch of those holy stoned sea-splashed decks or one foot that had trodden them restlessly day after day, enduring necessary trip of getting from there here.

There are two ways of forming an impression of a country, place, or sight. In a few hours, days or weeks one can hope to



gain a survey. If one stays longer, vividness of that first impression grows blurred. Oftentimes stranger knows a country better than he who lived his life there. Time, without observation and study, gains no knowledge. Observation and study, tho short, gain much knowledge. Art of reviewing a book is not to read words, sentences, or paragraphs. Accurate judgment of a book in twenty four hours is not possible but one can gain a complete analysis of plot, principle, or purpose in less than that, filling in with his own imagination rather than that of author. At end of a few hours or a day or two we felt we would know no more of that town than if we stayed for years.

The student tourist (there are students who do not tour and tourists who do not study) relies upon first analytical impressions. Question is often asked how that impression is best obtained. Either you are an explorer, who goes with a microscope and minutely examines detail for months, or else you are an observer. From a quiet spot you can watch cross section of community life pass in front of you. From close scrutiny of that section you can deduce and generalize balance. Each way has merits and demerits.

Take subject of "Going Native." Tropics are different from anything one expects. Out of plays, films and novels, out of conversation with those who travelled in them, we build a picture of what life is like between Aden one way and Sourabaya the other. We go and it is even more than we have been told. We read much before travelling. We gained entirely opposite views: one was a moral one; other, life as is. On one hand there was white man with his monkey dinner jacket, stiff shirt, etc.; on other, the "gone native" cabin, liquor drinking without restriction, young half-castes or Eurasians tumbling about. There was a time when we pictured tropics as a place of geography, as one would speak of an American or German, as tho he were one person. We thot of natives as white people with brown bodies. Reality was different.

Certain aspects of reality it is impossible to accurately convey in print. Climate, which is a series of physical sensations with consequent influencing factor on sensations, can scarcely be made real to one who is a virgin to sensations. You cannot explain snow or glacier to Fijian, nor can you picture equatorial heat in terms of American summers—heat which is as trying but of different velvety texture; nor can qualities of living be conveyed with exactness. You can do little more than evoke in reader's mind a conventional image based upon what he knows at home. Disparity between what one expected and what one finds lies

in fact that reality would surprise one less if one had not expected anything at all.

Travellers travel; they see; they write and tell what they have seen. "That isn't a true picture," people back home say. "How many people live that kind of a life?" Notwithstanding, people listen and do not understand, they are asked to continue telling more of the story. If he describes a married white woman in Penang arranging an illicit week with a dark skinned man in Singapore, he will be met with criticism that this is only an occasional situation. In tropics, as elsewhere, white men have gone native. But white man who would go native here would go native anywhere, except that hot climate, hot liquors, soft environment, and convenient opportunity enveloping him have helped many who might have resisted had all opposite been true. "Going native" is a vital problem of the tropics—white man and brown woman.

#### WHITE MALES & NATIVE FEMALES

How considerable a problem, only those who have visited and studied tropics can appreciate. Situation amounts to this: white man is "bound out" to a certain job for a certain company for a certain number of years, usually five. Some of monthly pay is held back, pending completion of full time. Pay is usually small, at best. New man is given worst and most disagreeable locations. Old timer is stepped up to better positions. During first few years white man can scarcely afford to bring a white wife out with him or afford to marry one after he has arrived. Therefore, for unmarried man there is no practical alternative between chastity and brown woman. White man, in white settlements, outnumbers white woman fifteen to one; all white women are married to white men. There are no unattached or unchaperoned white women. Occasionally there are scandals where choice spreads itself but lack of opportunity in small white communities prevents much. Privacy is difficult in a community, where every one knows everybody and what every one is doing at any given moment of day or night, in which there are no locked doors or doors to lock, where every veranda is open to casual lookers-on. There is no semi-underworld in such communities. Occasionally the town will be visited by a troupe of singers who do not mind familiarities; occasionally a French saleswoman will arrive with Paris fashions (as an excuse), get acquainted and build a few friends for a short period, but that is all. For the most part, white life of a tropical town is extremely moral.

In French tropical colonies situation presents no difficulties.

French have little color feeling. Remember French army during World War and how French girls took to American negroes while in France. Their empire is a black one. They have, moreover, the mistress system. Their historical background is full of it. They come by it naturally. They expect every young man to have his "petite amie" till time for a prudent white marriage arrives. British Empire, however, is white and its young men are officially expected to remain chaste until they marry. Whatever is done by Englishmen must be done theoretically at least in secret, which in reality is generally known in a general way by all, men and women alike.

It is idle to pretend that vice, if you so call it, is a squalid and dirty piece of business. Orientals, even when they love, are matter-of-fact. Over vice they throw no glamour, even tho surrounded with glamour of the Orient. It would be impossible to throw glamour over whispered message to a head boy on a lonely evening; impatient pacing of a dark veranda; silent tread of a half-seen dusky female figure; attempt to create a companionable atmosphere with Victor records; hurrying away before dawn to a waiting rickshaw. That ordinarily is what it is. Sometimes experiment of a second establishment is made, but it is furtive and unsatisfactory, for all servants are wise and you fooled no one, not even your neighbors. It is impossible to visit the establishment often for it is expensive and white man has little money. White man suspects, but can seldom prove, that he is deceived by his servants. There is no sense of secure liberty; no sense of abandoned companionship.

"The trouble is," a young business man told us, "there is no place where one can go to get friendly with girls. One would thank heaven for a night club where everybody wouldn't put their nose inside." To young bound-out bachelor that side of life can be anything but profoundly satisfying. Any average attractive white girl arriving in tropics would be deluged with proposals of marriage.

In plantations and towns not British possessions situation is slightly different. In Bangkok, for example, it would be possible for a white man to have a Siamese girl living in his bungalow and on plantations there is often a Malay girl who disappears discreetly when visitors arrive. Oftentimes they exist in guise of servants and discreetly wait upon master and guests accordingly. Their relationship has a certain dignity. There is faithfulness on both sides. Custom creates affection. In neither case is there approach to sordid "gone native" picture. In neither case has white man done anything which involves loss of caste

with whites because of female house attendant. He observes white customs of white people. He does not intrude his dark female assistant into his white social atmosphere. Outside his home it is all white. Inside his home is his business and is not interfered with by other whites for they, too, have an inside life of their own. To average American, of course, idea of a white person living with a brown is revolting, but average American thinks of colored races in terms of negroes. Over here in tropics they think them equals. In New Zealand, Maoris are blacks and browns; they are natives but they marry and inter-marry and are accepted as equals with whites, socially and commercially. No stigma is attached to half-caste child for she is accepted as equal of all all-white or all-black. Eskimo of Alaska or Hindu of India or Bali are not different. The Laos, Malays, Polynesians, are proud, free-born people with historical background of culture and traditions. They are completely separate from one another. They cannot be spoken of as South African negroes or Australian aborigines.

It is rare, from what we are told, to exist a profound relationship of true marriage between white man and brown woman. Polynesian, sweet-natured and tender tho she is, is too simple a natural state of development to attach herself permanently to modern white man. These relationships, into whatever they develop, begin as business transaction with parents of girl. There is no process of selection. It is arranged thru head boy servant. As hopefully expect a profound experience to come from answering "Personal" columns found in Auckland Herald in New Zealand, and there are plenty there "seeking friendship."

By men who live in Orient, or those who have travelled and studied it, there is no attempt to disguise facts. People who write novel drivel of exceptional love wooing do so to make story read enticing and voluptuous. Things don't happen that way. Ninety-nine times in a hundred there is a plain frank discussion with head boy servant, then comes bargaining with parents. There is no glamour, no selection. White man asks for. Black boy gets. She comes and that's that.

It is as one man once told us: "It's a bit difficult at first. You've nothing in common. Her life is local and black. Your life is foreign and white. She thinks in black, you think in white. After a while she comes to know what is expected and you have one thing in common. You soon become fond of her for she is yielding, lovable and a companion so far as one thing in common goes. Beyond that, she still thinks and lives her life her way, as you do yours."



It is in that spirit that majority of white men in far East regard these relationships. Average white man imagines in such a situation he will know excitement of illicit love and comforts of domesticity. It is not like that. He thinks of things in hot countries in terms of what similar situations would be back home with white woman. It is not like that. In Orient he is free. He has domesticity with his house servant but love he has not. We have yet to meet a white man who would admit that much. Love, as white man understands it, is foreign to black woman.

Hot tropical countries and natives have been called lands of love and loving people, but white man's love does not exist there. We heard it said that native woman will make love as readily as a modern flapper will kiss. Answer is, "Much more so." Kiss is a proof of affection, as native understands affection. She will kiss no one of whom she is not fairly fond. Love making she regards as a kind of dance. She will make love as modern flapper will dance and with about same mental viewpoint. An adequate partner is all she needs. As our modern flapper prefers some men to dance with in preference to others, so does native make love with same discrimination. Native girl regards love-partner as white girl regards dancing partner. She does not kiss every man she dances with. Brown native ready to make love with complete stranger might be offended if that stranger spoke of love to her.

In some South Sea Islands, native girls give love freely. There are not even discussions with head boys; no bargaining with parents; no responsibilities. No girl will be reluctant to have children in a country where children are well loved, all are taken for granted, where life is easy and all are happy, come what may. For believer in free love this would seem realization of all dreams. We are of opinion, after all, there is a lesson here for white man, for where love is free there is no love; that he neither loves nor is loved who has no bonds; it is not person who gives to you, but the person to whom you give who matters; to person to whom you give something of yourself you are bound permanently, since you must return to that person if you would make life complete; which is a thing the person who has divided himself between many loves can never be.

Between brown and white there can be only brief superficial harmony. Such is universal experience and universal testimony of those in a position to judge accurately. Between brown and white there can be no relation interesting in itself. Interest lies in situations such relationships create. Move it away from where it is and take it back to white man's country and it would cease au-

tomatically. There are half-caste children who must be educated; there is problem of white wife who may come to a district in which her husband, as a bachelor, has a colored mistress; there is wrench of leaving brown woman when white man goes back to white man's country. Those situations are interesting as psychological studies but no actual relationship has ever gone deep at any time. And greatest surprise to traveller in tropics will be to find how little interest is attached to that side of life. Instead of being prominent, it is purely a passing incident.

### FIVE DAYS LATER

First two days Tasman Sea lived up to its advertised reputation. It WAS rough, and we don't mean maybe. On third day it calmed beautifully and became as smooth as proverbial mill-pond. We were forced to go into wet-dock for repairs for 48 hours. But, if we thought those two days were rough, we were talking thru our hats. At noon on third day wind began to blow and that wind stood that boat on both ends for 36 hours or until we were inside Sydney harbor. It sure was one all-wild night. Distance between New Zealand and Australia is 1,238 miles. A boat of 5000 tons doesn't mean much when sea goes nuts.

As we approach Sydney, Australia, we reflect. If you could draw a line thru world from Davenport, Iowa, on northeast diagonally thru to Sydney on southwest, you would find us down here standing upside down, with feet on earth and heads hanging off. We are on bottom of world below Equator. It is as Dr. Welch said, describing the moon: "North of Equator, moon turns one way in half-circle shape; down here you bend down, turn around and then look up to get it into same position as it would be North of that line. We shall follow suggestion of Mac Searby and call this book "UPSIDE DOWN WITH B. J."

Our furthestest point south of equator was 3,500 miles; 500 miles north of point where Byrd jumped off to go to Antarctic. At Sydney we are 12 hours off time with Davenport, we are half way around world. We shall still go further west before we turn north and then begin to come back and pick up lost time. We shall send two letters home, from here, one via San Francisco, east, and other via London, west, to see which gets home first. Much will depend, in this race, as to time sailing of boats both ways. If we reckon time as is, if it is six o'clock here Wednesday evening it would be six o'clock Thursday morning IF we went East, or, it would be six o'clock Wednesday morning if we went West, but

with picking up of day we lost, on return East, it would set it back as the same day. Understand? Neither do I.

Two days out on this trip (thank goodness, it was calm) we passed several schools of whale, possibly 60, all told.

For some unaccountable reason, we were again favored by being seated at Captain Wylie's table, being honored guest at his right.

Reverting back to new language:

a faucet is called "tap"  
to dock a ship is to "berth" it.  
a storm is "blow"  
shoes are called "boots"

We make a comparative illustration of general difference between New Zealand and Australia in ways of doing business. Some people will be so unkind as to ask who are we to even make a comparison, having spent a short time in either; but some people never analyze, some do so quickly; when an analysis is made, what matters is that time has been eliminated.

New Zealand is like the Scotchman, "Pay as you go, then you no man owe." Australia is progressive and growing type: "Nothing ventured, nothing gained"; so Australia borrows, builds on borrowings, and pays for progress out of profits it makes. Big businesses are conducted that way, having faith in service rendered. There is a conflict between these nations, both Dominions of Great Britain, between two methods of doing business. Result is New Zealand is largely standing still while Australia is rapidly forging ahead. New Zealand is quite jealous of Australia and Australia has little regard for business methods of New Zealand.

## CHAPTER 17

### THE GREAT BARRIER REEF

Australia is oldest known land. Bible says our world is between 2,000 and 6,000 years old. Ethnologist and geologist tell us MANY millions of years. Whom shall we believe—and why—one who has a book which was written by men, or one who shows us immutable record as done in rocks and products that took time he proves? Think of stalactites in Caves of Jenolan, Mammoth, Luray, Endless, in this and other countries. They grow at rate of thickness of a rice wafer every 100 years—and some of these are 20 feet in diameter.

About 2 days north of Brisbane we meet the GREAT BARRIER REEF, one of the new-old or old-new continents in making; running irregularly parallel with shore line are coral reefs which extend from Brisbane to Northern Cape of York on northern boundary of Australia. We weave in and out between thousands of islands, some large, others small; sometimes miles from shore, sometimes so close we can see trees and cabins of an isolated fellow; some are low, sticking their heads above water, others are old and stick up hundreds of feet; some are inhabited, others are masses of colored coral limestone; sometimes channel is narrow between island and shore. It reminds us of inland passage on our way to and from Alaska. When you consider these islands are made of coral insect growth, inch upon inch, coming up from bottom of ocean, thousands of feet, finally rising to thousands of feet above—well, figure its age.

In America, to speak of the Great Barrier Reef doesn't mean much and that's why we propose to devote space to it.

If coastline of Australia be regarded as a national boundary fence, Great Barrier Reef may well be likened to a strip of hoop-iron loosened from its north-eastern edge, and which, held almost to fence at Cairns and Cooktown by rusty nails, has swayed in distorted curves farther and farther outward as it runs both north and south. Southernmost portion of this swaying strip is Lady Elliot Island; and thence, as one goes north, one meets Bunker Group of reefs and islets. This group consists of Lady Musgrave Island, Fairfax Island, and Hoskyn Island, in that order, and still farther to north-westward lie reefs and islets of Capricorn Group, so called because the "menagerie lion" of tropic of Capricorn cuts thru their center. Capricorn Group is made up of some half-dozen or so reefs and islands, among which,



for purposes of this story, particular mention need be made only of Heron Island, Masthead Island, and N. W. Islet.

In Barrier Reef, nature has bestowed a gift upon Australia which is as unique as wonderful. And Australia, endowed with rich talent, has so far imitated the servant whom his Lord rebuked. Instead of exploiting it—in best sense of that word—she buried it in a napkin. It is true individuals have tried to do what nation should have done thru its Government; a Great Barrier Reef Committee has been appointed, and by earnest efforts of members valuable work has been accomplished. But task is far above individuals. It is a national matter. Think of it! The Barrier Reef contains an area of over 80,000 square miles; of its length of 1500 miles over 1000 miles are in Australian waters. It contains thousands of islands, mountainous, as every passenger on northern tourist boats has seen from decks with admiration, and "low islands" in every stage of growth, from mere hillocks of broken sand to tree-clad bird-haunted islets of verdure and beauty. The Great Barrier, indeed, is not, as so many people think, a single low wall of coral reef, but a perfect maze of islands, and reefs, intertwined and threaded by lanes and channels which to miss is to court disaster. And marvels of these islands from point of view of scientist and nature-lover! And teeming immensity of their life! Only a few have been studied with care; it is safe to say our knowledge of none of them is yet exhaustive.

There is nothing in the world like the Barrier; nothing approaching it in dimensions, interest or value. And value is by no means scientific only. Commercial value of its products, if we may argue only upon a practical monetary basis, would, if properly exploited, justify a thousandfold any action or any cost expended by a far-seeing Government. Beche-de-mere, pearls, turtles, guano, fish—in these directions much profit has been won; but here the surface has, so to speak, been but scratched. Islands and reefs have no population, and therefore no votes; surely there are things which, even to a politician, may be greater than votes.

The Great Barrier Reef should be made a great national asset which its wealth, life, wonder intended it. Its attractions for tourists, if carefully developed, would prove irresistible. We defy any man or woman with heart at all for "the things that are more wonderful" to visit these lovely and amazing scenes and come away unwarmed or unmoved. These areas of reef and islet are absolutely unequalled as training-grounds for Australian seamen. No better experience is provided by their intri-

cacies, sudden storms, vagaries of tide and current. Value of such a training-ground, to say nothing of fascinations, is self-evident. Finally, from the point of view of science—and, after all, that is greatest and most important—the Barrier opens up avenues so vast and so entrancing the wonder is, not that they have been searched so little, but that they have not been searched with over-eager steps. One could understand an excess of enthusiasm in this regard; but lack of it is a puzzle indeed.

Here is the story of the Barrier and its waters. Short as it is, you will find it studded with "moving accidents and hairbreadth 'scapes," even as mazy reefs are studded with wrecks that illustrate them. Few passengers who travel the Barrier route, and bless reefs which make their seas smooth and their days happy, have any chance of making acquaintance with Barrier islands. Every skipper who knows his business clings close to shore and cautiously threads those channels thru rugged coastal archipelagoes which in such places as Whitsunday Passage add a green and gracious beauty to the trip. But no one sees, except perhaps at times as hazy outlines on horizon, line of cays and islets which marks real presence of the Barrier. Only as ship approaches Cairns does line come sweeping near coast; thence onward, until dangers of Torres Strait are passed, trail is beset with reef and rock so that it can be navigated only by day and with aid of a pilot.

Moreover, hurricane belt runs as far south as latitude 20, and there are few summers during which furies of wind do not play havoc with shipping and coastal towns. A further curious feature of this Barrier is that, owing to neck between mainland and outer reefs gradually narrowing towards north, tides that sweep up from south are forced between converging sides to heights unknown to other parts of coast. Waters sink again, when tidal wave has passed, in proportionate degree. These abnormal characteristics combine to make Barrier waters highly treacherous to navigation, even in these days of steam. What they must have been in old days when Cook, Bligh and Matthew Flinders first tried to thread their devious ways, is impossible to realize. From journals which those intrepid voyagers left, we can quite imagine it.

Even Cook, however, was not "the first to burst into that silent sea." That honor belongs, apparently, to great Spanish sailor whose name has been given to the strait that lies between Australia and New Guinea—Captain Luis Vaes de Torres.

Thronging islands of this wonderful chain of coral face is perhaps loneliest coastline in world. Hardly a settlement worthy of

name breaks silence between Cooktown and Cape York, and it will be long before that state of things is altered. Tho islands of Barrier and coastline which it parallels are solitary, waters between them are crowded. Routes from more southern portions of Australian continent to Japan and Dutch Indies, to China and Philippines, to Singapore and all teeming ports of East, lie up this narrow island-studded way; and every year traffic grows more crowded. It is a wonderful passage, a passage whose every mile calls forth admiration of even most sophisticated traveller. Dangers of wreck and tempest which long overshadowed it have lightened with knowledge that years have brought, until, today, mapped, sounded, measured, and controlled, it is traversed in safety by a myriad of keels.

Pharaohs of Old Egypt were wont to raise their "starre-pointing pyramids" by labor of countless multitude of slaves, teamed like cattle, and like cattle treated; and tho both Pharaohs and slaves now lie together, forgotten and indistinguishable dust, pyramids remain, monuments alike of powered pride and ceaseless toil. In much the same way, but on an infinitely greater scale, both as regards workers and the work, has Nature built the Barrier Reef. Every inch is work of coral polyp, a "little lump of animated jelly," never larger than a hand could span, generally smaller than a pea. It resembles sea-anemone, in looks and habits; and circlet of waving arms which both possess are put by both to same purpose. A host of animalcula are caught within that lethal flower, and, stung to death, are pushed within body of their captor. Lime of which those tiny victims partly consist is deposited by "coral insect" round its body; and, as accretions grow, so grows coral upward, until surface of sea is reached. Thus is the reef formed, not of bodies of the workers themselves, which would in itself be wonderful beyond all whooping, but of incalculable fragments of incalculable horde of animated specks on which those workers feed—a thing so amazing no imagination is capable of visualizing its marvel. And as workers are infinitely smaller than impressed and driven human cattle of Pharaohs, so is work which they accomplish infinitely greater and more lasting. What an overwhelming insight into working of Nature's laboratory does this Great Barrier Reef give us! How insignificant the tools! How vast structures that those tools erect!

As distinguished from high and rocky islands which throng inner reaches of Reef area, and which represent tops of mountains once ranging round coast-line of continent, there are three kinds of reefs or islets on outer Barrier. These are called

"atolls," when they consist of circular reef with an enclosed lagoon, "cays," when they consist of solid reef or sand heap with no lagoon, and "pseudo-atolls," when they consist of circular reef on some portion of whose circumference an island has been formed. This formation is accomplished by waves breaking off portions of half-submerged reef—usually on west or leeward side—and piling them together. Against this mass of disintegrating coral other sand is washed and held; heap grows into a sandhill, seeds are washed ashore and others brought by birds, trees grow and help with decaying vegetation to swell island's girth, while outward to circle of reef there stretches sometimes the lagoon and sometimes a submerged continuation of reef itself, with pools and lakelets of a varying depth distributed bewilderingly across it.

First sign of atoll is provided by surf which breaks against it, and spectacle of "the long, long wash of Australian seas" suddenly, and without visible cause, boiling into crested foam is as surprising as significant. But cays, or pseudo-atolls, presuming they are sufficiently old to acquire vegetation, are signalled to approaching voyager by uplift of tree-y arms, and then later low long reef comes into view. Farther portion of this reef may be miles away from island, and enclosed lagoon or mass of semi-submerged reefs, as case may be, may cover a large area. At Lady Musgrave Island, outer edge of reef is fully a mile from that portion whereon island is situated; and, shape of reef being an oval, enclosed lagoon is about two miles in length by one in width. It is on seaward edge of reef, down which tide flows out in a series of cascades, or in pools left in exposed portions of inner reef, that most absorbing and entrancing visions of life in coral are to be met with.

Then there were dolphins . . . a number of them. Two graceful beasts—a "cow" and a "calf"—accompanied us for hours, occasionally playing around our bow, but for most part swimming steadily beside us, with lack of visible effort and yet maintaining so exact a distance that one could well believe they were held to side of our vessel with invisible wires, or by force of some mysterious magnetism. Wonderful and beautiful ease of their passage thru water held us entranced, time and time again. They were so close we could have touched them; and yet for many miles they never deviated so much as an inch from position they had taken on either side of our prow, and within a foot of it. At no time a flicker of a fin, or sway of body, could we see. Then, with a sudden curvet, they flash away, and up into sunlight ahead of us gleaming bodies would rise, dripping from the sea, to return



a moment later and resume their former station to a hair-breadth. Dolphin is a species of marine mammals of which whale is of same family. Dolphins usually become about seven feet long and are found in the Mediterranean Sea and in many parts of the Atlantic Ocean but are in great numbers of huge size thru the Great Barrier Reef of the South Seas. They have a bottle like nose and are similar to the porpoise. Dolphins feed on fish which swim in large schools often leaping entirely out of water bounding over waters of ocean when at play. Talk about poetry of motion! Dolphins could give lessons in the art to Pavlova. We called them "porpoises," of course. We suppose every quite ordinary person like ourself would. But we had to deal with persons who were not ordinary. "There are no porpoises in Australian waters," we were crushingly informed by an interfering scientist, "these are dolphins." We accepted the rebuke so meekly that the I.S. condescended to inform us that name which science has handed to this playful sea-monster is *delphis delphinus*. We made no comment about that; but we will now. Science knows more about these things than we do, but it does seem that Science has overdone its job on this occasion. A delphinian dolphin! One might as well describe our vegetable "John" as a "Celestial Chinaman," or the common or garden pup as a "canine dog." Over-described, that's what we say!

Lady Musgrave is a small elliptical island; mere raised bank of coral sand, with here and there a crest of unbroken rock jutting out to spoil her perfect symmetry but add to her diversity and charm. Ground itself is nowhere more than twenty feet above surface of sea; but height is made apparently much greater by forty feet or so of altitude to which its larger trees attain. Undergrowth has been eaten away by a flock of goats which have inhabited the place for years, whereas every other island we saw was clad so thickly in green and tangled robe of grass, weed and low-hung twisted branches that crossing it was a long and hot and complicated task.

As we neared entrance to reef, coloring of water attracted delighted eyes. Indeed, thruout our visit we never tired of exclaiming at water-colors with which Master Painter has worked this delightful region. Beyond reef, and all around to horizon, tint was azure blue, with spots of silver-white; near outer barrier of reef color turned to pale and shimmering green, wonderful to see; while all wide lagoon inside was blotched with purple patches where coral rocks lay hidden, and with yellow where bottom was of sand. Blue, purple, green, and yellow—all gleaming neath a quickly westering sun, whose rays both reflected and

absorbed, until they showed such a light as never was seen by most of us, on sea or land before.

And there, beyond, lay in perfection green, white and sepia cameo of the island, a jewelled brooch upon faintly-breathing breast of beauty. We wish we could give some idea of combinations of color, and chameleon changes of combinations from moment to moment, until at last, as dark swooped down and lit sky with stars, they mingled with dusky purple of night. And if to look upon these fairy seas were an inspiration, surely to bathe in them was a dream. Placid and pellucid, warm with tropic sun, and gleaming like champagne, their invitation was irresistible.

### MUTTON BIRD ON GREAT BARRIER REEF

His vocabulary is the most extensive of any beast we have ever heard, with wings or without them. Mutton-bird, in his desire to woo his love, caterwauls like common or house-top cat, coos like any dove, whistles, croaks, gurgles, screams and "registers" every known sensation thru the night—and then starts at dawn to roam seas on never-resting wing. He is physical and vocal energy raised to nth power—perpetual motion personified. Can you imagine what two million odd mutton-birds are capable of doing in way of weird music when each one of them joins the chorus? At some distance it sounds like an organ, if you can imagine organist to break out every now and then into a fury of discords and frantic pedallings which no sane organist could compass. One brave romanticist among our party said it reminded him of community singing.

They are tame with an idiotic tameness which annoys one. They suddenly appear "out of the nowhere into the here" with softness and eeriness that make one jump; and then they run along in a silly manner, suddenly stop, squat down, and look aimlessly around as if they were mechanical toys which needed re-winding. As suddenly, they will fly up and hit you in face or light on table; and if you pick them up—as you may with ease—they will wait patiently until you put them down, when they will run along and squat again in same ridiculous fashion.

These birds have a habit of suddenly starting to dig burrows for themselves, anywhere, any time, and absolutely careless of surroundings, human or otherwise. And as they dig with fury of a dog after a lost bone, sending sand flying over everything and everybody, habit is not altogether calculated to endear them to their neighbors.

All night long, these odd birds are squalling, squawking,

squabbling in eternal duets and triangular wrangles, throwing sand over all and sundry, running about in queer spasmodic way, in and out of one's tent and under one's bed. At any moment, you can pick one up, and if you don't get one you want there's no need to worry. You'll get another just as good.

Mutton-bird is a member of the great family of petrels; is about size of a pigeon; is rusty black in color; has a quaint habit of filling his cheeks with greasy food until they are as full of oil as lamp-bowls and not unlike them in plumpness of shape. Then he leaves youngsters to free their weird, which they do by living on own fuel, like camel on his hump, until they attain ability to fend for themselves and end of their oil-supply simultaneously. We got this information on hearsay, and when we asked what kind of oil it was, he said he didn't know, but that probably it was "petrel."

Let us digress while we tell something about the crabs of Barrier Reef. Their name is legion; and altho you might imagine they are all much the same, investigation shows they are not. We got a shock when we found our first hermit crab. We had often read of him, and his strange habit fitting himself backwards into a shell and carrying it about with him because his hinder parts are so tender he must keep them protected. But we had never seen him; and when, therefore, we found a big one about size of a large lemon, with a shell of about that shape and size upon his back, we were immensely pleased. But what astonished us was his color. We thought crabs turned red when they were boiled; but here was this chap blushing as redly as a nervous bridegroom, and certainly unboiled. He was lively as a cricket, and when we picked him up and put him in a handkerchief, he promptly bit his way out and scuttled off in a state of violent indignation.

We saw many of his tribe afterwards. Very handsome they looked in their red armour and their painted shells, so closely fitted to their backs. We took one out of his snugger one day, watched him run and pick it up and put it on again. Again we took him out, sprinkled a little sand on his poor unprotected tail. He refused to put his shell on then, and looked unhappy. Grains of sand proved too irritating to permit his wearing borrowed plumes, until we washed him clean, when he at once backed in gratefully, and went off side-ways with a cheer.

Number of these hermit crabs is surprising as to variety in form and size. They range from little more than a pin's head to dimensions of a saucer. They utilize almost every conceivable shape and kind of shell. Indeed, they select some so spiralled and

narrow-necked it is a miracle they can fit them on at all. But they do it quite easily.

Nature has made the hermit crab all right at one end, but all wrong at other; a lapse which necessitates protecting his posterior parts in what appears to be a highly unnatural manner. Once backed into shell, both ends are snug and safe and as one of our party put it: "When both ends are comfortable it doesn't matter much about the middle." This is a generalization, however, we feel certain would not be accepted as altogether satisfactory by a party with stomach-ache—however free he might be both from corns and a headache!

There are literally myriads of crabs on these reefs and beaches. They run across sand in droves as one walks—at night-time especially. It is in reef itself one finds most amazing species. We found crabs that shut up like a box; hermit crabs that place anemones on shells, like plumes upon a helmet, and presumably utilize poisonous secretion of these flowers of sea as a defense for themselves; communal crabs who live in intimate association with other forms of life; and parasitic crabs, who live upon labors and lives of others.

We watched a patch of sponge, and presently saw a tiny piece of sponge move away from rest as tho it were endowed with legs. And indeed it was. For, picking it up, it was a crab holding a sponge over his head like an umbrella, his hindmost legs permanently and curiously bent round over his back, to enable him to do it.

We saw a crab deliberately dress himself with seaweed—as a woman might dress her head with ribbons. He cut a piece of weed from rock, and split it down from end to end until it was in tiny strips. Each of these he placed upon his head or back with front claws, pressing it down and manipulating it as if fixing it with hairpins. When job was finished, there was our crab successfully disguised as a piece of seaweed that it was no wonder unsuspecting small fry of neighborhood approached him with confidence. And then "he welcomed little fishes in with gently smiling jaws."

We saw crabs with greedy red eyes that went in and out on stalks like telescopes, round crabs, square crabs, angular crabs, crabs so long drawn out they looked like crabby dachshunds, grey and green crabs, blue crabs, crabs that were as variable in dress as chameleons. We saw mother crabs, who, unlike majority of their sisters, produce young alive, and not in the form of eggs, and who carry these miniatures of themselves under their tails until they are almost mature.



We saw crabs so tiny as to be almost microscopic, and we saw one—his name was *Carpalius convexus*, but we call him Henry—who was eight inches in diameter. Henry is a nocturnal beast, and can crush quite large shellfish and other sundries with his nippers. He can make it most unpleasant for searcher after truth if he catches him by a too inquisitive finger.

And, finally, we saw a crab who makes a practice of carrying his wife in his arms. This struck us as connubial affection overdone.

Floating masses of tiny vegetable and animal life are generically referred to as "plankton"; and plankton is a subject of considerable interest to scientists. In other parts of world it has been studied keenly and a great deal of curious and valuable information has been obtained about it. Investigation of plankton forms an important branch of every properly equipped marine biological observatory. Altho Great Barrier Reef Committee has done a good deal of spade-work in observation of microscopic population of waters of this area, an immense amount of investigation is still required. As these notes are written the news comes to hand that a British expedition to Great Barrier is about to leave England. It is anticipated this particular branch of scientific work will receive special attention. Which all goes to show in what different lights same thing may be regarded by different eyes. These shifting shoals of scum were rather a blot on beauty of seascape; to scientists they were objects of most intense and titillating curiosity; while to whales they represent dinner!

### THE WAYS OF THE TURTLE ON THE GREAT BARRIER REEF

King Solomon has been held up as a paragon of wisdom, but our visit to the Barrier Reef created a doubt about his intelligence. His words have born in our mind an idea which that visit has shattered. The shattering of an ideal is a woeful thing. In innocent childhood we were familiar with his reference to the "voice of the turtle" being "heard in the land"; and ever since we pictured the beast—something in guise, we admit, of Tenniel's rendering of the Mock Turtle in "Alice"—flopping around its nest and crooning happily to its young. The fact remains that not only turtle cannot sing, but it has no voice, even to whisper with.

Of four species of turtles known to these seas we made acquaintance with three: green, hawksbill, loggerhead. Fourth

member is an unhappy one who well deserves name which science, in a moment of sympathy, bestowed upon him. He is called *Chelonia depressa*. Never was name so apt; for he has every reason to be depressed. Of all his tribe he is only one who wears no armour. And a turtle without a shell finds the world harsh and hopeless.

Green turtle is most common of all—or is so, in waters we visited—and great majority of our comments refer to her and her habits; but loggerhead (so called because of his thickened and enlarged head-piece), and hawksbill (reason for whose name is obvious) are met frequently. Green turtle is harmless, and innocent, but hawksbill and loggerhead will bite on provocation, if given opportunity.

Hawksbill has a nasty temper. His product, known as tortoiseshell, is valuable the world over. For his most valuable output to be labelled with some one else's name, and that some one else a poor relation, so to speak, is enough to make the mildest-mannered turtle "snappy."

We would see him arriving at sea-edge of beach, and looking like a large tea-tray, with a big bulge, floating on water.

At other times we would find his tracks leading up sand towards tree-clumps at top of rise; and as tracks more nearly resemble those of a traction engine than anything else, there was never difficulty in finding them. Alternate scrape of flippers makes similarity complete, even transverse flanges set at an angle on tires of wheels. More-over there is an infallible guide, to ease hunter's task and save time, whereby he may know whether track he is looking at leads up from water to nest, or whether it is that of turtle who, having finished her laying, has returned to sea. If former, her tail, bobbing up and down as she plods up beach, makes indentation between "wheel-marks" every time it hits sand; if latter, as sand behind lady slopes upwards, tail never lifts above it, and instead of making a series of pits it draws upon sand a thin continuous line.

Following up trail, we would find her either digging nest or depositing eggs; and, by timing visits and distributing them among a number of nests, we were able to witness whole operation from start to finish. And a highly fascinating operation we found it to be.

These turtles are by no means small beasts; they run to about four feet in length by three in width, allowing for bulge of carapace. One of men on our boat—a returned soldier presumably—would persist in referring to upper shell of turtle as "parapet." It was a natural mistake; but we never discovered whether he

carried it so far as to call under shell the "parados." For sake of consistency we hope he did.

When her ladyship arrives at spot—generally among outer trees at top of beech—where she decides to "build," she stops and thinks things over for quite a while. This is a habit of hers all thru subsequent operations, and one which is apt to exasperate eager seeker after knowledge. Over and over again, at most interesting moment, she will pause and heave a sigh—only sound we heard her make—much as to say, she's a "poor lone lorn cre'tur." Indeed, there seems quite a distinct resemblance in many ways between two excellent females.

After gazing at scenery for five minutes, Mrs. Mydas resumes her job. She digs a shallow depression about a foot or eighteen inches, wherein she lies, with apex of her upper carapace level with surface of surrounding sand, and head higher than tail, no matter in what direction she may be facing.

Carrying out this portion of work she digs strongly, sending sand flying all round in a constant shower, four flippers being utilized. When depression is finished, she proceeds with next step, her methods are altogether different. She is now about to dig out actual place of deposit for eggs, and greatest care is necessary.

It is an awkward job, and, considering what we regard as natural awkwardness of turtle, it seems impossible for her. But "instinct" enables her to do it to perfection.

Slowly and cautiously she delves into sand under her tail, using two hind flippers only, and curling them under her in most amazing manner. With meticulous carefulness she clutches a "handful" of sand and, withdrawing flipper, tosses it with a curious twist to one side of body, other rear flipper at same time sweeping clear a place on other side, whereon to deposit next handful. Two flippers are worked alternately until egg-hole—which is about size and shape of a rounded kerosene-tin—is about twelve to fifteen inches deeper than floor of the depression. As she gets lower down work becomes increasingly difficult, for sand is dry and will fall back if greatest precaution be not taken. Also, so deep is hole she cannot reach bottom of it without tilting herself upwards on forefeet in a position which is so strained and unnatural that poor thing is compelled to stop and sigh exhaustion many times.

It is a wonderful example of mystery of "instinct" to see this great clumsy creature, knowing nothing of ways of land, except on this one season every year, neatly and carefully overcoming all difficulties of work. Flippers work like hands, scooping up

sand and folding in on it until each lot is safely deposited away from where it might cause trouble; delving straight down narrow sides of the pit, yet never dislodging a grain of loose-lying stuff which forms its sides. And at last, with care, toil and patience infinite, nest is made.

It often happens that, while turtle is engaged in astonishing spade-work, she encounters buried roots of neighboring trees. In such a case "instinct," which works beautifully when conditions are normal, goes hopelessly astray. Instead of changing position, turtle goes on digging, or attempting to dig, exactly as if there were no obstruction; result being that poor brute becomes exhausted with efforts without getting least bit for'arder.

If root is huge, she sometimes gives out and starts over again somewhere else, exactly as she will do if you chase her away from her chosen position; but it is smaller roots, thin and pliable, but extremely touchy. She catches flippers, against these she knocks sand back into nest; by incessant opposition of these the whole work is threatened with ruin. And yet she never thinks of dodging obstacle by so much as an inch.

"Instinct" is a strange and wonderful thing, but it does seem to be a terrible drag on native industry. We saw a turtle crawl between two stumps wide enough to admit forepart of her body, and there she stayed, struggling to get thru until we drove her back. She could easily have gone back, too; but, like an army "tank"—to which mechanical monster she bears a general awkward resemblance—she must push on and over everything in her path.

The egg-tank finished, she pauses heavily for a while and then proceeds to lay. Folding hind flippers together until she looks as if she were praying backwards, she protrudes her ovipositor downwards until about a foot from bottom of hole. Rear flippers conceal operation, ordinarily; but a little delicate manipulation of them—which she does not seem to mind—enables it to be clearly observed.

After ovipositor remained in position for a few minutes, one sees eggs begin to fall into pit. At first they are laid slowly—one a minute—but rate soon increases, and "they come not single spies but in battalions." Average number of "clutch" is about a hundred; but often nearer two hundred. Highest number we counted was a hundred eighty-seven, and lowest eighty-one, but in this case the lady was probably disturbed, and departed before her task was completed.

A considerable quantity of mucus is deposited over and with eggs. When laying is done, sand is carefully thrust back into hole



and firmly pressed home with rear flippers. Then turtle creeps out of her shallow tray and flattens that, too. It is said she afterwards makes a number of depressions all around, to camouflage actual hiding-place of eggs. There are so many turtles about that there are tracks, holes and depressions everywhere; so it is almost impossible to find nest you have seen dug, when you take your eyes off it. Only way to make sure of finding it again is to insert a stick close to actual place of deposit while laying is in process, and use mark afterwards as a guide.

This we did, and dug eggs for examination. They are round and of a creamy whiteness, like ping-pong ball, but larger. Exterior is more like thin leather than shell, and will take a dint on pressure and retain it, like rubber ball with hole in it. It is tough, and takes a deal of tearing to open egg. Contents are like those of a hen's egg, except that yolk is lighter in color. Turtle steak is fine. Cooked with egg and bread-crumbs it is like veal cutlet. Turtle eggs have one characteristic which differentiates them from all others. You may boil them till the cows come home, but the white will never get hard.

Having laid eggs, and flattened out nest, turtle's work is done for good and all. As a mother less said about her the better. She leaves her prospective family to look after itself, and never returns to, or even sees, it again. Youngsters hatch in about six weeks, and are about size of a dollar or larger. Every night for months fresh turtles come in scores on these islands to lay a hundred or more eggs a piece. It is evident that if all progeny arrived at maturity, sea would soon be unable to hold them.

But mortality among tiny reptiles is huge. Not more than one per cent grow old enough to vote. Same "instinct" which tells them to scamper down to sea, as soon as they have shaken sand of their birthplace out of their innocent eyes, informs their countless and implacable enemies there is a rich repast. Greedy, screaming gulls take first toll upon beach; and countless fish, from mackerel to shark, wait for them when they reach the sea. A dainty feast indeed!

### TURTLE-SOUP AND TURTLE-RIDING

It is happy privilege of hawksbill turtle to garnish lady's toilet table with "tortoiseshell," while province of his green brother—or, rather sister—is to supply aldermanic banquets of world with special brand of soup which is closely associated with mayors and "corporations." Green turtle bears a tortoiseshell, too; but worthless for purposes of ornament, and is used as a fertilizer.

There is a small turtle-canning factory on N.W. Islet, a somewhat ramshackle affair, where a half dozen men are employed; and there we saw turtles caught, killed, butchered, boiled, "souped," tinned, and exported; the whole operation—"from sea to soup" as described with alliterative aptness—tho rather steamy and smelly, interesting to watch. Each night a couple of employees go round beach at high tide—for turtles, naturally, can swim ashore when tide is high enough to allow them to clear reefs—and capture some two dozen by simple process of turning them on their backs. Hence our well-known expression "turning turtle."

Unless one knows the knack this is none too easy, for a turtle may weigh up to four hundred pounds. The unhappy creatures are unable, owing to their build, to recover rightful attitude, and remain in that unnatural position until butchers come next morning and release them from their pain.

It is one of most dreadful things about usage of animals for human consumption their dispatch seems to be associated with unnecessary cruelty—or what appears to ordinary man to be unnecessary.

It is a pitiful thing to see these beasts hours after their reversion, blood-injected eyes filmed with mucus, strained and stiffened flippers flapping hopelessly in attempts to right themselves, heavy sighs audibly expressing torture they are enduring.

The execution is performed by cutting off head with an axe, and so expert are butchers they usually complete operation with a single stroke. Headless bodies are left on beach in a row for hours to bleed, and then they are cut up in situ, and refuse is buried in sand hard by.

After butchery, shells and meat are placed aboard a barge and taken to factory, and there flesh is boiled into soup and placed in tins—each with its half-dozen squares of characteristic green fat, "not necessarily for publication," "but as evidence of good faith"—and shipped to "furrin" parts.

Have you heard of Calipash and Calipee? They sound like names which Sheherazade would have given to two mysterious brother-princes in one of her "Arabian Night" stories if she had thot of them in time. In reality they are curious terms applied to different portions of turtle's flesh, according to locality on carcass from which obtained—much as one might order steak or sirloin from body of a cow. "Calipash" is "flesh of upper shield, a fatty gelatinous substance of a dull greenish color"—in other words, famous green fat so beloved of aldermen—and "calipee" is "the

yellowish meat of the lower shield." But on "North-West" term "calipash" is applied to flesh attached to lower shell, and "calippee" to that obtained from flippers! What they call flesh of upper shield we do not know—perhaps that's where they get meat from which to make mock-turtle soup when supply of calves' heads gives out. The whole thing is a curious philological inconsistency, whose origin is "wrapt in mystery."

As only female turtles are killed, a grave danger of extirpation of species is threatened by unregulated prosecution of this industry. It is true there are many other islands whereon reptiles breed in safety, and their numbers are at present very great.

### WONDERS OF THE REEF

Altho we may have taken overlong reaching it, it is outer reef itself which must provide great attraction of such a trip as ours. Birds breeding in thousands may be found in many places; fish, strange and beautiful, may be seen in other seas; turtles nest and lay on other beaches; but nowhere else in the world may one expect to see in so wholesale a fashion immense and varied marine life found upon a coral reef.

If you will come with us for a scramble across reef at N.W. Islet—or better still, at Hoskyn Island—we will introduce you to a few of many curious and wonderful things that live, move and have their being in coral and its waters. It will be necessary to wear stout boots that come above ankles; for surface coral is grey in death and rotten and, often breaking underfoot, is apt to scratch legs in painful manner. Spicules, too, are sometimes poisonous, and such a scratch may lead to awkward complications unless care be taken.

Tide is nearly at its lowest as we start, and water is cascading in thousands of rivulets down various shelves and declivities towards open sea. Across whole width of shallowing lagoon dead and broken lumps of coral show weathered heads, while in between lie hidden larger pools that burn with life like natural aquaria. Let us leave larger pools for a while, and content ourselves with washing shallows of reef; for if we once are lured to stand and watch magic beauties of pools we shall stay there forever. There is time enough for pools later on.

First thing we see is fifteen inches of black pudding with tiara on its head. There are hundreds of these peculiar objects close, lying with heads pointing different ways, until one would think a giant star of velvet blackness lay at one's feet. They are famous beche-de-mer, altho actual species which is most favored

for culinary purposes by Chinese is different from majority of those we see. They are not the least bit prepossessing in appearance, and are even worse to touch. Soft, slimy and "wobbly," they have a habit of exuding long whitish threads upon captors which, for powers of adherence, we would back against world.

Sponges too, singly and in masses; chitons without number—gastropods, who have a taste in color highly effective, not to say bizarre. But as they wear it mainly on underparts, effectiveness is largely lost upon the casual observer.

Sea-anemones are in this gigantic emporium of nature, all sizes and colors—reddish tones seem favorite wear this season.

But what is this long, thin streak of grey that flashes with open mouth into a crevice? Work him out and see. It is more easily said than done, but here at last he comes. He is a coral eel, two feet long, and one of most striking objects of the reef. He is that peculiar silvery hue that looks transparent, and when under water, renders him nearly invisible.

Here are sea-urchins in great variety—echinoderms, scientists call them; and as word means "birch-broom-in-a-fit" aptness of name will be apparent. Truly a sea-urchin in native haunts is like nothing else on earth. Perhaps a cross between hedgehog and mop is as near as we can get it. He is a mass of spines, which stick out totally regardless of order or arrangement. Each of hundreds of spines is fitted with its muscular machinery, and can move in any direction, irrespective of its fellows. Effect of so many spiky leggy things all moving at once and on a different course is uncanny.

We saw a number of sea-urchins which were a foot in diameter, and as their spikes are slightly poisonous and break off and remain in the flesh of the sucker who touches them, it is evident that as bedfellows they would leave a good deal to be desired.

Here is a sea-snail, very like an ordinary garden snail much magnified. He carries no shell; but in place of it he wears a floriture of wavy cabbage leaf. Basic color is green, but green is so spotted with browns, greys and blacks that if you take your eye off him he is apt to disappear completely against background of his habitat. He eats seaweed in same way as our garden pests eat choicest seedlings; and what a mess he would make of a bed of young delphiniums. He is about nine inches long, and broad in proportion.

A larger pool attracts us, for a splash gives proof some object more active than a contemplative snail is there. A glance discloses quite a number of fish have been left by receding tide, and they are beginning to feel disturbed about it. Here is a little box-



fish, almost as square-ended and sided as his name implies. Here at bottom of pool there lurks a round and indistinct object about size of small football, with row of spines along its central seam. Look out for him! He is the dreaded stone-fish, and every spine is loaded with agonizing poison.

And what is this gay galleon that sails into view? He boasts more frills and furbelows than most extravagant of Japanese carp. He is all spines and fluttering draperies, combination of dragonfly and goldfish, about three inches long, with row of long thin spines upon his back, waving fans for fins, and bright red spots all over. Truly, a gorgeous object; but, do not trust him! He is the fire-fish; and he, too, carries poison in thrust of spines.

Everywhere we find starfishes, of many shapes and hues. Here is one nine inches across, and of blue so brilliant one can hardly believe it to be natural. Close beside him lie a whole family of tiny red ones—coral-red almost as bright as blue of their big cousin. Whereas blue starfishes seem to be quite regular in shape, and own five arms apiece, red ones are in both respects more variable. Some have as many as six arms, some have three; some are shaped like crusader's sword; some have one stumpy arm, and two or three irregularly-placed long ones. There is no end to discrepancies, or any explanation of them.

Reposing—if starfishes can be said to repose—on a rock, are two more varieties of the species. The brittle-star, which looks like a quintette of millipedes joined together at tails with a button, is one of them; the cushion star. First is so named because he breaks himself in pieces on smallest provocation, or none, as he lies sprawling and wriggling in one's hand; and other because of supposed likeness to a small pentagonal cushion about a foot in diameter. Altho he resembles such an article, we tell you something which he resembles more closely. And that is an overgrown teacake! He is precisely color of a well-browned one; and resemblance is carried so far as to include red and yellow "hundreds and thousands," with which extra special tea-cakes are sometimes sprinkled and enriched. He shows no similarity to other members of family until you turn him over; and then you see broad and red-brown star appear across his stomach. The star is his stomach, or five-gated entrance to it. Why he should have grown so stout a body round it, when lesser brothers are content to be so thin, is one of those mysteries which Nature is always presenting, and nowhere more often than on reefs and corals of the Barrier.

As we wander farther towards reef-edge we come across large patches of coral interspersed with long sandy channels. We

note a change in character of animal life. If we are lucky, we shall find some larger and more brightly colored crustacea. This one, for instance, who tries to back into a hole in coral before we reach him, is a beauty indeed, and deserves his name of Painted Spiny Lobster. Lest you think we exaggerate, here is his description as set out by the cold pen of an observant scientist: "The ground color of the body is creamy-white. Under-surface of legs and sides is striped longitudinally with black, patches of blue adorn anterior half of body. Two long feelers are, for first half a gorgeous pink studded with black spikes, while distal half shows different shades of green. Segmented tail portion is dark-green with black stripes and white edges, dorsal surface being armored with black-tipped spikes projecting forward, while two protruding eyes are protected by large black-tipped horns." That will show how Nature lets herself go with the paint-brush when she tackles the spiny-lobster!

A few yards away is a near relation; for it is marked all over with red and black patches, contrasting with creamy-white of lower portion of his armour, making him look as if he had dressed himself in a somewhat mangled many colored flag.

Beneath this lump of coral are scores of crabs, large and small—some so small that, altho we may pick up coral and examine it closely, it is some time before we see their tiny dainty forms.

On extreme edge of reef, where it plunges into open sea, we come across some one exclaiming over a dinky little cuttlefish he has discovered. It is about six inches long, but is difficult to estimate correctly proportions of a thing which is all squirmy legs and arms, and is of bashful disposition. Task is made harder by creature's ability to emulate chameleon and by swiftness with which he puts that ability into practice. He changes color to "fit" circumstances like a veritable Vicar of Bray, and as a "disappearing lady" he would be thrill of music halls—presuming he masked his sex, of course.

The cuttlefish is a different matter. We can never be asked to carry him! So we stay and watch the process of capture, which, after all, like all processes, is very simple.

The mollusk retreats, emitting a stream of ink as he does, to "cloud the issue." Perceiving what he takes to be a kind of hole provided for his especial benefit by providence which watches over all good little cuttlefishes, he backs himself, with joy and alacrity, into the bottle. It is a tight fit, but at last he is in, all of him, down to last inch of his last squirming arm.

It is probable that worms would be last thing average person would expect to find in such places. There are any number of

them, and a very great variety, too—all sorts and conditions, but none a bit like the proverbial food of the early bird, except, of course, that they are long, thin and slimy.

On beaches here, you find without least difficulty a number of a species of marine geophyrea worm, which rejoices—or would rejoice, if he weren't a worm—in little pet name of *Pseudobonellia biuterina*.

Then there are polychaete worms, which look like centipedes, only "legs" are not legs at all, but spines, which come off in most unexpected manner. And, as is usual, apparently, with spines in these parts, whatever nature of beast that wears them, spines are poisonous.

Serpulids are here in thousands—worms that deck themselves in all colors of coral within whose shelters they live. They build themselves tubes, from which heads protrude like bits of spiral wire, and into which those heads disappear at approach of danger.

Finally the nereids are here, worms which make in bulk what they lack in grace—great fellows, two feet long and more. Some are iridescent, and their colors glow and change every movement. The worm family is well represented in these parts, but their attractions leave us cold. Worms are all right for bait, or as soil-improvers, but as pets they lack friendliness, and even two-headed ones do not seem as intelligent as they ought to be with such opportunities for brain-work.

Last, but not least, upon our list of curious and memorable things seen that day is a spotted sea-snake. A friend brought him for inspection, and even in death he was a sinister object. He was about three feet long, with a wicked narrow head and a flattened tail; also yellow and marked as if he had had smallpox in a most virulent form. His reputation does not belie him, he was as wicked as he looked; for the spotted sea-snake is one of the most poisonous beasts in these waters. After seeing him we are content to take that statement as read.

## SHELLS

The conchologists had a wonderful time on the various reefs and lagoons. It was a pretty sight to watch us, for instance, with pockets bulging all over like those of a boy-scout, draped with bags and packages until we resembled an animated Christmas-tree, wading about reef, ever and anon dipping for some treasure unnoticeable to ordinary eye, and placing it tenderly away for future action.

One most curious fact about shells, to person whose only previous acquaintance with them is as ornaments upon a mantel-shelf, is they contain living organisms which have powers of volition, and can exercise those powers freely. One "knows" this fact in a sense; but knowledge is superficial and unassimilated that proof of it comes with something of a shock. Especially is this so when you find animals themselves of quaintest shape and incomparably larger than shells they carry. In some instances, association between them is as that of a fat man wearing a small hat—and a bowler at that. We have come to conclusion that, speaking generally, owner of shell is much more interesting than shell itself.

Take clams, for instance. We had seen many a clam-shell before we went to the Barrier Reef; but those we had seen were white, dry and empty. How different the creatures are when seen alive and in natural habitat!

These clams are everywhere about reef, lying hinge-side downwards in coral, with sufficient space about them to permit them to gape an inch or so at will. We saw none of the giants of four feet or more; but at least two we found at Fairfax Island were over two feet across, while majority would range from twelve to eighteen inches.

As we approached their mouths would shut tight with a snap that sent water shooting upwards like a geyser. But when, after a while, they opened up, what gorgeous coloring would show between corrugated edges of their valves! "Mantles" which line these living man-traps are of most exquisite blends of color. Black, with a streak of vivid red; chequers of blue and yellow; peacock-like arrangement of scintillating green and lustrous brown—it is impossible to exaggerate brilliance or variety of their tinting.

Power of their jaws is great, and altho stories of giant clams catching and drowning divers who have unwittingly intruded upon them may not be true, strength with which even smaller ones will catch and hold a stick is evidence enuf, at least, of their being awkward customers for a lonely bather to encounter.

We found any number of dainty cowries. Cowries are, after all, but small deer to some big game bagged by these hunters. Here was "melon" or "bailer" shell, melo diadema, of which we found at least one as big as a football. He was exactly shape and color of one of those yellow, almost orange-colored, rock-melons which are so admirable an adjunct to breakfast table. He had all curious watered-silk markings of a melon on his outer "rind." It is from this resemblance he gets first part of his name, latter



portion referring to curious ring of points which cap one end of him as with a coronet.

The animal within will, if you let him alone, put out a wedge of fleshy foot like ox tongue; and if he were edible he would make a real meal for a navy. Natives of coastal Queensland use these shells for bailing their canoes—hence popular name—and very efficient utensils for purpose they should make.

Trochus we found here and there, shell of which, under name of "trocas," is in great demand for making "pearl" buttons. He is shaped like a top, about three inches or a little less in length, and on outside is colored with red and white stripes, while underneath gleams sheen of mother-of-pearl.

Haliotis, again, was not uncommon. Haliotis is tropically known as "mutton-fish"—from taste of flesh, for there is no sheepish association about him otherwise. He is saucer or spoon-shaped, lined with iridescent mother-of-pearl, and has a row of holes pierced all way round outer shell parallel to edge of it.

One of most curious of shells found at North-west Island—and probably elsewhere—is "spider-shell." *Lambis lambis* they call him, tho he's no more like lamb than haliotis is like mutton; but scientists have their joke, tho why they should deem it necessary to duplicate the point we don't know. *Lambis* is a cousin to *strombus* family, and has a rarely strange and beautiful shell despite name. Interior is colored ruddy pink, would be almost perfect double cone were it not for a series of sharp horns or prominences which it throws out from edge of outer fold.

Turbos showed up in great numbers. These are shells like houses of common or garden snail greatly magnified, and prettily ornamented with spotted circling bands of green upon basic pink. Turbo has a way of closing his shell after him by means of a pearly button, or operculum, on his "foot," and buttons obtained from some members of his family are, from their markings, sometimes sold by jewellers as "cat's eyes."

Commercial value of these Barrier shells is as variable as their characteristics. It ranges from pearl oyster to the whelk.

Then there was "thorny oyster," who looked as if he had run into a hedgehog and retained quills for his use. Apart from prickly exterior this species is notable for wonderful hinge arrangement which unites upper and lower valves. Like that of a gate, it is composed of two recurved teeth, which fit beautifully into cavities prepared for them; so that two valves are separated with difficulty, altho they open and shut widely and easily.

*Tellinas* are fairly common here, as, indeed, they are thruout the world. They are beautiful in smooth and tapering fashion;

and one of them, *Tellina virgata*, is marked fascinatingly with radiating stripes of brown upon a background of cream.

Volutes and cones were met with in bewildering variety of color and size, and Mr. Kimber informed us he found three most uncommon species ranging to as much as six inches in length. Some of these are poisonous to touch, one or two of cones being even dangerous, their specially developed points having power of excreting a venom which rapidly and severely affects muscular system of its victim. Two of these cone-shells are known as the cat-cone and rat-cone.

Then there was the lima, which Dr. MacGillivray caught and showed us. Lima is a curious free-swimming bivalve, which projects his body thru water by means of long red tentacles which look as if the beast had stuffed a tasselled mat between valves and left tassels hanging down all round him. Habit of swimming reminds us of the nautilus we found. Probably everybody knows the beautiful shell of nautilus, with pearly whorls; and this particular shell was a beauty—about eight inches in diameter and perfect in every detail.

We were bringing it to camp when we met one of the ladies. We showed her the shell.

"Isn't it lovely!" she exclaimed. "It reminds me of that poem of Dr. Wendell Holmes, 'The Chambered Nautilus.' You know, one that runs: 'Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!'"

"Yes," we said, "we know it; beautiful, isn't it?"

Then we went on, and presently met Mr. Kimber. He, too, was in raptures about our find.

"Reminds me of that poem by Holmes," he said. "You know, 'Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!' or something like that. Beautiful thing."

"Yes," we said, "it is," and passed on.

Mr. Kerry met us presently.

"What a perfect shell," he said. "I never see one of those without thinking of that splendid poem by Holmes—you know: 'Build thee more stately mansions—'"

"Oh, my soul!" we interrupted with a groan.

"That's it," he said brightly. "I see you know it."

"Oh, yes," we answered, "we know it—well!" And turned and left him wondering.

As we crossed final stretch of beach before camp, we encountered our most romantic maiden. We tried to hide the wretched shell behind our back. But it was no use; she spotted it at once.

"Oh, how perfectly gorgeous!" she cried. "I do love the nautilus, don't you? And those beautiful lines of Holmes——"

## INSECTS AND CORAL

One great attraction of these islands of Barrier is, as we have already implied, absence of all insect pests—or nearly all. There are no frogs, lizards, or snakes, and only place where worms were seen—earthworms, we mean, not marine varieties—was Fairfax Island.

But there were a number of centipedes on islands—big yellow fellows about nine inches long. Dr. Giblin and we discovered a family of them in our tent one evening; pappa, mamma, and about fifteen babies.

Other insects we met, such as there were, closely resembled those of mainland. Cockroaches, for instance—not many, large ones; and a few strong-flying grasshoppers, and spiders, too.

One's first view of a coral reef is disappointing. It looks grey and broken lumps. That is because its surface is above level with low-water mark, and is consequently exposed when tide is out. Coral cannot live in such circumstances. As it is continually growing up from depths, it is clear its upper portions must be as continually dying as it reaches low-water level.

Here and there, by some strange freak of nature, there will be a break in otherwise fairly level surface of reef; and pools of various depths and magnitudes, will remain even at lowest tides, filled with warm clear sea-water, wherein coral polyp thrives. On outward edge of reef, where it slopes down suddenly to ocean bed, living coral can be seen in all strange and glowing beauty.

To see its wonder at their best, a pool within reef should be chosen, for there not only can one watch at ease, but, rush and surge of surf being absent, water lies transparent and still.

We were fortunate enough to borrow now and then diver's glasses used by Mr. Mel Ward in prying investigations into domestic arrangements of marine fauna. They are large goggles of clear glass which, by a pad arrangement round their rims and an elastic band which fits round head, are held tightly against eyes so no water can penetrate. Result is, by dipping one's head beneath surface, one can see everything as clearly as if there were no water there at all.

One can see more clearly than if there were no water; for water itself has a queer magnifying effect, which not only adds to visibility of surrounding objects, but actually seems to bring them startlingly close. Above all, disturbing effect of "surface ripple," which militates against a clear view from above, even in crystal seas upon a windy day, is eliminated. One sees everything, not as in a glass darkly, but literally face to face.

Coral is of many kinds. The average person, when the word is mentioned, pictures bunches of white or red stalks and twigs of a rough stony substance, strange in form and pretty to look at, perhaps, but not very wonderful after all. That is one kind of coral, and dead at that. But in life—when polyps are living within it—coral is of many shapes and varieties and beautiful and of as many colors as Joseph's coat.

There are mushroom corals—single corals which resemble, in general appearance, fungus from which they take their name, copying, almost exactly in form and shade, peculiar brownish "pleated" appearance of mushroom's underside.

There are star corals and brain corals, both of which are large, partially-spherical masses, with surfaces deeply scored or excavated, brain coral looking exactly like curious convoluted rounded "grey matter" of our brains. Pancake coral, in large flattened thin cakes, is met with; but by far greater portion of coral is composed of varieties generically known as "staghorns" from resemblance to branching antlers of deer family.

Staghorn corals range in texture from fineness of a hair, to broadness of a sword; while coloration—and indeed that of all corals—is amazingly varied. In few cases it is vivid. Soft tones prevail; of pink, olive-green, brown and heather-purple, grey and orange-yellow, and of lightly tinted emerald.

It is not, however, coral alone that makes a coral pool magic spectacle it is. It is combination of corals with myriad beautiful living things which inhabit them, that lifts whole so far above many other wonders of Barrier. For this reason, and others, it is impossible adequately to describe a coral pool. The task must be attempted; for not to tell of life and color of such a pool would be to leave our all-too-rambling record devoid of reference to that which should have been its most outstanding feature.

There were many fine pools among reefs we visited, but of them all one which will forever hold happiest place in memories we found on Hoskyn Island. Dead floor of reef suddenly broke away into open space of nearly a half acre of clear, deep water. It was easily largest pool we saw anywhere; and water which filled it was about ten or twelve feet deep. There was hardly a breath of wind, and with clarity which makes these waters appealing in revelations in such circumstances, every rock upon bottom, every graceful branch of coral on sloping sides, every living thing which moved within pool, stood out in all wonder and beauty almost as clearly as if no element at all were placed between them and our eager eyes.

A dozen different kinds of coral massed and tumbled down al-



most vertical side upon whose edge we stood, and every living blade, fold, and rounded crest was glowing in green and filtered light of tropic sun.

There was one magnificent splash of color that showed like a patch of purple heather on a Scottish moor; there was another group of staghorn corals whose antlers were a shade of palest green, while their tips burned like living candelabra with a ruddy yellow flame. And all around were pinks and tender blues; and all shades and colors of coral's gentle spectrum. Surely to these living gems it is neither inappropriate nor irreverent to apply, in slightly altered words, exhortation of the Master: "Consider these lilies of the Sea; how they grow! They toil unceasingly and spin their robes of rock; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them!"

Far out in midst of pool, as if floating in mist of bluish air, so clear and wondrous was water, there lay a motionless green turtle, while round and round edging rocks, like prisoned beasts in a cage, swam three small sharks, from two to three feet long. One of them was a carpet shark, whose patterned back matched colored rocks that when he lay motionless upon them he sank at once into invisibility.

While we watched a great grey grouper came lumbering along bottom, nudging tufts of seaweed as tho he grazed upon them; and then, to make group complete, a glorious fish, a yard in length, and of a vivid and a shining blue all over, swam fast into our ken. What he was we know not, nor did we care to know. We only knew and felt his beauty, felt it with thrill that great music or great verse or any other perfect thing alone can bring.

After a moment our eyes were drawn again from these distant enticements to those which lay among coral at our feet. Here hundreds of tiny fish flashed in and out and roundabout. And their colors! Nature, which painted birds of these regions with a sombre brush, seems to have made up for it by emptying all colors of her palette upon denizens of sea.

Many jewels were of turquoise blue; others were striped with gaudy red and yellow bands; some were orange and black. Sometimes they would appear in a cloud, to vanish again like one fish as quickly as they came; at other times a unisonal change of direction would set colors changing too, as one has often seen change from purple grey to rosy pink upon a wheeling flock of gulls beneath a setting Riviera sun. At times they came in massed battalions, gleaming, like cohorts of Assyrians, with purple and gold; anon they would be single spies who edged timid way between living fronds of coral.

And all around, on every rocky shelf, there grew cousins of coral, sea-anemones, their raying and alluring arms masking death that lurked in their embrace. A multitude of strange and tiny crabs roved everywhere, and other curious creatures of these warm and shallow waters kept them company. Truly, it was a wondrous sight; and we who were there to witness it shall ever, while memory lasts, be grateful for splendid privilege that was ours that day.

### BEAUTY AND CRUELTY

Consider for a moment how these coral reefs are made, and by what infinitude of pains and patient building of tiny particles. As edge of continental shelf continues thru ages slowly to sink, so, keeping time as it were to its subsidence, coral grows upward to level of water. Creatures which maintain this wondrous architecture are so small, helpless, weak and seemingly "contemptible," it is almost inconceivable they, indeed, can be alone responsible for it. And yet it is so. These thousand miles of reefs, shoals and cays are all their work.

But that is not its total; not nearly. Scientists, from time to time, have tried to trace thickness of coral downwards to its base. Sir Edgeworth David bored over eleven hundred feet at Funafuti; and still coral rock was there. And altho Funafuti is not an islet of Barrier, nor indeed is it anywhere near it, condition of coral growth in both places may reasonably be regarded as sufficiently alike for purpose of this consideration. Remember immeasurably slow descent of shelf and poor and tiny tools which build thereon! Before Rome was born or Troy; before earliest foundations of civilization were laid; perhaps before man himself had reached that branching line whereon he strayed from his arboreal ancestor, polyps were at work upon these reefs. And there they work today. You may see them in millions and beauty; you may see in every stage of their life's history isles to which their work gives birth. Here will be broken coral blocks; and here sandy yellow heap which gradually they form around them. Farther on one meets an eyot with a shrub or two to break its barrenness; and finally low and wooded island, emerald upon a sapphire sea, complete and eye-enchancing. And so slow is their growth, that, save for massing of vegetation, much as they are today, so were they centuries ago. No finer illustration could be found or imagined of the mighty potency of that "illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called time." It is indeed "forever very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb."

Coupled with age, these reefs and isles know solitude incarnate.

True, animal life which they support is multitudinous beyond all telling, and in many cases strangely unafraid of man's approach. But that attribute adds to their loneliness, because it proves it. Like Alexander Selkirk, their tameness was "shocking to me"—shocking in sense of its upsetting all previous experiences.

Apart from birds, life which teems around everywhere is almost invisible unless you search for it. Once within circle of trees one steps into a solitude profound and almost frightening. Every separate islet is a thing apart; and over it broods continually spirit of loneliness.

But loneliness is appropriate; and our presence broke it in unseemly fashion; trees and rocks were waiting eagerly, for our unwanted visitation to be ended; while uncouth ugliness of "turtle factory" and its straggling jetty was a profanation.

Then there is evidence which meets the eye at every turn in these surroundings of savagery and callousness of Nature. Why Nature was deemed to have earned prefix of "mother" is beyond comprehension. Things that are done in her name make a thoughtful man shudder.

Think of those myriads of fish, created only to be devoured by rapacious and insatiable enemies; enemies created in turn for no apparent purpose but to eat and be eaten.

Think of those thousands upon thousands of young turtles, scrambling blindly every year towards sea, to which Nature bids them turn in innocence, only to meet a rending death as they enter it.

Think of wastefulness of it all, and cruelty! It is confined to no single class, to no particular area. Criminal tragedy is repeated everywhere and among all living things. We exclaim at beauty of flying-fish, skirting with wayward flight crested waves. But poor unhappy wretch is flying in terror from searching maw of bonito or hunger-maddened shark—and, in his wild endeavor to escape he falls, instead, into equally ruthless beak of gannet. Beneath that veil of loveliness what agonies there are, what unavailing never-ending strife.

"Man's inhumanity to man"—and to those other brutes whom he termed, in contemptuous pride, the "lower animals"—has won scorn it deserves. But, after all, how lightly does it weigh beside this vast "unnaturalness" of Nature. It has been said of many of the great monuments of antiquity that every brick of them was mortared with blood. That may be true; but how much more literally true is it of Nature's awful edifices? These reefs, whose every inch is built up of bones of tiny things bereft of life with savage suddenness—how true it is of them!

We say these small lesser lives know little pain, and terror's edge is blunted on hard insensitiveness. It may be so; it pleases us to say so; tho how man who once has heard a rabbit scream at death's approach, or watched a landed fish go struggling out of life, can think so, is beyond our poor intelligence to understand.

If it be that Shakespeare has the right of it; that even

. . . . the poor beetle that we tread upon  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies—

how ghastly is indictment under which "Mother" Nature must stand charged!

Once more—think of excellence of material so dreadfully mis-handled. If this ghastly wastage had to be—as is apparently the case—why must its victims be specialized and highly developed? Why could not mere lumps of crude amorphous flesh suffice? Why should it be necessary for things of beauty, fitted with wondrous parts—and, above all, cognizant of pain—be created solely to be killed in agony and bloody sweat? The problem has been stated; but never yet has mortal mind approached its solution.

Fortunately, men and women being what they are, they do not allow the problem to worry them overmuch. To make of it an obsession—well, that way madness lies. And, happily, these islands which present bane provide antidote as well. It is impossible to brood over dark things of life when bright ones are so numerous, wonderful and strange.



## CHAPTER 18

### AUSTRALIA

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4th, 1930

"Berthed" at Sydney, Australia, at 10:30 a.m., several hours late because of head winds which we fought all the way.

There is no medical inspection between New Zealand and Australia. We did pass Immigration Inspector. It was perfunctory. We looked over railing and there were eleven of happiest, smiling faces awaiting us. It reminded us of that happy, smiling group that met us at Auckland. While being inspected by "Immigration," Mr. Ross of Union Steam Ship Line told us our "luggage" would be taken care of by a man who would come on board purposely. It was taken out, passed thru Customs without even having to open a single piece. Friends explained in advance who we were. Customs knew who we were before we arrived; so, it was a matter of form. We met our friends. Oh boy, oh joy! What a welcome they gave. Hugs and kisses all around! And then into cars and up to hotel.



George Street, Sydney, Australia.

The following met us at the dock:

Mr. and Mrs. Vic Coxon  
 Mr. Lampert (Pres. N.S.W. Chiropractic Association)  
 Mr. Clarence Wells  
 Mrs. Fletcher  
 Miss Campbell  
 Mr. Moore-Jones  
 Mr. and Mrs. Searby  
 Mrs. Searby, Senr.  
 Miss Bluebell Searby  
 (Drs., here, are "Mr.")

We took baths and got "ship smell" off ourselves and then to a quiet lunch.

Let us repeat some invitations we received for talks:

"THE FEMINIST CLUB

Sydney, 22nd October, 1930.

Mrs. Palmer,  
 % Dr. Searby,  
 Government Bank Bldg.,  
 Martin Place,  
 Sydney.

Dear Madam:

One of our members has brought to our notice the fact that you are visiting this country next month. Having heard of your interest in women's affairs in America, our Members are most anxious to have the pleasure of meeting you.

Would it be possible for you to give an address at our weekly meeting on Tuesday, 4th November, at 3 p.m., in the Club Rooms, 77 King Street, City? I have been in communication with Dr. Searby and he has promised to get in touch with you on our behalf.

Trusting you will be able to accede to our request and that Dr. Palmer will accompany you.

Yours faithfully,

(Miss) S. Blaikie,  
 Secretary."

"LEGACY CLUB

SYDNEY, 18th October, 1930.

B. J. Palmer, Esq., D.C., Ph.C.,  
 % R. C. M. Searby, Esq.,  
 Government Savings Bank Chambers,  
 Elizabeth Street,  
 Sydney.

Dear Sir,

On behalf of the President of the Legacy Club, I have pleasure in extending to you a cordial invitation to be present as a Guest of

the Club at Luncheon, in the Special Luncheon Room, Civil Service Stores, George Street, Sydney, at 12.55 p.m. on Thursday, 6th proximo.

Will you also be good enough to deliver a lecture or address on any subject to be chosen by yourself from 1.30 to 2 p.m. the same day, and I shall be obliged if you will let me know what the subject will be.

Mr. D. F. Middleton is the President of the Club.

Would you be good enough, in forwarding your reply, in the event of you being able to accept this invitation, to let me have short details concerning yourself for the information of the President of the Club in introducing you.

I enclose you a short pamphlet which will show you what the Club stands for.

Yours truly,  
A. W. Hyman,  
Chairman of the Lecture Committee."

"THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

Department of Geography

Oct. 18, 1930.

Mr. B. J. Palmer,

Dear Sir:

I have been informed by Mr. Searby that you will be visiting Australia next month, and will be in Sydney for some time. I have very much pleasure in extending to you on behalf of the Council of the Geographical Society of New South Wales an invitation to address the Society. I would suggest Thursday, November 20th, at 8 p.m.

I am sure that our members would be delighted to hear of some of your travels, and a talk on the East, say China and Japan, would fit in very well with our lecture programme.

If you find it possible to accept, could you kindly let me have a short synopsis of the lecture for Press notices, and we can then make further arrangements about our meeting-place, and so on.

Hoping for the pleasure of a favourable reply,

Yours faithfully,  
John Andrews  
Hon. Secretary,  
Geographical Society of N. S. W."

"UNITED ASSOCIATIONS

Sydney, 4th November, 1930.

Mrs. B. J. Palmer,  
% Mrs. Searby,  
815 Government Bank Bldg.,  
Sydney.

Dear Madam,

I have been directed by my Executive to ask if you would be kind enough to address our members at our weekly afternoon meeting

on Thursday next, 6th instant, commencing at 3 p.m. Your experience in the United States and elsewhere is undoubtedly such as would enable you to give us much of very great interest and your consent to this request would be very much esteemed.

May we advertise you as speaking on "The Social and Economic Status of the American Woman"?

I should be glad to receive a message from you at your convenience.

Yours faithfully,

Ethel Claridge,  
General Secretary."

"THE GRAZIERS' ASSOCIATION OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Sydney, 4th November, 1930.

R. C. M. Searby, Esq.,  
Government Savings Bank Bldg.,  
Sydney.

Dear Sir,

Referring to your letter of the 31st ult. and our conversation with reference to the visit of Col. B. J. Palmer to Sydney, and his expressed wish to visit a Sheep Station, I have to advise having brought your letter before a meeting of my Executive Committee today, when Col. H. F. White of Bald Blair, Guyra expressed a willingness for Col. Palmer to visit his property.

Other members, including the President, Mr. F. H. Tout, would probably have been willing to entertain Col. Palmer, but it was thought likely that he would wish to visit a Station where shearing operations are in progress, and as most of the shearing has now been carried out, the choice must necessarily lie between the New England District in the North and the Monaro District in the South, and Col. White will gladly do all in his power to show Col. and Mrs. Palmer everything of interest if they decide to visit him.

The visitors would require to leave Sydney any evening of the week by the Glen Innes Mail, which leaves at 9.5 p.m. and arrives at Guyra at 12.54 p.m. on the following day, where they would be met by Col. White. They could leave Guyra on the return journey at 6.38 p.m. arriving in Sydney at 9.50 a.m. on the following day.

I shall be glad to learn as early as possible whether these arrangements would be suitable to Col. and Mrs. Palmer, and if so, as to the date when they will be prepared to leave Sydney, and as to how long they would be able to spend on this trip.

You were good enough to lend me Col. Palmer's book 'Round the World with B. J. Palmer,' which I have looked through with much interest, and will be glad if this could be made available to Col. White who will be leaving for home tomorrow night, so that he might gain some knowledge of Col. Palmer's travels which would place him on a footing with some knowledge of Col. Palmer's interests. Col. White would return the volume to you through the writer when he comes to town in a fortnight's time. Will you please telephone me (B.4567) whether the volume can be handed to Col. White?

It is possible that the President, Mr. F. H. Tout, may be able



to entertain Col. and Mrs. Palmer at his Station home, Wambanumba, Young, if so desired, and if reasonable notice is given, and if it is found that such engagement would fit in with Mr. Tout's many other engagements, and I shall be glad if you will let me know whether this would be desired if it can be arranged.

Yours faithfully,

J. W. Allen,  
General Secretary."

The papers today had the following to say:

#### "WOMEN'S CLUBS

What They Do in U.S.A.

. Australian Contrast

Mrs. B. J. Palmer, who arrived yesterday by the Ulimaroa from New Zealand, addressed members of the Feminist Club in the afternoon on the Quota Club of U.S.A., of which she is a past president. A girl's service club, which provides a fund for girls to borrow for educational purposes, is one of its activities, and thousands of girls without prejudice as to race, creed or color have been helped. In almost every instance the money borrowed has been repaid.

International headquarters of the club are in Washington, and its keynote is service. "Loyally, faithfully and intelligently," said Mrs. Palmer, "do its members endeavor to attain their purpose."

The time had gone when women just wanted to waste their time in clubs. When they left the club for home they must feel better women for the few hours they had spent there in the afternoon or evening and that was why research studies in all subjects were proving so popular.

In reply to a question by Mrs. C. A. Fraser, Mrs. Palmer said that the women's clubs supported political candidates. Of course, there were both Republican and Democratic clubs, and each supported their own man or woman.

The president of the Feminist Club, (Miss Preston Stanley) said that American women were noted for their splendid tolerance. It was not so in this country, where small things obscured the final goal.

—The Sun, November 5, 1930."

#### "WE SHARE' IS CLUB MOTTO

American Women Take Pride in Service

"The greatest thing we can do for anyone is to give them the opportunity to help themselves,"

thinks Mrs. B. J. Palmer, of Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.

She was the speaker at the Feminist Club yesterday, and took as her subject "Women's Clubs in America."

Mrs. Palmer was for five years State chairwoman of "The Ways and Means Club," and is the president of the Quota Club, whose aims and objects she explained.

## LIKE ROTARY CLUB

She compared the women's Quota Club to the men's Rotary Club, because its members are composed of one representative from each division of business and professional work.

Also, it definitely aims to serve the community.

It was formed in 1915, and its motto is, "We Share."

Its members interpret the name into a purpose, "Quietly utilising our total ability."

The girls' service work of the Quota Club is to help any girls of outstanding ability to develop their talents to the utmost, whether that involves study in America or abroad.

All the girls who have received assistance have made a point of returning the money lent them, and many have made a name for themselves.

"I believe that anyone can do, or be, what they want to be, provided they are willing to pay the price," continued Mrs. Palmer in speaking of the work done.

## KEEN INTEREST

She spoke of the keen interest of American women in political clubs, of the business women in the Chamber of Commerce, and in civic clubs.

"But the keynote of the women's clubs is service," she concluded.

Hostesses for the afternoon were Mrs. W. Skinner and Mrs. M. J. Egan.

—Daily Pictorial, Nov. 5, 1930."

How's this for a newspaper story?

## "SHELL-SHOCKED MEN SAVED

Chiropractic Chief Here from U.S.

When the Ulimaroa berthed yesterday a Digger made a bee-line for the luggage belonging to a long-haired, bewhiskered passenger, with a flowing black cravat, reminiscent of Dickens, and a huge stone ring on one finger of each hand.

Passenger was Colonel B. J. Palmer, D.C., Ph.C., developer and leader of the Chiropractic movement, who arrived from America after delivering lectures in New Zealand; and the Digger was one of many shell-shocked soldiers who owe their reason—if not their lives—to this curative method.

For his work B. J., as he is familiarly known, had the commission of Colonel conferred on him by the Iowa State Governor.

This is the highest title that can be conferred on a civilian there.

## ON THE BATTLEFIELDS

On the French battlefields and in the work of rehabilitating disabled soldiers—more particularly shell-shock cases—extraordinary cure, he said, had been effected by Chiropractic.

Colonel Palmer pointed out that Chiropractors "adjusted" the cause of disease instead of treating it.

Surgery and medicine were sometimes necessary, but there were

often cases where other methods could be used, and unfortunately, were not.

It was not surprising, therefore, that the movement had been supported by John D. Rockefeller, Senr., the late Enrico Caruso, Harry Lauder, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Bessie Love, and other world figures.

He is accompanied by his wife, who is president of the International Quota's Club; also a good speaker.

—The Daily Guardian, Nov. 5, 1930."

A letter received here gives us a report on our talk before the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs at Enumclaw, Washington.

"Sept. 23, 1930.

Dear B. J.:

I am sending a proof as this is the best I can do at present. However, I will send the paper first class and maybe you can get it before you leave; also will send a paper to Davenport in case the one I send to you does not reach you.

We have both thought of you many times and we hope your trip has been one of pleasure for you both.

The people of this community continue to tell me about both of you and I sometimes think they think as much of you as I do, if that could be.

Please accept our best wishes for a glorious trip and return.

Respectfully yours,  
The Greens."

"Paths of least resistance are what make men and rivers crooked." said B. J. Palmer, president of the Palmer School of Chiropractic, who spoke at a recent banquet sponsored jointly by the Kiwanis and Commercial club.

Long of hair, but concise of speech, Dr. Palmer delivered a message full of vision, courage and accomplishment, the subject being "Selling Yourself."

From the time of the introduction, which was, "Ladies and those who run after them," statement after statement of truth were delivered in gun-fire style by this dynamic personality, who stresses the unusual to attract the usual.

"Samson, he said, "was the first of the great salesmen and he believed in advertising—two columns—and when he pulled them down he brought down the house. That is getting results.

"'Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.' That is another of the ancient advertising lies. Imagine a fellow going to bed every night at eight o'clock and getting up at four in the morning every day of his life, and by such a method being assured of great wisdom. It won't work. The modern method is 'early to bed, early to rise, work like hell and advertise.' Everything comes to him who hustles.

"'The mints make money without advertising and the hen is the only animal known to mankind who can make money by merely laying around.

"This whole world ought to be grateful for the men and the things

that make them hustle. It was the big fish chasing the little fish ashore that brought animal life to the uninhabited places; and bigger fish got to chasing on the outer rim and they kept crowding up. They chased some of the smaller fish ashore, and these fish grew short legs and then we had the alligator.

"The big alligators kept chewing up the smaller alligators until they found relief in longer legs and more speed. And thus came the horse. And the horses got to chasing one another to such a degree that the necessity of getting away brought about an animal that could climb trees and we got the squirrel.

"And the big-squirrel-eat-little-squirrel idea finally evolved the flying squirrel, and vicious flying squirrels chased and ate one another until an exceptionally intelligent squirrel learned to fly and we got bird life.

"Why, you know, we had ships that chased one another and shot at one another until one wise ship learned to duck and we got the submarine, all in the course of a get-away.

"Automobiles chased one another until one intelligent machine grew wings and took to the air, and men from necessity in business life have improved their ways and ought to be very grateful to those competitors who make them hustle.

"Robinson Crusoe was an advertiser. The first thing he did on his desert island was to climb to the top of a big hill and put up a billboard and advertise for a ship. It was three years before he got results and then he and his man, Friday, sailed away to a happier life.

"The present condition is not the coming of hard times; it is only the going of easy times and now is the greatest opportunity in all the world's history for the really efficient to predominate.

"Too many people are suffering, to quote James W. Elliott, from 'the illusion of the near.' There are too many business men in America who have the eyesight of a hawk and the vision of a clam.

"People are naturally inclined to follow the line of the least resistance, and this is the cause of crooked men and crooked rivers.

"Believe in your work, have sufficient pride in it to advertise, and don't make it a halfway job. Put your whole soul into your work and you will succeed ABSOLUTELY."

Dr. Palmer was accompanied by Mrs. Palmer and both were loud in their praise of the beauty of the Enumclaw country as well as in the splendid reception accorded them here. They left immediately after their visit here for a six months tour of New Zealand, Australia, Japan and China. Elmer Green, local chiropractor, also expressed his appreciation of the welcome given Dr. Palmer and commanded the Kiwanis and Commercial clubs for their handling of the event.

—Enumclaw, Wash. paper.

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One of the boys, Allan Bryce, back in New Zealand, received a note from a character analyst, who was one of his patients. Our picture appeared in his paper and it was based on this that he made his statement. We offer this, not as an apology, but as explanation.



### "CHARACTER ANALYSIS

This gentleman possesses a forceful personality. He is determined and enterprising, with aggressive energy large.

A constructive thinker with large perceptive and fine reflective centres. He should be a good organiser.

He has a capacity for managing others and getting his own way where it suits his interests to do so.

With his full centres of hopefulness, mirthfulness, human nature, and language, he should be a genial entertaining fellow."

"Sent to me by a friend in Wellington, Mr. D. Douglas, 3 Dixon Street, who knows nothing about you except that you are a chiropractor and therefore of interest to me. He studies phrenology. The last clause is priceless.

Allan Bryce."

You will recall we spoke in Hamilton, N. Z. We took occasion to commend their Hotel. The Waikato Times of October 22nd, quotes as follows:

"When Hon. W. Pember Reeves, on his tour of New Zealand three years ago, went out of his way to commend the Hamilton Hotel as one of the three best in New Zealand, his experience was then of a very limited establishment. Were he to visit the hotel today he would probably agree with Col. J. B. Palmer, head of the Palmer Institute of Chiropractors, that there is no hotel in New Zealand to equal it. Col. Palmer made this announcement at the public meeting which he addressed here last week when he said he regretted very much that he could not remain longer in the town to enjoy the comforts of this fine hostel."

Evening of first day, our people took occasion to give us a reception dinner in a private room of this hotel. The following were present:

Dorothy Searby	F. H. Lampert
F. V. Coxon	Laurie Coxon
Ida Lampert	Clarence Wells
Fred C. James	Hene Campbell
C. Moore-Jones	J. W. Fletcher
Myrtle Fletcher	Kathy Moore-
R. C. M. Searby	Jones

We were presented with a basket of roses and a box of cigars. No one can understand what cigars mean here where men smoke pipes and women (mostly) fags. Good cigars are hard to get. You may search for a store that keeps them. Cigars are always welcome, more so now and here than in States. We must admit, however, we have taken up pipe smoking again because we've got to get our poison on schedule or we miss it.

— — —

We received following wire:

"B. J., care Coxon, 250 George St., Sydney,

Welcome to Australia. Regret inability meet you. Listening in on Thursday night. Kia-ora.

Cecil Wells."

— — —

We get accustomed to hearing or having told passing remarks about our personal "interruption" but here are two new ones:

In a town in New Zealand, we were accosted by a boy wanting to know if we wanted our boots polished. We saw he had a dirty face, neck, and ears. We told him we would give him "sixpence" if he would wash them. He did and came running back for what we thot was his money. He stood there, sized us and said, "I don't want your money, Guv'nor. You keep it. Go get a haircut."

In Wellington, we went to look over ship on which we were going to sail. A drunken sailor was walking towards us. As he got close, looked up, clicked his heels, and saluted, saying, "I salute my Savior." Maybe that doesn't sound funny in cold type but it did there and we burst out laughing.

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One fine thing about our people here is they have delegated certain responsibilities to certain committees and the best of it is nobody else interferes on that territory. Certain ones keep car handy, with chauffeur, constantly at our beck and call. Others look after entertainment. Others see we get to speaking dates. Others take care of public lecture. It's fine to see this group cooperating to make our stay not only constructive to their businesses but seeing we get to see everything in their country that time and liberties permit.

### WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, 1930

By previous arrangement, this morning was set aside for a personally conducted tour of Sydney Bridge. We were to go out and on it, way up top side and underneath the works. At 9:30 on the opposite side of bay we met Mr. Curtis. We then began a tour of shops assembling sections; they were moved out to and brot up into position. Our party consisted of Mac Searby, Mrs. Coxon, Mr. Curtis and ourselves. We climbed over that tremendous structure and took marvellous moving pictures of it, looking down upon water, out over bay, etc.



"Our Bridge" at that time the greatest single-span suspension bridge in the world. Sydney people are proud of "Our Bridge."

Let us give figures and facts re this bridge:

#### SYDNEY HARBOUR BRIDGE

Sydney's great Arch Bridge, which will provide a broad highway for the free and uninterrupted passage of railway, vehicular and pedestrian traffic between the City and Northern Suburbs, has aroused great interest not only in Australia, but throughout the world. Many and varied problems had to be determined before the present position was arrived at, and these will be briefly indicated.

#### BRIDGE OR SUBWAY

An impartial study made it evident that two methods of crossing the Harbour were possible, viz., by a high level bridge or by a subway. The advantages, however, were overwhelmingly in favour of crossing by bridge. Not only can the population of the City and the Northern Suburbs be more adequately served by a high level bridge, but a bridge would be much less costly than subways having the same traffic facilities; its passengers would enjoy fresh air and sunshine, and have extensive views of the Harbour, whilst there would be no problems of ventilation, drainage, seepage or continuous lighting, as would have been necessary with subways. The high rocky foreshores on either side of the Harbour facilitate the roadway and railway grades by bridge, but make the best grades obtainable by subways very severe, with consequent slower traffic and greater cost for haulage, and maintenance.

### LOCATION OF BRIDGE

Having determined the crossing should be by high level bridge, its location had then to be decided. Three sites were possible, viz.:—

From Dawes Point to Milson's Point.

From Fort Macquarie to Kirribilli, and

From Miller's Point to McMahon's Point.

At the Miller's Point site two piers in the fairway were necessary, which would have been an obstruction to shipping and a menace to navigation unless a very costly bridge of 2250 feet span were built. At either of the other sites, the Harbour could be spanned by a bridge of 1600 feet without piers in the fairway. A bridge from Dawes Point to Milson's Point, however, will serve the thickly-populated Northern Suburbs better than bridges at either of the other two sites, and is the cheapest, whilst the roadway and railway approaches to a bridge at this location have many advantages. Consequently the Harbour crossing was located from Dawe's Point to Milson's Point. The railway approaches connect with the City Railway at Wynyard Square, and with the Milson's Point railway near Bay Road Station the roadway approaches connect with Grosvenor Street on the City side and with Blue Street and Walker Street on the Northern side.

### HEADWAY FOR SHIPPING

The first factor in the layout of the bridge is expressed by the two lines:—

"The hollow oak our palace is,  
Our heritage the sea."

for in designing any bridge across the Harbour it is imperative that nothing shall be done which would be an impediment to navigation, or hamper in any way, the overseas commerce of Sydney—one day to be the first City of the Empire.

The clearance was fixed at 170 feet at high water, which will enable the masts of the largest steamers trading or likely to trade to Sydney to pass under the Bridge, without any obstruction from it. This headway is 35 feet greater than that provided under the Brooklyn and the other bridges across the East River, New York, and 20 feet more than that under the Forth Bridge, and under Canada's great Quebec Bridge.

The deck of the bridge had then to be designed so that the level of the roadway in relation to Standard Datum or Mean Sea Level could be ascertained. This level is some 190 feet above Mean Sea Level, and is the commencing figure in working out the design of the Bridge, and its connecting railways and roads.

### TRAFFIC FACILITIES AND LOADING

Following the trend of rapid transit passenger transport in the Capital cities of the world, the bridge provides for four lines of electric railway, roadway accommodation for six lines of vehicular traffic, and two footwalks each ten feet wide; the tramway service is not to be taken across the bridge.

The roadway 57 feet wide between kerbs is at the centre of the structure, flanked on either side by two lines of railway, with a footway on the outside of each pair of railway tracks.



When working at its maximum capacity, 168 electric trains, 6000 vehicles and 40,000 pedestrians can cross the bridge in an hour, and this accommodation should provide adequate transport facilities between the City and the Northern Suburbs to enable upwards of one million people to reside on the Northern side of the Harbour, without the traffic unduly congesting the bridge.

Each line of railway is designed to carry two electric locomotives weighing 160 tons each, followed by a train 1000 feet long weighing 1 ton per foot; four adjacent axles of the locomotives each having a load of 25 tons. Every portion of the roadway deck is capable of carrying a motor lorry weighing, with its load, 24 tons, having axle loads of 8 tons and 16 tons respectively, whilst the footway deck is capable of carrying a crowd of people weighing 100 lbs. per square foot.

The main arches are designed to carry a total live load on the bridge of 12,000 lbs. per lineal foot. Wind and temperature are also provided for, as is the effect of braking, should a train travelling at full speed have to make an emergency stop on the Bridge.

Of the total weight of steel in the Bridge the dead weight of the structure requires about 62.5 per cent., live load and impact 25 per cent., wind stresses and the effect of temperature 10.5 per cent., and the longitudinal force due to the sudden braking of trains, 2 per cent.

#### TYPE AND COST OF BRIDGE

The Bridge should be the best that engineering skill can devise, and must be of unquestionable strength and stability. It should have the maximum amount of rigidity vertically under rolling load and laterally under wind pressure, so that by its freedom from vibration—when crowded with electric trains and cars or when resisting the fury of a raging gale—it may have the reputation of being the strongest and most rigid long span bridge in the world. The bridge should not be unduly costly, and its structural relationship to the City as a whole, and its place in the surrounding landscape must be taken into account; it must not mar the beauty of its setting.

#### WORLD'S RECORDS

Speaking of the men engaged on the Bridge, both steelwork and the approaches, Dr. Bradfield said they have no equal. In one day—26/11/29—570 tons of steel were taken from the erection shops, hauled about 350 feet into the air, adjusted and fixed; between 70 and 80 men were engaged.

The previous record was 370 tons gained by workers on Hell's Gate Bridge, New York, which ranks next to Sydney's mammoth structure.

On August 1, 1930, men on the northern approach broke another record when they put in 488 yards of concrete in one working day at Lavender Street arch.

#### FABRICATION

Dorman, Long and Co.'s tender provided for the fabrication of the Bridge in Sydney, and in accordance with the terms of the Specification, the abandoned passenger station and an area of land at Milson's Point were made available for the erection of workshops.

After the contract had been signed, Messrs. Dorman, Long & Co.

excavated the cliff face, levelled the site, reclaimed a portion of the foreshores by straightening the shore line, constructed a wharf and began the erection of the workshops which are now completed.

The entire fabrication of the steelwork for the Bridge will be carried out in these workshops which, with their machinery and equipment, are the finest bridge construction shops in the world. In the light shop, the approach spans, the lighter members and portions of the heavy members of the arch span will be fabricated. The light shop, in which the material is straightened, cut to length, planed, drilled, and the lighter members riveted, is 580 feet long and 130 feet wide, divided into two bays each 65 feet wide. Each bay is served by two twenty-five ton travelling cranes which, working together, can lift 50 tons. Above portion of the shop is the template shop, 200 feet by 130 feet, where the members of the Bridge will be marked out full size upon the floor and templates made of each member. The heavy shop containing the plant to assemble and finish off the heaviest members is 500 feet long and 147 feet wide.

#### DESCRIPTION OF MAIN BRIDGE

The main bridge consists of a two-hinged arch with five steel approach spans on each side of the Harbour. The approaches are of concrete, partly arched viaduct and partly earth embankment between concrete and retaining walls.

The main span comprises two silicon steel arches spaced 98 feet 6 inches apart, centre to centre, set in vertical planes with a span of 1650 feet, and a rise of 350 feet, at the centre of the lower chord at the crown. The depth of the truss at the crown is 60 feet, and at the end posts 187 feet 9 inches, while the highest point of the steelwork at the centre of the top chord is 437 feet 6 inches above Standard Datum, or about twice the height of the top of the Mining Museum chimney above sea level.

Each arch truss is divided into 28 panels with a single system of bracing, the two trusses being braced together by systems of laterals in the planes of the top and lower chords. The lower chord varies in depth from 48 inches at the crown to 99 inches at the hinges, the width 11 feet overall being uniform throughout, the cross sectional area at the crown being 1060 square inches, and at the main bearing, 2,700 square inches or about 19 square feet of solid steel. The top chord is 40 inches deep and 11 feet wide throughout.

#### PROGRESS OF CONSTRUCTION

To make way for the bridge 461 properties have been, or shortly will be demolished on the Northern side of the Harbour, and 266 on the Southern side.

Directly under the base of the steel pedestals supporting the hinges of the main arch is a layer of special reinforced concrete, and between this and the body of the skewback is a section of special concrete in which the anchor bolts are secured. The body of the skewback is built up of the hexagonal blocks.

It is anticipated that the five approach spans on each side of the Harbour will be completed about May, 1928.

When these are completed the most interesting stage in the construction, the building of the arch span across the Harbour, will commence. The 25-ton cranes will construct ramps on steelwork

staging on the Abutment Towers, the top surfaces of the ramps corresponding to the level and plane of the top chord of the arch, as shown. These ramps rest upon the permanent steel deck of the Abutment Tower, and are required to support the main arch creeper cranes. Upon the completion of the creeper cranes the 25-ton cranes remain stationary until at a later stage they place in position the deck of the main arch.

The span, between abutments, side to side, is the largest in the world. The width of the floor plan takes care of two wide foot paths, one on each side; two tracks for "tram" cars alongside of the passenger walks; and an auto road that will take care of six cars side by side; the widest floor plan of any bridge in the world. All of this is interesting, but what is more interesting to us than all this, is a comparison we wish to make of the dreamer, the designer, he who worked on this bridge for 40 years—Dr. Bradfield. He received his doctor's degree on the work he did in designing the bridge long before it was even conceived of as a practical reality.

When the plans were finally completed, other bridge experts were asked their advice and counsel as to its advisability and feasibility. All unanimously voiced one opinion—"it could not be done." No bridge of such width and such height and such length could be made to stand up in air. Dr. Bradfield stood his ground in the face of the strenuous objection of all the world's greatest bridge builders. The people of Australia had confidence in the man; they had faith in him; they backed him to the limit. And with that confidence backing him with millions of dollars, he has gone on. Today as we walked over it, incomplected, we saw the struggles of the man. We imagined his heartaches, his anticipations, his anxieties, his hopes that when the final linking plates were put into effect and the cables removed that held it up pending completion, that it would support itself. What sleepless, restless hours, days and weeks he must have put in. But, it's safe now. He can rest easy. His dream of 40 years has reached its objective. It is one of the great outstanding engineering feats of the world. We were glad to know that it was thru the kindly thotful interest of the designer that we were permitted to be shown over this wonderful structure. Those who traverse it later will just come and go but they will never know. This morning is another outstanding feature in our trip.

Describing Sydney Bridge, Mr. Curtis said:  $62\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of weight of bridge sustains dead weight of the structure.  $37\frac{1}{2}$  per cent of structure is used to support load that's going over bridge."

Mac Searby says this situation reminds him of B. J. He says:

62½ per cent of our strength sustains dead weight in our profession and other 37½ per cent of our strength is used to support load that's going thru it.

## THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6th, 1930

This noon we addressed THE LEGACY CLUB, an organization for ex-soldiers and world war service men. There were 80 present. We gave SELLING YOURSELF. It was broadcast over Station 2GB.

Papers had the following to say:

### "TRIUMPHED IN SPITE OF PERSECUTION

#### Progress of Chiropractic in United States

"In three-quarters of the United States, chiropractic stands on an absolute par in law with any other profession," said Col. B. J. Palmer, developer and leader of the Chiropractic movement, at King's Hall last night.

He said that in 35 years 8000 cases had been fought in the U.S. courts over chiropractic and that despite prosecution and persecution the science had triumphed.

Some of his half-humorous quips at the medical profession:

"The physician asks you in English what is wrong with you. You answer him in English. He turns it into Latin and charges you £1/1/ for it.

"The doctor gives you the prescription in Latin and the bill in English because he wants you to misunderstand one but not the other."

—Daily Guardian, Nov. 7, 1930."

### "AUSTRALIA'S POSITION

#### Mr. B. J. Palmer's Views

"Selling Yourself" was the title of an address given by Mr. B. J. Palmer, an American visitor, to members of the Legacy Club yesterday.

Australia, he said, did not make itself known enough abroad. The Sydney Harbour Bridge had been its greatest advertisement. The bridge was one of the first things he had inspected after his arrival.

In New Zealand, he had found that Australia had the reputation of being an extravagant country. The New Zealanders, going on the good old Scottish principle of not owing anything to any man, disapproved of Australia's heavy spending. But, in his opinion, the country was indeed poor which had everything paid for. The reason lay in every nation's dependence on its own man-power. For man-power was only developed if the country had to struggle. Right through the process of evolution in nature, it had been the pursued, and not the pursuer, which had put forth improvements in type. The worst thing that could happen to a city was that a great many retired people of comfortable means should live in it. He had trav-



elled a great deal, and, of all the cities he had seen outside America he considered that Sydney was the most American in style. He believed ardently in business men moving about on trips from time to time, and not applying themselves too persistently to their business. In fact, he considered that any independent business man would achieve most in the long run if he took two days off from the office every week and broadened his point of view through other pursuits.

—The Sydney Morning Herald, Nov. 7, 1930."

Immediately after talk we had five different invitations by local business men to arrange motor parties to go into Blue Mountains or anywhere else we should suggest. Shortage of time prohibits partaking of their courtesies.

## RADIO

Broadcasting stations here, in contrast with New Zealand, can advertise. Stations are classified here into two groups, Class A and Class B. Class A stations get 75 per cent of license tax from radio receiving sets that are licensed. This class is not permitted to advertise. Class B stations get no government financial support but can advertise. Class B stations have better programs, have a much greater listening clientele and therefore are more popular. 2GB was Class B station.

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## "GLOBE-TROTTERS

Col. Palmer

Cambodia their Goal

How many hundreds of thousands of miles Colonel and Mrs. B. J. Palmer, of Davenport, Iowa, have travelled in last 15 or 16 years, when they first became bitten with the wanderlust, it is difficult for them to estimate. For instance, they have been fifteen times to Hawaii. Korea and the Gobi Desert, as well as Europe, have been included in their wanderings, and they know their own country from north to south.

Their special interest is race history, and their photo-color, telescopic and ordinary movie cameras to help make records which they exhibit to their friends and to many clubs and organizations in America, accompanied by a narrative of their adventures. They have also collaborated in some books, the best-known of which is "ROUND THE WORLD WITH B.J."

Colonel Palmer is one of the 12 speakers of the Advertising Club of U.S.A.

The travellers intend to remain in Australia—their headquarters in Sydney are the Australia Hotel—until the end of the month, when they will leave on an Eastern tour, including the Celebes, Java and

Sumatra, the Straits Settlements, Siam, and Cambodia, the ruins of Angkor being their ultimate goal.

Mrs. Palmer's chief ambition is to return to a study of the people of the Gobi Desert, and the Tibetan tribes, which was interrupted in 1915 by the general unrest caused by the Great War. Colonel and Mrs. Palmer, who were accompanied by their son, were advised to leave the country as soon as possible, and chiefly owing to the good agencies of a highly-placed official of the Pekin-Tientsin-Shanghai Railway were able to do so, after an adventurous journey.

Mrs. Palmer is being shown round Sydney by Mrs. F. V. Coxon, of Killara, whom she met in London in 1924. On Tuesday they met again when Mrs. Palmer arrived here from New Zealand.

—The Sun, Nov. 7, 1930."

The evening was a public talk at King's Hall. Was filled to overflowing. Seating capacity, crowded, was 650. It was more than filled. During dinner hour, several of boys dropped in. After lecture, "the gang," with wives, came over to hotel and we had a chin-feast, chewing fat of reactions. All, without exception, were pleased. We gave A HOLE IN ONE. Even now they are convinced if it can be done, we should have a return engagement before we leave this country.

Before we left the hall, we got one strong reaction. One prominent business man stopped us in the hall and said: "All what you said tonight was good and true, but there is something absent. You need now to carry it to completion by putting on a demonstration of actual office procedure with a case. Your talk was good but it was over their heads; they don't get you because you use too technical a language," etc.

A careful analysis of cross-section of our public address audience shows they consist of three stratas—average lay person who knows little, if anything, about Chiropractic; average lay person who has been or is a patient of a Chiropractor and knows a little about Chiropractic but wants to learn more; and average professional person, including physicians, dentists, nurses, healers of various kinds, Christian Scientists, psychologists, etc. Here are three different degrees of minds to present our subject to. First should be talked to like children, Chiropractic words of one Chiropractic syllable; we should talk about "the little bones in the back," not vertebrae; we should refer to "the little bones that get twisted or kinked," not subluxated, etc. If we did they would go away with complete and clear understanding; but if we sent that group away with clear understanding, professional group would have justifiable and consistent grounds to call us ignorant, coarse, and "not knowing enough to properly discuss terminology on subjects on which we are supposed to be an au-

thority." There is no middle path, without creating criticism from one or other group, no matter which way we go.

This man suggested another talk and in that give demonstrations. If we did, it would mean use of NCM, spinograph, readings, both pre and post, adjustments as we give them, etc. In after-the-lecture discussion, we strongly advised boys here not to accept his suggestion. Our reason was that some boys had an x-ray and others did not; some used it and some did not; some used plates and followed them, others did not; some had NCM's and others did not; some used them as we would have done, others did not; some used them occasionally, others did not; some made pre-checks with and without post-checks. If we were to set up an example and if what we did was accepted as standard which all should follow, it would show many of our graduates were not doing what they should have been doing—this would react unfavorably to business of majority.

### JUMPING AGAIN.

We decided today we would get our tickets for next jump to Java. Having made reservations in advance, from home, we thought all we had to do was to go get. We arrived. "Have you your tax receipt?" asked young lady. We explained we were a traveller passing thru; we did not live here; we were an alien to this country, etc. She insisted we must get a tax receipt before we could get tickets. We were directed to a certain government department in an out-of-the-way building. We went. We were told to get our passport. We went back to hotel and got that. We returned to this department. "Where is your wife?" We then had to go back and get her. Both of us went, with our passports. We were told to sit down. We waited for some time, altho it seemed nobody was doing anything. Many men were sitting at desks twiddling thumbs. We were getting a sample of officialdom in slow-moving Australia. After while we were called, handed blanks, which we filled, and then interviewed by an underclerk. "Who are you? Where did you come from when you came here? When did you arrive? What was your last permanent address? Where are you stopping while here? When do you leave? What boat do you go on? Are you working while here?" After all this and more, blanks were taken to higher official. They hemmed and hawed, looked us over, and finally asked more questions after which we were given a clean bill of health, a receipt for no money, and told to go to another building in another part of town and get a "Sydney Customs receipt." What in the dickens

all this had to do with us is more than we could understand. We went to this other place, were directed from one department to another, buffeted about from one man to another, asked more questions, and then given another receipt. To enlighten ourselves about what it was all about, we endeavored to ask a few governmental underlings what all this was about. You would have thought we were some sort of a criminal asking a judge why he was sentencing us to hard labor. Looks of scorn and disdain that were handed us! After wading thru all this, we went back to steamship company, laden with papers, with passport properly and officially rubber-stamped, and then all were taken away (with exception of passport, altho it was officially inspected) and then our tickets were given us. So, so far as we now know, we are ready to leave Australian red-tape. We spent practically all of one good morning trailing the way to get out of a country. We certainly got IN easy enough but we found it HARD to get OUT.

Object of all this is to prevent Aussie from leaving his country without first proving to Government all taxes have been paid. They have so many taxes here, of so many characters, that a man can hardly turn around without having a rubber stamp on him, giving permission. We are told one out of every seven of population of Australia is in government employ. You phone and ask for a certain individual—you need to pass thru seven or eight people before you get one you want. They pass you along like a football.

### SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, 1930

Then came "conference" with New South Wales Association of Chiropractors, including everybody in Australia, except possibly some three or four who were so far away it was practically impossible for them to come, for you must remember Australia is a bit larger than United States. Sydney being most important and greatest port of entry, they have mostly settled here.

One of nicest features of this meeting was simple but frank admissions made by all they never realized they had gotten so far out of touch with the progress of Chiropractic.

We began conference Saturday morning, went thru to and including Saturday afternoon; beginning at 9:30 in morning, allowing one hour for "tea"; then meeting at 2 and continuing until 6 p.m.—seven hours. Beginning Sunday morning at 9:30 and continuing until tea hour when women brot sandwiches and Coxons supplied tea in their offices; five hours on this day. Much good has been done, a fact which all mentioned.



Some Chiropractors came only under protest, coming late at that; but glad now they came, completely rebuilt, enthused to a point of being loudest converts to new order of scientific work we are advocating.

We get a real sense of exhilaration for good work well done when we come and go, leaving behind the feeling we have. Here, as in New Zealand, Chiropractors have shown themselves true and real hosts and hostesses. There seemingly was nothing they wouldn't do. They strained points to put themselves out to welcome, entertain and show appreciation.

We made frequent inquiries about that vast estate of unlimited wealth of "Uncle Bim." Nobody around these parts knows anything about his estate, but they do say there is a vast unknown quantity of desert and bush country in Western and Northwestern parts of Australia in which few white men have ever been, that it might be over there.

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We received many invitations to spend evenings at many homes, more than we could fill if we stayed two months, but we did accept two. We want to tell just a bit about personalities behind those two evenings.

We drove out about 4 p.m. to Castlecrag, home of Burley Griffin. Burley is an American. He came here 17 years ago. He is an architect and was commissioned by Australian Government to sketch, plan, and supervise building a new capital city. Those who have read my 'ROUND THE WORLD WITH B. J. will recall we tell about how Delhi, India, has been built and rebuilt eight times; Delhi being capital city of all India. It has moved from one place to another, at one time or another, eight times. They have now gone into new virgin territory, planned and have completely built a new city after City Beautiful management method. The same thing occurred here with New South Wales which is one of States that compose Australia. Burley Griffin was man who conceived, planned, sketched, and supervised building of this entire new capital city. He conceived a new style of architecture, original and daring. He was laughed at, scorned much because he was an American brot here for that purpose; he was ridiculed because he dared to conceive something new. Town is now builded and is the show place of Australia. The town is CANBERRA.

After that job was finished, Burley sought new worlds to conquer. He conceived a new model residential suburb four miles out of Sydney. It was this we went to see. There are 1,000 acres in

this estate. It is bush country with a five mile bay ocean line. He has restricted the place. He insists houses must be built in conformity with rock and bush contour of hilly country on which it lies. He insists that houses must be built of rock that surrounds place. He further insists that houses must be one story high and be hidden in bush so they will not be seen above tree-line. He still further insists that he, as the architect, must pass upon style of architecture; therefore, he schemed an original style along futuristic lines. As you approach place you hardly see a house anywhere, but here and there, if you look close enuf you may see a chimney sticking up here or there, made to look like rocks that stand up and out on horizon. He hopped in car, took us over estate, took us into some of homes, showed us the same architecture inside as well as outside. We then went to his home, had dinner, and talked "shop" until late hours of night.

Being a genius, he has met handicaps and has overcome many. He has many ahead. It was a real pleasure to know him and his American wife.

Another evening we were invited to home of Professor Cotton, professor of physiology of Sydney Medical College. There we met his brother who is professor of neurology in same institution. Others came in who were connected with the College. After dinner, he immediately opened the subject of Chiropractic. From that on until hour of leaving, this small scientific group of scientific minds discussed many differing views we all held re the human body. Being scientists, we gave and took; they took and gave. It was a very enjoyable evening, especially knowing that they attended our lecture on Chiropractic here.

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Labor question in Australia is serious. Crews in hotel, for instance, are changed every two days thruout week. They stagger labor to give more men some work and some income. We were told per capita tax in United States is \$1 per head per year and it is \$9 over here. We have told you 3 per cent is deducted from incomes and salaries and used to help support unemployed, so great are the number.

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### THE AUSTRALIAN NATIVE BEAR

Of all the creatures in this world the Koala or Australian Native Bear is the quaintest and perhaps the most lovable, and yet

few, if any, harmless animals have suffered such ruthless persecution. Look at him affectionately returning your gaze. An innocent, amusing bundle of fur whose appearance does not misrepresent him. The only harm he has ever done is to eat eucalyptus leaves that even the trees themselves would not begrudge him. And yet humanity has proved his greatest enemy. Civilization slew his forefathers by the thousands—by the millions. The white invaders wanted him for his fur, which is thick and warm and vermin-proof, or they wanted his engaging personality for the amusement of their children. If he escaped their guns he fell a not altogether unwilling victim to their good intentions. As an unhappy target for the marksman of the bush he was no poltroon. It has been said that any rifleman who could bring a Koala tumbling from the gum tops with twenty direct hits was a past-master with his weapon. With the first shot incredulity would assail the amiable intelligence of this queer little animal. Such malevolence was beyond his simple belief. As the succeeding bullets pitched into his pelt, splintering his stubborn little bones, he would whimper in the piteous tones of a child bewildered and in pain, and wipe away with his knuckles the tears that blinded his eyes and rolled down the sides of his absurd little nose.

One would think that the first uttered protest would end the fusillade, but man is, if anything, somewhat more remorseless when his right and ability to kill are in question. And that sorrow up in the trees was a challenge to his skill. A lengthier way was to kill him with kindness—to take him home to the nursery and fondle him and feed him with cake and sweetmeats, and nuts and apples, and puddings and cheese—in short to treat him as we would treat Bruin of the Zoo or Winnie the Pooh. This method of destruction was more protracted but equally as sure. He had been so happy with the youngsters, had responded to their caresses and had looked like being a permanent member of the family, but now his well-meaning hosts were weeping over a little dead victim to indigestion. So what with guns and good intentions the Koala has not had much of a chance. The bushland of Eastern Australia from North Queensland to Southern Victoria was once thickly populated with the Native Bear. Over the greater part of this area he is now extinct. In New South Wales he is but a memory.

Although it may seem that it is rather late in the day for someone to come to the rescue of a dying race, Australia should be very grateful indeed to a young man, Mr. Noel Burnet, who is prepared to give up his life to the cause of the Koala. Already he has procured forty acres of ideal country at Est Pennant Hills,

near Sydney, and is planting out those particular varieties of eucalyptus on which the Native Bear subsists. His colony of animals is tended with every care, and each week thousands of people visit him and picnic on his grounds. For some years now Mr. Burnet has been studying the habits of the Native Bear, with the result that he is the foremost living authority on this particular marsupial. He has discovered what varieties of the eucalypt are most suitable for its nourishment, and is the only successful breeder of Koalas. Already he is spoken of among them as St. Noel. During the whole of his association with captive bears he has lost only one. This is a remarkable achievement when we consider the fact that the Koala cannot be kept in captivity for longer than three months, and that in spite of those who have claimed a knowledge of the animal, no zoological garden has managed to retain one alive.

The following details have been provided by Mr. Burnet. The Koala is a unique survival from a past age. It is a marsupial somewhat resembling a small bear. A prominent, black nose, extremely large bushy ears, a dense coat of fur and the absence of a tail are its most obvious features. Its coat is soft and woolly in texture, and varies in color from silver to grey, brown and near black. The eyes are keen but comparatively small—round and brown with no conspicuous eyelids. The bear retains a perpetual expression of intelligent and amiable surprise. Sturdily built, broad-shouldered and possessing powerful arms, it is fittingly adapted for its life among the tall gums of the forest. Five stout claws terminate each forearm in groups of two and three. A thumb and four claws on the foot enable it to retain a firm grip on the smooth bark of the trees. He always descends backwards. Essentially arboreal, the Koala is able to judge the strength of the most treacherous or delicate branch and moves with the utmost precision and adroitness. He lives on an exclusive diet of the foliage of certain species of eucalyptus trees and selects only the freshest and tenderest leaves. His primitive digestive organs are unable to accommodate themselves to any other class of food. The parent has only one young at a time and usually only alternate years produce offspring.

At birth the baby bear is not more than an inch in length and takes shelter in its mother's pouch (like the kangaroo and other marsupials) until it is six months of age or more. At that stage it will occasionally take the opportunity of peeping out on the world and would be about five and a half inches in length. For the next two or three months the gum-baby will continue to use the pouch merely as a shelter during the cold night. At eight months



old the youngster, finding itself too large to secure comfort within the pouch, forsakes it for the mother's back, where it clings tightly to the thick fur. When sitting or sleeping the mother often clasps her baby in her arms or holds it in her lap, but when they are on the move the gum-baby once more takes up its position on the back. As the mother feeds at the top of the trees the young bear learns to secure the tenderest morsels among the new gum leaves. At the end of a year he measures about ten inches high and weighs about three pounds, and is now about to shift for himself. At the age of three he is full grown. Some bears live to the age of fifteen or twenty years, and measure up to twenty-six inches and weigh as much as twenty pounds.

It is seldom that the Koala ventures upon the ground, where he would quickly fall a victim to the prowling fox, the dingo or the settler's dog. An awkward lumbering trot like the movements of a wound-up toy enables him to change from tree to tree.

Australia has national symbols like we have our American Bald Eagle. Here they have kangaroo and cookaburra. There is the wallaby (which is a diminutive kangaroo), wallaroo (which is a cross between wallaby and kangaroo) and kangaroo itself. Three look alike except for size, smaller ones never maturing beyond small size.

The cookaburra is a bird about size of our crow. Its name is almost symbolic—"cuckoo" meaning silly and "burro" jackass; so cuckoo-burro or laughing jackass. We have returned from "bush country" where we motored 450 miles and we saw and heard many. They have a peculiar and prolonged laugh that sounds exactly what its name indicates—a laughing jackass.

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#### SOME AUSTRALIAN TERMINOLOGY

A druggist is a "chemist."

A barber is a "hairstylist."

An Englishman here is a "Pommie."

An Australian is an "Aussie."

An Australian soldier boy refers to his mate as a "digger."

When not feeling up to par, he is "right up to putty."

When we say, "isn't that too bad?" Aussie will say, "that is a fair cow."

Very good means "boshter."

On menu we saw "pig's trotters," which we call pickled pigs feet.

Carpenter shop is "joinery."

Meat market is "butchery."

Here you hear English as spoken three different ways. Let us see if we can write it as it sounds. Take a certain sentence:

The man from England, "pommie" says it this way:

"It makes me lawf to see the cawf go down the pawth to get a bawth in a minute and a hawf."

"Aussie" says it this way:

"It makes me larf to see the carf go down the parth to get a barth in a minute and a harf."

American says it this way:

"It makes me laff to see the caff go down the path to get a bath in a minute and a half."

## CHAPTER 19

### A TRIP TO THE CAVE COUNTRY

Every country, more or less, seems to have a limestone belt thru it. In these belts you find caves of varying sizes, shapes and growths. The United States has many belts, one in Kentucky, one in Virginia in Shenandoah Valley, and another down in Carlsbad country in New Mexico. New Zealand has one with Waitoma Caves. Australia has one from which we have returned, covering 450 miles by motor.

This was a trip we shall long remember. Dr. and Mrs. Coxon turned their offices over to Clarence Wells, oiled their car, picked up Dr. Searby and us, and away we went. We were guests of these friends all the way there, while there, and all the way back. Not one tuppence were we permitted to pay.

"Over the hills and far away" was truly so. Back into Australian bushland, where we were "bushed," meaning to get lost; we got into roads that were trails, up mountains, down valleys, opening gates on "main road" time and again; stopping at wayside inns over night, going so far back that we stopped for lunch at sheep stations where they were shearing sheep.

#### BLUE MOUNTAINS AND JENOLAN CAVES.

Mountains exist galore, some noted for one thing, some for another. China has "Purple Mountains"; Australia has "Blue Mountains," getting name because of the color haze that hangs heavily over them.

Caves country is owned by Government and grounds are in national park. Government built hotel and is running it. It is well managed and better than usual run of hotels in out of way places. As expected, as Government changes from one party to another, policies change and service jumps up or down accordingly. They are expected to be made pay a profit, hence they are often hard pressed to maintain existence.

In general, we can say the Jenolan Caves are better than many, not as fine as some we have seen. They are larger than many and much smaller than some others we have been thru. People connected with Jenolan Caves are proud of them, take pride in maintaining a high efficiency of electric lighting thruout, guides wear uniforms and are efficient in knowing details, whether visitor be layman or scientist—up or down on knowledge of formations of caves.

Jenolan Caves present finest manifestations of helictites of any caves we have "inspected." That limestone growth which hangs down from ceiling is a "stalactite"; when it grows up from floor it is a "stalagmite"; when they come out anywhere and grow in curlycues, and turn, twist, curl and curve anywhere in any way,



Unknown eggs found in Jenolan Caves, New South Wales, Australia.

they are here called "mysteries." There are more mysteries in any one room of any of these caves than in all other caves combined we have seen. Helictitic formations in these caves are finest in world, barring none. Mysteries are formed by hydrostatic pressure in behind the place from which they ooze out of rock, or between cracks in them. Here, helictites are "mysteries." because they are unusual in formation, rare in being found or seen and because of varying theories scientists have for accounting for their existence at all.

"Caves" here are one cave, divided into rooms of varying sizes and characters. To secure more revenue, they divide routes into varying lengths and charge a new fee for each, calling each route a "cave," even tho it is another room in same cave. You are compelled to duplicate steps frequently if you wish to take in everything. We arranged for a "special inspection" under direct eye and explanation of Mr. Wiburd who discovered and



built these as they now are for past 45 years. In this way we went from one to another without useless duplication and retracing.

Let us describe a few rooms:

### THE LUCAS CAVE

While there is evidence for the statement that the Lucas Cave was discovered in 1858 by N. Wilson, C. Whalan and G. Falls, news of the event was not made widely known and the Cave appears to have been rediscovered in 1860. For several years it was known as the New Cave, but the name was subsequently changed to Lucas Cave in recognition of the very valuable services rendered by the Hon. John Lucas, M.L.C., who, for five years, represented the electorate of Hartley in which Jenolan is situated. Mr. Lucas visited Jenolan on three occasions in the early sixties, and he was so impressed with the importance of the caves that he induced the Government to proclaim a reserve and make provision for their care and improvement. It was on his recommendation that Mr. Jeremiah Wilson was appointed Caretaker in March, 1867, at the modest salary of £25 per annum. Mr. Lucas was the first to describe the Lucas Cave, and his articles were published in the "Sydney Morning Herald," and "Sydney Mail" in June, 1863. His foresight and activity are fitly commemorated by the association of his name with one of the most majestic caverns in the Jenolan domain.

The Lucas Cave has more historic associations than any other cave in the Jenolan system. From the earliest days venturesome spirits found its vast chambers full of exciting interest, and it is not astonishing that exploration was rewarded by the discovery of the Mafeking Branch by F. J. Wilson in 1900, and of the River Branches by J. C. Wiburd and J. C. Edwards in 1903-1904.

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The original entrance to the Lucas Cave was into what is now known as the Cathedral Cave, and was reached by following a zigzag path over the limestone ridge in which the caves occur. In 1900 F. J. Wilson, who at that time occupied the position of Caretaker, found an easier means of access through the Southern wall of the Grand Arch. The Grand Arch is now the starting point for an inspection of the Lucas Cave. After leaving the motor roadway one soon traverses what would be an uninviting route but for the friendly electric lights distributed at intervals along the tortuous way that leads up to the general entrance to the Cave. In a few minutes the visitor, expecting the beauties of the

wonderworld to appear, quite unexpectedly walks into the sunlight and is usually a little surprised. There is, however, an opportunity to linger awhile on the Balcony, a narrow ledge on the cliff face furnished with a safety-first handrail and shaded by the drooping branches of a climbing fig. A splendid scene of majestic beauty here presents itself. Beneath the towering heights of the thrusting hills, lazily stretching in an ancient peneplain, lies the valley of the Jenolan River, carved during the ages by cave-traversed waters. Cupped in its hollow the Blue Lake, "willow-lined," sparkles in the sunlight. The Mount Victoria road, a scar on the opposing hills, winds quickly upward and disappears from view. Far below, on the left, a dusky gap in the cliff marks the southern entrance to the Devil's Coach House. Above, the lofty opening of the Nettle Cave is protected by a broad iron barrier. In the undergrowth beneath furry wallabies and nimble rabbits, unperturbed by the presence of the spectator or the constant purring of passing cars, confidently assert their lordship of this sanctum. From an invisible source two perennial streams enter the Blue Lake. Gentle streams until rare flood seasons, these underground rivers are vigorous in spate. Clear as crystal are the waters, and their deep blue lingers a tantalizing memory.

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In the shadow at the back of the Balcony, concrete steps in the hollow of the cliff lead to an iron gate, the entrance to a narrow winding passage along which entry of the Lucas Cave entails the ascent of one of the only two wooden ladders yet remaining in the Caves. Near the top of this ladder daylight is plainly discernible through a small hole opening out on to the cliff face. Beyond a narrow passage cut partly thru formation the next place of interest is at the foot of stone steps leading down into the Anteroom. Here are to be seen the first examples of that type of decoration which characterizes the Lucas Cave. The chambers everywhere in the vicinity are close to the open air so that the formations are subject to the destructive influence of draughts and atmospheric impurities. Nowhere can be found examples of the resplendent forms which give great beauty to alcoves and grottoes farther in the hills. In their stead are decorations very massive and rugged in appearance, which often offer many fantastic resemblances to forms in the world outside. As the more and more remote parts of the cave are penetrated the slow but manifest transition from ruggedness to clear brilliance creates the variety of cave decoration.

Despite its rugged aspect, beneath the searching rays of the

electric flood lights the Anteroom presents the appearance of marked cleanliness. From the roof of the cavern depend many irregularly-shaped brown stalactites. Stalagmites are not wanting, though they do not predominate in these parts of the Caves. On the top of a vertical slab of rock a small stalagmite strikingly resembles a figure with upraised arm. It is called the Statue of Liberty. In contrast with this miniature a large brown formation resembling a jelly-fish stands on a hummock on the floor.

### THE CATHEDRAL.

Nature's voice might seem to say:  
Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!  
Thy humble powers that stately shrine,  
Tasked hard and high—but witness mine!  
—The Lord of the Isles.

The Anteroom is left by a narrow passage which suddenly expands and, after turning, debouches into a vast hall. But to call the place a hall is a meagre description. In reality it forms a veritable Cathedral with natural architecture. The vastness of the cavern impels the awe ever commanded by still space. The eye is scarcely prepared for anything so simple and rugged, for such an apparent absence of ornamentation and such an immensity of nakedness. Yet, under a skilfully arranged system of lighting, a subtle transformation is effected. The Dome is lighted first and then high above, pendant 162 feet above the floor, decorations are revealed in the subdued light. A long iron ladder, the unsightly stairway of electricians, rears and thrusts itself into the Dome.

The dim light is overpowered by the advancing gloom of the shadows and all is dark within. The glow of the great Cathedral Windows, bathed in the light of the setting sun, fills with awe the beholder surrounded by the thick darkness below. The night within is dispelled by the faint Cathedral lights, which make pale the bright majesty of the Windows. Then, as the sun sets and the glow within increases, the Windows fade in the eclipse.

Such is the illusion brought about by the skillful use of electricity. Not everybody who lingers beneath the venerable glow of the Windows knows, or if he knows, remembers that it was Caretaker Wiburd who discovered them. F. J. Wilson found the passage from the Balcony, but it was Wiburd who first realized and recorded the beauty of the Windows, who first devised the lighting scheme which reveals the grandeur of these twelve little grottoes high in the Cathedral wall.

A Cathedral would not be complete without an organ loft and pulpit, nor is this subterranean Cathedral without its Organ Loft and Pulpit. The Organ Loft, a white canopy of old, dry shawls, is prominent in a lofty gallery facing the Windows. The Pulpit rises boldly from the sloping floor beneath the Organ Loft. The Preacher, too, is present. He stands in the vicinity of the Pulpit from which he is obviously about to deliver an address.

A flight of well-worn steps near the Pulpit marks portion of the old entrance to the Lucas Cave through the Cathedral in the days of tallow dips and magnesium flares.

The tall doorway of the Cathedral leads down a slight slope to the top of the Slide. This is a long slippery incline down which it was once necessary to make undignified progress, mostly by sliding on bags, but the cave explorer of today is spared this exciting exercise. Actually he descends by steps along the course of an ancient stream which excavated these parts of the Cave by rapidly eroding its bed without widening the walls to any great extent. The cavern here is continuous with the Dome of the Cathedral to the level of the River Styx in the Exhibition Cavern beyond the foot of the Slide. It is undoubtedly the largest example of the manner in which the limestone hills are honeycombed, and it forcibly reminds us of the work of the water demon, the old-time rushing river. On the other hand the decorative work of water sprites is sparse and the visitor marks a pleasing contrast when eventually he inspects the Mafeking Cave which lies along this route.

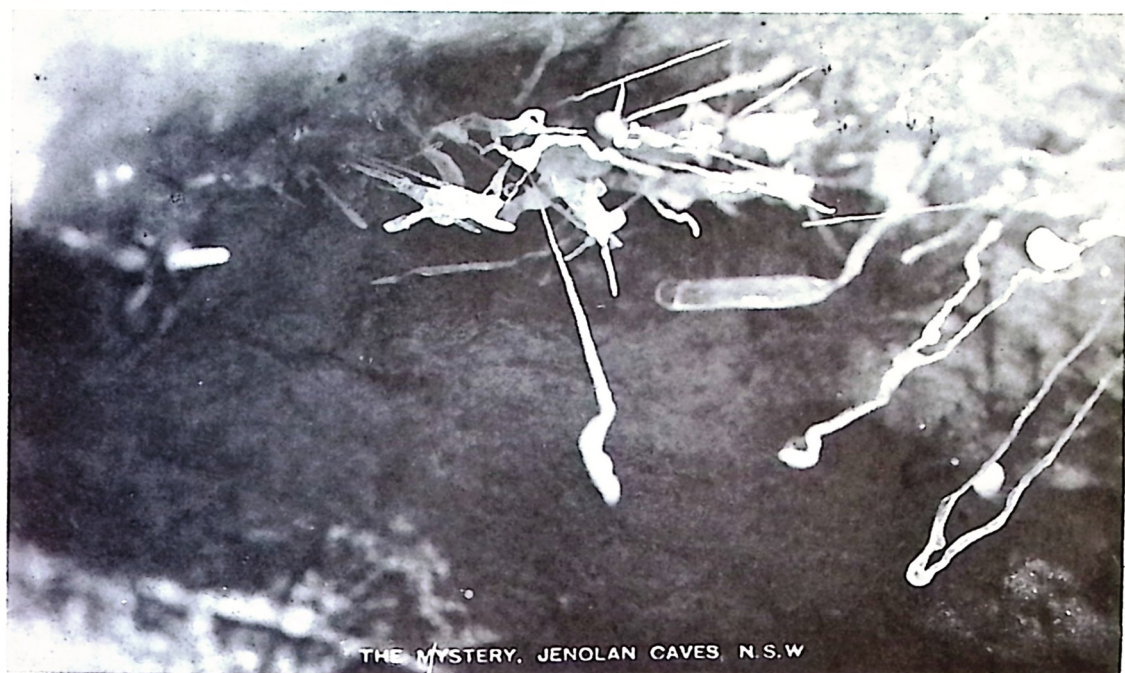
From the level at the top of the Slide steps on the right lead down a vault-like passage whose walls and low arched roof are richly decorated with stalactites in shades of brown, cream and red. On the right hand side of the platform at the foot of this arched stairway a long low recess is called the Music Hall, because of its acoustical properties and general appearance. A word spoken in a deep tone at the entrance to the Music Hall calls forth a sonorous response from within, but highly-pitched, thin notes have little or no effect. Brown-stained pillars on either side appear to support the roof, and the blue limestone rock at the rear, seen through a cluster of stalactites, is an effective background. The beauty of this grotto is marred to some extent by candle soot deposited on the roof and walls by early visitors in whom the scribbling propensities of their cave progenitors were strongly developed. The mutilated stumps of souvenired stalactites are prominent, recalling the fact that it was possible, in the early days, to find the way to Bathurst through forty miles of bush by following stalactites discarded by well-meaning folk



who wearied of their loads. Nevertheless, destruction was like an ill wind that blew some good, for dripping water has partly hidden the mutilation, and given science some indication of the time necessary for modern formations to develop. New "straw" stalactites have appeared ranging from two inches long near the entrance to half an inch near the Music Hall. These have all grown in a period of time which is of the order of sixty years. And the visitor may be surprised to find as a result of his calculations, that periods of millions of years are quite unnecessary for the development of even the largest formations. As a matter of fact the well-known "inch in a thousand years" assertion is a general inaccuracy which might well be relegated to the limbo of long-forgotten things, to give place to the reasonable statement that the rate of growth varies greatly throughout the Caves, within limits, and nowhere seems to have exceeded 250,000 years for the largest existing formation, the Commonwealth Pillar in the Orient Cave. It should be remembered, however, that the actual chambers are much older than the formations within them. Just as it is necessary for the rooms of a house to be built before they can be decorated, so it is necessary for a system of caverns to be excavated by running water before they can be beautified by dripping water.

Below the Music Hall a long narrow stairway on the side of the lofty Cave wall ends at the foot of the Slide where the Shawl Cave claims attention. Overhead are numerous long shawls from which this part of the Lucas Cave derived its name. Banded and frilled scarf-like sheets of calcite are developed on the under surface of a sloping rock. The growth of the shawls may be traced step by step, as they can be seen in various stages of development. Their colour is primarily due to red and yellow mud having been collected from pockets in the overlying rock and distributed by the waters that advanced along the lower edges of the shawls. The shawl-bearing rock is more or less attractively draped by stalactitic growth. Discoloration is pronounced in parts and is attributed to the presence of bat guano. In places, however, bats have left mud behind from their feet and wings after sipping the drops of water from ends of active stalactites.

A portion of the roof overhead merits attention; it is called the Mosaic, and resembles an inverted floor built of clean, smooth stones, or tiles, of various shapes and colors. In another direction on the almost perpendicular face of a huge rock a Curtain leaps into view as the guide operates a switch. As a natural work in hard lime carbonate the Curtain evokes involuntary wonder and admiration. It is neither dazzlingly white nor beautifully colored,



Having been in all caves of the world, there are certain features that differentiate one from another. There are stalactites and stalagmites in all; mighty-tites in most of them; helictites in Mammoth Cave; but only in Jenolan Caves, New South Wales, did we find "mysteries" because they curlecue in any and all directions—thousands of them.

but it hangs so naturally as if loosely gathered at the top, that its real nature almost deceives the eye. On its right the faint gleam of crystals may be caught, indicating a transition from the rugged massive formations already inspected.

### THE EXHIBITION CAVERN

The Exhibition Cavern is of immense proportions in marked contrast with those of the Cathedral. Its comparatively flat roof is low, but it extends laterally 250 feet by 140 feet.

It would seem impossible to imagine a more splendid setting for a pageant of cave forms. Few caves are known in which can be found such an endless variety of quaint, curious and wonderful decorations. The chamber was called the Exhibition Cavern on account of its immensity and the variety of its specimens. The floor constitutes what Balsac would have called a "desert of stones." Massive limestone rocks, perhaps hundreds of tons in weight, lie about in great disorder where they have slowly subsided as the direct result of water action on their foundations.

The roof is almost one great sweep of barren rock. Since the rock movements took place sufficient time has not elapsed for many prominent central forms to appear. The surface catchment for water is likewise limited and not flat, nor is the overlying rock thick and porous enough to retain sufficient water to collect limestone in solution and maintain a steady deposit or drip in the Cavern. Fragmentary formations indicate that the central parts of the Cavern were adorned before erosion caused the floor to subside and tilt.

The most prominent central formation is the famous Broken Column, which for many years was regarded as the trade mark of Jenolan Caves. Recently, however, it has yielded pride of place to the more graceful Minaret in the River Cave. The Broken Column commands universal attention. It has always been a favourite subject for cave photographers, and partly for this reason has been responsible for drawing public attention to the Caves. The Broken Column was once a fine stout pillar, with the stalactitic portion predominating. It was then gently fractured by subsidence of the huge rock at its base. It now consists of two unequal sections about 10 inches apart. The basal rock also has slipped laterally about five inches.

The roof colors are very prettily commingled and mellowed by time. Stalactites, exceptional in shape and color, hang in the vicinity of the Broken Column. Some are massive, but their appearance is dwarfed by their spacious surroundings. Prominent among them are fantastic forms, including an aborigine's Nulla Nulla, an Arm and Open Hand, well-browned French Rolls, and an ancient, dry Sausage, highly, and yet, it would seem, sufficiently cured.

The boundaries are magnificently decorated with trappings and tapestry which have much to offer in making the walls harmonious with the central portions of the Cavern. The Canopy is to be seen over the rear pathway. The lime-rock has formed graceful curves and then extended into draperies which terminate in a fringe of beautiful, long pendants. These are of varied tints, due to the solution of iron-bearing mineral by the percolating waters at different periods of their activity. Discoloration is also prominent, and is to be attributed to guano from the excrement of bats. Before the installation of the disturbing electric light and the constant intrusion of visitor, myriads of bats clustered to the walls for mutual warmth. Where they hibernated during seasonal periods or emerged only on evenings to feed on flying insects, deposits have accumulated. These have a vandyke-brown appearance, and even when hard are readily distinguishable from

black, inorganic incrustations. In the bye-gone days of sooty candles it was no uncommon joke on the part of the guide to disturb the bats in the Exhibition Cavern to the initial discomfort and subsequent enjoyment of the visitors.

Electric light has been used to great advantage in another quarter of the Cavern. To the visitor's surprise footlights suddenly illuminate an immense wall, fringed with stalactites and draped with variegated "shawls." The central portion is open and arched to reveal a huge rock resembling the stage of a theatre. On this imaginary stage numerous small stalagmites represent actors. The whole scene has received the very appropriate name of the Proscenium. On its right formations include a semi-transparent white "shawl," and a Little Broken Column with a rift of about two inches. The width of the space is slowly being decreased by water dropping from a very slender stalactite which has formed in the centre of the upper portion of the broken shaft. From such evidence it is obvious that the minimum movement in the Cavern took place in the direction of the Proscenium and the maximum movement to the rear, at a lower level, where the responsible agent in the form of a river is shortly to be seen.

For a time the visitor leaves the Exhibition Cavern by passing thru the Proscenium in the vicinity of slopes splashed with brilliant embroideries doubly conspicuous because of delicate textures. Nature is slowly and carefully repairing the damage wrought by the subsidence on to the dismal water pools beneath. The contrast between the two stages in the complete development of a cave is nowhere more striking—excavation by running and eroding water, and decoration and protection by dripping waters.

### THE MAFEKING CAVE.

The Mafeking Cave was so named owing to the fact that its discovery by Caretaker F. J. Wilson was contemporary with the relief of Mafeking in the Boer War. The name is incongruent and in no way typifies the cave. "Mafeking" has none of the subtle and intriguing charm that belongs to the nomenclature of the Temple of Baal and Orient Caves. Prominent features have been named Long Tom, Howick Waterfall, and Bloemfontein, but such names are out of taste. In fact, it seems meet that names be avoided, for the cave is one which presents itself admirably without any nomenclature being necessary.

The Mafeking Cave abounds in pleasant surprises for those who are prepared to forsake temporarily the well-beaten paths of the much earlier known Lucas Cave. It is reached by a long stairway



leading up to the right from the rear of the Proscenium. It is about 50 feet above the general level of the Exhibition Cavern, and is therefore probably one of the oldest caves in the existing system. It owes its preservation to the fact that it lies near the heart of the hills, away from the decomposing influences of the external atmosphere. Its late discovery, too, contributes in no small measure to its untrammelled beauty. In these respects it resembles to a marked degree the Temple of Baal and Orent Caves, and in the opinion of many visitors is a very satisfying epitome of the best features of those two very remarkable caves.

The narrow entrance to the cave at the top of the precipitous stairway is the unexpected opening to a gleaming cave whose remoteness and simplicity of setting are in contrasting harmony with the characteristics of the main Lucas Cave. The love of color, of splendour and illusion which is a clinging attribute of human kind, is immensely stimulated. The walls of the cave are crowded with recesses and niches, some open and some grilled and barred for effective protection against experimental fingers. On the left a small alcove is packed with dry, spindling stalactites, some red and others white as snow. The closeness of their contact only serves to emphasize their diverse loveliness. In grace and form this little grotto is quite unparalleled in any cave in New South Wales.

A feature worthy of particular notice is the unusual frequency with which prominent stalactites and stalagmites have grown towards one another until they have met and coalesced in columns of charming form and considerable beauty. Such columns bear the peculiar distinction of having been developed by water alternately hanging and dripping persistently for long periods.

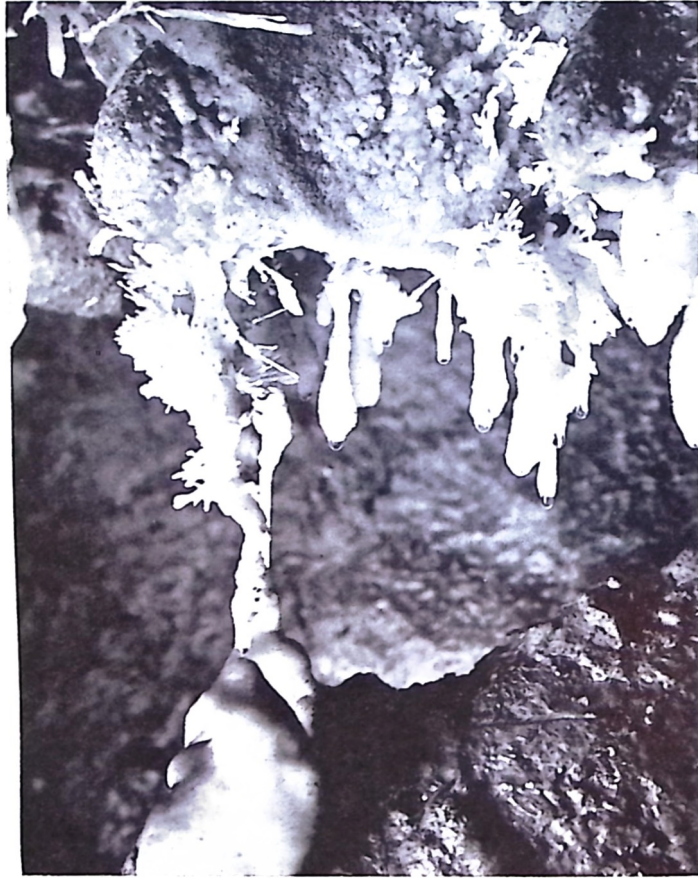
From the right of his position the visitor may peep into a fairy grotto full of delicacy and grace. Pendant growths and fragile tracteries have budded from the roof and walls as unerringly and loosely as lilacs or roses on a hedge bush. With any love for exhibitions and aggregations of bright objects one need not look long into this grotto ere quick and vagrant fancies carry the dreamer far away into the realms of poetic enchantment. Leaving this stony burst of inspiration, so markedly different from anything else to be seen in the inspection, the visitor moves down to the terminal point of the Mafeking Cave, where there is much less exuberance of detail. The mural adornments are on a more massive scale. Cascade formations descend to the floor in tints of amber, brown, and terra-cotta, and indicate how trickling waters have gradually effected a continuity among fragments of limestone by collecting them, and, after solution, arranging them into

an attractive whole. And there are accessory excellences where the walls run down into the quaint confines of numerous stone sinks and troughs. Here and there stalagmites without plinths rise through the cascades, and by their simplicity of execution and delicacy of color contribute in making the chamber one of exceptional charm. Tho it does not exhibit the same dramatic elements as the Lucas Cave, the Mafeking Cave is much richer in beautiful and enchanting ornamentation.

In the Exhibition Cavern a roof decorated by small stalactites is temporarily forgotten beyond the foot of the Mafeking stairway at the sight of a massive crystalline cascade. Rising from the cascade is a conical stalagmite which has been named Fujiyama, from its resemblance to the sacred mountain of Japan. At the foot of the slope a rock contains a small recess in which the Jewel Casket is to be seen. It can be viewed by only one person at a time thru an opening about 15 by 8 inches. The roof is adorned with fragile crystalline pendants the oblique appearance of which indicates that the rock which forms the covering has been tilted since the first stages of internal decoration. Concealed lights reveal the splendour of the interior. The bottom and sides of the Jewel Casket sparkle with the light reflected from innumerable brilliants and coruscating crusty flakes of dazzling purity. There are clusters of cave diamonds and a prodigal wealth of precious gems scattered promiscuously. A minute bath of water is the mint where Nature is constantly preparing jewels for this natural treasury of precious things. The Jewel Casket is delicate enough amid the grandeur of the Lucas Cave to leave quite a distinct and vivid memory of its own frailer beauty.

The pathway now leads in a north-westerly direction, and the immensity of the Exhibition once again impresses itself upon the mind. On the right are the Terraces, a series of beautiful white and cream-colored formations, which here and there resemble cascades whose waters have been congealed as they descended from ledge to ledge. Among the more prominent formations is one which resembles a Water-jug, artistically designed in terra-cotta. Extending away to the left the Exhibition Cavern is attended, as the Irishman would say, with the "wildest konfusion." Enormous blocks of limestone, angular and rugged, have been sloughed from the ceiling to form the floor of a plutonic council hall, where grotesque thrones are surrounded and canopied with crystalline forms as curious and weird as ever conceived by Shelley or lesser intoxicated brain. The imagination, unlabored, might discover nondescript gnomes and mountain trolls, and all the queer pigmy inhabitants of the sublight of poetic fancy.

Farther down the slope the Bishop looks forward as he stands on the summit of a massive stalagmitic formation. Nearby three veiled Sisters appear to be following each other. Cinderella, the last of the three hooded figures, bends under the weight of her inevitable burden.



Oberon Grotto, Jenolan Caves, New South  
Wales, Australia.

The charming grotto, known as the Home of the Fairies, is a veritable "Touch-me-not" corner, for it is quite out of reach, but when a light is flashed in it a splendid view of the interior can be obtained. The grotto holds innumerable pendants and columns tinged with colors wrought from materials eminently suitable for cave decoration. The floor has the sparkling wealth of a jewelled carpet which hangs from the ledge in graceful brown folds fringed with russet draperies.

The lowest level traversed in the Lucas Cave is the Under-

ground Bridge, spanning a huge chasm. It is interesting to note, by the way, that this bridge is on a level with the foundations of Caves House. The bridge is about 40 feet long and is stoutly constructed of iron. The passage is made increasingly secure by wire-netting stretched along the entire length of the sides. Nearly 50



A group of mysteries. Jenolan Caves, New South Wales, Australia.

feet below this Bridge, 250 feet below the Dome of the Cathedral, and over 500 feet below the summit of the Lucas Rocks outside, flood lights illuminate the still, clear waters of a pool about 16 feet deep. This pool is connected with the subterranean waterway which drains the belt of limestone on the southern side of the Jenolan River. It is part of the Styx River, which is seen in the River Cave. The water slowly finds its way under the Lucas Cave, out to daylight, where it immediately enters the Blue Lake, and then by successive stages along the Jenolan, Cox, Warra-



gamba, Nepean and Hawkesbury Rivers, eventually carries its load of lime into the Pacific Ocean at Broken Bay, a few miles north of Sydney.

The waters which move beneath the Bridge would hardly seem to be of sufficient importance to merit a name, but there is a sense of mystery pervading them and a feeling of expectancy as to what they may contain and do. In the neighborhood of the Bridge the Cave has its history written on its face. The stream has been the composer of a mad, unrhythmic rhapsody in rock. Looking across the yawning gulf the cave scene is remarkable. The rocks which surround the abyss and form the floor of the great Cave are of enormous size. They lie piled one beyond the other as far as the eye can reach and teach in a dramatic way the one great lesson in cave excavation. Undermining and erosion by running water allowed the ancient roof to collapse. Then successive pools of water caused the temporary floor to subside periodically until the present water level was reached. After each subsidence more rocks have fallen from the walls and roof of the Cavern and so formed the present rugged and broken floor. And such is the general process by which all limestone caves are first developed.

At the end of a curved gallery, with 50 steps in different flights, the Lurline Cave is reached. It is justly regarded as one of the most charming chambers in the whole group. It does not need any close examination to find that it has some distinctive features which show that, although there is no aqueous accommodation for the queen of the water nymphs, whose name it bears, the appellation of this portion of the Lucas Cave cannot be considered as unsuitable. There are "coral bowers" and cells to which Rudolph was transported; the halls of liquid crystal, where the water lilies bloom; there is a cool grotto in which the Water Queen dwelt; there is a rock on which she sat "when all was silent save the murmur of the lone wave, and the nightingale that in sadness to the moon telleth her lovelorn tale"; there is Rhineberg's magic cave, with its "wedges of gold from the upper air"; and there are the distant recesses to which Lurline sent the gnome while she restored to life her mortal affinity. With such surroundings it is easy to reproduce, link by link, the rosy chain which enthralled the German Count and the "Daughter of the Wave and Air."

An inspection of the Lucas Cave involves a journey following a circuitous route somewhat after the curves of the figure 8. Consequently the Lurline Cave, which commences the final curve in the outward journey, comes under the influence of the external atmosphere. The formations are, therefore, opaque and rugged

in appearance, with a coloring which is designed to be a distinctive feature. The grottoes of the Cave are embellished with tinted and coral-like formations and some large fluted and alabaster columns. The iron coloring seems to have been bleached away during the course of geological time. In one place, however, there is a peculiar earthy deposit with rich yellow and blood-red colors. A fascinating aspect of the pendant forms is represented in the musical sounds given out when they are caused to vibrate. Struck lightly with a fragment they produce notes with an exquisite mellow tone. At the point of departure from this Cave the walls close in where they are adorned with festooning stalactites, not smooth and transparent, but opaque and white, and marked with elaborate details. The coral forms are russet and cream and saffron, and the honey-combed rocks range in shade from brown to yellow.

A few paces from the Lurline Cave the Bone Cave is entered. It is so named because many fragments of bones have been found on its floor and slopes. There are rifts and pits into which animals have wandered or fallen from above. Most of the bones from their skeletons have long since disappeared because of the passage thru the Cave of hundreds of thousands of visitors. On a sloping portion of the floor there is formation called the Irish Corner. It is composed of curious "pisolites" or muddy lumps of carbonate of lime which resemble potatoes scattered over the ground. They are forms common to the floor of most caves and are generally very distinctive in shape and color. In an attractive alcove a slender stalactite over 10 feet long hangs within a cluster of minor forms.

The Bone Cave is vertically beneath the Cathedral and over that portion of the Skeleton Cave wherein the skeleton of an aborigine is preserved. Numerous grottoes connect the three chambers, and to account for the presence of the human skeleton the explanation has been advanced that an aborigine fell into the Cathedral from the cavernous surface rocks and, after groping helplessly, finally lodged in his present position. This explanation is unsatisfactory, and the only evidence that has been advanced in support of it is the existence—somewhat fortuitous—of the more or less continuous break in the limestone from the surface to the floor of the Skeleton Cave. The problem presented by the aboriginal skeleton will be found treated more fully in a description of the Skeleton Cave.

The passage from the Bone Cave narrows at the top of a flight of steps, and after leading under some low rocks widens into the Snowball Cave. The roof and walls are marked with deposits like

snowballs and cauliflowers. Some stick in isolated discs, while others are massed as though they had been thrown at a mark.

Finally, there is a beautiful stalagmitic formation known as the Crystal Fountain. It stands prominently beside the path, and is canopied with stalactites, which once directed the dripping waters that gave it sustenance. The walls in the vicinity are strangely marked by lines and criss-crosses scratched well above human reach. The existence of these is unaccountable, and they present one of the very few problems in the Caves for which no explanation has been advanced. The fossil remains of a wallaby are found on a ledge just within the iron gate thru which the visitor passes once more on to the Balcony that marked the entrance to the Lucas Cave.

### DISCOVERY OF JENOLAN AND THE "RIVER CAVES."

In 1838 McKeown, a bushranger, stole a horse from a resident of the district, and Charles Whalan, endeavoring to trace the tracks of the stolen animal, discovered McKeown's Camp, which in reality was a small cave situated approximately three miles up the creek which flows thru the "Devil's Coach House." The "Grand Arch" and the above-mentioned "Coach House" were found by Mr. Whalan before he left the locality and two years afterwards the first caves, now known as the "Nettle and Arch," were discovered.

Apart from these Caves and the "Lucas Cave," the latter being found in 1858, all the others open to public inspection at the present time were pioneered by caretakers, the first of whom was appointed in 1867 at the meagre and modest remuneration of £25 per annum.

The "River Cave," one of the finest of the Jenolan Caves, was discovered in 1904 by the present Caretaker and Superintendent of Caves in New South Wales, Mr. J. C. Wiburd and his colleague, the late J. C. Edwards.

It might be of interest to add that the present name, JENOLAN, was derived from the native word, Jen-o-lan, signifying a high mountain.

### FORMATION OF CAVES.

It is a popular misconception that the Jenolan Caves are volcanic in origin, and that the "mother rock," out of which the caverns and structures have developed, consists of granite. The

"mother rock," however, is a deep blue, massive limestone, which stands athwart the valley as a huge wall-like mass. From the "Grand Arch" it extends in approximately a northern direction for three miles, and southwards for two miles.



Stag horns. Jubilee Cave. Jenolan Caves. New South Wales, Australia.

All the Jenolan Caves have been formed by the slow solvent action of stream waters. Limestone is almost insoluble in pure rain water, but its solubility is accomplished fairly readily by surface waters, the enhanced reactivity of which is due to the fact that they contain carbonic acid, the carbon dioxide being produced from decomposing organic matter over which the waters have flowed. The carbonate of lime then forms the soluble bicarbonate.

To enable readers to appreciate adequately the origin of the



caves and the surprising immensity of some of the caverns, it is necessary to present to you a brief resume of the physiographic history of the Eastern Coast of Australia during the past million years.

Physiographers believe that about a million years ago the eastern portion of Australia stood very little above sea level, as an extensive and practically endless plain, the monotonous level of which was uninterrupted, save by a slight occasional undulation. Suddenly, for some unknown reason, there was a high continental uplift, an uplift of the order of 4,000 feet in the Jenolan region. Naturally, the velocity of the creeks was considerably increased; numerous waterfalls were developed, and, in the course of time, the streams carved their way into the hitherto level plain in the form of "V" shaped precipitous valleys, so characteristic of the Blue Mountains and the Jenolan district.

"Nature's Carving Knives," as the streams may aptly be called, were, however, hindered in their work in the Jenolan valley. The limestone simply defied them, and they were obliged to puncture their way thru by taking advantage of the large cracks, crevices, and joints, which were too numerous to cause a damming up of the waters on the western side of limestone and which were enlarged to form caverns by the above-mentioned imperceptible process of solution, until the creeks were finally able to flow freely through the limestone mass.

As the streams carved their beds deeper into the valleys above and below the limestone, the levels of the creeks in the limestone itself had to descend accordingly, and therein lies the reason for the awe-inspiring height of some of the caverns, each one of which represents the old one-time level of a creek. The presence of dark red, alluvial muds, fine sands, and naturally cemented creek gravels also bears testimony to the former positions of the streams.

## STRUCTURES

On the other hand the structures, which adorn the roofs, sides and floors of the caves, have been developed by an entirely different process. Surface waters, i.e., rain waters, percolating along the cracks and joints in the limestone, have taken a small amount of lime into solution and the water, on becoming exposed on the roof of a cavern as a suspended drop, has ever so slightly evaporated and caused thereby the very partial precipitation of the carbonate of lime in the form of a ring.

Eventually pendent formations, known as "stalactites" are developed by the gradual accumulation of the lime. In these long

tapering structures the crystals of carbonate of lime are arranged radially and concentrically.

When the rate of flow of the water exceeds the rate of evaporation, the water drops from the stalactites to the floor of the cave and may produce "stalagmites," which are comparatively blunt and irregular, the crystals being haphazardly situated. However, there are many stalactites without stalagmites, but there is no stalagmite without a stalactite.

Convenient mnemonics frequently employed to distinguish between these two classes of formations are that the "mites" grow up and the "tites" come down, or that the latter are so tight that they have to hang on.

When a "mite" joins a "tite" a "column" is formed.

It is natural to expect that all the water that percolated thru the limestone from the surface would not remain suspended from the roof of the cavern to form stalactites, but rather some would tend to trickle down the face of the rock and would consequently wriggle about, overcoming any obstructions in its path. To the stalactitic structures developed as the result of process the name "shawls" is given, and the wriggling of the waters causes natural looking folds in the formations, which frequently have delicately fringed edges.

One of the most spectacular structures is the "canopy," which is always developed over a ledge of rock. Probably the best way to visualize the formation of such a structure is to imagine buckets of thick flour paste being poured over the projection.

The most amazing and bewildering formations in the caves are the "mysteries," or what are scientifically termed, "helictites." These grow only in deep caverns, i.e., in those caverns approximating to the present creek level. They may grow either on the roof or walls of a cave, or out from any portion of any stalactitic structure, but seldom on the floor of a cavern or from stalagmites. They repeatedly defy gravity in their growth, in that they may grow out horizontally and then may turn upwards. It is a matter of common observation that of all the mysteries that sprout from a formation none exhibit the slightest regularity.

It is interesting to note that mysteries have never been known to grow crooked, after they have once assumed the form of stalactites.

Furthermore, of all the theories propounded by eminent scientists to explain their origin, such as those dealing with capillary attraction, hydrostatic pressure and crystallographic affinity, not one is wholly satisfactory. They are, in reality, mysteries in the pure sense of the word.

A kind of formation developed on the floors of chambers, and too extensive to be brought under the category of stalagmites, is what is commonly called, "dripstone."

Without exception, all the formations consist essentially of crystals of carbonate of lime, which itself is quite white. But pure structures are comparatively rare. Most of them are exquisitely colored. The various color effects, ranging from the palest creams to the deepest reds, have been caused by different amounts of "Nature's Universal Dye"—the iron oxide, or what is the chief constituent of common rust, which has come thru in solution along with the carbonate of lime and stained the formations.

The rate of growth of stalactites is surprisingly slow. Altho certainly variable, it is approximately an inch in a thousand years.

Some of the more important factors causing the variability of growth are the rainfall, in other words, the rate at which the water percolates thru the cracks in the limestone; the amount of lime in solution and the rate of evaporation of the water inside the caverns, the latter being influenced, among other things, by temperature. High temperature naturally accelerates evaporation and, consequently, growth, while low temperature induces the opposite effect.

Before departing from this section, it may be of interest to state that all formations have an existence like any normal man. Firstly, they enjoy a period of youthfulness and extreme activity. Then they advance to an equally active stage of adolescence, from which they pass to maturity. Now, if the source of supply of surface waters be interrupted, the formations become dry, commence to crumble away and eventually fall from their support, which actually is their death. Of course, the rate of growth and rate of decay are extremely slow, but probably the latter is considerably quicker than the former and is also influenced by temperature.

Here is an echo of our trip to Jenolan Caves:

#### "JENOLAN CAVES

Praised by American Tourist

In a letter to Mr. J. G. Wiburd, superintendent of caves, Jenolan Caves, Col. B. J. Palmer, of Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A., says: "The undersigned has travelled more than 650,000 miles (up to 1930) in the past 21 years. One of our avocations has been caves. Jenolan was last series of many caves in many countries to be seen. We find it difficult to compare caves, each has its special features, but one thing we are certain—caves here have thousands of helictites (mysteries)

where all others combined would have dozens. In that respect, any one cave here has more than other caves combined.

"It is safe to say that one sees more here, with less effort, in less space, and with less climbing, than in any other caves we know. It has been a great pleasure to have seen these caves under your personal instruction and through your eyes."

—Evening News, Nov. 19, 1930.

Australia is divided into six different States. From railroad transportation, each has a different railroad gauge. Going from one state to another means changing trains at border because of change of gauge. There is no interexchange of rolling stock from one state to another. Freight must be transferred from one car to another; passengers get up and get out of train they are in to get into another train to go into another state because of different width of the rail gauge. Six states have six different widths of rails. Imagine what would happen if such a condition existed in the U.S.!

One confusing thing here is that a "one penny" piece, while only "ONE" penny has purchasing value of TWO pennies. When anything is listed at "tuppence" it buys four cents worth. We who come here, translate money from their values into ours to understand what anything may be worth. Our American penny is worth two of their pennies. It is confusing until you get used to it.

### NEW SOUTH WALES

Federal capital and permanent seat of government is Canberra. The work of building the city has been proceeding for several years and its position is analogous to that of Washington in United States.

Sydney, capital of New South Wales, is only port of call for passenger ships from Vancouver and is ideally situated on shores of peerless harbor of Port Jackson.

On reaching Sydney Heads, railway representatives come on board to issue rail and sleeping car tickets for travel in Australia; Tourist Bureau officials arrange tours, and baggage agent will look after delivery of luggage in Sydney or checking to other destinations.

At Taronga Park on foreshores of harbor are most complete and modern Zoological Gardens in world. Climate is unrivalled; close by lie golden beaches, offering excellent surf-riding. Sydney is known as The Holiday City. It is noted for educational institutions.

18 miles south of Sydney is "National Park," a treasure house



of native flora and fauna. A few miles from National Park is Bulli Pass—an enchanted spot with ocean in distance.

Southwards near the border of Victoria, the visitor comes to an Alpine Australia, never suspected by casual sightseer. To most Australians snow is unknown but at Kosciusko (7,000 feet in height), skating and skiing are great winter sports.

Forty miles by train westwards from Sydney are the famous Blue Mountains, grey-blue valleys extending as far as the eye can see. A faint scent of eucalyptus and wild flower pervades the whole region.

One hour northward from Sydney is another National Park—Kuring-Gai Chase, an enormous reserve embracing picturesque mountain scenery. Aboriginal carvings are a feature of The Chase, many of the finest carvings being on rocks quite close to the tourist road.

From the Hawkesbury, the traveller journeys north thru the Lake District, past Lake MacQuarie, the largest lake in Australia, 20 miles long by 6 miles in width. Then comes a stay at Newcastle, 104 miles north from Sydney. A city of 100,000 population, Newcastle is one of Australia's greatest industrial centers as well as the most extensive and valuable coal field in the Southern Hemisphere.

### THE BIRTH OF A NATION

Australia, as a nation, was cradled in colony of New South Wales in 1788, when Governor Captain Arthur Phillip sailed into Botany Bay with eleven ships, and a personnel of 1,000. Colonization spread over continent, and isolated settlements at Van Diemen's Land, Moreton Bay, Swan River, Port Phillip and Torrens River became respectively colonies of Tasmania, Queensland, Western Australia, Victoria, and South Australia. Full privileges of self-government were availed by New South Wales in 1855; by Tasmania, Victoria and South Australia in 1856; by Queensland in 1859; and by Western Australia in 1890. Commonwealth of Australia came into being January 1st, 1901, by agreement of colonies to surrender to a federal authority such functions as defense, customs and excise, currency, postal services, immigration and external affairs, while retaining sovereign rights as States with legislative control of land settlement, agricultural development, water conservation, railways, justice, police, education and other internal functions. Internationally Australia has status of a nation, and is a member of the League of Nations, appointing its representatives. It is self-governing, and legislation passed by Federal and State Parliaments is formally assented to

by Governor-General, who is King's personal representative, or State Governors.

### INTENSIVE HISTORY

Within a century Australia has passed from the "Colonial" pioneering stage and the fevered, romantic days of the gold-diggings, has reclaimed immense tracts of primeval forests and brought 19,000,000 odd acres under cultivation, has built approximately 27,000 miles of railroad, and constructed huge dams for water conservation and irrigation with a total capacity of over 4,000,000 acre feet, developed nearly 23,000 manufactories, and established cities that rank with some of the largest and finest in the world. Australia, too, has made her contribution to civilization in science, art and literature.

### A BIG SLICE OF THE WORLD

With an area of 2,974,581 square miles, Australia is practically equivalent in size to the United States of America, 25 times greater than Great Britain and Ireland, and three-quarters the size of all Europe.

### AUSTRALIA'S PEOPLE

Eighty-four per cent of the people living in the Commonwealth are Australian-born, and 97 per cent of the total population of six and one third millions are of British stock. They are rapidly developing into a distinctive race—tall, strong and athletic, proud of the freedom and progress of their own country, yet loyal to the land of their forefathers, speaking its language, and living up to its best traditions of justice, humanity and hospitality.

### ABORIGINES

There are still in Australia about 60,000 full-blooded and 15,000 half-caste aborigines. Approximately 13,000 are nomadic, and still live in the remote unsettled areas of the interior and Northern Australia in the primitive style of the stone age, using the firestick, stone knife and tomahawk. Most of the remainder are in employment on the outer sheep and cattle stations, or are settled in Government supervised camps.

### FOLLOW THE SUN SOUTHWARD

When Europe and America are in the grip of winter, Australia is a land of glorious sunshine. Taking the nearest points of contact it is only 28 days steam from Great Britain, and 17½ days from the United States of America. The Australian seasons are approximately as follows:

Spring.....September, October, November  
 Summer.....December, January, February  
 Autumn.....March, April, May  
 Winter.....June, July, August

The range of climate is so extensive in Australia that during the winter months the visitor can ski or toboggan on exhilarating alpine slopes and, within two days, travel northward and enjoy surf-bathing on a sun-drenched coast. The average hours of sunshine yearly in the State Capital cities are: Perth, 2,791 hours; Adelaide, 2,543; Brisbane, 2,630; Sydney, 2,128; Melbourne, 2,255; Hobart, 1,934.

### BUSH BEAUTY

Pen and pigment in the hands of many celebrated writers and artists have made the Australian bush deservedly famous. There is nothing like it anywhere else. Stately giant eucalyptus, or gum trees—more than 300 varieties of them—that shed their bark but not their leaves, are the keynote of immense forests that instead of being damp, deeply shaded and all of the one species, as are forests in many other countries, are well lighted and filled with other forests of shorter wattles, tree-ferns and other indigenous trees, the whole giving extraordinarily beautiful effects.

### A CORAL MARVEL

Queensland's thousand-mile Great Barrier Reef has been accepted by leading scientists as one of the marine wonders of the globe, and by other visitors as a world of mysterious, wild beauty, where nature plays an endless symphony of color and call and cry. The depths and shoals and pools of the reef teem with fascinating marine life. All the delicately tinted corals are there, not as the dead, bleached skeletons usually associated with glass cases, but with all the brilliance of the living substance. There are the great violet, bouquet-shaped madrepora; delicate spikey coral with branches of buff and petals of magenta; staghorn corals tinted in a thousand variants of brown, green, yellow and lilac; the madreporia rosia, pale lemon at its bases and flesh pink at the tips; labyrinths of coarsely-toothed corals, their ridges golden-brown, their valleys myrtle green; corals of pale pink, purple, brilliant rose and blue. This strange reef, split by a fathom channel, is, after a million years of building, still growing. Palm and mangrove and innumerable forms of other vegetation sprout and grow luxuriantly in the warm sunshine on the atolls that dot the

reef. Turtle, seabird and wonderfully colored and often strangely formed fish abound.

### WORLD'S OLDEST CONTINENT

Youngest in white settlement, Australia is world's oldest continent. Rocky masses and vegetation (which in other countries can only be studied as fossils) in remoter areas, and animal remains excavated from time to time, supply ample evidence of its age to scientist. Pouched mammals, such as kangaroo, which abounds, and duck-billed, claw-web-footed, beaver-tailed furred platypus that lays eggs and suckles young are types long extinct in other parts of globe. Many of aboriginal tribes are no more advanced than was stone-age man.

To those of scientific bent, Australia is a wonderland of interest. For student of ethnology, geology, mineralogy, botany and zoology, Australia has specimens (both inside and outside museums) that attract scientists from all parts of world. Features of ancient glaciation, fossil records, mineral wealth, caves, curious and fascinating plant and animal life, are lodestones to those interested.

### AUSTRALIA'S STRANGE BIRDS

Every bird family in the world, with two or three exceptions, is represented in Australia. Australia is the headquarters of cockatoos and parrots, and possesses a remarkably rich variety of gorgeously plumed and interesting birds. Some of them are gorgeous songsters. Australian birds range from the brilliant parrot to the lyre bird, with its extraordinary powers of mimicry; from the essentially Australian kookaburra or laughing jackass—the comedian of the bush—to the emu; from the golden-throated magpie to the danty blue wren. They also include the mound-building lowan and brush turkey, which are regarded as among the strangest in the world.

### CITY LIFE

City life in Australia's larger centers has all the amenities of civilization in older countries—modern hotels, theatres, restaurants, cinemas, art galleries, museums, clubs, shops and stores, racecourses and sports grounds, electric train, tram, 'bus, taxi and ferry services. Dignified public and private buildings line busy streets and spacious boulevards, and well-kept parks add a nature note of beauty. Hard by the capital cities are beach, bush and hill resorts.



## CHAPTER 20

### TRAVELS IN WILD AUSTRALIA

#### Thrilling Encounters With Natives

Psychological peculiarities possessed by Australian aboriginal have often led to impression on part of European visitors that he is aggressor, when his intentions might be entirely friendly.

History of relations between white men and aboriginals contains instances where friendly gestures on part of natives have been mistaken for acts of aggression. Captain Phillip King was greeted in an apparently hostile manner on several occasions, and ordered his men to fire muskets over heads of natives. Latter on one occasion walked into water toward boat containing landing party, and their gesticulations were regarded as evidence of hostility.

When Dr. Basedow landed at Bathurst Island in a dinghy from a lugger in which he and a party were making a survey of several islands off north coast of Australia, they were received by Bathurst Islanders in exactly same way. As dinghy approached shore, manned by two faithful black boys, and a Malay cook, who was handling oars, natives rushed into water and made straight for small craft, holding hands high above heads, brandishing long spears, and beating waves to foam as they stamped furiously with feet.

They kept up blood-curdling yells. As two black boys in dinghy belonged to Larrekiya tribe, which inhabits Darwin district, and which has from time immemorial been deadly enemy of Bathurst and Melville Islanders, situation was fraught with gravest peril. In days of old men from two island tribes frequently rowed across to mainland and stole women of Larrekiya tribe, and hatred thus engendered persists to present day.

One false step would have delivered single white man and his three companions in dinghy into hands of 40 or 50 yelling islanders, who came on with a mad, headlong rush. Occupants of little boat were ordered to remain calm, with firearms ready for instant use in case of attack, and to show no sign of fear, or to indicate by slightest movement they had hostile intentions towards islanders. Latter made no attempt to project spears at men in boat, who quietly awaited their arrival. Dusky warriors walked into water up to waists, and came abreast of dinghy. Two men, evidently leaders, seized bow, and, not attempting to resist them,

party allowed them to proceed as they desired. Vociferating furiously, men helped two leaders to tow boat ashore, and then pushed it high and dry upon sandy beach.

### CANNIBALISTIC DANCE

Stepping ashore, the little party was quickly surrounded by more than fifty yelling natives, whose frenzied antics could be interpreted as those of cannibals, about to slay their prey and prepare a sumptuous feast. They acted like madmen, lifting legs and stamping sand like German soldiers doing goose-step on parade. They raised arms high above shoulders, and rattled their waddies against long serrated spears. All time their shrieks were deafening, principal note being a shrill, long-drawn out O—ee—.”

Then suddenly the old men took the lead, rushed forward and in single file ran round and round the visitors. They were followed by the others, all the time keeping up the blood-curdling “O—ee—,” occasionally breaking it with “Yee.” Had they intended doing the party any grievous harm there was no escape. The scene resembled nothing so much as bloodthirsty savages performing a war dance round their intended victims.

Their weapons were poised high in the air, apparently ready for projection when the right moment arrived. Just when this point appeared to the visitors to have been reached, the warrior-in-chief suddenly stopped the dancers and, facing the party in the midst of the circle, shouted at the top of his voice, “Wah hoi.” The call was immediately repeated by all present.

While the performance had been in progress, other natives from the surrounding bush and reeds, thru which the wild cries echoed and re-echoed, joined in the ceremony. The moment appeared to have now arrived for the sacrifice to be made, but once more the lives of the little band were saved. The leader of the performers turned to his tribesmen and changed his noted to a peculiar yodelling trill, much resembling the syllable, “Ee,” repeating it continually.

One of the Larrekiya boys drew the attention of Dr. Basedow to the fact that the cry bore a remarkable resemblance to the call of the great northern Australian bird, the curlew, and the similarity was indeed wonderful. Then slowly and deliberately, the old leader approached the doctor, and it appeared, indeed, that his last moment had come. The former was followed by other elderly men. They felt the white man's body all over, and as they handled his flesh beneath his light tropical garments, they smacked their lips as if in anticipation of the coming feast!

Instinctively, however, the doctor reciprocated, and when the old men patted him on the chest he also returned the compliment. This was the turning point. Friendship between the islanders and their visitors was firmly established, and the former came forward at a signal from their leader and laid down their weapons of offense.

### SWEETS FOR THE BRAVE!

It was now the turn of the little party to be gracious, and they walked forward and presented the stalwart, naked islanders with cheap pocket knives, handfuls of sweets, and red handkerchiefs, for which they were duly grateful. In return, they collected all their spears and handed them to Dr. Basedow. It was a real truce.

From then onwards the relations between the islanders and the party were entirely friendly, and the latter was given free escort in any part of the domain of the tribe. Had not the members of the party reciprocated when the friendly gestures were made in the first instance, however, the consequences would have been disastrous. Realizing their strength, the islanders would have quickly overpowered the party. Altho the latter were covered by other members of their expedition on board the lugger that vessel was too far away to have rendered much aid. The party was in much the same position evidently as Captain Cook at Otaheite. It is generally agreed that his untimely death was due to a tragic misunderstanding between his party and the natives.

### PUNISHMENT BY DEATH

Not always, however, are the circumstances so favorable or the issue so friendly as in the above case, especially when the European visitor does not have an insight into the customs of the primitive people, which is so essential when travelling in unknown tribal territory. Very often he makes himself guilty of an offense which may appear trivial to him, but which, according to tribal law, is criminal. For instance, he might not be aware of the fact that he is invading a sanctuary which is religiously guarded by elders of the tribe as the home of certain of his sanctified deities, and in which are kept some of the most sacred treasures that have belonged to a tribe for ages. These areas, indeed, are absolutely taboo to all tribes-people except a few duly initiated men belonging to a particular totem, and any unauthorized invasion calls for the supreme penalty—punishment by death.

Again, during periods of tribal ceremonial—such as that attending the initiation of the young men of the tribe—proceedings

are conducted in the most rigorous, austere, dignified, and secretive fashion. At this time especially the elders are in charge, not only of affairs in general, but are individually the guardians of the initiates, and must preserve the inherited dignity of their traditional status. By the initiates these men are revered in much the same way as the religious acolytes look up to their elders in other countries. Any insult offered an elder at such a time is regarded as a criminal offense meriting death.

It so happened that during an expedition led by Dr. Basedow into the Lake Amadeus region a junior member of the staff foolishly accosted three or four elders who were in charge of a number of novices about to undergo one of the ceremonies connected with initiation. He called upon them to halt, and "line up" to have a photograph taken. The old men, after much muttering, reluctantly submitted, in acknowledgment of the white man's superiority, but keen resentment was plainly written on their faces. The aftermath came in due course. About nightfall the old man of the party, contrary to aboriginal custom, took upon himself to walk into the white man's camp with deliberate effrontery, and, cursing the stranger who had accosted him, made it quite clear that in return for the insult he wanted a choice selection from the larder of the white offender.

### NIGHT ATTACK BY NATIVES

Naturally no experienced European traveller would tolerate an action of the kind, and the intruder was peremptorily ordered off.

"Palu manu," ("you bad man,") fiercely cried the blackfellow, to which Dr. Basedow, with simulated fierceness, responded, "inta pinna lai" ("The devil you are, get out.") The native needed no second bidding to depart and then the fat was in the fire. With an oath on his lips he retired, and in the gathering shades of night a few minutes later two natives were observed to slip from cover, from which they had watched proceedings, and disappear in the darkness. Within half an hour a hushed murmur was heard, and a low buzz of voices announced the fact that reinforcements had been summoned from the nearer distance.

By this time the atmosphere was tense with excitement. The self-proclaimed enemy had rapidly extinguished his camp fires, which to the experienced European is invariably an indication that trouble is brewing. In consequence, the black boys attached to the expedition were ordered to cover the fire round which members of the party usually sat for warmth, by shovelling



sand on to the embers. Everybody was instructed to take refuge behind the pack-boxes and saddles of the camels, and to keep their arms ready, but not to act unless they received orders to do so or were in imminent peril of being molested by unobserved intruders.

### DREAD WHITE MAN'S EYE— AN ELECTRIC TORCH!

The tense silence was at length broken by a whispered voice saying, "Purranapurru nakutchipi," meaning "Be quiet; he will hear you," from one of the hostile natives. This revealed that the enemy was crawling towards the white man's camp. Now and again the sound of a twig breaking betrayed the stealthy movement of an approaching native.

Suddenly the deathly stillness was broken by the jingling sound of bells and hobbles, which showed that the camels were stampeding. Trouble was suspected, and two native boys were ordered to strip off all their clothes, and, adopting the wily methods of their fathers, to glide from the white man's camp in the darkness to the terrified animals to ascertain the cause of the trouble and take whatever action they deemed necessary.

"Me shoot 'em that pfella?" inquired Sambo, the boy in charge of the camels, of Dr. Basedow before leaving.

"Suppose him kill 'em you, you shoot him first time," was the somewhat cryptic response, but the native understood, and without another word disappeared into the inky blackness.

A long interval of suspense followed. Suddenly a hissing, vibratory noise cut the still air, and with loud thud a spear scattered the sand with which the fire had previously been choked. A tiny ember, not quite covered, had been fanned into a point of flame, and at it a native had hurled his spear. It was the signal for a retaliatory action on the part of the attacked, and a man was ordered to fire a fowling-piece containing No. 12—dust—shot in the direction where it was suspected the spear came from. The loud report momentarily broke the stillness, and all was again deadly quiet.

After a while the plaintive yelp of a dingo was heard, and was followed a moment later by the clever imitation of the call of the bookok owl. The enemy was well on the warpath and meant business.

Then came an inspiration. It was recollected that in the kit of the expedition was a modern electric torch. It was produced and flashed in the direction of the hostile natives. The effect was

magical. Before the baleful glare of the mysterious "eye" of the white man the invaders ran for the scrub in fear of their lives!

As the light was flashed from point to point, dusky figures could be seen slipping from behind cover, and gliding like reptiles thru the sand. From the distance came angry voices raised in dissension. Some were for making another attack; others were too afraid of that "eye." They did not come back.

In the bitter cold night members of the expedition took it in turns, sitting round the ashes of the usually bright fire, to keep watch. When dawn broke the "enemy" was not even in sight. Undoubtedly the magic torch had saved the lives of the party!

### SHOES OF DEATH

Sambo and his comrade had succeeded in slipping thru the circle of hostile natives, and came upon the camels ten miles away. In their wisdom they tethered the animals in a clear space and lit camp fires round them, sleeping themselves in a secluded spot away from the prying eye of any possible observer, and waited for day-break.

So the adventure ended all right, but it might easily have gone against the expedition. The boys made a careful scrutiny of the nearer surroundings of the camp next morning, and numerous footsteps, which indicated the stealthy approach of hostile natives the night before, were plainly visible. At one point a few drops of blood were found, but whether it was human or animal blood could not be ascertained. No tracks were available to confirm any suspicion that it might have been human blood.

"This one no matter," explained Sambo, pointing to certain marks in the sand. "Him all same wear kurdaitchie shoe." This article is a padded slipper, made of emu feathers, which natives wear when on the warpath to obliterate their footprints. There was no doubt regarding the intentions of the invaders.

### WHERE DEPARTED SPIRITS DWELL

A European traveller might innocently transgress and be guilty of a most serious offense in the eyes of the natives by unknowingly invading a sacred sanctuary enclosing the tribal depository of totemic objects, usually referred to as tjuringa. Generally caves are selected as hiding places, securely and secretly situated within the precincts of the domain over which a tribe holds sway. They have various names. One famous cave south of the Macdonnell Ranges is known as "Manunga-nunga." Within these

caves the ancestral totem spirits, known as "Altjirangamitijira," are supposed to have originated, and after traversing the hunting grounds, they are the means of impregnating animal and plant species for the purpose of producing supplies for the tribe to feast upon.

During that time each spirit is supposed to adopt a half-human and half-animal or plant form, and after performing solemn rites and ceremonies, to return to the sacred caves where they still live.

Each totem spirit is conventionally represented on a tjuringa jealously guarded by the old men of the tribe, whose particular totem is representative of the animal or vegetable form the spirits allow to proliferate. During any religious ceremony a particular tjuringa is brought out by its guardian, and acts as the means or medium by which a spirit is invoked to attend and preside at a particular function.

No one, except an authorized person, is allowed to visit the caves in which the sacred emblems are kept. When the guardian of a particular totem does so, he takes the precaution of leaving a record of his visit on the walls of the cave. This is by an individual handmarking, which he leaves much in the same way as his modern white brother leaves his visiting card on the table of a friend's house. The landmark is made by placing the palm of the hand and the fingers against the wall and squirting from the mouth on to the back of the hand an emulsion composed of pipe clay. The hand is then withdrawn, and a negative imprint remains upon the rock.

Just as an aboriginal can distinguish the individuality of any footmark on the sand, so can he recognize by the handmark on the wall who has visited the cave. The object of leaving the handmark is to satisfy the spirit who reigns over his totem that an individual has not neglected his duty. The cave is really an aboriginal altar where he worships his god.

#### WHAT HAND-MARKS MEAN

Certain amateur investigators have surrounded the discovery of hand-marks with all manner of mystery, some expressing the belief that they represent aboriginal Masonic signs, and so on, and so on. The explanation given above is the sole one for the appearance of the supposed mysterious hands in caves and elsewhere.

In many of the caves the bones and skulls of numbers of the foremost warriors and other notables of a tribe have been depos-

ited, much in the same way as the remains of famous people were placed in tombs in ancient Egypt, or in the catacombs of Rome, or coming to more modern times, in Westminster Abbey.

Many times in his explorations Dr. Basedow was cautioned not to invade the sacred sanctuaries.

### INTER-TRIBAL WARFARE

The aboriginal is much like his white brother in that he has family troubles and quarrels with his neighbors. These differences often lead to bloody feuds, which are continued for generations.

White men go to war for a variety of reasons, and the same remark applies to dusky warriors. Natural treasures, such as ochre deposits, have been the *casus belli* of innumerable inter-tribal wars. These deposits are indeed a precious possession, absolutely indispensable if the warriors of a tribe are to appear properly decked out at battles and great ceremonials. They exist in various parts of Australia, and nowadays are to be met with in settled districts. There is one remarkably fine deposit within a few miles of Adelaide, over which there were bloody fights in days of old. The Adelaide tribe, which owned it, had to meet fierce warriors from as far east as the Murray, and as far north as Port Augusta.

Prior to the advent of the white man—and even to the present day in the more remote far northern areas of Australia, where the wild black still roams—elopement and abduction was not uncommon, and provided frequent cause for warfare. They might take place between two groups or families belonging to different tribes. The love reactions of the aborigines have never been recorded so far as is known to science, but they appear to be much the same as those of the white man. The punishment alone differs. It is an offense of the first magnitude in the eyes of the elders of a tribe if a gin elopes or is abducted, and prompt measures are forthwith taken to avenge the crime. The chief objective is to make the revenge as murderous and gruesome as possible, and it is a case of “all in,” as it is known in the vocabulary of the white fighter.

Massacre en masse is the supreme aim when a tribe goes on the warpath. The wild blacks which attacked the first overlanders between Adelaide and Sydney on Rufus Creek provided a striking instance of this fact, and it was much the same when other whites were set upon in the pioneering days.

So far as native legend and records go, such battles were of



frequent occurrence in the days before the European invaders set foot on Australian shores. It is a rare thing nowadays, however, to hear of a big fight, owing largely to the white man's laws having been enforced on the unwilling aborigine. Indeed, former bitter enemies, such as the Arunndta and Aluridja, Larrekiya and Ponga Ponga and Wongapitcha and Kukata tribes, may now be seen living side by side in peace and harmony.

Dr. Basedow relates many legends and stories which have been handed down from generation to generation, and grown hoary with age, of the mighty conflicts of the past. The art of aboriginal warfare is to take the enemy unawares; and to devise ways and means for the accomplishment of such an end, a council-of-war, composed of the oldest and more experienced men of a tribe, is held to lay plans, much in the same way as supposedly more civilized man has done thruout the ages. Decisions as to the *modus operandi* having been reached, all men eligible to fight are apprised of them. Then comes the overhauling of the war weapons, the strengthening of spears, sharpening of blades, and so on.

To make themselves appear as fearsome as possible, the warriors smear their bodies with red ochre mixed with emu fat. Their spear throwers are examined to ascertain if they are quite in order. Then, tying their hair tightly back with strands of human hair, the natives strip off every vestige of clothing and are ready for battle. It is a methodical preparation, and contains a lesson for supposedly far more civilized warriors.

Like Paddy, most aboriginals—that is, those unspoiled by the taint of a white man—love a fight, and during the preparation for battle jests are bandied about the camp, and nowhere is any sign of fear or nervousness seen, either on the part of the men selected to fight, or their relatives. They are more like little children preparing for an innocent game, laughing and jabbering in their particular dialect.

### WOMEN URGE WARRIORS ON

As in heroic combats in ancient Greece and Rome, and even in the Great War, women play a part in the preparations, and do all they can to help, and entertain their heroes about to go into battle. Just as is the case in more civilized countries, women of the tribe, especially the old gins, run beside the men as they march away to battle, jesting with them about the enemy they are to meet, and causing roars of laughter.

Gesticulating, dancing, and brandishing their weapons, the na-

tive braves march to the chosen battle-ground. Now and again piercing yells (which may be interpreted as war whoops) are given vent to. All the time the men stamp with their feet, and vibrate their legs, denouncing the enemy in anything but gentlemanly terms.

These antics continue as the "army" advances to where the enemy is "entrenched." The scene of action having been reached, several of the most daring warriors dash to the front prior to the commencement of actual hostilities, and continue the antics in the very face of the enemy. The latter reciprocates, and so for a time the opposing forces jeer at each other. Little by little they edge nearer, and then the moment arrives when, intentionally or otherwise, one brave touches an opponent or portion of his "armour." Now the fat is in the fire!

With a great roar the warrior who has thus been "insulted" rushes at his opponent, driving his spear, which he uses like a lance, straight at him. This is the signal for the fray to begin. Yelling and gesticulating, the antagonists slowly retire until they are separated by about fifty feet. Then the battle begins in earnest. With deadly precision showers of spears are hurled, and only the agility of the men at whom they are aimed saves them. The spear throwing is accomplished by a terrific din. The participants keep up a loud bawling, while the excited women in the background shriek loudly.

Thus a "battle" may continue for several hours without a single casualty on either side. Should a warrior be hit the yelling is intensified. Unless he is mortally wounded, or rendered unconscious, he slips away under cover of his shield to be attended to by the women, who stop the flow of blood with a packing of clay, powdered bird excrement, grease, and gum leaves. Sometimes a spear may be driven thru a portion of his body, and the assistance of several of the old men onlookers is sought to extract it.

It is somewhat singular that tho the natives are skilled in the use of the knife in decorating their bodies, they have never learned how to use it for surgical purposes, so they cannot make an incision into muscle or other tissue in order to extract a piece of spear or other foreign body which may be lodged there.

### FIGHT FOR BODY

If a man is killed his friends and foes fight for the possession of the body. At the imminent risk of their own lives the former come forward, shielded, as far as possible, by fellow-tribesmen

Several others may be wounded in the resultant struggle. If a man is killed on the opposing side a truce is called, and each side carries off its heroes unmolested. If the dead or disabled warriors happen to be men of valour, or hold important positions in the warring tribes, it may lead to a permanent armistice.

The average Australian aboriginal does not hold enmity long, and is ready after such a demonstration of heroics as mentioned to come to terms with his erstwhile enemy. The bloodthirsty looking fighters frequently forget their differences in a joyous outburst, singing, dancing, and jesting together, the past forgotten. Once his revenge is taken, a native quickly reverts to his daily round and peaceful existence. Revenge is not necessarily an individual matter with him. The wrong committed by one tribesman may have to be atoned for by another, possibly, innocent man of the same blood. Blood revenge has caused the death of more than one innocent white man who has travelled thru tribal ground where perhaps just previously another white man assaulted or otherwise earned the hatred of that particular tribe.

This accounts for so many of the so-called "atrocities" practiced upon the white man in the past. For obeying a simple tribal law, which is just as precious to him as are the laws of the white men to them, and quite as important, the innocent "offender" is taken before a white man's court; tried perhaps for a capital crime, and possibly hanged.

Is it any wonder that the black man has been misunderstood so much? The white man has attempted to force his laws and religion on him, not to mention loathsome diseases he has spread, and when resentment has been shown in the only way the primitive native knows, he has fallen foul of strange laws, and is treated like any ordinary civilized offender. Alas, for human justice!

## CHAPTER 21

### ENROUTE SYDNEY TO SOURABAYA

Coming north from Sydney, we finally turned due west and left the Great Barrier Reef. Gradually, day by day, heat began to crawl upwards as we worked towards Equator. Are, even now, some distance from it but we are feeling its nearness. Even as we write, in our "Cabin Luxe Hut," sun is beating down; we are stripped to B.V.D.'s and perspiration (which is the elegant word, altho actually we are SWEATING) is rolling down and off. As we were eating lunch, we thot we would do as all on board do daily, viz., take siesta—an afternoon snooze. But, if we did as do all others, we would only accomplish what they do. We have a book to write, notes to make and enlarge, therefore, if we accomplish more than they, we must not do as they.

One of most interesting characters on board average passenger ship is the barber, who is almost always storekeeper. Ask for anything you want, he has it. He is a go-between, between anything and everything passengers WANT and what anybody and everybody on shore at ports want to get rid of; therefore, you exchange money for what he has. Usually he has a collection of native arts, usual and unusual. Several times a day we have gone to barber's store. We get to talking and sooner or later that will remind him of something he has somewhere; he will dig down and get it out. In this way we pick up things we otherwise could not get even in countries we go to. This morning we were talking about prisons; darned if he didn't mention he had some handcuffs from a prison at McCassar and that we could have them if he could find them. We shall see that he does even if we have to find them for him.

On this trip from Sydney to Sourabaya, we have been betting on ship's run. First day out there was no betting; second day we were in port. First time we did bet, Captain's figure was 311. We bet 308-9-10 and were three shillings out. Next day Captain's figure was 330. We bet 328-9-30-31-32. 331 won. We won 9 shillings. This put us 1 shilling to the good. Next day Captain's figure was 350. We took 348-9-50-51-52. Lost all. 357 won. Now 4 shillings behind. Captain purposely gave a wrong number to prevent others winning as we were.

Imagine a mentally drained and physically tired person who has not had a vacation for five years, who literally went thru hell with a capital H, now aboard a wonderful boat, domiciled (what-



ever that means) in a luxurious "Luxe Hut," sailing for 12 days on sapphire smooth sea, with boat so quiet one would think he was in a hotel by preference; a tropical climate with sun beating down brilliantly; at night a shimmering moon; close to shore scenery day after day for over 1200 miles. Net result? Rest! REAL rest! We are gaining back that composure and poise necessary to carry on a great work far from finished.

We shall be on this boat 12 days between our port of departure and objective port. Distance on this stretch is 2,488 miles.

One night we had horse races on board. Here is line up of program. Note that horses are named after geographical places we are passing or else named a mixture of names of people on board. Take your choice and win or lose, it's up to you.

#### OFFICIAL PROGRAM

First Night, Nov. 28th, 1930.

TSS "Nieuw Zeeland" Wooden Horse Racing  
Club Night

Summer Meeting.

Run under patronage of Commodore A.A.C. Kroef, Commander  
By Your Sports Committee  
President and Chairman  
Dr. T. T. Thompson.

Judge ..... Mr. W. H. McBryde  
Starters ..... Col. B. J. Palmer & C. J. Keukelaar  
(Purser)  
Clerk of Course..... Mr. T. C. Parker  
Stipendiary Stew ..... Mr. M. N. Wardell  
Policeman ..... Mr. T. B. D. Edwards  
Totalisator ..... Mr. G. R. Hatton—Mr. H. P. Fales—  
Chief Steward  
Vet. Surgeon ..... Prof. S. A. Mitchell.

#### Jockeys:

Miss G. Miles..... Blue  
Miss E. Miles..... Black and white  
Miss S. Miles..... Pink  
Mrs. L. E. Lintott..... Mauve  
Miss D. Macleod..... Red and white  
Miss N. Macleod..... Green

#### Races.

1. Cape York Stakes.
2. The Nieuw-Zeeland Cup.
3. Thompson Waddle Hurdle.
4. The Beret Canter.
5. The Youngsters Scurry.

#### Race. Nr. 1.

1. Nieuw-Zeeland by Cook out of Tasman.
2. Parker by Reckitts out of Bag.

3. Michael by Patrick out of Australia.
4. Fails by Starlight of Place.
5. Enterprise by Hoover out of Stripes.
6. Professor by Venus out of Moon.

*Race. Nr. 2.*

1. Curse of Drink by Titus Canky out of Canteen.
2. Gallows by Augus Quick out of Rope.
3. Marriage by Regret out of Hurry.
4. Experience by Innocence out of Red Paint.
5. Gramophone alley by Talky out of Luxe Hut.
6. Miles by Feet out of Yards.

*Race. Nr. 3.*

1. Shot by Eight out of Seventy.
2. Pool by Empty out of Plug.
3. Vaccination by Forbidden out of Pool.
4. Lang by Labour out of Misery.
5. Lemon Hat by Fair Face out of Unwashed.
6. Strained Eyes by Vision out of Kim.

*Race Nr. 4.*

1. Dollar by Sweat out of Graft.
2. Thompson by Long Life out of Absence.
3. Teddy by Nightmarch out of Cabin.
4. Worry by Oil out of Poodle.
5. Hatton by Money out of Passengers.
6. Tiny by Too Little out of Did Much.

*Race Nr. 5.*

1. Shelia and Helen.
2. Jill Xmas.
3. Charles and David.
4. Marry and Hugh.
5. Jean Smyth.
6. Alan Knewstubb.

**NOTE:**

Disorderly drunks and suicides will be removed from the Course. Patrons will kindly note if Gentlemen persist in backing horses on Ladies tote. This Tote will be closed.

Four well known Bookies and Policeman have been engaged at enormous Cost (Yours) to swell Tote and Swindle the Public. Policeman will see that all bet; so the Swindle can be greater.

A Horse will be disqualified and its Jockeys warned off, if it:

- a. Crosses, Savages, Jostles, Bite or kicks another horse during race.
- b. eats bedding, snorts, cavorts, or is guilty of any practice unbecoming to its pedigree.
- c. is given or takes a dope before or during race.

Any disputed Race will be deferred till day of Judgment.

Cars must be parked some distance from boat.

Keep to Left . . . . . or to Right as desired.

Committee advise bettors to Patronise the Tote: Bring shilling with you.

No responsibility will be taken for transactions made with un-registered bookmakers.

Police have instructions to remove all three card tricksters, share punchers, sly grog sellers and any suspected Characters from Course. Persons so removed may appeal without success to Committee.

Members are requested to avoid delaying traffic to and from Tote & Refreshment Booths. Beware of Pick-Pockets.—Give Tote a Chance.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.~

— — —

Between ports mentioned, we pass thru following bodies of water, boundaries of which are imaginary at best:

Tasman Sea	Wetta Passage
Capricorn Channel	Bonda Sea
Coral Sea	Flores Sea
Torres Strait	Java Sea
Gulf of Carpenteria	Celebes Sea.
Arafura Sea	

There will be others as we navigate west and further north.

One night there was a fancy dress ball on board. We put on dinner dress and disguised ourself as a "gentleman." Couldn't come up to expectations of meeting requirements to win first prize. Sign announcement said: "No fancy dress. No tucker." We asked our Chinese table boy "what mean tucker?" He said: "Tucker Dutch for Chinese Chow." We guess Dutch must have originated saying "best bib and tucker"; bib meaning dress and "tucker" food.

This boat is NIEUW ZEELAND. It was not named after country of New Zealand. "Zee" in Dutch means English "Sea." Remember "Zuyder Zee." Name means New Sea Land.

There are three kinds of people in the world. Those who think NEW thots; those who see NEW thots when presented; and those who refuse to acknowledge a new thot when presented for consideration. Those who seek new thots; those who are NOT afraid of a new thot; and those who deny one when it is. We try to put ourself into first class as much of time as ability and talents make possible; if we can't get into first class, then make us a good fellow in second; but heaven forbid we ever get into third.

We today met a NEW idea—"Wonder Lace," ran across it in barber shop store.

Everybody wears shoes. In those shoes are string laces. These strings lace back and forth thru holes. You put on shoe, begin at bottom, pull up laces as they wind back and forth, then tie them at top. Shoe laces do not stretch, expand or give. As you stand on

feet, move about, or walk about in heat, feet inside swell, consequently suffer from expanded feet squeezed into shoes which cannot give.

The "Wonder Lace" gives, stretches, expands as feet do. As you walk and bring instep forward in shoe, "Wonder Lace" expands, gives and relieves tension of tight foot. As you walk, "Wonder Lace" gives with every movement. If we must wear shoes, they should be comfortable and so they conform to feet as much as possible. "Wonder Lace" is another step in that direction.

The "Wonder Lace" is new, simple, original. Pursuant to ability to think, we acknowledged it as soon as we saw it. We today equipped our shoes with "Wonder Lace." We are now in tropics where feet DO swell. Shoes are now more comfortable than before. Our feet are smiling again.

Desiring highest degree of efficiency, we have long admired fireman who slips out of bed and into complete suit ready set up and in a jiffy is down the pole. We have deplored necessity of wasting so much time dressing and undressing. We have wished we could "zipper" and remove everything in a moment, and in morning another "zipper" would put everything on. In that connection, we deplored necessity of untying strings, pulling laces loose so we could get feet out of shoes, and, on reverse direction, equally deplored necessity of pulling up laces, one by one, before we tie shoes in morning. Many have been times we would have liked to slip feet out and cool off but refused to do so because it would demand too much time. "Wonder Lace" removes that obstacle. With "Wonder Lace" you unhook one hook, shoe is immediately and completely unlaced from top to bottom of opening; it spreads wide open, foot slips out easily and quickly. You slip foot in, one hook and entire shoe is laced from bottom to top.

That we ACCEPTED the idea proves we can accept a NEW idea when presented. We are now passing it on to see what YOU do, who read this. We have written the factory in Australia to see if we can stock and sell them in our store at The Dear, Old PSC . . . not for profit, but for possible convenience and foot comfort.

#### SHIPBOARD CONVERSATION RE PHALLIC WORSHIP

It isn't often that we talk ordinary ship-nothings to average passenger. Occasionally, we do run into somebody who is trying to understand, who wants to know and seeks enlightenment. One such is aboard. He is an American business man from one



of our large cities. He is retired and is now trying to know more about rest of world he has never lived in.

Discussing Maoris other day, he said: "I was told by a lady who runs a boarding house down in Rotorua they are very immoral. She has lived with them many years and therefore she ought to know."

At that time we said: "But does she? After all it is a matter of viewpoint, whether YOU view what THEY do from THEIR viewpoint, or whether YOU view what THEY do from OUR viewpoint."

At the time we determined to further discuss Maoris with him sometime when we could be alone. We have NOT lived amongst Maoris but we do not consider them immoral or unmoral. We consider them a very religious people; living religion as THEY view it. We finally secured opportunity we wanted.

Original natives of any country, regardless of whether that be in orient or occident, had no telephones, radio, T-V, newspapers, books, trains, telescopes, microscopes. Geography, as he knew it, was circumscribed by limitations of his island, town, or tribe. Tribe often migrated but all this was within a very narrow circle, as we understand the world.

This native saw a peculiar and mysterious power at work in fish, birds, animals, trees, and his people. He saw seasons come and go, monsoon, rains, etc., insofar as they affected territory in which he moved. It was this reproductive power in nature that was THE God to him and them. In seeing the God, or Great White Spirit, Om, A Ra, Indra, Tiki, Tane, or whatever name HE gave it, as involved within his small island, he was seeing God as much as WE see God with telephones, radio, T-V, newspapers, books, trains, telescopes and microscopes, in geography as we know it, which includes our universe. His religion was based upon God-sex-reproductive-power, or, sex-reproductive-God-power, as observed and studied by him within limited surroundings. We say "limited," altho all sufficient to his needs then and there. Our religion is based on same God in no larger sense except as we observe it in an unlimited universe. His limited understanding came to him as understanding, same as our unlimited understanding came to us as understanding. As he began to give his understanding form, so did we. He built his up in sex (creative) form and worshipped sex-God accordingly. We constructed an intermediary personality and gave it form. He created idols according to his understanding, as we did. The two are two different forms of the same thing. At this time, we look at him; he looks at us; we call him ignorant; he does same to us.

Neither can understand other; each calls other wrong. We call OURS only right. He thinks HIS right.

Above answers question this man asked, which was: "What is the difference, if any, and why should there be a difference, if there is?"

We explained question of phallic worship, which, to him, was new; it opened up new vistas; gave him understanding of native life he had never known before. Whereas before he was looking down upon the native, he was now construing him as an equal, except from another angle and form.

Phallic worship is the "pagan" concept of higher and superior things, so far as he was concerned and involved. It determines what he thinks, how, and why; it is foundation of home, native social relations, inter-tribal laws; creates customs, ceremonies, and predetermines religious rites and rituals in dance, pow-wows, hulas, or body dances. To native all is pure, good, right, regardless of how much it may vary from OUR "standards."

This man began to realize there WAS another side to this question; that morals and moralities, immorals and immoralities, unmorals, were deeper rooted and more fundamental than appeared in mind of that boarding house woman "who had lived amongst them for years" but who, nevertheless, did not understand them; that missionary questions were more vital than merely collecting money to feed the "heathen" and to "convert" the pagan in foreign lands; than sending money over to some other country "to save souls."

From now on this man will study native "pagans" with understanding from THEIR angle, regardless of whether those "pagans" be Romans, Grecians, Egyptians, Hawaiians, Maoris, Australian bushmen, Balinese, Singahlese, Burmese, Siamese, East Indian, etc.

This man had talked with us about engaging us to speak before a club in his city of which he was a prominent officer. Suppose he invited us to speak before his club on "native races"; suppose we spoke of them as we believe them to be; suppose our understanding of them was based on THEIR understanding of themselves; and then suppose they did not understand them as we do but he did understand from his occidental mind, he could easily say that *any, every* and *all* our conclusions were wrong. Had he not travelled in those countries, had he not seen with his eyes and reasoned it with his mind? In everything he said, HE would be honest with himself. So would we. He could say he had been where we had been; he had seen what we had seen—BUT, DID HE?

HIS conclusions would all be based upon occidental reasoning; judging everything, oriental, native or "pagan" standard, by his occidental standard; ours would be based upon oriental reasoning; judging everything, oriental, native, or "pagan" standard, by oriental standards; as native mind would think about same thing.

There was a time when word "pagan," to us, meant savage, uncultured, ignorant, low, indecent, immoral, lax and loose human relations sexually, etc. Not so now. Of a different order, yes. A "pagan" now, to us, is one who has an established understanding; has law and order; has a standard of human relations beyond which none can or must go without suffering penalties of themselves or a higher order. That he is a "savage" to us is but a contrast. He is NOT a "savage" to himself or amongst themselves. He IS cultured within his tribe; he has an education great enuf for his needs; he is not indecent in what he does or how he does it; there is no immorality amongst themselves nor will they permit such, as they understand it, amongst themselves, any more than we would, amongst ourselves, as we understand it. There is a different character, we grant. There is also a different order and character existing now among us whites, between cultured and educated modern races of world; and who is to say which of those are right and which are wrong?

We understand Christian occidental mind, born under a certain standard, in a certain country, being taught certain things they thot were right, all else wrong, wanting to go to a "pagan" oriental ancient mind, born under other standards, to teach them all they know is wrong, that what they alone bring them is right, thus attempt to "convert" pagan to occidental standards. We can understand oriental mind refusing, even to murdering, the occidental mind who tries forcible persuasion pressure to see that he is "converted."

Just as curator of museum in land of Maoris did not know that Maoris had a "pagan" phallic religion, well defined and confined, as thousands of fellow travellers entirely misconstrue and misunderstand, therefore condemn native pagans, so do thousands of Christian missionaries go to oriental countries and NEVER know the mind or people they try to "convert." They are so thoroly steeped and saturated with all that with which they were born and were taught was right alone, that they will not concede or grant room for displacing any idea they possess to try to understand the mind they go to save. Before one can save another, he must save himself; and to save himself means he must displace before he can place; he must give before he can take; he must understand another before he can understand himself. To

take the position he alone is right, all others wrong, because that is view he alone can assume, then he is useless and valueless to try to save others. The true Christian missionary is he who goes in to try and understand and know intimately people he goes to save. If he gets the phallic worship fundamental AS THE NATIVE LIVES AND UNDERSTANDS IT, he will find he is not removed from a good enough religion for all his needs. Many a Christian missionary who has gone into "pagan" countries with that liberal desire, sooner or later adopts many pagan's beliefs and methods; becomes half and half in many instances; if not converted to pagan concepts in many respects. This is referred to as "going native."

There is good and bad in all religions; there are superstitions, myths, allegories, and word-of-mouth tales, etc., in all. Some have less, others more. We Christians do not have FIRST word or LAST. We can understand why Christian missionary who lies buried in Christian missionary cemetery in Honolulu had that pagan phallus on his grave. He lived with them, understood them, adopted some of their beliefs, and expressed that belief after death. He "went native" to that extent.

After discussing this fundamental with this fellow passenger, he has begun to see the native as native wants to be seen; he is beginning to understand the native is not so much a "pagan" as he thot; that we, too, have many pagan methods and beliefs; and, instead of condemning native for what he does, he is beginning to see WHY native does them. If we have "converted" a Christian to becoming more of a Christian by educating him to be tolerant then we have again rendered a service.



## CHAPTER 22

### NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES

Southeast of United States are WEST Indies. Away over here on the other southwest side of the world are EAST Indies. Most of these islands belong to Netherlands, and are called "The Dutch East Indies" because they belong to Holland.

Natives are of various tribes, each having separate name and a different dialect. One universal language has a common Polynesian root and for want of better is called "Malayan."

We had a pleasant pastime picking up some words and getting English meaning. We give them to you.

#### ENGLISH-MALAY VOCABULARY

Singapore spelling has been adopted for the Malay in which:

a is pronounced as a in father  
eh is pronounced as a in late  
i is pronounced as ee in feel  
u is pronounced as oo in fool

#### NUMERALS

One, satu	Eleven, sa blas
Two, dua	Twelve, dua blas, etc.
Three, tiga	Twenty, dua pulu
Four, empat	Twenty one, dua pulu satu, etc.
Five, lima	Thirty, tiga pulu
Six, anam	Thirty one, tiga pula satu, etc.
Seven, tuju	One hundred, sa-ratus
Eight, dalapan	Two hundred, dua-ratus, etc.
Nine, sembilan	One thousand, sa-ribu
Ten, sapulu	Two thousand, dua-ribu, etc.

#### DAYS OF WEEK

Monday, hari senen	Thursday, hari kemis
Tuesday, hari Selasa	Friday, hari jumahat
Wednesday, hari rebu	Saturday, hari sabtu
Sunday, hari minggu	

The Netherlands East Indies (called, in Dutch, Nederlandsch-Indie) consists of a series of island-groups, which extend from continent of Asia, viz., further India, to Australia. These are

situated between 95 degrees and 141 degrees east longitude and between 6 degrees north and 11 degrees south of equator.

Principal groups are: 1st. Greater Sunda Island, i.e. Java and Madura, Sumatra, Borneo and Celebes with adjoining smaller islands; 2nd. Lesser Sunda Islands, i.e. Bali, Lombok, Sumbawa, Flores, Timor, Sumba, Rotti and several smaller islands; 3rd. Moluccas and New Guinea as far as 141 degrees east longitude.

With exception of a part of Timor, which belongs to Portugal, a part of North Borneo, which is a British protectorate, whole of groups of islands belongs to overseas territory of Kingdom of Netherlands.

Netherlands Indian Archipelago is bounded on North by Straits of Malacca, South China Sea, Sulu Sea (to south of Philippines), Celebes Sea and Pacific Ocean; on east by Pacific Ocean and British New Guinea; on south and west by Indian Ocean.

Maximum length from west to east (i.e. from Pulu Weh to Humboldt Bay) is 5000 km (about 14 days by steamer), which is approximately equal to distance from west Coast of Ireland to east Coast of Black Sea or from  $5\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  to west of Cape Mendocino ( $130^{\circ}$  W.) to  $7^{\circ}$  to east of New York, or  $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  to east of Cape Cod ( $68^{\circ}$  W.).

Maximum distance from north to south is 2000 km, which is equal to distance between White Sea and Rome, and as long as the Gettysburg-Watertown in South Dakota and New Orleans respectively.

Taking Batavia on Island of Java, as centre, distances to following harbours are:

Singapore .....	532 nautical miles
Hongkong .....	2,091 nautical miles
Kobe/Yokohama ....	3,164 nautical miles
San Francisco .....	7,613 nautical miles
Sydney .....	3,904 nautical miles
Bombay .....	2,696 nautical miles
Calcutta .....	2,164 nautical miles
Port Said .....	5,612 nautical miles
Genoa/Marseilles ...	7,156 nautical miles
London/Amsterdam .	8,880 nautical miles
Hamburg .....	9,200 nautical miles
New York via Suez..	10,345 nautical miles

Northern part of east coast of Sumatra is situated on Straits of Malacca, through which ships pass proceeding to or returning from Far East. Harbour of Singapore, which is situated at en-

trance to these Straits, and is a port of call for nearly all these ships, is 38 hours by steamer from Batavia and 79 hours from Sourabaya. Majority of sea traffic from Singapore to Port Darwin and other Australian harbours passes through Netherlands Indian waters.

Total area covered by all islands of Netherlands Indian Archipelago measures 1,900,152 sq. km (34,583 sq. geographical miles), which equals about half size of Europe, excluding Russia.

To give some idea of size of different islands, following details are of interest:

Java, including Madura, which for administrative purposes forms a unit, has an area of 131,611 sq. km, or 2,395 sq. geogr. miles, i.e. about same size as State of New York.

Java is only fourth in size, but for several reasons hitherto most important of all islands, indeed most precious gem in whole "emerald girdle which encircles the Equator." It has maximum width in centre, between local towns of Japara and Patjitan (81 km) and its minimum width between Probolinggo and South coast (22 km).

Island has a large number of volcanoes. Highest of these, the Smeru, raises its summit to 3676 m.

Sumatra, with surrounding islands, has an area of 471,551 sq. km. or 8,582 sq. geogr. miles, i.e. about same size as California, but it exceeds area of Great Britain.

Sumatra is after Java most important, and after Borneo largest of all Sunda islands. It stretches from  $5^{\circ}4'$  north to  $5^{\circ}59'$  south, and is divided in two parts by Equator, to which it inclines by  $45^{\circ}$ . It contains a long mountain range, called Bukit Barisan (which means "an array of mountains") of which Mount Indrapura has elevation of 3806 m. and Mount Ophir of 2912 m. Bukit Barisan turns face to Indian Ocean as tho it were to guard Archipelago from tempests, and descends to east into a broad plain, which is covered by immense forests and moors.

Borneo is largest of all islands, but it is thinly populated. It is only at coasts that Malaysians, Chinese, Arabs and Europeans have settled. Dutch part of island is divided into two divisions: western and southeastern. Whole island covers area of 736,500 sq. km, or 13,404 sq. geogr. miles, of which approximately five-sevenths is Dutch territory. This part covers 535,638 sq. km, or 9,749 sq. geogr. miles; is as large as France or Cape Colony.

Celebes, with small islands in immediate neighborhood, covers an area of 188,940 sq. km, or 3,439 sq. miles; it is larger than State of Washington and about same size as New Zealand and Ceylon taken together.

New Guinea, Dutch territory of this island, measures 397,204 sq. km, or 7,229 sq. miles; consequently it has about same area as Japan proper.

### GENERAL TOPOGRAPHY, GEOLOGY AND SOILS

Principal islands of Netherlands Indian Archipelago are traversed by a central mountain range, which divides hill districts from more or less extensive lowlands and coastal plains. In geological structure mountains and hills are very complicated. Western and especially southern chain of islands belong to most outstanding volcanic territories of world, except in Sumatra, especially in more central parts and further to east of Archipelago, large stretches of older, even of oldest formations, built by igneous rocks (granite, peridotite) as well as by sedimentary or metamorphic rocks of different composition (quartzite, sandstone, marl, limestone shales and slate). There is in Archipelago a wide range, from youngest to oldest geological formations, and a large variety of deposits, each of which has its own topography and soils.

Mountains above 600 metres in Java, are mainly built by quaternary and recent volcanic mantle rock, which, generally speaking, consists of volcanic sands, cinders and dust. Under influence of warm damp climate, pyroclastic material easily disintegrates, providing soil-types propitious to vegetation. These soil-types include volcanic ash-soils, younger lateritic soils and younger podsollic soils, which are, generally speaking, very fertile, covering large areas. These areas are, to an altitude of about 1500 metres, parceled out with various cultivations, while from this limit, to about 3000 metres, zone of dense virgin forest extends. Wherever mountains are deforested and ground is not occupied by so-called mountain cultivations, such as tea, cinchona, coffee, rubber or European vegetables, extensive grassy plains occur, alternated by low shrubbery.

In Java, hill country, which includes hilly foot fringe of volcanic ranges, occupies an important position.

This country belongs to same formation as quaternary mountainous zone; soil will offer same advantages and hardly a single spot will be found which is not covered by some kind of vegetation. Wherever surface is not covered by sawahs (wet rice-fields), dry cultivations take place, or fruit trees and other useful plants are grown. By dry cultivation is understood, besides tea and coffee, cultivation of rubber in first place, and furthermore of rice from non-irrigated fields, cassava, peanuts, tobacco, maize, sugar cane and agava.



Wherever hill districts are composed of tertiary marl and calcareous soil, which is generally case in north of east Java, ground for most part is covered with dense teak forests. Marly hill districts, with typical, poor and heavy, black coloured clay soil, are covered with irrigated and non-irrigated rice-fields, besides plantations of cassava, sorghum, coconut palms and fruit trees. This kind of soil will only yield satisfactory results when properly fertilized (preferably soluble phosphates).

Third important formation, distinguished in hill country of Java, is ancient or tertiary volcanic formation, which is mainly formed in western part of Java and covered with old lateritic soil. It is partly terraced for sawahs, but fit for growing cassava, maize and non-irrigated rice, as well as fruit trees, coconuts, coffee, kapok and rubber, although less abundant crops can be harvested than from soil of younger volcanic origin.

Last mentioned fertile soils occur along entire longitudinal axis of island of Java.

Lowlands, below 50 to 100 metres, are entirely cultivated. Largest area is occupied by irrigated rice-field (sawahs) where, extending over wide stretches, sugar cane, tobacco, maize, sweet potatoes, peanuts, etc., besides indigo and native vegetables are cultivated as rotation crops. On non-irrigated fields cassava and maize is grown, while in kampongs (native villages) coconut cultivation occupies an important position.

Composition of soil, and as a natural result its degree of fertility, varies considerably, according to what extent areas are covered by sediments of quaternary and recent volcanic tertiary marl or ancient tertiary volcanic origin. Plains in Java possess soils of all degrees of productive power, from extremely rich soils, viz., those of recent volcanic origin, to very poor areas, namely those of marly composition, and cover all transitional stages of composition and fertility.

Agricultural land has been continuously under cultivation for a long period and, in many cases, does not offer same advantages as newly developed or recently reclaimed areas. Often high yields are impossible without previous intensive fertilizing by means of green manuring, sulphate of ammonia, phosphate fertilizers, and so on.

In irrigated parts of country, highly developed and efficient system of irrigation has succeeded in maintaining fertility of soil for a considerable time. Among such areas large complexes occur, especially marl soil areas, which require fertilizing if crops are to yield desired results.

Contrary to intensively cultivated and densely populated island

of Java, other islands of Archipelago, termed Outer Islands, are in a lesser degree occupied by continuous cultivation. Of preponderant importance are many rubber, tea and Deli tobacco plantations, also growing of coconut palms, fibres and coffee, while certain areas are devoted to winning of oil. We also find in Outer Islands periodical cultivation of rice on non-irrigated virgin soils carried on a considerable scale. Vast areas are covered with dense tropical jungle, while large stretches of waste land occur.

Mountain and hill ranges of Sumatra, Borneo and Celebes are to large extent built by granitic and other old igneous rocks, even by such bed rocks as ancient slate, shale and other old sedimentary and metamorphic formations, so, that soil, extending over large stretches, is less fertile than soil in Java. Many parts may be compared to similar regions in Ceylon, Indo China, Malacca, Brazil and Deccan of British India, noticeably so old lateritic formations.

In Sumatra and Celebes, however, quaternary and recent volcanoes have in many places pierced original ancient mountain system, and soils in whose composition this younger volcanic formation enters are equally rich as those in Java. From an agricultural point these islands attract most attention. Here again young volcanic areas, covered with volcanic ash soil, young lateritic or young podsollic soils, are agricultural land par excellence, as east coast of Sumatra (Deli tobacco, rubber, tea, oilpalms, fibres); west coast of same island (sawah-rice, tea, cinchona, coffee, oilpalms); mountainous district of Palembang and Bencoolen (coffee and tea); Manado (coconut and coffee); South Celebes (maize, coconut and coffee), while Borneo has shared in nature's gifts.

Mountainous region, as well as higher hill country, occupies relatively a smaller area in Sumatra, and especially in Borneo and New Guinea, in which islands a vast surface is taken by lowlands consisting principally of alluvial and marshy plains, which extended along east coast line of Sumatra and along coast lines of Borneo and New Guinea. Here we find low lying coast line, with fringe land below high water mark of rivers, inundated during a longer or shorter part of year and extending in some places over 100 kilometres in land. These vast stretches of more or less marshy land are exclusively overgrown with paludal forests and marshy grasses. Agriculture (coconuts, non-irrigated rice fields, rubber) is exercised on elevated flood plains and alluvial terraces bordering rivers, of which larger ones carry tremendous volumes of water to ocean. Most of larger rivers are

navigable far in land, for steamers of considerable tonnage, forming a more or less welcome natural connection between more cultivated areas in interior and their outlets. Moreover, along coasts, large areas of bogland of various depths occur, which have not been reclaimed.

In Celebes, in contrast with Sumatra, especially with Borneo and New Guinea, mountain and hill country occupies largest area. Extensive lowlands of Central Celebes are geologically of recent alluvial composition, which seem to be very fertile. This is an important stretch of land, which is cultivated with maize, together with coffee from hills and mountains of interior, form articles of export suited to this particular region.

### CLIMATE

Whole of Netherlands East Indies belongs to tropical zone. Climate of this area is uniform, but yet differences are often important. With temperatures approaching limit of human endurance, as is case in low-lying plains, great influence of a few degrees is striking. Sensibility to temperature-differences involves that, in describing climate of tropical country, stress should be laid on temperature-conditions and especially on variation in connection with height.

East Indian Archipelago lies between 6 northern and 10 southern latitude. Dimensions of islands are small enough to allow an effective interchange of air with surrounding seas. Consequently, climate resembles that of ocean near equator. High temperature, abundant rainfall, feeble winds and high humidity are therefore principal features of climate of Indian plains. This is approximately true: exceptions to general rule are by no means negligible.

Influence of continents of Asia and Australia renders Archipelago most typical monsoon-region of world. Change of monsoons causes yearly variation in climate that is rather small in northern, but considerable in southern parts. To this seasonal variation are added local differences, which are larger than in temperate zone, because in tropics originating forces are more local and accidental. Local differences are accentuated by high mountain-ranges, which make rainfall and cloudiness dependent upon wind-direction.

Moreover in successive years great differences occur in strength of monsoons, closely connected with general air-circulation.

With exception of fluctuations of rainfall, variations from day to day are trifling. Disturbances, such as low-pressure systems

of higher latitudes, which make weather variable, are practically unknown. Deviations of air-pressure do not surpass a few millimetres and hardly affect weather. Strong winds are an exception.

By far most important are variations of rainfall, and it is chiefly by intensity of tropical cloudbursts that inhabitants of this land of eternal summer are reminded of power of elements.

Variation of phenomena is much the same from day to day. When sun has risen in clear sky and has stirred air by its heat, small cumulus clouds appear, usually about 9 o'clock; at same time monsoon, which has abated to nearly absolute calm during night, but has kept blowing in higher air-layers, springs again. Windforce and cloudiness increase with climbing of sun, clouds grow denser and darker, pile themselves up to higher and higher levels, till in afternoon condensation sets in and refreshing rain falls with a clattering sound on thick foliage; or till, towards close of rainless day, clouds gradually dissolve with declining force of sun-rays. Then evening succeeds short summer day, sky clears, wind abates and cloudless and calm tropical night begins, which brings recreation after oppressive heat of day.

Uniformity of temperature-conditions makes all more prominent differences between climate of higher regions and that of low plains. Besides temperature-decrease, climate also changes in other respects. In mountains cloudiness increases, and at first also amount of rain. On higher levels clouds and rain are concentrated more and more in afternoon hours and grow rarer during night and morning. There is also a change in intensity of rains, and, instead of heavy tropical cloudbursts, light showers are frequent, intensity of rains decreases, but total duration of showery weather increases.

In plains, in consequence of difference in temperature between land and water, which is caused by alternate heating and cooling by day and night, there exists a succession of land and seabreeze, latter being by far stronger. Monsoons are generally well developed in plains.

At mountain-base formation of clouds and thunderstorms is promoted by neighborhood of mountains. Monsoons are generally weaker than in plains, and mountain and valley winds predominate.

On mountain-slopes monsoons are largely disturbed. Where mountains obstruct passage of monsoon, wind often attains a relatively high velocity on outer slope, trying to turn corner along shortest way. Mountain and valley winds are mostly well developed. Cloudiness is high in day-time, low at night. Rainfall is



high, ascending air-currents being concentrated on mountain slopes.

On plateaus rainfall and cloudiness are usually less than on mountain-slopes, facing plains. A peculiar phenomenon is higher level of cloudbase; consequently on plateaus fog in afternoon is less frequent than on slopes, where, on contrary, clouds dissolve sooner in evening. Nightly temperature-minima are low and frost and morning fog are by no means rare.

Temperature is fairly uniform during whole year; at Batavia: July and August  $25^{\circ}.8$ , January and February  $25^{\circ}.3$ . Temperature becomes relatively high twice a year in monsoon-changes, shortly after sun has passed zenith.

Daily variation of any one day closely resembles that of others.

When leaving equator and approaching Australia, one sees distribution of rainfall over year changing more and more. A division in dry and wet season becomes apparent, which is clearly marked in extreme southeast. East monsoon is dry, west monsoon wet season.

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The fauna of these islands resembles that of Malay Peninsula; however, each island possesses its particular types. Striking similarity, which exists between these islands and Asiatic continent, may be explained by their geological history. At time Europe was still in ice-age, viz., in pleistocene or diluvian period, these islands were connected to Asian continent, with which they formed one single area. At that period rivers in East Sumatra and West Borneo flowed together, uniting into one large stream, which debouched into South China Sea. This explains how there exists more of a resemblance between fish in rivers of west Borneo and east Sumatra than between west and east Borneo.

Java is a region in itself. Its position having always been more isolated and the connection with the other islands a looser one, mingling of species went less naturally than occurred between islands of Borneo and Sumatra. Borneo has a number of animals in common with Sumatra, in particular with plains situated on east coast of Sumatra, while fauna of west coast—including adjacent islands (Nias, Engano)—show resemblance to types indigenous in Java, which especially applies to insect world. Thus "orang utan" occurs in Sumatra as well as in Borneo, while this animal is absent in Java. Tiger lives in wilds of Sumatra and Java, and is not found in Borneo. The "siamang" (*Hylobates syndactylus*) occurs in Sumatra only, while proboscis monkey (*Nasalis larvatus*) is found nowhere outside of Borneo.

Largest number of ape species, which continent of Asia possesses in common with Greater Sunda Islands, is found in Sumatra, their number declining in Borneo, while fewer occur in Java. Tarsiers (*Tarsius*) are in Sumatra, Borneo and Celebes, while in Asia these animals are unknown. Another lemur, slow loris (*Nycticebus*) is common to both southeastern Asia and Larger Sunda Islands, while a number of remarkable insectivores, viz., tree shrews (*Tupaiaidae*) and flying lemur (*Galeopithecus*), are characteristic of this region.

As to pachyderms, elephant as well as tapir occur in tropical Asia and in Sumatra, former having affinities in Africa, latter exclusively in South America. Both animals are unknown in Java, although one-horned rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros sondaicus*) is found there; while Malay Peninsula, Borneo and Sumatra own a special form (*Rhinoceros sumatrensis*) with two horns. In olden times, jungles in Java must likewise have harboured elephants and tapirs, judging by discovery of fossils, which also pointed that hippopotamus, as well as animal akin to the Anoa—latter actually occurs exclusively in Celebes—has also been an inhabitant of Java. We should also mention a celebrated fossil, discovered in Java in 1892, by Prof. Dubois, viz., the *Pithecanthropus erectus*. This highly developed ape, which Dubois took to be a progenitor of man, was found near Trinil in residency of Madiun. Very scanty remains, viz., upper part of a skull, a femur and two molars, which are kept in Haarlem, likely originate from beginning of diluvian period.

## HISTORY

### From oldest times to arrival of Europeans.

Of various people, who inhabited East Indies 2000 years ago, we know little. It is certain theirs was a rudimentary state of civilization. In Java they were a little more advanced. Most probably sawah-tillage was in practice in this island, as early as that, and we know art of sculpture was practiced.

Arrival of Hindus has been important for history of these regions. They settled in Java and Sumatra about beginning of Christian era. On account of higher civilization, they soon became superiors of natives who, although they adopted Hindu religions (Sivaism and Buddhism), remained socially as well as politically apart from their conquerors and were classed in lowest caste of Sudras. Existing agrarian community developed into a feudal one. Out of this, powerful Hindu empires gradually de-

veloped, most important of which were: Mataram (Central Java), Modjopait (East Java), and Padjadjaran (West Java).

In spite of continuous wars, in which monarchs and vassals were mutually engaged, Hindu period was economically flourishing for island of Java. Those regions, which benefited most, are up to present day under influence of Hindu civilization (Central and East Java, and Bali). Rice culture greatly improved; new cultures were introduced; spinning, weaving and metal-working developed; while active shipping-traffic arose, extending to China and India. Ruins of many magnificent sanctuaries and temples, such as Borobudur, Prambanan and Mendut, recall this flourishing period.

In course of following centuries Hindu empires were falling more and more into decay, while their downfall was precipitated by coming of Islam to these regions. Doctrine of Mohammed, introduced into Indies by merchants from India, found numerous followers in commercial towns on northeast coast of Sumatra and in Malacca. From here new religion spread to Palembang, East Java (commercial towns Tuban and Grisee) and even to Moluccas.

Not before 15th century did Islam become politically powerful. It was in that age several feudal states of empire of Modjopait fell into hands of Arabs or of Hindu converts of new religions. A Mohammedan army was raised which, after unsuccessful attempts, succeeded, about 1500, in conquering capital of this empire. In beginning, Mohammedan empire of Demak became principal state in Java till, after bloody wars, it lost power and feudal state Mataram gradually succeeded in obtaining sovereignty over almost whole of island.

Islam also spread over West Java, conquered in 16th century by empire of Demak. Sultanate Bantam founded here, and succeeded in becoming independent.

Now all Hindu empires, with exception of Empire of Balambangan in East Java, disappeared from Java. Faithful followers of old religions had crossed to Bali, where they remain to present day. Just when religious wars were bringing about such great changes in Java, first Europeans, Portuguese, made their appearance.

#### From arrival of Europeans to end of United East India Coy.

Ever since Middle Ages, Indian spices (cloves, nutmeg and pepper) had been known in Europe, taken to important ports, such as Malacca and Bantam, by native boats, were conveyed

further to Bay of Persia by Hindu, Persian and Arabian navigators. They found their way by land to coastal places of Mediterranean, whence goods were shipped to other European ports by Venetian and Genoese ships. This trade was apt to suffer seriously at hands of Turks, who had taken Constantinople in 1453. End was it disappeared altogether when Portuguese navigators succeeded, in 1498, finding the way by sea to Indies round Africa. Further excursions followed, and soon attempts were made to found a great colonial empire in southern Asia.

Malacca was taken in 1511 under command of Albuquerque; in 1521 Portuguese had settled in Moluccas, where amongst other privileges, they obtained monopoly of spice-trade, from Sultan of Ternate.

In these years Lisbon became emporium of costly Eastern goods. Spices from Archipelago, cinnamon from Ceylon, gold and silver ware from India, and silk, porcelain and lacquer ware from Japan were imported and distributed over Europe by Dutch ships. However, in 1580 Portugal was taken by Spain, and some years after that Portuguese ports were closed for ships from Netherlands, as this country was engaged with Spain in so-called eighty years' war. Dutch merchants, seeing this measure would be end of their trade, decided to find way to Indies themselves. In 1596 attempts were crowned with success, and a number of companies were founded for trade to Far East. To avoid competition among themselves, which would prove fatal, and to make a strong stand against Portuguese and English in Archipelago, these companies united in 1602 into the "United East India Company." This company obtained from States General monopoly for trade to southern and eastern Asia, as well as right of carrying on war, conquering countries, jurisdiction, and coining.

In spite of hostile attitude of other Europeans (Portuguese, Spaniards, English, French, and Danes) and of native princes, Company succeeded, after some difficult years, in securing firm footing in Moluccas and West Java (Batavia) under rigid administration of Governors General. Offices and warehouses were opened, and soon active trade was carried on to India, China and Japan.

Profiting by numerous civil succession wars in various native States, Company obtained more and more power over princes, and in 18th century succeeded in monopolizing mighty empire of Mataram. It tried to obtain trade-advantages from princes, never demanding land property, as sole aim was commercial profit.



Supremacy over country was seldom its object; it wanted only to be master of coasts and ports, to control imports and exports. Company was gradually getting into possession of a considerable area of land along north coast of Java, but this was due more to special circumstances, than to a vigorous attempt at founding a colonial empire.

Throughout its existence Company exercised monopoly with a firm hand. Before long, cloves were restricted to Amboina and nutmegs to Banda. To secure high price, Company prescribed a certain production, which was not to be surpassed. Annual excursions were made for inspection, superfluous trees were rooted out; these were notorious hongi-expeditions. In Java, Company succeeded in concluding contracts with Javanese princes, in which latter bound themselves to free supply of a certain amount of produce (so-called contingents) and to another supply at moderate prices (the so-called deliveries). At time of its administration there was no question of constructive economical policy. Sugar industry in vicinity of Batavia was encouraged, but amount supplied by this industry being autocratically reduced and extended, according to amount of sugar on Amsterdam market, there could be no question of reliability, or of prosperity, on this account.

Gradually, however, monopoly was losing advantages. Profits so easily gained, had relaxed power of Company. Private trade, though strictly prohibited, nevertheless took place in form of active clandestine trade, in which even officials of Company, who received poor salary, were often engaged. Great wars with empires of Bantam and of Mataram, in 18th century, caused a quick increase of expenses, while corruption, family-government, and dishonesty in every respect reached its culmination. Owing to this Company was getting more and more into pecuniary troubles, until at last it found an inglorious end in 1798. State took over all assets and liabilities; latter, however, far surpassing assets.

From dissolution of East India  
Company to present day.

Netherlands State-Government realized a change in Indies was imperative. For this purpose Marshall Daendels was sent to Colonies in 1808. He ruled three years. In this short time he removed various abuses with forceful and unrelenting hand. He was firm with native princes, diminishing their influence and partly depriving them of territory. Power of regents and of lower native chiefs, too, was restricted. They became officials superin-

tended by European prefects. Through these measures, though imperfect, Daendels laid foundations of a new Government-system. Soon after his departure East Indies were conquered by English, enemies of Netherlands during Napoleonic wars (1811).

Lieutenant-Governor Raffles continued work of Daendels during English Inter-regnum (1811-1816). This Governor strove for extension and reinforcement of European supremacy. Java and Madura were divided administratively into residencies, at head of which European Government officials were appointed. Majority of contingents and deliveries were abolished and substituted by land tax.

After Napoleonic wars were over, Colonies were returned to Netherlands (1816).

Financial conditions of East Indies in those years were critical; trade had dwindled; those in debt for taxes had been reduced to poverty; wars in Outer Islands for maintenance and extension of authority had cost a lot of money, while finally a dangerous revolt in Central Java rapidly increased annual deficits. Private agriculture and free labour of native population being under these circumstances not promising for revenues of mother-country, a new Culture System was introduced, in 1830. Effect of this system was the Government concluded contracts with natives, in which latter bound themselves to plant one-fifth of lands, at most, with crops for world-market. These crops were delivered to Government at fixed price, and to be given by them on consignment to a special banking house, *Nederlandsche Handelsmaatschappij* (Netherlands Trading Society).

Culture System proved to be advantageous for exchequer of mother country.

## POPULATION

The Netherlands East Indies provide the picture of a country which is inhabited by most divergent races and peoples. Legal division into Europeans (and those assimilated with them), Foreign Orientals and Natives give a very superficial insight into actual composition of population, since, within these groups, there is no question of homogeneity.

## IMMIGRATION

Immigration, controlled by special service, is subject to few conditions. Generally speaking, very few difficulties are placed in way of visit or residence in Netherlands East Indies.

Admission is refused to persons not in possession of a visaed

passport or safe-conduct, who are not in a position to provide for themselves and families; those living by immoral means or who have been sentenced for criminal offence in foreign country with which extradition treaty exists, so their extradition can be demanded; and those who are considered to be a danger to public order and safety.

Disembarkation may take place only in certain ports; in Java and Madura these are Tandjong Priok, Samarang and Sourabaya. In Outer Islands there are 21 approved ports, of which principal are: Belawan (Deli), Bengkalis, Palembang, Pontianak and Macassar.

Before proceeding ashore a landing permit should be obtained, which is valid for wife and minor children. Landing permit is issued on board against payment of stamp duty, amounting to one hundred guilders. Hollanders are not required to pay this duty.

Immigration fee is refunded in case travellers leave Netherlands East Indies within six months, and in case one is refused admission.

Those who receive landing permit are required to present this permit to Secretary of Immigration Commission, immediately after arrival on shore, in exchange for admission card.

Landing permit issued to first and second class passengers of ships belonging to shipping companies indicated by Government, serves as admission card.

Admission card gives lawful owner right to stay in Netherlands East Indies for two years; this period can be twice extended for a period of one year and, for a third time for a period of six years.

Admission card can, for certain reasons, be withdrawn, in which case person in question is required to leave country.

If it appears a landing permit has been issued to a person who does not require it, paid fee will be refunded.

Persons who desire to establish themselves in Netherlands East Indies, must obtain residence license before expiration of admission card.

If they reside in Java and Madura, stamped application must be sent to Governor-General through intermediary of Head of Province and, in Outer Islands, to Head of Province through intermediary of Head of Local Government.

Residence license expires if holder remains outside Netherlands East Indies for longer than eighteen months,—special circumstances excepted.

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## GENERAL DATA ON DUTCH EAST INDIES

*Hotels and Restaurants.* In every important city there are generally two or three hotels, and any place without hotel generally has a rest-house (Passanggrahan), which was originally intended for use of travelling officials, but which may be used also by general tourist, on application to assistant resident or controller of place and payment of prescribed tariff. Besides European hotels, there are also some owned by Chinese, which are not suitable for Europeans. European hotels are managed capably in every respect. Unlike hotels of Singapore, they are generally one-storied buildings, and each room has a wide veranda in front, facing garden or carriage road. Boarder usually rests and receives guests on this veranda. Bath water of all hotels, except some in remote resorts, is cold. Most clerks, in addition to Dutch and Malay, speak some English, German, and French, so visitors of any nationality can make themselves understood. In every hotel there are room boys, who attend to minor orders of visitors. Where there is laundry, boy will take orders for washing required, which will come back washed and ironed in less than twenty-four hours. Carriages can be engaged thru clerk of hotel.

As most hotels in Java are generally fully occupied, tourist is advised to wire or write beforehand to hotel at which he intends to stop. Tariff differs more or less in different places. In cities it is generally from fl.7 to 8 per day, American plan, and from fl.12 to 13 for best separate rooms. Charge includes room rent (a bedroom with a veranda attached) and board (early morning coffee or cocoa, breakfast, luncheon, afternoon tea, and supper). Ice and iced water are supplied free of charge any time, if orders are given to room boy. A cold water bath (warm bath in remote mountain resorts) can be taken any time, free of charge.

Boys are paid definite wages, so they are by no means dependent on tips for livelihood; but lately habit of tipping boys and drivers has become common and they have come to expect it as a matter of course. Suitable amount varies from twenty five cents to one guilder, according to length of one's stay or travel.

*Currency, Weights and Measures:* The coins circulating in the Dutch East Indies are same as those in Holland. Gold coins of 10 guilders and 5 guilders are standard coins, but they are stored in banks and rarely found in circulation. Three silver coins of fl.2.50, fl.1, and 50 cents are generally used in daily transactions. Silver coins of 25 cents and below are legal tender up to the sum of fl.10, nickel coins to fl.5, and copper coins to fl.2. Con-

vertical bank notes are of nine denominations: fl.5, 10, 25, 50, 100, 200, 300, 500, and 1000.

Weights and measures used in the Dutch East Indies are those of Holland and of natives.

*Languages and Guides.* Inhabitants of Dutch East Indies are a mixture of various races. They use their own language; but language most commonly and widely used is Malay. All officers, educated natives, and Chinese, converse in this common language. All proclamations of government are written in Dutch and translated, when necessary, into Chinese and Malay.

Languages used by Europeans are their native tongues. Dutch are dominant Europeans, and Dutch is spoken commonly among themselves. Since these islands are surrounded by English colonies on three sides, and intercourse with Europeans of other nationalities is intimate and active, all Dutch of colonies study English, French, and German in high schools, and these three languages are freely spoken. Business language used among Europeans is English, tho, in dealing with natives, Malay is used by Europeans. Malay is used by Chinese, who have laid an unshakable foundation of influence in Malay Peninsula, Java, and surrounding islands.

Malay, being a very simple language, can be learned easily by any people. Tourists, who do not understand this language, may procure a little Malay conversation book and put it to immediate use.

Malay has little accent. Syllables are constructed regularly and pronounced simply. Its vowels are pronounced mostly like French. In pronouncing names of places in Dutch East Indies, following remarks will be helpful.

e is to be pronounced like e of "the"; e like French e or e; a and i as in French.

Dutch j    English y

Dutch dja    English ja

Dutch tja    English cha

Dutch oe    English u in "rule."

*Guides.* In Java, of whole Dutch East Indies, which attracts greatest number of tourists, English-speaking guides can easily be secured by applying to hotels or to Official Tourist Bureau of Batavia. They are mostly Eurasians, Malays, and Javanese. They charge generally fl.3 a day, besides travelling expenses, which must be borne by employer. Since most Eurasians speak Dutch, Malay, and good English, they are preferred to others, if knowledge of languages is main consideration. Malays and Javanese speak sufficient English for practical purposes; besides, they charge less and can be used partly as porters, and, furthermore, expense of their board is less than that of Eurasians.



Official Tourist Bureau was founded for purpose of enabling tourists to make most of their trip. It invites, gratis, consultation as to plan of tour, best hotels, etc. It supplies maps, time tables, guide books, etc., at cost.

*Hours of Business and Calling:* In the Dutch East Indies, owing to habit of taking a siesta after luncheon, business houses close during a part of afternoon. As time of afternoon business hours varies in different houses, shopping and banking had better be done in morning. In Java supper is generally taken between eight and nine o'clock. Accordingly, best time to make a call is between seven and eight in evening.

*Roads.* In outer possessions of Dutch East Indies, owing to generally undeveloped condition, roads are poor and do not extend far. Especially in Sumatra and Borneo, where communication is largely dependent on rivers, construction of roads is neglected. Java and Madoera, owing to earlier development and also to various military reasons, have systems of fairly well-laid roads.

*Judicial System:* In Dutch East Indies, law that applies to Europeans is different from that applied to natives and other foreigners of same class. Discrimination is justifiable, since habits and customs of natives are fundamentally different from those of Europeans. For Europeans, there is a local court in each of all provinces, and a district court in Batavia, Semarang, Medan, Padang, and Makassar, and above these supreme court in Batavia, in which every case is decided by jury. Last appeal can be made to governor-general. For natives and Asiatics, except Japanese, there is a special court in each district and regency. In native courts, local civil officers are presiding judges. In court of each regency of self-governing provinces, presiding judge is a European, and he is assisted by associate judges consisting of two or three other European judges and some important native officers of locality. Native chieftain, a Mohammedan priest, and chief native officer of village, appointed by governor-general, participate in examination of cases, and if accused objects to verdict of court, he may appeal to higher court. Besides these civil and criminal courts, there are religious courts, one in each regency. Disputes connected with marriage and cases of similar nature are handled in these courts, and native officers of locality and Mohammedan priests, appointed by governor-general, are judges.

### CUSTOMS AND MANNERS

*Costume:* Inhabitants of Dutch East Indies are complex, but in matter of dress there is marked uniformity among all native

ances. Kings and nobles are dressed luxuriously. Generally they wear flannel or velvet garments, or silk robes with gorgeous embroidery and decorated with gold, silver, and other jewels. In independent provinces, like Solo and Djokja, when going out, they wear short swords and are accompanied by followers and protected from sun's rays by large umbrellas held from behind by attendants. Sight is like a procession of an oriental feudal lord. They live in pretentious mansions. People in general wear half pantaloons, over which they wrap a strip of calico six feet long and from three to four feet wide. That used by people of western parts is sewn together at ends, forming a cylindrical garment, but in middle and eastern parts they use a plain strip of cloth. Over upper part of body they wear an ordinary shirt, with open breast and tight sleeves, and on head a piece of calico, about three or four feet square, folded and tied at back and pulled out at both ends like horns. In blazing sunshine or on long journey, they wear over this a wide hat made of bamboo or other material. From waist they hang a bag in which tobacco and other articles are carried. People of upper class wear Arabian or proper Javanese foot-gear made of leather, but people of middle and lower classes go mostly barefooted. In cities and ports many wear European clothes with closed necks; but in most cases European clothes are worn only on upper part of body, while lower part is covered with native sarong, and shoes are worn without socks. This costume is outdoor garb; but at home, except in cool regions, they usually wear nothing but sarong, which is pulled high over the breast.

Women's dress is different from this and is very varied. Women of Batavia and its vicinity generally dress European style. Over under-vest they wear shirt waist with tight sleeves and made of very thin material, called kabaya (Portuguese). Shirt waist of upper-class women is trimmed with lace and fastened in front by pins. When going out doors, they use small paper sunshades or ordinary European umbrellas. Girls often wear colored silk or calico over head, in manner of Hindoo and Arabian women. In middle part of Java, they wear shirt with closed sleeves and without opening either in front or at back. Generally speaking, dress of women of eastern cities of Java is more elegant than that of Batavian women.

Women fasten hair up at back and decorate it with hair-pins, but combs are rarely used for decorative purposes. Girls wear flowers in place of hair-pins. Ears are decorated sometimes with ear-rings and sometimes with ear-drops, about three-quarters of an inch long and half an inch round, of plated gold. Finger-rings

and arm-rings are worn by men and women. Children are often adorned with leg-rings and ankle-rings. Women carry babies on left hip, supported by a piece of cloth about six feet long hung diagonally from right shoulder and passing around seat of baby. They love fragrant perfume of flowers, and, to have it always in clothes, flowers and roots are put in bottom of dress case. In families of upper class, incense is burned for purpose. Like natives of Malay Peninsula, they chew a mixture of betel-nut and lime, to dye their lips red, and some women also dye finger nails red with a certain plant juice, which practice is believed to have virtue of keeping off evil spirits.

*Houses:* Natives of upper class of Java and Sumatra live in respectable houses, built of wood, stone, or brick, after European or Chinese style, and decorated with peculiar Javanese carvings. But generality of natives live in small huts made of bamboo and bushes. In western Java floor is much raised, to keep cattle under it, while in eastern part it is laid low. Around house are planted coco-palms, plantains, and other trees, and ground is hedged by bamboos and other plants. House is constructed of logs and bamboo, tied together with rattan and vines, thatched with atap (palm-leaves), walled with palm-leaves, bamboos, boards, and floored also with bamboos or boards, with mats spread over them. In front is a wide veranda, and sleeping room is at back. It has no windows and light enters in thru interstices of bamboo wall. In high region at back of Padang in Sumatra Island live tribe called Menengkabau. Their houses are different from those of other natives. Floor is built exceedingly high and covered with palm-leaves or zinc plates and ridge of roof is shaped like bow projecting high at both ends. Rice is chief food of natives of Sumatra, and rich natives always build granaries by houses, sometimes four to a house, one at each side, but they are not such big and solid structures as godowns in Japan. Some storehouses are decorated with sculpture or painted red.

*Food and Drink:* Mohammedan natives of Dutch East Indies never eat pork, and Buddhist natives abstain from eating beef. Common foods are rice, vegetables, and fruits. In regions where rice is scarce, it is supplemented or replaced by corn, tapioca, and sago. Rice is main food, and vegetables, coconut, spices, and small quantity of flesh of buffalo, goat or fish constitute side dishes. Natives are fond of spices, and chief one is pepper; but many other kinds are used, according to different tastes of different tribes and individuals. Meal is carried to wide front room and set out on mat. Then family sit round cross-legged. They hold food with thumb and first two fingers of right hand.

Left hand is used to touch soiled or dirty objects. They drink water directly out of pitcher, but hold it so that water runs into mouths from mouth of pitcher, which is not allowed to touch lips. Drinking-water is always boiled. Their beverage contains a little alcohol; owing to influence of Mohammedanism, they are never in habit of drinking to excess. Some smoke opium.

Most rich native Mohammedans keep more than one wife, and kings and nobles generally have several wives. Throughout all classes there are many children to a family. Children of lower classes are taken to work with parents, as soon as they reach seven or eight years of age; but those of higher classes do nothing and often become profligates and criminals.

In accordance with custom of Mohammedanism, natives fast once a year for a period of one month (about October). During fast month they eat once a day, immediately after sunset, and, as soon as month is over, they celebrate fast by preparing a great feast. As fast month draws to close, natives are busy buying new clothes and paying off old debts, for it is for them end of year; like everywhere else, this end of year is also season of robbery and various other crimes. Natives love music, and instrument called piano is much like "koto" of Japan. Its sound, tho rather melancholy, is similar to that of "koto." Mohammedans have various superstitions peculiar to them.

*Religion.* There are various religions in Dutch East Indies. All Europeans and some natives living East of Borneo are Christians. Native inhabitants of Java and Sumatra are mostly Mohammedans. In Bali and Lombok islands natives are generally Buddhists, while Chinese keep to their peculiar polytheism, tho some are Christians.

*Christianity:* Christianity (in form of Roman Catholicism) was first introduced to East Indies towards close of 15th century by Portuguese at Amboina Island in Moluccas, from which it spread to Celebes, Borneo, Sumatra, and Java. Later, Dutch introduced Protestantism at Minahassa in Celebes, and German Church was represented in middle part of Sumatra. In 1807, Dutch government granted freedom of religious belief in East Indies, and since then Christian sects have vied with each other in propagating their beliefs. Lately English, French, and American churches have been making considerable efforts to convert natives; but their belief in Mohammedanism is so deep rooted that good work of these churches is scantily rewarded. Total number of Christians in Dutch East Indies at present is about 600,000.

*Mohammedanism:* Mohammedans are most numerous in Java and Sumatra. They constitute more than ninety per cent of total population of Dutch East Indies. This religion was first introduced early in 13th century in Java, and by latter part of 15th century it had supplanted Buddhism and Brahmanism. This success was due to fact its teaching was well adapted to grade of native's intelligence. Indeed, it spread like wildfire throughout whole of islands, and Mohammedan priests came to have controlling influence, not only in educational and religious affairs of state, but also in civil and moral affairs. This influence is evident in fact they serve as judges in native courts. Even now annual number of those who make a pilgrimage to Mecca reaches as many as ten thousand.

*Buddhism:* Native Buddhists who refused to accept Mohammedanism fled to Bali and Lombok, where they built many temples. Especially noteworthy is temple of Boroboedoer, considered to be one of masterpieces of Buddhist architecture. All that is artistic and refined in customs and manners of natives has its source in Buddhistic civilization of this age.



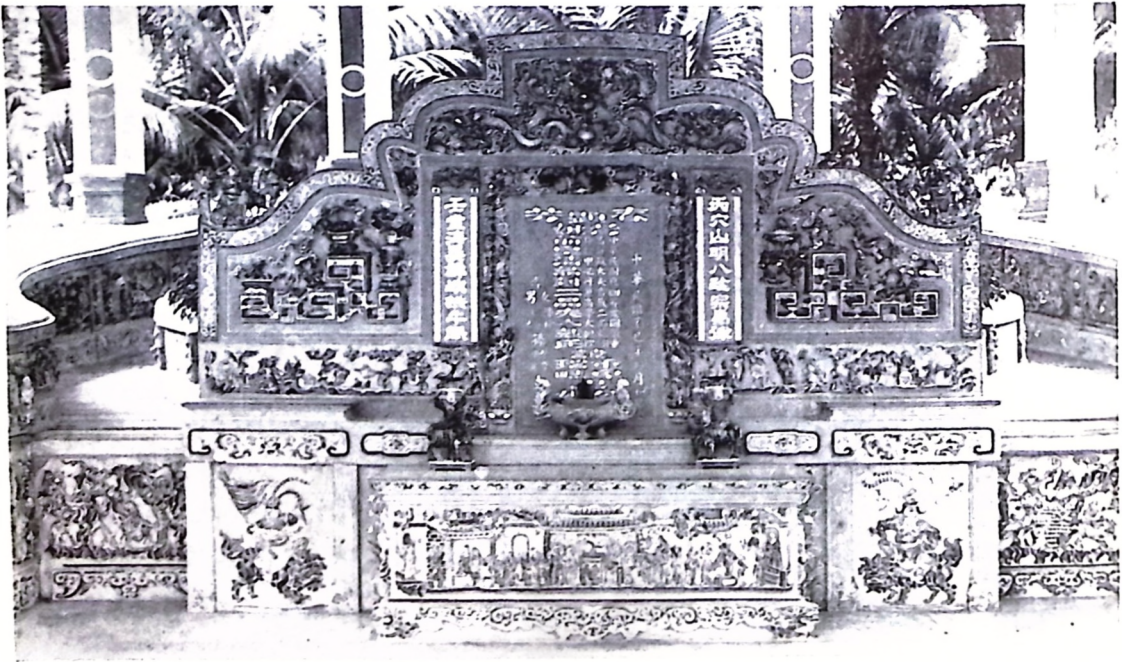
## CHAPTER 23

### THE ISLAND OF CELEBES

This is pronounced as tho "say-lay-bess" with emphasis on second syllable.

Makassar (1,100 m. from Singapore and 452 m. from Soerabaya) is situated at southwestern end of island of Celebes. It is capital city of state of Government of Celebes, and Governor resides in this port. Population is about 50,000. Port, opened to foreign trade in 1848, faces large island of Borneo on west. On north, there are Philippines; on east, Moluccas and New Guinea; while southward there are various islands of Flores and Timor, and beyond, continent of Australia. As port occupies important position in trade and communication, development of these various islands directly conduces to development of the port. Today, it is fast becoming a second Singapore in this quarter.

On the seacoast there is a long pier, about 500 metres, alongside which large vessels moor. In sea just off coast there is a

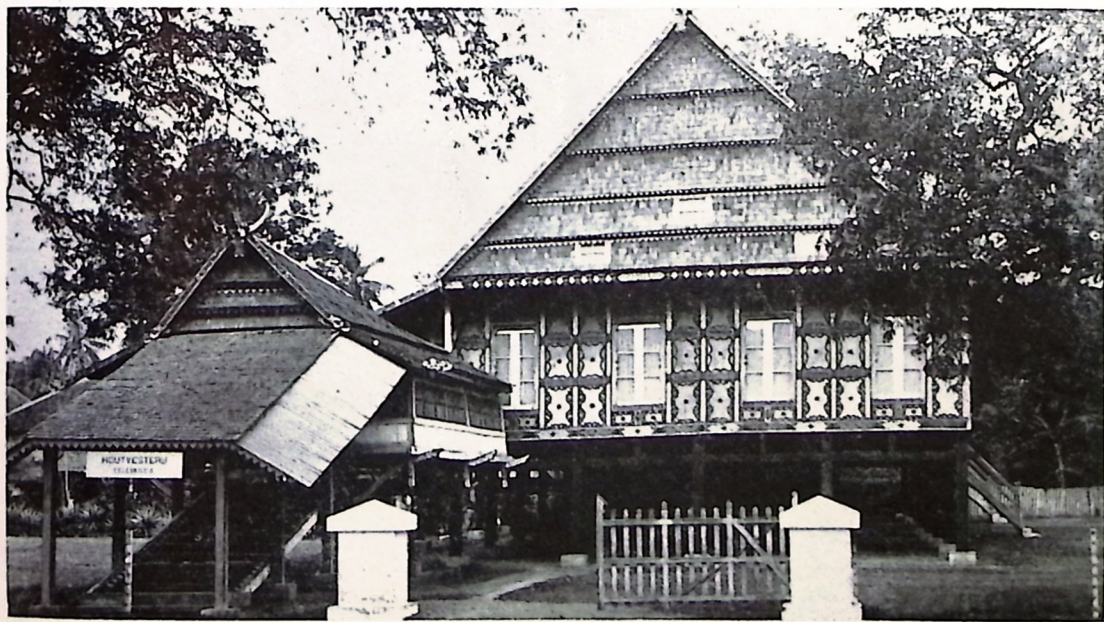


A gorgeous grave of a wealthy Chinese in Island of Celebes,  
Dutch East Indies.





The people of the Island of Celebes change styles again.  
Dutch East Indies.



Architecture changes from country to country. This is typical  
of the better homes of Celebes, Dutch East Indies.

chain of islands, which serve as defense against billowy sea. On pier are found ten or more government warehouses. Their number is increasing. City extends along coast for two and one-half miles, and in several rows of streets, which run parallel with



Children of foreign countries work far more than in our country. They earn their living. We pamper our kids. Island of Celebes, Dutch East Indies.

pier, one finds commercial houses of Europeans and Chinese—within so-called commercial quarter.

Chief articles handled by merchants are copra, rattan, copal, and coffee. There are, besides, nutmegs, cloves, hides and skins, birds of Paradise, mother of pearl, tortoise-shell, wax, sandalwood, cotton, etc. The articles imported are rice, wheat flour,





Annual fairs are held in other places similar to ours in America.  
This one is in Celebes, Dutch East Indies.



Homes on this island particularly are built on stilts because of  
snakes. Island of Celebes. Dutch East Indies.





Altho a comparatively small island, this is a waterfall on Celebes, Dutch East Indies.



A funeral on the Island of Celebes, Dutch East Indies.





A kid's day celebration on Celebes, Dutch East Indies.



Universally, kids like pets. Here is a goat. They evidently dressed up for the occasion of the fotograf, for this isn't usual. Island of Celebes, Dutch East Indies.

fabrics, cotton yarn, knitted goods, gold and silver thread, kerosene, coal, matches, hardware, glassware, tobacco, drugs and medicines, biscuits and other provisions, furniture, toys, etc.

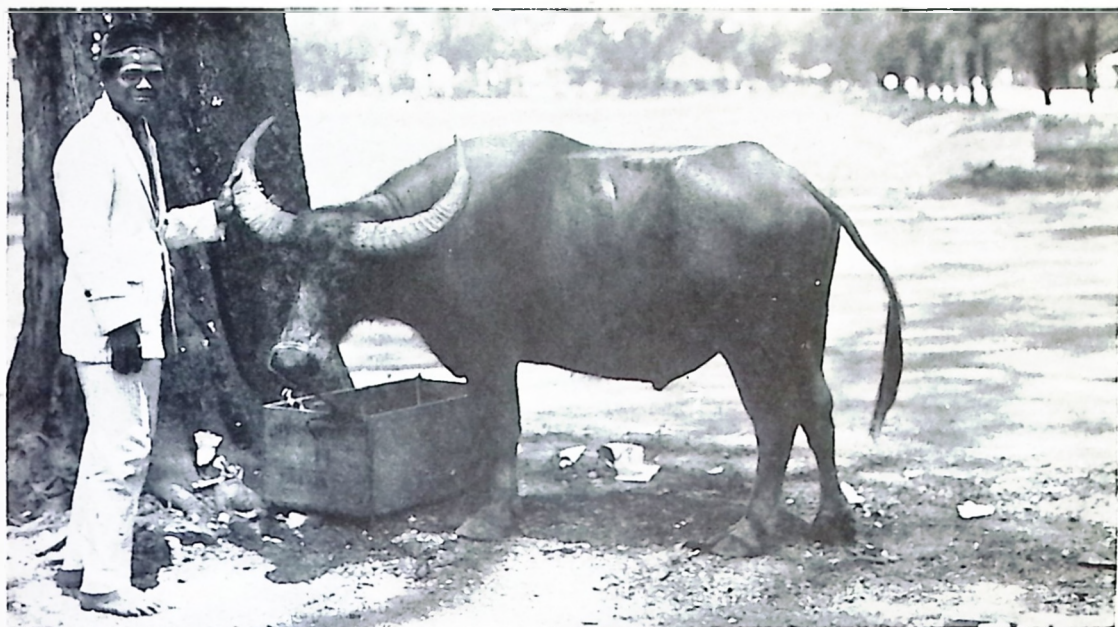


Note the caste mark on the forehead of this gal of Celebes. Dutch East Indies.

The Museum is built in the native style of architecture. In it are exhibited models of houses, boats, vehicles, apparel, arms, etc., which serve as materials for study of native industry and art.

There are roads leading in all directions. In principal part of





Water buffalo, or caraboa, are everywhere as the beast of burden in Celebes, Dutch East Indies.



One hardly realizes what an "impenetrable jungle" means until he sees one, goes into or thru one. This is a fair example. Island of Celebes, Dutch East Indies.

city, near coast, large tamarind and canarium-trees are planted on each side of road. Streets of city are fine and well-kept; but there is no electric light, gas, or water system. As means of com-



A sarong, a shoulder strap basket, a big sun hat, and a walking stick are usual with the traveller who walks from place to place. Island of Celebes, Dutch East Indies.

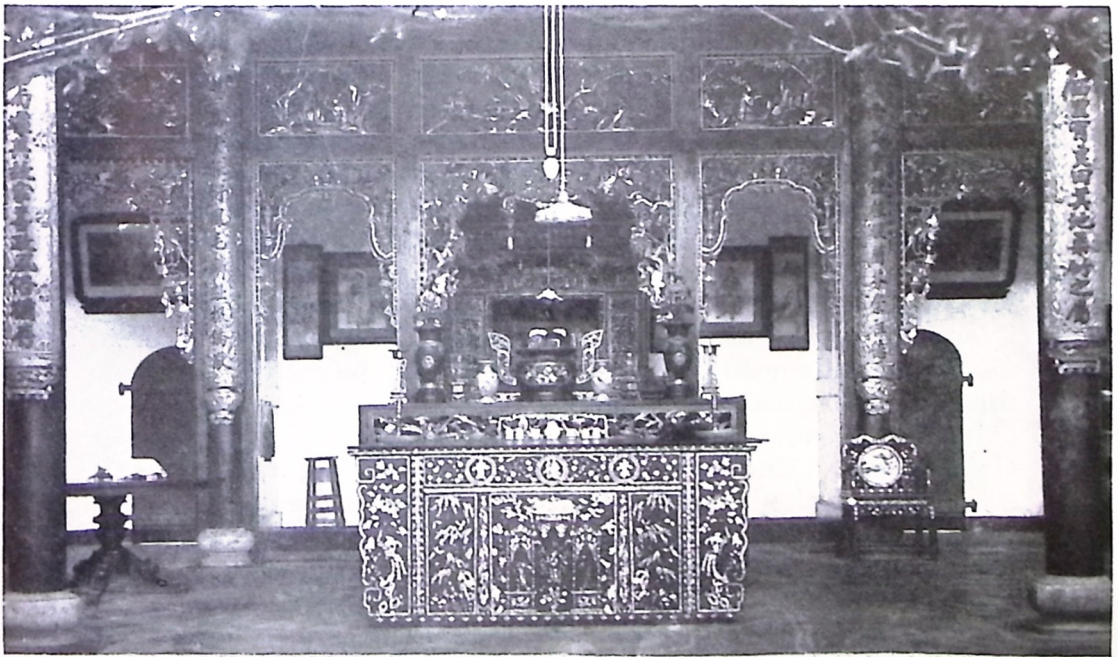
munication, there are a few automobiles, besides a small number of dog-carts.

*Manners.* The physiognomy of natives differs from that of Javanese, Makassarese, and Boeginese. Oval faces of women, fair skin, and red cheeks, make them lovely. Natives dress in pants and loose gowns, while on heads they wear straw hats or hats made of fur. Upper class women usually wear a white kabaja





Because of the ground being swampy and wet, most graves hereabouts are built above ground. Island of Celebes, Dutch East Indies.



It is common to find religious shrines in homes. This is above the average in beauty, style and value. Island of Celebes, Dutch East Indies.



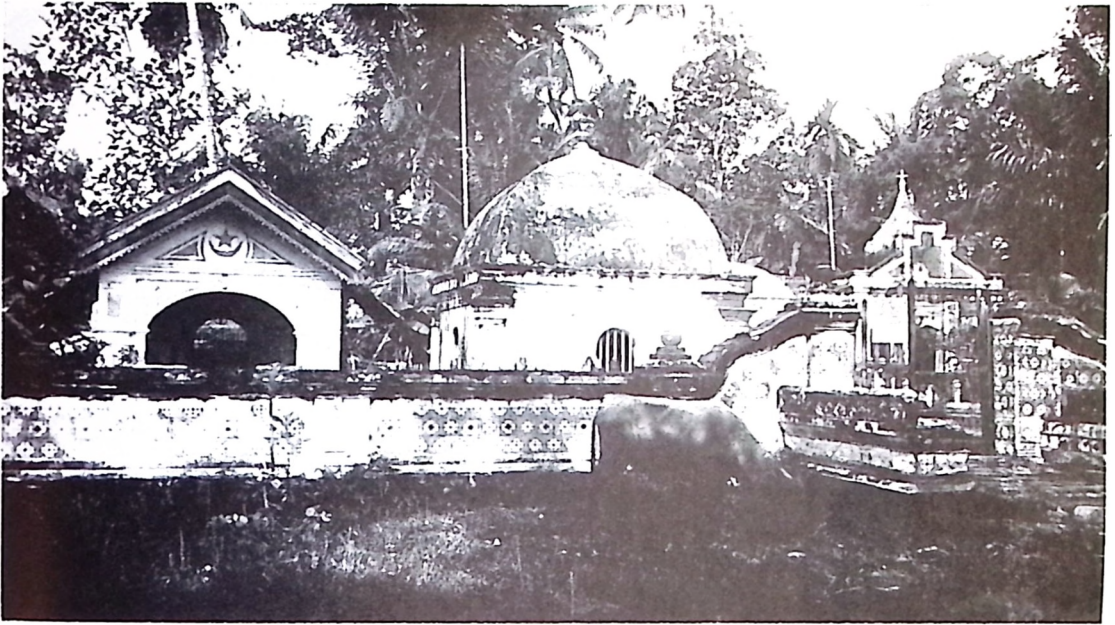


When the populace dress for any occasion, white is the prevailing color. Island of Celebes, Dutch East Indies.

over sarong. When they go out, they generally wear Dutch garments. Religion and education thrive to an extent unparalleled in other Dutch possessions. In city of Menado there are grammar schools for Europeans and natives. They are well arranged, and there is no child who does not receive education. In Tomohon and Tondano, there are various kinds of schools. Dutch have encouraged learning so much, that natives have become enthusiastic for spread of education, so much so, that at present it is they who rather urge the government to give education. Natives are ardent for religion. They are all Christians, mostly Roman Catholics. Everywhere there are beautiful churches. On Sundays, they regularly dress themselves in their best and go to church. Among this tribe there are no Mohammedans.

It costs 15 cents to send a letter from Dutch East Indies to United States. Here is how it is figured. A guilder here is worth 40 cents in United States money. A guilder is divided into 100 cents. It costs 15 cents guilder to send a letter. 15 cents Dutch money is 2 cents American money.

It is hard for average landlubber to understand how much freight some of these ocean going steamers can stow away. At Makassar, we unloaded 30,000 sacks of flour, each of which weighed 50 pounds.



Many cemeteries in this part of the world are decorated with highly colored tile. Mausoleums are built above ground. Island of Celebes, Dutch East Indies.

This was unloaded by native boys and men. Some boys were less than 10 years of age. Some older men carried as high as 5 sacks of flour at one time on shoulders. Think of a small man carrying double his own weight.

These boys and men are paid  $\frac{1}{5}$ th of one cent (Dutch) per sack which they carry a distance of 150 feet. They have to carry 500 sacks to earn \$1 in Dutch money which equals 40 cents in United States money.

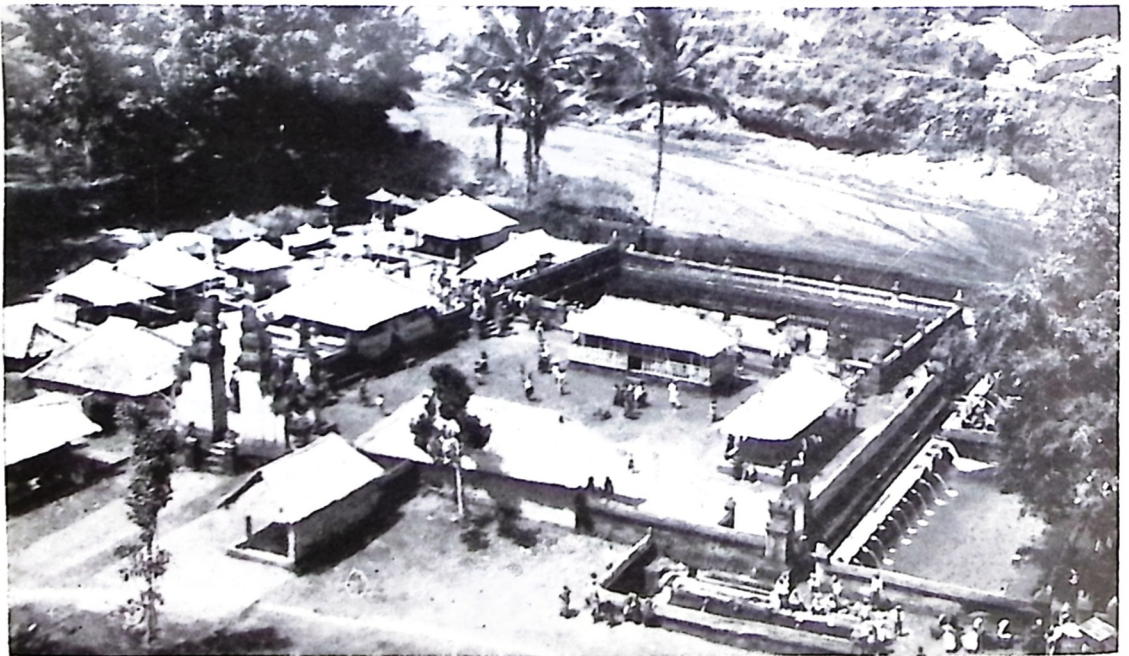


## CHAPTER 24

### BALI, THE WONDERLAND

From Island of Celebes we back up to Sourabaya. We spent one day in the city. We hastily jump into a car, get all details taken care of and then hop about to see city. We shall come back to it later.

Now we are vitally interested, intensely so, in getting to Bali. Our interest was piqued and whetted by hearing a lecture about this Island last fall in United States by André Roosevelt. He came to Bali to spend a week. He spent three years, as we remember it. Going ahead of our story, when we arrived in Bali, we heard all kinds of stories about André. One tells he was a "beach-comber"; another says he wrote nothing, it was all written for him. (See his book, *THE LAST PARADISE*). Another tells how he took pictures that illustrate his book; he stole them, etc. In spite of all stories told, we do not believe a single one. If they were all true, single fact remains it was HE who returned to America and opened eyes of world to this LAST



The village square, plus the village compound outside its walls. This is the typical Bali village. Dutch East Indies.



PARADISE and multiplied incoming tourist business many thousand fold. Men who stay here and complain because André is doing something, did not do as much for their country. Isn't that human nature all over again? Having been through much of



Man or woman? You guess. Rather think it is——?  
Bali, Dutch East Indies.

this blood-sucking, leaching methods, we are able to discriminate between real and artificial. — — —

We now board OPHIR of Royal Dutch Steamship Company, leaving Sourabaya for THE LAST PARADISE, which rightly names the place.

It was while we in Bali we smoked the last cigar our kind and

loving friends in New Zealand and Australia gave us. It was our last thread that connected us with them. That was now broken. We are now foot-loose to see the native as is.

A well-known English author, Edward E. Long, writes about Bali: "Of all the islands of the archipelago which comprise the



Here comes the bride. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

Dutch East Indies, Bali is the most enchanting from every point of view."

It is a "wonderland" where, amidst lovely scenery, a race of people with strangely picturesque customs and dress has succeeded in maintaining its individuality, unspoiled by foreign contact, for last thousand years. Without any aid from the West, it won its way to a high level of civilization, along own lines, and stands today one of most self-contained, self-supporting, and happy peoples in world.

It is this unique combination which has begun to attract travel-

lers from all the globe to Bali, and as time goes on, will make it one of most favored islands in world, for tourist. Its remoteness, however, lack of facilities for any but a small number of visitors at one time, must tend to keep it a land of pilgrimage for few.



Wonder what she's thinking about? Or, is she tired?  
Bali, Dutch East Indies.

Bali lies southeast of Java, separated by Bali Straits, scarcely a mile in width in narrowest part; has flora and fauna similar to eastern Java, but with Australian "touch."

Its climate is never oppressive, even on plains, delightfully cool as one mounts any of hill slopes, and distinctly bracing on upland heights. With a length of almost 100 miles, a width of 50, and an area of 2,000 square miles, it has a population of almost 1,000,000, which serves to show richness of soil and extent of civilization. Nowhere in East or West, not excepting China



and Japan, have we seen a more wonderful system of irrigation. Island is largely mountainous; in fact, is dominated by seven great volcanic peaks—some active now—ranging in height from 5,000 to 10,000 feet. Instead of rising sheer up from plains, they ascend gradually, have tablelands, and in this manner form great catchment areas for frequent and heavy rains. Coastal plains, slopes and tablelands, to base of peaks themselves, are either rice or coffee areas. Rice grows on plains, hill slopes, and lower plateaux, in fields of varying shape and size, never large, and sometimes tiny. Country resembles patchwork quilt, different colors being supplied by varying conditions of rice crop—here brilliant green of young rice; there, darker shades of full grown plant; next, golden grain ready for harvesting; brown stubble of reaped fields; and gleaming watery expanse of areas flooded ready to receive young rice plants. Rice-growing in Bali is a continuous and



A mother and babe. The usual dress for both. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

Totin' the water jar. Bali, Dutch East Indies.





The weaver. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

never-ending process, one field being sown as another is harvested.

Where rice is grown on slope—and this is the larger rice area—fields are watered by irrigation, by means of which rainfall of mountains is retained and diverted into channels and ditches, which feed each field in turn. Water is turned on or shut off in easiest fashion, and passed on to field on slightly lower level, by means of drain, which passes under slight embankment of raised earth bordering each field and enables it to retain depth of water rice requires.

Sight of these gushing streams and miniature water-falls is not only extremely pretty, but one that is exceedingly refreshing.

Rice and coffee are main crops in Bali. Rearing of pigs, which they export in large numbers to Java and Singapore, for pork-loving Chinese, is also an important industry; maize is grown; such fruits as pineapple, custard apple, guava, mangusteen, mango and banana are cultivated, and on higher levels European vegetables as potatoes, cabbages, turnips, radishes, lettuces,

onions and tomatoes. Land is owned by Balinese, and peasant proprietors form chief landholding element. It is extremely difficult for anyone to obtain new grants of land, since almost every square inch available for cultivation is taken, and has



These women are typical. They wear nothing more, in city, market place, village or at home. They have no inhibitions. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

been handed from father to son for generations. It is rare indeed you will find a Balinese giving up his right in landed property.

Extreme beauty of island is in no way marred by cultivation, for contours are so varied—with growing crops, mountain rivers with precipitous banks, in places deep ravines, belts of rich jungle in which vast thickets of bamboo and clumps of beautiful tree-ferns are conspicuous, tracts of grass lands dotted with whole trees, distant mountain ranges towering up into higher clouds—

each lends to other a new phase of loveliness, and all attunes a wonderful harmony of nature, in which flowers of brilliant hue, and birds of gorgeous plumage play important part, and form a wondrous and beautifully contrasting whole, with gaily clad peasants, quaint thatched-roof houses of brown bamboo, with



This is "Peach Blossom." A Balinese beauty with her phallic ear pieces. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

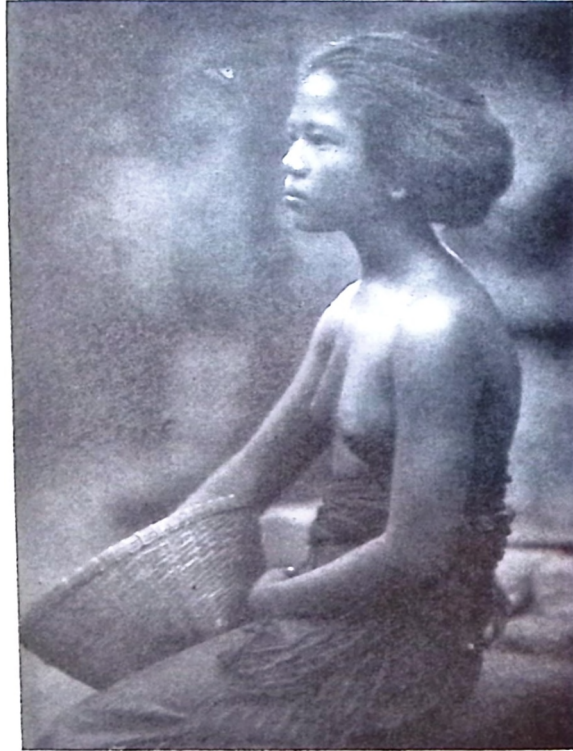
carved gable-ends, and solid stone-wall stockades, and fantastically sculptured and many-storyed temples.

And for us, Bali's charm of scenery is equaled by charm of its people. Of same stock as Javanese, as far back as 1200 years ago they were conquered by immigrants from India, who settled and gave them a line of princes whose reign extended until a few years ago, when Dutch, who established a small settlement there in middle of last century, brought whole island under their rule. In time ruling caste in Bali became a mixture of Hindu and Balinese (Polynesian-Malay), so higher racial qualities introduced into country gave people generally a better physique and ap-



pearance and improved mental capacity of people; and, together with Hindu religion, Hindu culture was given, which was ahead of that of Bali, and so greatly raised level of Balinese civilization.

It is an extraordinary circumstance that altho Arabs over-ran



The women of Bali are highly natural. They are not savages even tho they are natives.  
Bali, Dutch East Indies.

Java and destroyed civilization established by Hindus there, converting inhabitants to Islam, they failed to reach Bali, side by side with Mohammedanism in Java, which has made and which keeps Balinese different in every respect from Javanese. Thru-out island temples, dedicated to gods and goddesses of Hindu mythology, are thronged with devotees; Hindu rites are practiced; Hindu festivals are celebrated with zeal; and until Dutch suppressed it recently, suttee was performed. Caste prevails, tho not strictly as in India; customs are partly Hindu, partly Polynesian; and female costume is different from that of Java or India, women going bare from waist upwards, bronze tint of bodies



blending with sarongs of exquisite pattern and coloring, as with free and easy gait, they stride along roads with baskets of goods, or pitchers of water on heads.

Men are fully clothed, altho they discard a good deal when at work in fields.



A study in natural configurations. The well developed mother. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

Women, who weave beautiful cloths, are buyers and sellers, traders in market, and keep a careful watch over expenditure, necessitated by fact that men are inveterate gamblers; many, however, are skilled carvers in wood and clever at gold and silver work. Unlike women of caste in India, Balinese women have perfect freedom. It is not 20 years since Dutch took over Bali, and they preserved it as was. Its oppressive rulers have gone, people remain as of old, with villages and towns, and customs. Europeans in Bali can be counted on one's fingers, almost. There are a few Dutch officials of superior rank (Dutch utilize Balinese in government wherever possible), one or two bank-men (a big Java bank lends money on co-operative system to cultivators)

and one or two traders. Bali is maintained for Balinese—it is an object lesson for larger western powers.

Dutch are doing all to assist in its development. Irrigation is extended; improved methods of agriculture and cattle-breeding are taught; railways do not exist, they would be too costly, prob-



Some prudes might think these pictures pornographic. They are just as you would see women in Bali. Nature is natural and so are they. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

ably, and would not pay. Fine motor roads have been made. It is possible to go over almost whole of island by car, in comfort. We did in a Ford, and without a puncture! Finally, with a view to enabling tourists to see Bali and enjoy its unique charms, Dutch Government has established a chain of rest-houses thru-out island, in chief centers of population and scenic interest, and one may obtain simple fare and a night's lodging at a cost by no means exorbitant.

From port of Sourabaya is good steamer service of Royal Packet Navigation Company (K.P.M.) to Boeleleng and Benoa,

two ports of Bali, and 10 days, including journey from and back to Sourabaya, would give ample time for a comprehensive motor tour thru Bali. 10 times 10 days would not suffice for lovers of unusual who delight also in study of a new people, highly artistic, with old faith, unspoiled, and a firm belief in their future!



Lotus Blossom. Lovely, sweet, uninhibited. It is we who put on clothes who should be embarrassed. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

"There is a saying that when you have once been to Bali, you must go back again so powerful is its charm. Certainly, no one could ever weary of the unique landscape, of the play of lights and shadows on the terraced rice-fields surrounded by palm-trees, or forget the bare desolate slopes of the still smoking volcano Batoer."

—Princess Achille Murat.

### BALI—THE TOURIST RESORT

We repeat, Bali is one of the most beautiful spots of nature in Dutch East Indies, be it in romantic lake-district in surroundings of native villages Moendoek and Gitgit, where picturesque moun-



tain lakes Danau Boejan, Danau Tamblingan and Danau Bratan are found amidst sublime tropical nature, or for its prosperous and typical centre of native population in southern part of island where regional habits and fashions, but most especially religious



Women are peculiar creatures. They put on clothing to see how much they can take off and still have something on, to see how much they can expose and still keep within the bounds of decency. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

rites and ceremonies manifest native's social life in an attractive way.

Culminating splendour of island, however, is seen in environments of Kintamani, a spot, which towers to 5000 feet above sea-level and offering a superb panorama over valley and lake Batoer with cone of awe-inspiring and active volcano Batoer, rising up majestically alongside, which delights and amazes onlookers while soft light effect and varying shades of color are unsurpassed.



At the very panoramic beauty spot a small K.P.M. mountain hotel is situated.

Goenoeng Agoeng, known as Peak of Bali and reaching a height of 10,000 feet shows no signs of action.



A globe trotter soon learns that decency and indecency, morals and immoralities are matters of geographies, not religions. This girl is proud of herself and rightly she should be. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

Western part of island is practically a waste mountain district and almost uninhabited.

Population in main is centered in southeastern portion of island, where in past years influential Indian princes ruled, rajahs of Kloengkoeng, Karang-Asem, Badoeng, Bangli, Tabanan and Gianjar.

Another populace is centered on north coast, which in early days was little kingdom of Boeieleng.

Hollanders first came in contact with Bali in 1597, when brothers Houtman were forced to land on island for a short time.

For a long period there existed a friendly alliance between above princes, called at that time monarchs of Bali and East In-



Natural people are more healthy than bras, girdles, corsets and tight shoes up on stilts. Bali women are natural and lovely to look at. Dutch East Indies.

dian Company, which came to an end by repeated unfaithfulness of native princes, so in 1906, after regular expeditions, dating 1814, island was finally placed under Government rule.

Descendant of Sultans of Karang Asem still reigns over district as a regent for Government, as is case in various other parts of island, where nobility of royal descent are appointed to this dignity.

Population of Bali, a Hindu-Javanese tribe, are amongst Ma-



layan race a remarkable group, with distinct religion, morals and culture.

It is believed, long before fall of Hindu empire in Mid-Java in beginning of 16th century, numerous emigrants left Java for



Bali is the artist's dreamland. Here models galore. Untarnished, unpainted, natural poise and grace, figures divine. Nothing artificial. Dutch East Indies.

Bali, introducing and establishing Hindu religion there, whereas Islam faith, since predominating in Java, did not get a firm foothold in Bali, causing a rigid barrier between two islands and consequently cultural development of Bali went its own way.

There and then Balinese, incensed by religious conviction, gradually acquired a perfect skill in art of temple-structure, as may be observed in island, where various beautifully decorated places of worship abound, such as the poera's, richly adorned with ingenious shapes and artistic forms.

For temple-structures Balinese mostly make use of sandstone (paras), a soft material, mouldering away soon, one of the reasons, why Bali-style is continuously practiced, as decayed temples are constantly renewed. Also new temples are still erected.

One striking habit in Bali is cremation ceremony, based on people's religion and preceding procession, which takes place in a very solemn and stately manner.

Barbaric custom, followed in former times, when widows perished on corpses of husbands, has been abolished by Government. Last cremation of this form took place at Tabanan in 1903, when widow of rajah of Tabanan was burned alive.

A valuable description of religious rites and ceremonies is given by Dr. Goris in his book, "Bali," containing a splendid collection of foto-pictures.

Many good communication roads for motor transport run over island in different directions, partly along coast as in north from Boeileleng—Singaradja, leading eastward, past beautiful temple of Sangsit to Tedjakoela and westward some distance beyond Boeboenan, which roads offer most varied and magnificent natural scenery.

Main route in south-eastern part of island leads from Den Pasar, principal township in South-Bali, thru well populated and prosperous regions via Gianjar to Kloengkoeng and thence mainly following coastline to Karang-Asem in east, capital of former kingdom of Karang Asem.

Two routes run across island from north to south, connecting Singaradja with Den Pasar, western one, a constantly winding mountain road, passing thru forests and cultivated grounds between Boeboenan and Tabanan, with side-road, leading to Moendoek, starting point for romantic lake-district, whereas eastern one running in northern direction after Bangli gradually ascends along ricefields and hilly country, offering a commanding view around.

Glancing backward one is dumbfounded at magnificent panorama, that stretches as far as seacoast and in far distance Noesa Penida, once a convict island, can be discerned.

Culmination point of this road is found at Penelokan, where at height of 4500 ft. cutting in hill shows an unrivalled panoramic view over valley, lake and volcano Batoer, reaching 5700 ft. above sea-level.

Further part of road to Kintamani continues round crater-wall of volcano Batoer at altitude nearly 5000 ft., ascending beyond this place till 5400 ft. where at village Kota Dalem mountain pass is crossed, road then descending in splendid windings, which offer



agreeable variety of beautiful scenery to northcoast ending at Place Koemboetambahan in coastal route to Singaradja and Boeileleng.

A third route, which in future will be most direct communication road between Singaradja and Den Pasar, passes thru ro-



A proud mother. No dairy farm for her children. No clothing bills to pay. One sarong, that's all. What more is needed?  
Dutch East Indies.

mantic lake-district—however as yet only partly practicable by motor cars—namely from Singaradja to Gitgit on northern mountain slope with brilliant panorama on forelying landscape and coast; whereas from this place route is to follow on horseback or walking along a narrow mountain path, leading under shady foliage of woods with at times a glance on idyllic lakes' Danau Boejan and Danau Bratan, a nice but rather strenuous stroll, to

where at Bratan-lakes' southern border motor-road is reached, which runs via Batoeriti and descending rather straight to Den Pasar.

Time will come, when motor-road will be built thru lake dis-



Has some man asked her a question? Has she answered "Yes"? And, it could be just that. Everything that is natural goes and is free for the asking, regardless. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

trict, to link up two now separated parts of route, which will open still more glorious tourist prospects for this unique and marvellous little island.

#### MOUNTAIN LAKES IN SURROUNDINGS OF MOENDOEK

Most beautiful walking excursion to be made on island is undoubtedly along picturesque mounatin-lakes Tamblingan, Boejan and Bratan, en route from Moendoek to Batoeriti.

For lovers of sport this walk of a few hours thru pretty wooded regions is no difficulty, while for less enthusiastic walkers ponies may be hired at Moendoek for first and somewhat difficult part of journey.

First part of this beautiful excursion from Moendoek is strenuous, owing to continuous and steep ascent of road, which, shaded with tall dadap trees, leads via extensive coffee-plantations.

First view over Lake Tamblingan is visible after a walk of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hour and on arrival at mountain-ridge 1350 m. above sea-level. From here road is fairly level as far as junction near Tojo Ketipat. If it is intention of tourist to visit Lakes Tamblingan and Boejan, there is no occasion to proceed further than triangle pile, almost on a level with shore, dividing both lakes and from where there is a beautiful view over two deeply imbedded watery mirrors. Lake Bratan is not visible from here.

Continuing broad track over mountain range to Tojo Ketipat is almost level. For about 2 hours one enjoys a scene of natural splendor.

Glorious mountain air and presence of tall shady trees help wayfarer to forget weariness experienced during first part of journey. Between clump of trees one has a continual view over two ideally situated little lakes, from where mountain slopes rise almost perpendicularly.

It is little wonder that Balinese imagines these little lakes to be populated with many goddesses, Dewi Danau, for whom he has built little shrines deep beneath banks. Expansive woods cover steep mountain sides,—this region being altogether unsuitable for cultivation.

Near Tojo Ketipat, a small hamlet with a number of dilapidated dwellings, a path leads in direction of Gitgit. In narrow pass one finds a spring and a small shrine, these being sacred to goddess of Lake Boejan.

Beyond this point road descends sharply; huge stones and boulders obstruct walk and section is hazardous. It is advisable for one and all to dismount ponies. Within a short time one has descended a couple of hundred feet, after which road is level again.

Nearby village of Tjandikoening one next arrives at borders of Lake Bratan. This lake is equally as beautiful as former two and is visible now and then during descent. On shores of lake, in silent shade of a number of tall tjemara trees stands a temple within which goddess of Lake Bratan is supposed to dwell, according to belief of Balinese.



### A FEW PARTICULARS REGARDING A CREMATION CEREMONY IN BALI

To view a cremation ceremony in Bali is a great festivity. It is one of many customs of prevailing religion of population, Agama doctrine, that is characteristic for Hindu creed.



Funerals in Bali are something "out of this world."  
Dutch East Indies.

Belief of Balinese regarding burning of dead is that after cremation soul again descends to earth in form of mist and at re-incarnation is endowed with greater gifts.

Soul must be regenerated seven times before it reaches perfection to be admitted into heaven, realm of supreme god Shiwa.



Significance that cremation has for Balinese, is consequently clearly explained.

It seldom happens that a cremation takes place immediately after death. Balinese cannot usually arrange for adequate means

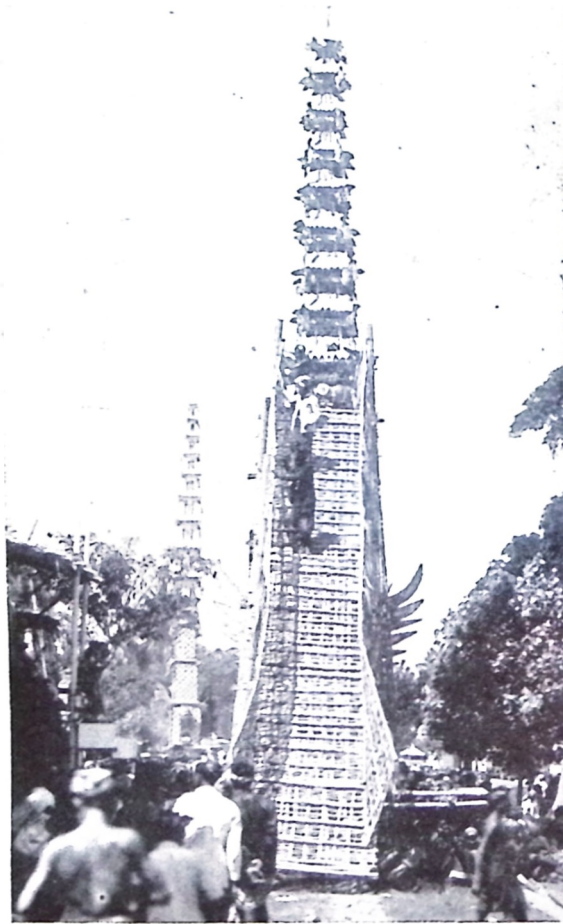


They prepare the bier. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

to defray expense of cremation ceremony and various festivities connected with it, as necessary amount is considerable.

There are also other reasons for cremation to be withheld. It is, for instance, contrary to ethics for a young deceased member of family to be cremated while elder members still live. For this

reason remains are kept until death of latter, after which a complete cremation is held. Cremation, therefore, rarely affects one person, but usually entire family. Consequently, in Tabanan it is customary for cremation to take place only once in three years.



And this is the funeral pyre to later be burned.  
Bali, Dutch East Indies.

Pending cremation, dead are buried in interim or placed in a building, while higher classes are often embalmed, but in some cases body is allowed to wither in the house, drying of which takes place by way of pressing and winding a cloth tightly around corpse; this frequently causes unbearable odour and discloses presence of death in village.

When nearing correct time for cremation people hold council with a pedanda (Brahman priest), who fixes convenient day for

ceremony. When making arrangements phase of moon is always taken into account and rainy season avoided. Cremation ceremonies usually take place between months of August and November—especially in October and November.

Preparations are made with construction of "Wadah," a kind of "state" transport, that, attended with solemn ceremony, does

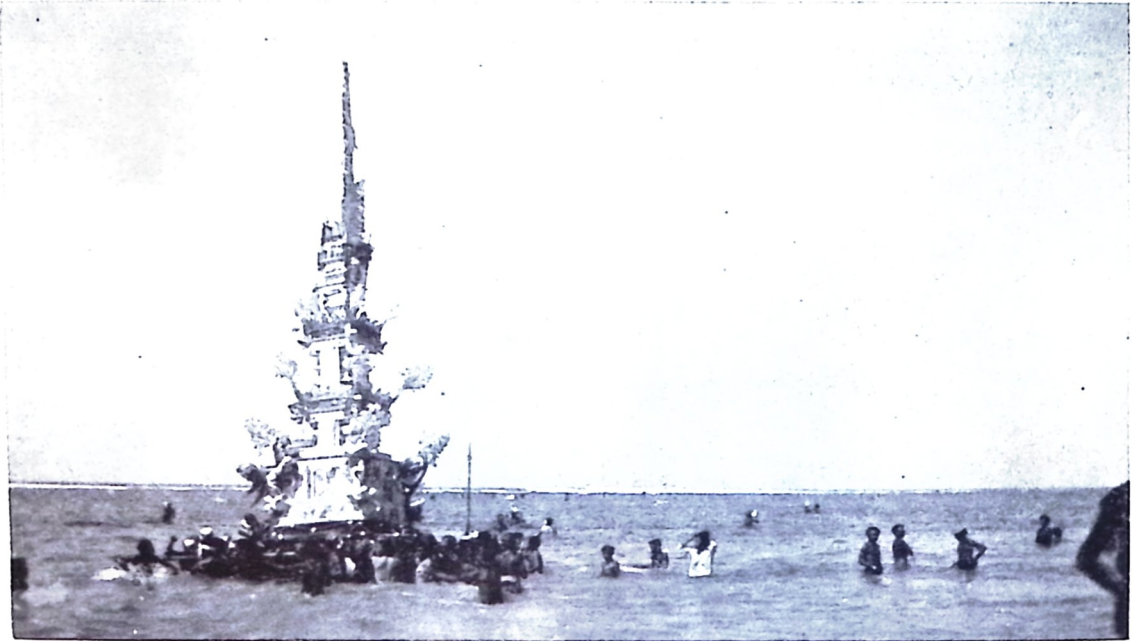


Endless preparations for a funeral. Bali,  
Dutch East Indies.

service as a hearse. Owing to rich decorations and great care bestowed on construction of "wadahs," they are frequently expensive. To this great framework of strong bamboo beneath which sometimes as many as a hundred Balinese act as bearers, a gigantic "garoeda" is affixed, the imposing sun-eagle riding animal of god Shiwa. Upright wings of this creature are exquisite of line and elaborately decorated.

A high edifice rises above "garoeda," on which a small cupola



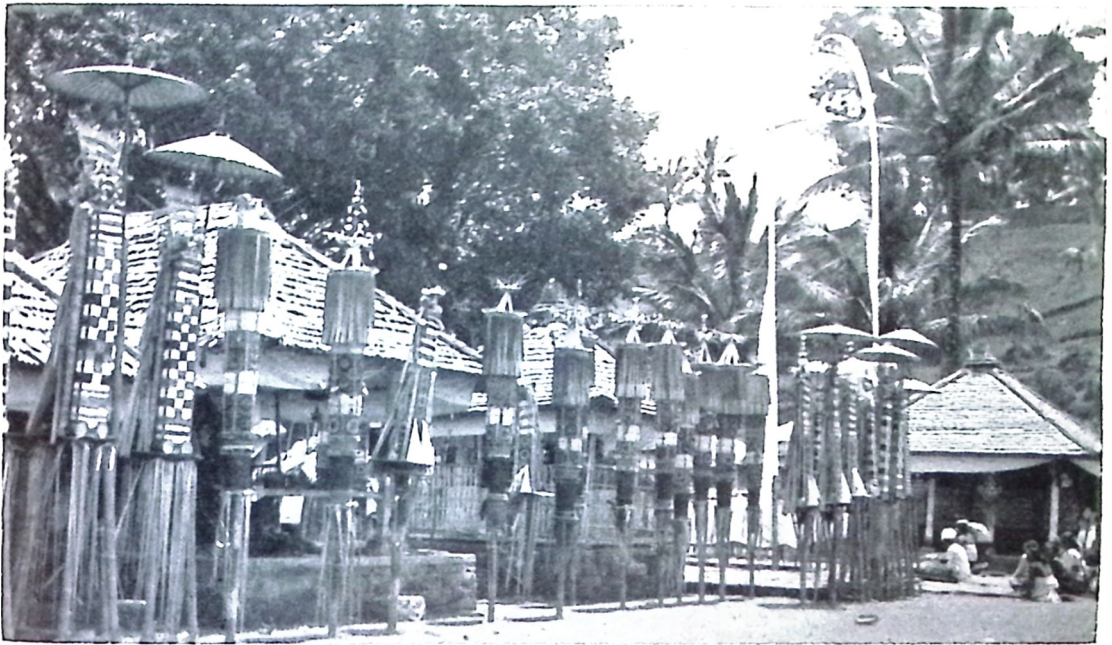


Eventually the bier is carried to the ocean, perhaps miles away. Bali, Dutch East Indies.



The funeral procession. Each brings tributes. Bali, Dutch East Indies.



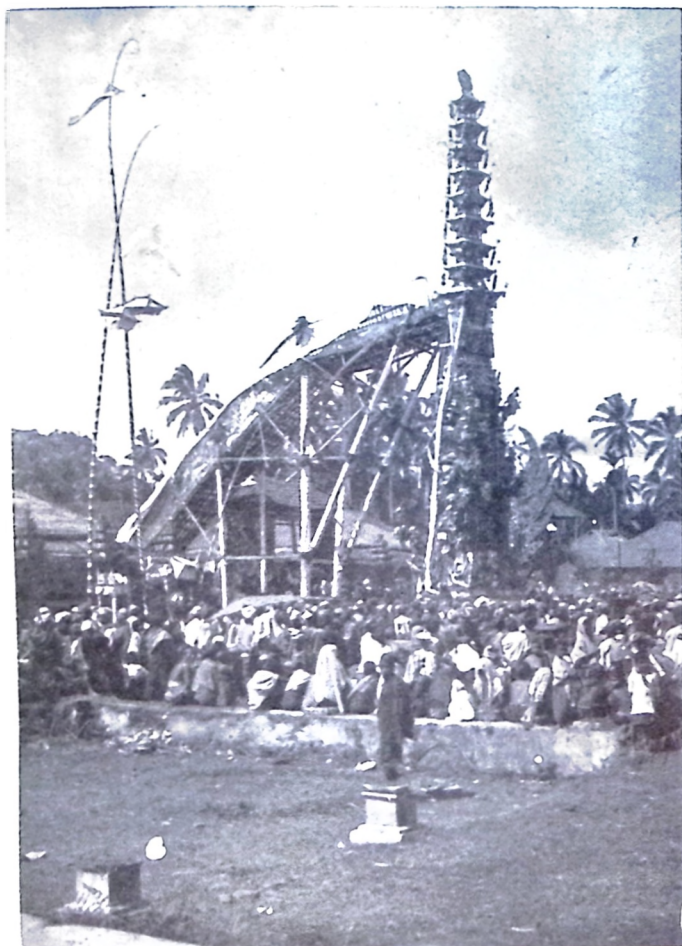


The fanciful umbrellas, lined up waiting. Bali, Dutch East Indies.



The body is away up on top of this long ladder climb.  
Bali, Dutch East Indies.

reposes, wherein dead are resigned during transit to place of cremation. "Wadah" is further surmounted by pagoda shaped tower which completes whole structure. According to shape of "wadah," it is clear to which caste deceased belongs. Tallest towers represent royalty, and number of shelters, counting from



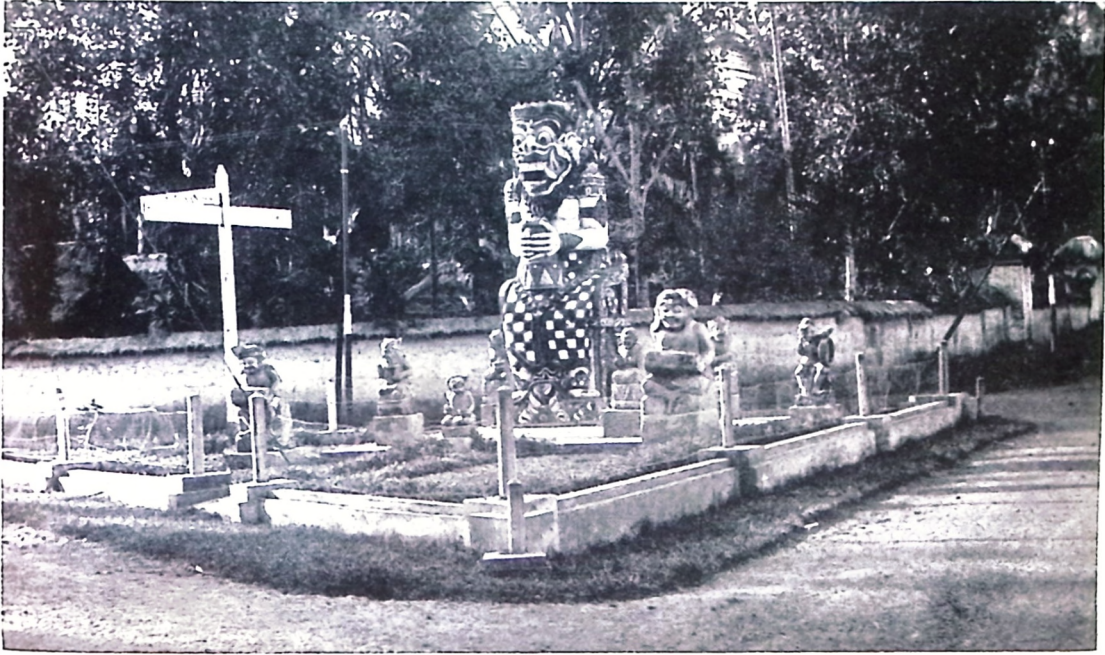
A side view, showing ramp. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

seven to eleven, signifies whether prince belongs to third caste, Goestis, or second caste, Satrias (knights).

Only person entitled to maximum number of eleven shelters was chief monarch of Bali, Dewa Agoeng, called King of Bali, in days of East Indian Company. Royal family to which this ruler belonged, however, became extinct with suicide of last members of family at time of landing of Government troops at Bali in 1908.



When "wadah" is approaching completion, members of family of deceased, and their friends, resort to graveyard to unearth dead. From then festive occasion commences. Up to day of cremation bodies are kept in a gallery or so called "bale-bandoeng" of building.



A cemetery is a cemetery, except some are different.

Enormous quantities of food are prepared for various feasts to be held.

"Wadah," which has in meantime been completed, is afterwards set down close to house of mourning; and bodies, which have previously been bound in white cloth, are carried to "wadah" along a sloping plank. Two or three "wadahs" are invariably to be seen at a cremation—largest and most elaborately decorated being intended for ancestor or highest born family member of departed.

Amongst innumerable necessities connected with cremation is a receptacle in which corpse is to be burned. Each coffin, in which not more than one body is placed, has, according to caste to which departed belongs, figure of a lion (singa), cow or fish. Day prior to ceremony, coffins are taken in a procession to place of cremation and if deceased belongs to nobility ("triwangsa") coffin is placed in a lofty position.

If one has opportunity of being present at a royal cremation ceremony an added charm is lent to scene by numerous bustling guests arriving and departing and availing themselves of many dainties, under continuous reverberations of gamelangs, whereas presents of sirih, cakes, etc., are supplied on silver plates, intended for souls of departed.

In bale-bandoeng corpses are deposited on a catafalque, covered with most costly and rarest of fabrics and further numerous gold and silver ornaments, parasols, state-swords and variegated clothes.

Next to bed of state monstrous head of "Naga" is seen, mighty serpent and supreme god of netherworld, god of Hindu-Balinese mythology. Its presence at cremation of a Satria ruler is founded on old legend and recalls to every monarch supreme power of clergy (Brahman priests) above every worldly authority, that was formerly in hands of Satrias.

A number of live chickens, which are brought to cremation at same time as other offerings, are supposed to do service in carrying souls of departed.

Then procession commences. A number of women first appear with heads covered with silver plates, a file of sword-bearers, followed by a retinue of women, walking with solemn grace, each of whom carries a small pitcher of consecrated water, provided by various temples in surroundings. Forwarding of this holy water to cremation is regarded as token of sympathy on same principle as western custom of sending wreaths.

During monotonous dirge bodies are brought out of doors and handed down from man to man along slanting plank to be laid within "wadahs." A huge pajong (parasol) is next affixed to screen bodies from rays of afternoon sun. "Wadah" is then raised by bearers to accompaniment of a deafening roar and continuous hubbub of detonators, after which follows a spectacular procession of people rushing forward, until all of a sudden they appear to be driven back, as it were, and circle around with object of sending evil spirits on wrong track.

Priest precedes "wadah" in full vestments, carrying red mitre with monster dragon "Naga," whose tail is held above heads of long train of Balinese. On arrival at place of cremation bodies are lifted out of "wadahs" and unwound from wrappings and placed in coffin which is in readiness for the purpose. Scarcely have bodies been removed from "wadah" towers before these structures are mounted by a throng of Balinese, who plunder decorations, such as paper puppets and birds, tinsel, tiny mirrors, colored glass, etc.



Next part of ceremony, consecration of dead by pedanda (priest), is of long duration and is carried out by him with much dignity. Almost endless is number of small pitchers, containing holy water with which dead are plentifully sprinkled, after which



They tote everything on their heads, especially the women. Isn't nature grand? People are people, no matter where. They're all built alike, regardless of geography, color, creed or nationality.

these small vessels are dashed against ground with great force to be smashed, in accordance with rites of people.

Towards dusk priest completes sanctification of dead when, in wan shadow of rising moon, "wadah" is set alight and blaze, which immediately follows, completely envelops whole surroundings



Three young girls of Bali, Dutch East Indies.

in a fantastic reddish glow. Quickly burning "wadahs" collapse, while for a time coffins continue to burn.

Armed with long sticks Balinese operate at funeral pile to prevent everything from escaping blaze, as it all must be consumed. Subsequently, remaining ash is collected by afflicted family and following morning taken to nearest river. Ash should be transmitted to sea, so all remains vanish from earth, otherwise regeneration of departed is impossible; but in cases where not possible for remains to be conveyed to sea, owing to distance, people then trust to waters of river to look after safe carriage of same to ocean.

#### MORE ABOUT BALI—THE ENCHANTED ISLE

Before you land at Boeileleng—while small rowboat awaits you, bobbing about in clear blue-green water below gangplank—you are intrigued by palm-fringed shoreline of island, so fresh and green and devoid of usual ugliness of wharf and factories of most ports. Romance of isle invades you almost as soon as you touch its shores.

You are met by a Balinese native princess—well known "Patimah," who drives a proud blue Buick and controls silver industry of island. Story goes that popular Silver Princess formerly es-



aped from funeral pyre of one of last kings of Bali. This burning of wives on biers of dead husbands was one of most terrible of old Hindu customs which has since been abolished under tactful control of Dutch government, which rules Bali wisely today.



Down South in our country they call it "totin'." Over here it is the same. Carrying massive load on their heads gives women an erect posture. Dutch East Indies.

At any rate, Patimah is much alive to joys of life in Bali at present time, and will probably delight in loosening your purse strings when you see her exquisite hand-hammered silver, and beautifully woven Balinese tapestries of dull reds and metallic colors.

She is pleased to show you her workshops where highly skilled

native women weave at primitive hand-loom and young boys deftly carve hand-turned silver pieces. Perhaps you will take home a cunning pair of silver powder boxes adorned with Balinese motifs. Or a length of handsome tapestry, or several fascinating silver-topped corks for favored bottles of cordial, each cork topped with a curious silver Wayang figure.



Paddy rice fields need caraboa to turn the soil. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

We had good fortune to be invited to Patimah's modern house in Singaradja to see her pretty daughter weaving. We were welcomed in royal style! Patimah showed us a handsome kris collection, some handles of hand-beaten gold studded with jewels, and she bade us sit down in her garden (where a fine red cock in a cage occupied center of stage) while she prepared a refreshing drink of young coconut milk with a dash of lime in it.

It was a heavenly-glorious day. Very air seemed charged with beauty. Beyond great gnarled banyan tree clusters, purple topped mountains shaded away into distance. Brown laughing babies, au naturel, played in shadow-flecked lanes. And everywhere lovely native women went swinging by, carrying burdens on their heads with a supple ease that kept us staring in all directions.

Bali is noticeably a Land of Women. There are seventy per-



cent more women than men. Balinese women have more freedom than Javanese women—they often choose their own husbands. Woman's costume is neither Hindu nor Javanese—as they go bare above waist, sun-browned beautiful figures blending with soft browns and yellows of their batik sarongs. From long years of carrying burdens on heads, they walk with a swinging, easy



Temple. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

gait, straight as an arrow and supple as a willow—and all are slender and graceful. Without exception, they are most beautiful native women in the world!

Everywhere, one notices spirit of "help thy neighbor" put into practice. There are no beggars and only a few prisoners on island. Never a sign of strife, contention or dire poverty. When one man's rice crop is ready, all neighbors help until crop is harvested. And so in turn, they help each other.

There is no discord, religious bickering, missionaries in Bali. Balinese are devout Hindus—and they live a life of peace and beauty, as simply as biblical days, people existing mainly for their temples, cremations, and of course, sustenance, rice fields, for which they give offerings every week in year. Balinese are widely different from other native races—they are highly artistic

with an inherited devotion for an old faith charming in its sincerity.

Thruout the island, wherever there is a picturesque cleft in hills, or magnificent group of trees, a Hindu temple is built and dedicated to gods of mythology and to spirit of hills or trees. Almost daily, Balinese temples are thronged with natives in festive



Temple. Built of lava rock. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

dress, bearing offerings to god of rice, or god of sun—in thankful recognition of prosperity.

Each little rice field has its tiny bamboo lantern swinging from a high pole, as an airy temple to rice god.

Instead of striving to build a fine mansion or amass a fortune, native Balinese is content with humble thatched roofed house of plaited bamboo, enclosed in its mud or stone wall—with always peaked tips of small house temples showing above wall along road. Each member of family has his small temple, and every day, small cups of rice, bamboo tassels and ornaments are offered to god of the day.

Each month, every man contributes his share of earnings towards upkeep of his immediate neighborhood temple. So instead of individual profiting in Bali—religion is the thing. And



building of artistic temples to his gods is height of every man's most zealous ambition.

Sweet, kindly simplicity of their faith and customs make charm of Bali. No matter how small village, it has its temple in some beautifully wooded spot—always with characteristic pointed



Temple steeple. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

Balinese gateway and inside are carved stone Hindu images and statues.

You will learn to love old Balinese temples for their line and form—and for peace and stillness of courtyards, all mossy, with old carvings in gray stone—temple blossoms scenting air, and bits



Another temple. Bali, Dutch East Indies.



Readin', writin' and 'rithmetic, in a school in Bali, Dutch East Indies.



of bamboo or palm leaves cut into Hindu designs sticking into thatched temple roofs from a recent offering day. Temple offering ceremonies are interesting. Whenever you hear gamelan bells pealing their plaintive tune, and you see, from afar, flutter of a



Balinese temples are ornate in the extreme. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

long white streamer from bamboo pole, you know it is sign of a temple offering in full swing. Then presently you will see stately files of youthful, bronzed goddesses bearing tall bowls on heads, heaped with fruits, flowers and rice cakes, intricately fastened together in cone shape.



Small shrines carved out of the side of a lava mountain.  
Bali, Dutch East Indies.

At a large offering for some special holy day, you may see as many as three hundred maidens carrying bright gifts to gods, followed by men of family who play gamelan or assist in religious rites. Brown nymphs of babies playing in grass, dressed in palm-leaf or silver earrings, make whole scene so striking that you want to take pictures on every hand. And happily, you find no one objecting, or seeming to take notice if you stand and gape at their ceremonies. Rather, they seem pleased you should care to witness their temples of which they are very proud, and rightly so.

How fervent they are—with resonant bells, and curious chanting—priests sprinkling holy water brought from some distant blessed pool, over all rich offerings. Sometimes, floor of temple may be completely covered with generous offerings—heaped up fruit bowls, rice cones, even roast pig, decorated with bamboo disks and fluttering tassels.

Of course, after gods have had their fill and gamelans have offered their paeans of worship in music, and old Balinese epics have been duly chanted by priests from old holy books written on leaves of lontar palm bound together with thin slabs of carved





Paying tribute to the hungry gods. Immense head-loads of fruits going to the temple to feed the gods. Having been fed, tomorrow the local people will then feed themselves. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

wood for covers—then people may feast on material remains of offering.

Often a cockfight is part of proceedings in temple so when one of cocks is killed, fresh blood may be offered to whatever god is being appealed to at the moment.

Temple offering may take place at night if there is a full moon, and then, in flare of torchlight—with moonlight flooding forest, and Cambodia flowers and incense sweet on night air—indeed, island seems more like a story book place than ever.

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Early one morning, we drove to Sacred Wood near Blahkioeh and Sangeh to feed sacred monkeys who never leave these woods. Even among monkeys they have an honor system of not touching neighboring corn and rice fields, only relying for food on ground-nuts and corn that visiting devotees to temple bring them. Natives tell an amusing story of one rascally young monkey still in adolescence who thought to steal himself corn from a nearby field. When he returned home with his hoard in cheeks, he was properly punished and cuffed by older monkeys.

We need not fear these monkeys—they are tame and come close to our hand to eat. They sit on haunches like little old men, grabbing at our corn and stowing it quickly in their pouches; all except mother monkeys with babies clinging under them as they swing along—they do not trust us sufficiently to



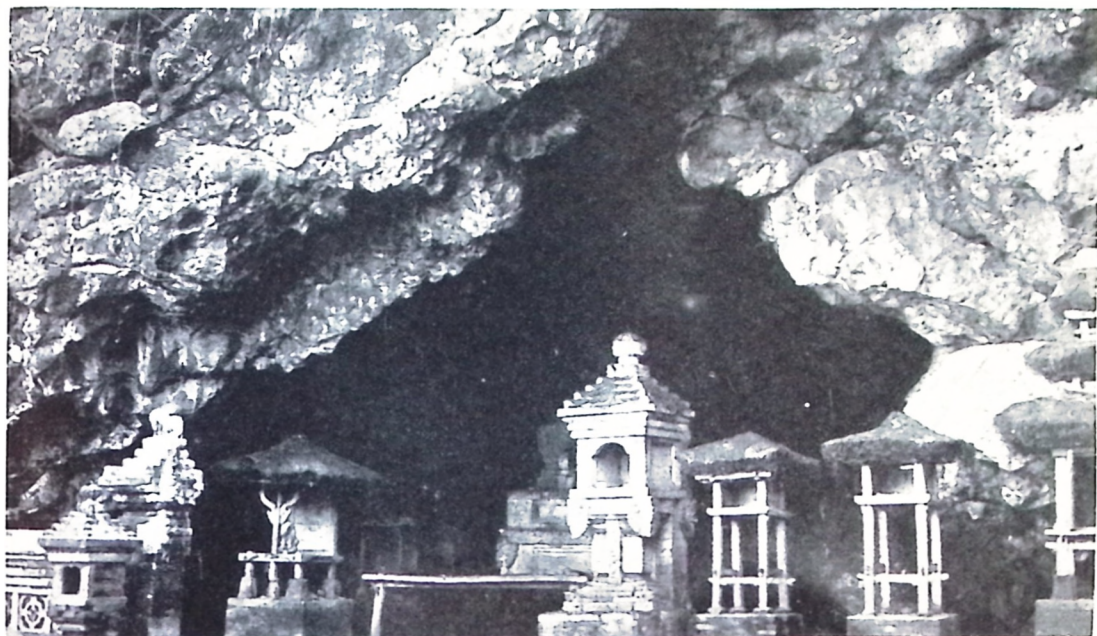
Monkeys everywhere. Beggars, too. They run wild over this neck-o'-the-woods. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

come near, but slink along in background and coax bolder monkeys to bring some of our corn to them.

Thus we drive on to Elephant's Cave and go inside and burn a sheaf of rice straw before elephant god. Here, in this foreboding place, old torturing and decapitations took place in days of native rulership when cruel potentates tyrannized the common people.

Whole island is dotted with temples as lovely as pictures. It is hopeless to try to describe them—each has its characteristic appeal. In one, three stone chairs to gods, Brahma, Vishnu and Shiwa; in another, a splendid old carved water jar; a sacred pool of fish in another temple; or a magnificent banyan tree, twisted and hoary with age may be background of yet another temple in a green cup of the hills.





Washed out caves in the sides of mountains are the logical places for road-side shrines.



Everywhere you go, in Bali, you constantly bump into beautiful shrines and temples. Dutch East Indies.

Even bathing places have holy water spouts for only gods to bathe in. Open bathing place at Tedjakoela has bathing section for horses, one for men, and one for women and children. Little ponies stand contented for hours under cool shower. And near



Balinese people are strong for cock-fights.  
They keep themselves poor betting. Dutch  
East Indies.

by, babies cry or play in water at mother's feet while she is busy washing her shamelessly nude body with fine powdered stone which foams and acts much like soap. No false modesty here. But we must rise with sun to catch a glimpse of these early bathers. By six o'clock, they have all gone up steep mountain paths, each woman balancing on her head heavy earthen bowl filled with water for day's use.





Ring-side seats at the cock-fight. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

Men are not bothered with carrying burdens. If it is not time to plant, harvest or cultivate rice, they gamble day away, or tend their precious fighting cocks. Fighting roosters are more important than wives—in Bali. Everywhere beside small cottages are round baskets in which a cock is often kept for two years before he is allowed to participate in a festive fight. But every day he is taken out of his basket by his master, and carefully washed, groomed, and his joints massaged, and tender tid-bits fed to him.

Cock fighting is a passion with Balinese and often as much as two hundred guilders are placed on a fight between two choice specimens. Formerly, cocks were doubly armed for fray with tiny razor-sharp steel knives on each right spur. These little knives were even smeared with poisonous oil which was deadly indeed. But now that Dutch government supervises Bali, such cruel practices are forbidden.

Outside of cock fighting, dancing and comedy acting and various kinds of Wayang shows suffice for amusement. Most popular types of dancing are Legong dances—mostly performed by very young girls in gorgeous costumes—and Djanger group dance which is an entirely new Balinese origination, and typical of their young generation.

Legong dancers are most picturesque, wearing a tight swathing of brilliantly colored metallic hand-woven fabrics around lithe, slender bodies. And on heads a most fantastic gold head-dress quivering with a hundred tiny golden points and flowers. Pos-



Here is the devil himself. Out to strike fear at the hearts of all simple-minded lookers and listeners. His dagger is dangerous.  
Dutch East Indies.

tures are short and stiff with upturned fingers—absolutely indescribable, but with a peculiar strain of passionate fervor running thru dance which works up to a wild frenzy toward end—whole performance, a symbol of religious zeal, accompanied by ap-



propriate Hindu gamelan music. Truly, a most impressive and never-to-be-forgotten spectacle.

There are usually two dancers in Legong—and often these small expressionless-faced girls have been training rigidly day



Feet are as vital as hands and head in Bali dances. This angel has wings to fly. Dutch East Indies.

by day since they were four years old. From seven to ten years, they reach height of perfection, and are considered passé after they reach eleven years of age.

On application to Representative of Official Tourist Bureau at Singaradja we may see special performances of these dances at Kedaton, near Den Pasar, which is home of best dancers of island,

and if we inquire at resthouse, we will find there is generally some kind of entertainment going on, nearly every evening.

If it is full moon, there will be a shadow Wayang show, and after good dinner and coffee, how pleasant it is to walk thru



Isn't he horrible, dangerous? He strikes fear to evil-doers.  
Bali, Dutch East Indies.

starry, flower-scented night, toward music of gamelans, there to sit and watch shadow antics of little leather punch-and-judy figures portraying old romance of Princess Sita, Ramá's wife, stolen from her husband by King of Langka, all explained in high, thin voice of priest as he relates story of epic from ancient Hindu Ramayana a story as old as hills themselves, but ever dear to

heart of Balinese. And don't forget their shadow movies they have enjoyed for long centuries before our cinema was born, are based on history and art. Unlike other natives, Balinese do not care for modern cinema.



A duel to the finish. Devil meets devil. Notice the tail on the devil. They strike at each other but never hit. Dutch East Indies.

There is Wayang Orang—which means same Hindu stories are illustrated by human actors in masks. One afternoon we were invited to visit an old Hindu mask-maker. He was a most fascinating person with penetrating brown eyes and a yellow temple flower stuck in oiled curling locks over each ear. He was pleased to show us his masks and opened his theatrical red trunk and brought out every imaginable kind of ferocious-looking mask, stopping to illustrate each one, hastily adjusting it and grimacing in character. Nails of left hand were well over an inch long and



his name is famous as an actor thruout Bali. As we left, he bowed profusely and presented us with one of the flowers from behind his ear as a token.

Those lovely metallic brocades used in theatrical dances, may sometimes be purchased from native women who carry craft-shops on their heads. Even their baskets are often painted gold and colors in vivid Balinese designs.

Save Patimah's workshops at Singaradja, Kloengkoeng is best place to buy craftwork as it is center of wood-carving and gold industries. Here all buying is done from little groups of old women who come to door and drop on knees unrolling a store of treasures. One will bring a basket of silver things, a hammered silver fruit bowl, or an old silver betel-nut set—another will have carved woods, perhaps a wicked looking Bali dragon six inches high (what admirable book-ends a pair would make!). And there are temple bells of brass;



In the market place at Den Pesar, Bali. Students of anatomy need not go to school in Bali. Dutch East Indies.





Fruit galore especially in the Dutch East Indies. These are samples.

vicious-looking krisses with little animals carved on their handles; a soft length of cold red and gold woven cloth; or a filigree carved and polished cocoanut shell for a lamp. A wall-hanging painted on old canvas is in reality a discarded Balinese calendar of thirty days of some past month, taken from a native hut in a rush to swell family finances when a foreigner appears on the scene.

We must go to a native market—"pasar besar." One in Den Pasar is especially interesting for local color. There are round white earrings that look so striking in native woman's ears against heavy loops of jet black hair. How surprised we are to find they are made of coils of white palm leaf and that spring in young leaf causes them to expand continually and keep large hole in earlobes.

Did you know that there were so many kinds of fruit in the world? Little prickly pears that look like baby armadillos, but are so delicious inside, like pineapple hearts.

And over there, is a native "apothek" display. Herbs, stalks and leaves—a remedy for every ill. Even funny brown soap buds for washing clothes—perfumed leaves for scenting women's hair. And there in baskets is betel-nut and sirih and shredded tobacco for native pastime of betel-nut chewing.

In the end we come away with an odd little round bowl with a cover painted white with colored Wayang dancers around it—all ingeniously made of cocoanut shell. If lucky we may find an old priest ring set with hand-cut stones, for a few paltry guilders.

Perhaps we may visit one of sultan's palaces and see native chiefs in flashing jewel-buttoned costumes regale themselves in palaces of red and gold and bric-a-brac, offering lemonade out of thick golden goblets studded with rubies! Delightful!

By this time we are hungry enuf for a delicious Rijstatafel luncheon. We try this typical native tiffin. It is a combination dish of spicy flavor, made of rice, browned, shredded cocoanut, chicken, peanuts, baked bananas, spices, and young meat sautes roasted over charcoal on small skewers, and so nut-like, also long strips of crisp kroepoek like a potato chip but made of tasty pounded shrimps.

And all this is only a part of our trip to Bali!

Who knows—in another ten years it may be spoiled by insidious modernism which is already evidenced by surprised American buttons which are sewn in designs on red baskets of native temple offerings.

But Dutch government is wise and gracious in encouraging old arts and customs. Artists are endeavoring to preserve simple beauty of island as well. Truly, one finds most interesting people from far ends of world in Bali. A Dutch artist, a fine huge fellow with a beret and Vandyke beard, was restoring old temples for government while we were there. Archaeologists grub among old stone ruins. Photographers and journalists from every land come to see, and stay to write. Young people flock there for sheer beauty of Bali, and linger on, enchanted, for another week . . . and yet another.

Tall shadowy forests and violet-gray hills of Kintamani with its bracing mountain air and cheery resthouse are ideal place to end visit in Bali—but then again, one never wants to leave lovely Kintamani, either!

But time and steamboats wait for no man, and at last, regretfully, we sail from that lovely blue-green bay, fringed with palms and bound up with memories—of kindly folk and simple charm of Bali—strange exotic dancers of Den Pasar—carved lacey temples of Sangsit—fields of fireflies on a starry night near Kloeng-



koeng—and then the last perfect day on cool heights of Kintamani where we have tea looking out over towering peak of Batoer volcano wreathed in pearl mists below . . .

Oh, lovely Bali—the Enchanted Isle!

### ARTS OF BALINESE

We claimed that Den Pasar is gem of Bali. Those who visit the island will not disagree with this verdict. It is in south, more



Balinese dancers are strong for head-dresses.  
Bali, Dutch East Indies.

than in north, that fascination of Bali is more forcefully emphasized. And it is at this point one turns car northwards. Formerly it was called Badoeng. It is not a large town, altho growing rapidly and boasts of a quite interesting museum, which is constructed in all different styles of architecture peculiar to Bali. Near at hand is Poera Satrya, a most revered spot in eyes of natives and largest temple offering place of Princes of Badoeng. Port on south of island is only a few miles from Den Pasar, and is named Benoa. There is a small pier here where steamers moor, and this is a distinct improvement on port at Boecleng.

Pasangrahan at Den Pasar is small—it has only six bedrooms—but is extraordinarily comfortable. Mrs. Schirmer, new man-

ageress of all Government pasanggrahans in Bali, was kindness itself and could not do enough to make our stay both pleasant and profitable. She even insisted on vacating her own suite in a bungalow adjacent to rest-house so we might be more comfort-



How's this for a Balinese dancer's head-piece?  
Dutch East Indies.

able; and also did much to make our stay in Den Pasar a happy memory.

On night of our arrival she had arranged for our special benefit a Balinese dancing performance. This was very best of its kind we have ever witnessed. Isadora Duncan would have raved about it; Pavlova would have set to work to make its reproduction in old world a work of infinite character and art; and whoever can take such a troupe to London, Paris or New York



should amass a fortune. It must prove an instant success. The gamelan (orchestra) provided a most tuneful melody; and instruments were gloriously gilded. All music was produced from percussion instruments; and these sweet toned gongs can



They look heavy. They are as light as the feathers they are made of. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

make Burmese, Siamese and Javanese orchestras blush with envy.

Little twin girls, of not more than ten years, were "star" dancers. We promptly labelled them "Dolly Sisters of Bali," for they were as like as two peas. Their dancing was wonderfully graceful. Facial expression never changed, but pupils of eyes rolled in rhythm to music, unlike Javanese who dance with closed eyes. Faces were always an immovable mask and utterly

expressionless. Steps were all life and movement; but often this changed into plastic poses. Bodies were most supple imaginable, for leggong dancing calls for frequent violent bendings of body and in quick time. Writhings and contortions often resembled convulsions; but each movement was in perfect time to



Each dancer originates own designs. It indicates their wealth and ability to charm. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

music. Joints of bones appeared to be capable of being bent in every conceivable direction, and every single movement—be it body or hands, of feet or fan—was a thing of perfect grace.

Costumes were every bit as effective as dance movements. Galoengan head piece was leather and gilded, and in it were tastefully arranged blossoms of frangipani which scented air with its sickly yet pleasant aroma. Rest of costume is beyond powers of description; only a fashion expert could do it justice.

Not being a lady's man, we will not attempt it. Suffice to say, it was wonderfully pleasing to the eye.

We are told that dancers are trained from moment they can stand on feet, but do not appear in public until ten years of age. They generally cease dancing at age of fifteen, or when married;



Another style of Balinese dancer's head-dress.  
Dutch East Indies.

but seldom ever dance after twenty years of age. We should imagine it is a strenuous life, especially for young folks. On night we saw them dance, they continued for 35 minutes without a stop in first movement, and for 15 minutes in second. They would have continued longer, but we insisted on their stopping for they were breathing heavily and streaming with perspiration. Next day they gave us another performance inside a temple so we could make a series of photos of them in action. Luck favored us and results are really good.



We found coffee being grown extensively in Bali, but we learn native estates are gradually being bought by Europeans. There was not a sign of rubber in the island, but plenty of cocoanuts and loutar palms. Native engineers are wonderfully good at road making and in irrigation works. This is a thing to marvel at



Two Balinese maidens. Dressed up "fit to kill." Dutch East Indies.

Until we were told it was so, we could not conceive that works seen were other than those achieved by Dutchmen. When a road has to cross a ravine, Balinese build a dam across it, cut sluices in it for irrigation purposes, and then run road across top of dam. This avoids steep descents and ascents from bed of ravine.

Often we met a dozen or more pack ponies travelling along



road, wearing square-shaped nosebags of bamboo and eating as they walked. Round their necks were suspended chains of musically sounding bells; and ponies were sturdy little fellows. Ponies are also used in carts and gharris; but more often carts are man-pulled or hauled by water-buffalo.



Kids will be kids. The girl has on a sarong.  
The boy has nature's suit—and, why not?  
Bali, Dutch East Indies.

We have spoken of wonderful physique of men and women. We should also mention both are really handsome with clear cut features. Their noses are rather flat and broad. All are tall and stately, and they sweep by with chins in air. Women's gait, in particular, is one of unconscious grace and dignity. They are a mixture of Malay and Polynese, latter being strongly evidenced in wavy or curly hair. It is seldom straight like that of pure-bred

Malay. Kain, or waist cloth, is tied round waist with a soft scarf of gaudy coloring; and women often wear hair loose down their back or else caught up round neck with a gay piece of cloth. European is still somewhat strange in their eyes, and they stare with open mouths as one passes.



The favorite Royal dancer of the Sultan of  
Jcoaja, Bali, Dutch East Indies.

Often we saw ponies, bullocks, goats and cattle, and even pigs, with a weird contraption round their necks, made of wood in a triangle and with a long bamboo pole suspended from it under their necks. This aroused our curiosity, and we enquired into its meaning. Were informed it was designed to prevent them straying thru fences and into house-compounds. It is simple enuf but thoroly effective device. We have never come across its like in the course of our varied travels.

Many interesting village bazaars were in progress along that fascinating road to Kintamani—our night's halting place. At Bangli and other places they were crowded and appeared to be doing big business. Chinese were not much in evidence in Bali, altho Balinese use some of their cheaper coinage as small change for barter—a string of fifty of these curious coins equals ten cents



The favorite male Royal Dancer of the Sultan  
of Jcocja, Bali, Dutch East Indies.

of Dutch money. All villages passed thru were walled in and remarkably picturesque. Balinese know how to build villages.

Bangli is quite a fair size and owns some picturesque temples. The bazaar was full of interest; we found people awfully shy of being photographed. Six times in about twenty minutes they scattered at our approach. Native constable did not interfere but watched our efforts to secure good pictures with an amused smile of tolerance.

The road from Kinatamani into Singaradja is a fine feat of engineering.



At two points along the road we saw cheerful gangs of brown-clad convicts working under the charge of two warders, who seemed to take no notice of their charges. The convicts appeared to do exactly as they liked, ignoring all many chances offered to



Another favorite Royal dancer. All dolled up with silver coins. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

escape. The life of a convict in Bali must have its pleasant compensations.

Singaradja is a fine little town and has all hallmarks of growing prosperity. Here we made the acquaintance of Patima, famous widow of a former prince of Bali. When her husband died Patima was only seventeen years of age, and horrible Hindu custom of suttee had not yet been stopped. Patima bolted and sought protection from Dutch in Java; and so she did not follow her husband's body and die on the funeral pyre. Today she is back in Bali, much alive, and doing a thriving business in selling native arts and crafts. She is quite a character, and not to have met Patima is not to have known Bali.



## WOMEN OF BALI

When the Creator had made all things to His liking, He made man in His own image, giving him dominion over earth, and over every living thing upon earth. Eastward of Eden He



Attendant to the Sultan of Jcocja. Head-dress indicates that. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

planted a garden, where out of ground grew every fruit pleasant to taste and agreeable to eye. Having achieved these wonders, God looked upon the man made in His own image, and found him a pitifully lonely object. So the Creator in His all-seeing wisdom said: "It is not good for man to be alone, I will make him a helpmate," and thus sprang into being the greatest mystery and marvel of the Lord's handiwork—woman!

In Bali—a modern Eden—one of beautiful islands of Dutch East Indies, where blue waves of Indian Ocean and sparkling waters of Java Sea wash golden sands of palm-fringed shores, where transparent haze of mountain tops rise high on one side,

gradually decreasing in height till they form, as it were, a wave of verdure; where beauties of Nature overwhelm one with grandeur—here we will sojourn awhile to learn what we can of the lot of the Balinese Eve, whose graces poets and authors have extolled, whose beauty Eastern and Western artists and sculptors have handed down to posterity.



Royal Actor to the Sultan of Jecocja. He is not one bit vicious. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

But alas—God took material from which Eve was made, not from Adam's head, that she should rule him; nor from his feet, that he should trample on her; but from his side, so that she should be the revolving point of his existence, taking her place proudly at his side. Hinduism and other Eastern creeds have degraded woman to a far lower sphere than that for which her Maker originally ordained her.

"Lords of Creation" amongst Hindu cult pride themselves that they regard women as inferior creatures of a much lower scale, hardly as human beings, and more as household chattels. Here

in this fair island of Bali, she is lowered to value of merchandise, over whose face value her parents and would-be husband haggle and bargain unabashed. First and natural tyrant of a Balinese woman is her father, who does not count her amongst his chil-



Another favorite dancer of Sultan of Jecocja. Silver ornaments everywhere. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

dren. Only sons are acknowledged as his offspring, and regarded by him with pride and affection. From early age of six or seven years, girls of Bali begin to work, going with mothers to market, carrying heavy burdens on youthful heads, or else business in-



stinct is developed in them, as sellers of cakes and other delectables along roadside. Other tiny fingers are guided at loom in making of checked kains for which island is famous.

When daughters arrive at a marriageable age, they are regarded by their fond fathers as articles having a "market value," and



These different styles of head-dress don't appeal to American women, but they do please Balinese men.  
Dutch East Indies.

bring a goodly sum into his willing hands, according to amount at which their charms are taxed. Old Balinese law recognizes only marriages in which parental consent has been obtained. Father of bridegroom, or in event of his demise, a family relation, calls upon parents of young lady on whom their son's choice has fallen, to solicit their consent to a family union. If young man finds favor in their eyes, then there begins process of haggling over price which must be paid for bride. This sum varies from



forty to one hundred guilders, but in cases where there is beauty on one side and wealth on other, they combine to raise value of bride-to-be to even five hundred guilders. This ceremony of preliminary settlement is known as the mepadik.

It sometimes occurs that suitor, tho acceptable in every way



They begin to train Balinese dancers very young. They must be supple and elastic.  
Dutch East Indies.

from a physical and moral standpoint, lacks means with which to pay sum demanded by girl's parents. Love finds a way out of every difficulty the world over, and Balinese swain conquers this obstruction to desires by entering service of his prospective father-in-law, serving for his Rachel in imitation of faithful Jacob of Biblical lore. If, after a period of honest labor, disappointed youth sees his lady-love sold to a higher bidder by unfeeling parents, who are in no way bound legally to recompense him

financially, such an unfortunate is spoken of in decidedly uncomplimentary terms.

But in happier cases, where course of true love has run on smoother lines, a priest is invited to appoint day on which, with approval of good and evil spirits, marriage may take place.



Off stage Balinese girls wear little clothes.  
On stage they pile it on heavy and thick.  
Dutch East Indies.

Engaged couple are permitted to see each other frequently, but whether or not her fiance proves to be real Prince Charming of her girlish dreams, Balinese maiden has no voice in matter—she has been practically sold to highest bidder and wedding arrangements go calmly forward.

Abduction, of which so much has been written, is a matter of form. Dutch Government recognizes this as legal only when it occurs with consent of bride herself and that of her parents, hav-

ing put an end to horrors of unlawful abduction, which existed in previous years, by worst possible threat of punishment.

### MARRIED WOMAN'S LOT

In 1829 an Englishman visited Bali, and so impressed was he by hardships which these daughters of Eve had to endure that he wrote: "Cruel indeed is their lot and severe are burdens put upon them by stronger sex." While Western hemisphere has borne with fortitude upheavals caused by woman's suffrage, loud, strident tones demanding "woman's right" have failed to cross Straits of Sunda. Women of British India and of Persia, as well as other Eastern lands, are breaking tradition after tradition, casting aside trammels of narrow convention and creed, but their Balinese sisters bear their yoke with light-hearted submissiveness, and who is to prove if they are worse for it?

Happy or inwardly rebellious, Balinese bride, having reached boundary line "where brook and river meet," goes onward to meet her fate and fulfill destiny of woman-kind. Days beforehand, preparations for wedding feast have been in progress, plaiting of baskets and mats, erecting of sheds, and to cooking of dainties, baking and chopping of choice meats there seems to be no end.

In European lands guest awaits wedding invitation, but in Bali those who wish to be present at ceremony offer their services, whether it be in making turtle soup, roasting of pig or duck, concocting of other delectables. Under blue skies, amidst laughter and chatter, mingled odours of many spices arise to gladden hearts of merry-makers. Early in morning bridegroom adorns himself in gala array, and, accompanied by relations and friends, betakes himself to house of his bride, on horseback or afoot according to his social status.

Arriving at scene of action he is received by head of family, who offers him betelnut, while gamelan gives voice to a song of welcome. Bride appears from the *hoemal meten* (the bedroom, a sort of "holy of holies" in every Balinese house) and with befitting modesty, peculiar to all Eastern brides, takes her place at side of bridegroom. As a rule marriage is celebrated in village temple, but in cases where distance is too great, ceremony takes place at home in "house temple" as it is generally called, a sort of altar erected within precincts of family domains. This altar is erected only after birth of a first-born, and altho Balinese houses and villages hold out but few attractions to the eye, being as a rule dirty and ill-kept, "house temple" is cleaned and swept daily



and kept in some degree of order. Here wife and mother makes daily offerings, material and spiritual—here daughters come in bridal array to take marriage vows.

On arrival at altar priest receives various offerings which have been brought to him—rice, flowers, fruit and money, and these



Off to the wedding. Carried on shoulders.  
All such occasions demand an umbrella. Bali,  
Dutch East Indies.

are set aside on a stand especially erected for this purpose. Wedding guests have scarcely seated themselves in two rows facing each other when shrill tones of genta (the priest's bell) announces that marriage service is about to be read.

In comparison with a church Balinese temple is but an open shed, but ceremony, with many ritualistic observances, bears a





With little to do, they do it well by dressing up and going to the wedding.  
Bali, Dutch East Indies.

faint resemblance to pomp and ceremony of English High Church. When priest, with all dignity of a bishop, has finished reading marriage ritual, bell rings for second time, bridal pair and guests arise and betake themselves to rack on which offerings have been laid. Priest now pays impartial reverence to both spirits of good and evil gods, beseeching them to remain favorably disposed to young couple about to set forth on rough sea of matrimony. Bride and bridegroom each receives from his hands a cocoanut and an egg, which they must throw to atoms on ground. When this ceremony of destruction has been completed they pick up broken shells and throw them over their heads to winds of heaven, facing in turn north, south, east and west. This ceremony is observed for purpose of propitiating spirits who dwell in mighty winds, and who, if neglected or slighted, can wreak cruel vengeance upon young couple. Bridal pair having done their duty to gods, once more assume humble attitude before priest, who sprinkles them so liberally with holy water they are compelled to retire and change their garments, each in a separate chamber. Returning to temple they perform last of marriage rites, that of feeding each other with rice and sambals (hot spices) set before them on banana leaf. This is silent symbol of

love and care which they pledge to bestow upon each other in all years which lie before them when "for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer," they travel together down the river of years.

Ceremony now being at an end, happy couple with all guests, betake themselves to scene of festivities in house of bride. When



Belles of the dance. Prima Donnas. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

shades of evening fall bridal pair are conveyed in triumph to their own abode, their escort takes leave of them at their doorstep so to speak, and they settle down into daily round of village life.

Born and bred in tradition that a woman must of necessity take second place, to wise Balinese bride who has learned useful lesson of adapting herself to circumstances a certain degree of happiness is not unknown. Her sex has for many generations been the humbler one that she builds no castles in Spain, furnished with rose colored, fragile illusions. Her husband is, and remains, Lord and Master, whom it behooves her to obey, and her duty is to care for him, earn what she can towards household expenses, and fulfill her woman's destiny of bearing him children, preferably sons, who will carry on family name. Divorce courts of Bali do a less brisk trade than those in other Eastern or Western lands,



and woman who covets her neighbor's husband, or brings disgrace to her family by moral lapses, is dealt with in no soft measure.

Her husband may indulge in many an *affaire du coeur* without her daring to raise a matrimonial storm. Should unfortunate wife



Styles do not come and go annually in Bali.  
They are the same down thru the centuries.  
Dutch East Indies.

fail to fulfill her destiny of motherhood, or should she bear her husband only daughters, her lot is hard and bitter indeed. She loses claim to few rights she might have otherwise enjoyed, and is regarded as a bad investment. Even merciful Angel of Death is unable to save her from unending curse which rests upon her for, according to Balinese superstition, childless woman is doomed

when she crosses line which divides this world from next, to be received by cruel gods of underworld and is destined to hang forever by neck from an unfruitful tree. Should she have borne one female child, her fate is hardly less cruel and various other terrors await her in land beyond grave. For the rest, lot of woman



Why do we reprint so many Balinese dancers? Because women love styles. Dutch East Indies.

of Bali is that of a glorified slave. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou labour" was curse upon the first Adam, but

"Coward Adam he  
Climbed up a tree,"

and calmly passed heaviest part of burden on to woman God had given him. History repeats itself in this second Eden, where no matter where eye falls one is struck that heaviest tasks are allotted to weaker sex. Balinese men are good farmers, but rest of problems of struggle for life they leave to womenfolk to solve.

Even in most Western homes, the advent of twins is not always regarded as an unalloyed blessing, but in a Balinese home it assumes the proportions of a catastrophe unless the favored mother brings forth two sons. If poor woman has been so unfortunate as to present her better half with son and daughter she must immediately after their birth literally "take up her bed and walk" to nearest cemetery, her offspring being carried behind her



by her abashed family. A rude hut is quickly erected for her and there she must reside with her children for three new moons amongst the dead.

Home of her husband in which her twins first saw daylight is reduced to ashes, her husband has to seek another dwelling-



Most all Bali dancing is done in the open. Weather permits. Dutch East Indies.

place, and even whole village is placed under a moral ban and must be sprinkled by priest with holy water, while village temple is closed for sixty days, and offerings and prayers are made to enraged gods. No communication is held with unhappy mother in her sombre abode among graves, except that food is sent her at regular intervals and priest offers special prayers for redemption of her soul. Only wife of ruling monarch is absolved from this traditional practice.

When a Balinese woman has given birth to a misformed child, this is accepted as a sign that a great misfortune is about to befall village in which she resides. News of this terrible happening is speedily carried to monarch, who alone is able to avert further disaster by providing royal offerings to evil spirits whilst village



Two youthful dancers. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

falls into a state of unnatural silence for an allotted space of time.

If a woman of this superstitious race dies in pregnancy her body may not be burned, but is cast into nearest ravine as a sign of contempt in which she is held by family, friend, and foe. Balinese wife who is shortly destined to wear the crown of motherhood is seldom to be seen in public places or on streets, for should she essay forth evil spirits of Kalas would harm her or wreak their vengeance on her unborn child. Exorcisms of a village after birth of twins is known as *menjepi*, that of whole land

in time of a pestilent disease as balik soempah, meaning "the averting of the curse."

Another curious custom which exists in this island of spirits is that when a man is about to assume dignity of fatherhood, for nine months he must abstain from smoking opium and gambling, and even favorite sport of cock-fighting is forbidden, which is



Young faces, young bodies, gracefulness is assured.  
Bali, Dutch East Indies.

indeed a heavy test of paternal devotion and sacrifice. But to fortunate mother who presents her husband with a son and heir, great is honor and adulation due. At birth of a son proud father plants a cocoanut tree, growth of which is closely associated with health and prosperity of child.

When baby is three days old he, as well as his mother, is washed with holy water purchased from village priest at somewhat exorbitant price of f.2.50 a jar, and offerings are made to gods at entrance to dwelling. For forty days mother must remain in seclusion, for should eye of a stranger fall upon her it would bring her much bad luck. Three months after birth of a son a sort of christening party takes place, at which he is given a name, and for first time his hair is cut. This feast is known as negang-sasihin, and with well-to-do families is an occasion for lavish hospitality and display. Every six months after this, regular offerings are made to deities till child attains age of four years; ears are then



bored and this ceremony also calls for semi-religious festivities. At age of sixteen teeth of youth or maiden are filed, and they are proclaimed to have attained age of majority. On this occasion friends and relations gather together to make merry, but hero or heroine may not appear at feast and must remain in a dark room for three days; this ceremony is spoken of as the ngekab. When a



Not all Bali dances are done moving about. Some are sitting dances. Done by swaying the torso. Dutch East Indies.

girl reaches marriageable age she is also doomed to "durance vile" for three days, and only a virgin may attend to her physical wants. After this period she is washed in holy water, hair is cut in a fringe, and adorned in her most beautiful garments she receives congratulations of village at large. It is needless to relate that light-hearted Balinese make of so important a day an occasion for eating of much pork and other dainties as they do on every family anniversary.

But it is a mistake to imagine these festive gatherings take place only for pleasure they afford. They hold a deeper significance, being a combination of religious duties and superstitious fear of gods, who according to beliefs, can be induced to avert evil and ensure prosperity if treated with due reverence. "To every saint his candle," thus to every Balinese deity his particular form of worship.



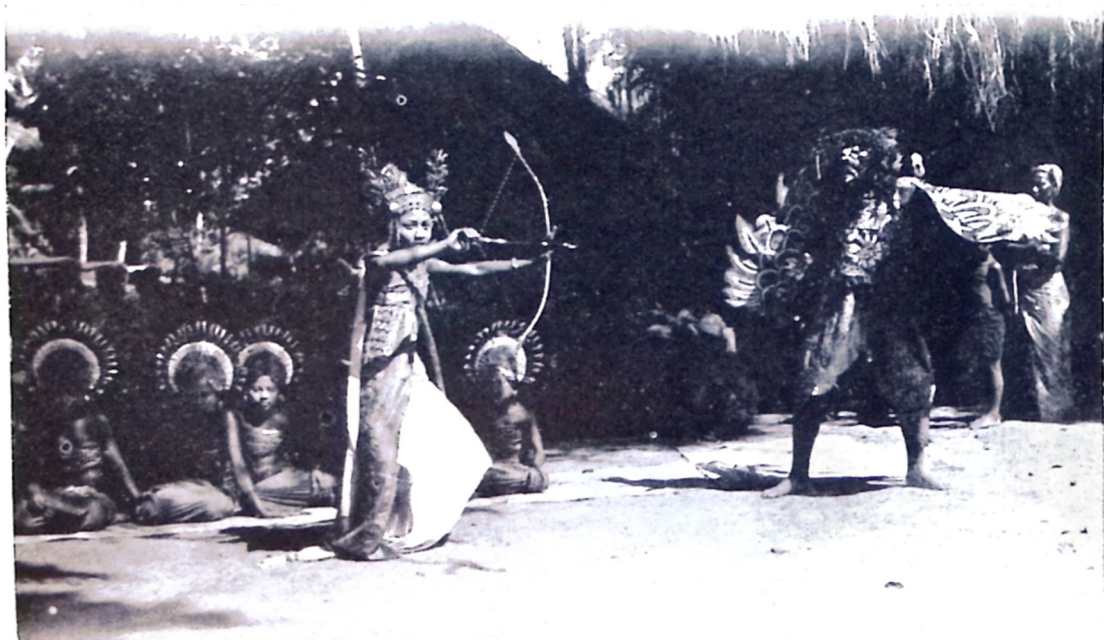
To tourist on his hurried flight thru this island of Eden it may appear that women, because of transactions in market place, hold purse strings; but alas, to those who are privileged to peep behind scenes, bitter truth is soon brought to light. Men expect and de-



Yes, they too have devils and angels.  
Bali, Dutch East Indies.

mand from wives they find wherewithal to provide them with means to indulge in their love of cock-fighting, opium smoking and other pleasures of existence, and Balinese woman, as a rule soft of character and knowing no other law than that of submission of her lord and master, obeys without protest. Should she attempt otherwise, hard words and still harder blows would be her portion.

It need hardly be said that heavy task of bringing up her children in way they should go falls entirely to mother. She must feed and clothe them, teach them to earn a livelihood and care for them, until they are old enuf to care for themselves. Duties



They have war dances, with heroines who shoot the devil with bow and arrow. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

of fatherhood sit lightly on shoulders of Balinese Adam. "The woman Thou gavest me" spares him unnecessary exertion; perhaps it is for this reason that bachelorhood is almost unknown in Bali. An unmarried man does not count socially nor does his word carry weight in village councils. Even a widower must immediately after death of his wife invite a mother, sister or aunt to bear his family burdens—which he is unable to carry alone!

It may seem strange to outsider that in a land where woman plays so humble a role, some of weaker sex are admitted into sacred precincts of temples, there to act as priestesses. But here cause is to be found in deep sources. Only insignificant parts of religious ceremonies are left over to Pemangkoes (temple watchers) Balijans (doctoresses and other male and female persons who under influence of shamism, display powers, becoming sud-



denly possessed of the gift of prophecy or exorcising of demoniac spirits).

An important role in religion of people is played by wewalen with premas and premade, all men and women who under fanati-



Fan dances are common in the orient. Is that where Sally Rand got her idea? Dutch East Indies.

cal influence of religious seances, become possessed by one or other godlike spirit.

### FLOWERS OF DEATH

#### A Story of Inexorable Law of Bali

This is law of Bali—a married woman shall not accept a present from a male acquaintance. Law is inexorable; if a woman should forget, penalty is—death.

Not many years ago that fate actually befell a charming, high-caste Balinese girl who was adored wife of an Englishman. Setting was beyond ranges that loom up in distance as you sail thru Straits of Bali athwart Idjen plateau and towering volcanoes, Raoeng and Merapi; period, reign of Singa Balung, "Lion of the Mountain," last of Balinese sultans.

He was the ruler who doomed twenty-five girls to burn with him on his funeral pyre. He liked the name by which he was popularly known thruout that archipelago. "Lion of Balung" enjoyed notoriety of having been with Sultan of Ternate, most dreaded pirate king of all fierce brood who ravished shipping in straits of Macassar, up as far as Philippine waters, and who were



The girls gather around the square. The man pantomimes the script, which is ad-lib, ex-tem, and sometimes includes verbal talking. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

at same time the terror of every native State in islands. Wherever there was loot seized, the war praus scented it and took it with blood and rapine.

After several small-scale wars in Ternate, Lombok and Bali, Dutch subdued these lawless sultans and for most part put an end to piracy. That occurred about middle of nineteenth century. Then Singa Balung sat back on his reputation and applied to his own kingdom such gifts as he possessed. Despite unsavoury association, the old Sultan had good points, as this story will show.

Balinese held their Sultan's implacability in dread and yet were intensely proud of old "Lion of the Mountain." No hand, no even amongst families who suffered most from his malignant humour, was ever lifted against the life of the ruler, whose ex-





This is a stand-up sit-down dance. Girls sitting down sway in rhythm and follow the movements of the girl around the circle. Bali, Dutch East Indies.



Sometimes the sit-down, stand-up dancing calls for more than one person to act out the pantomime script. Bali, Dutch East Indies.

plots were re-enacted in village theatres and extolled in song by wandering minstrels.

Fascination of A. R. Wallace's book, *The Malay Archipelago*, has led many a Britisher to seek his fortune in Malay Peninsula or in adjacent belt of islands. From Kedah to Timor you will find them—professional men, planters and business men—who credit or blame Wallace for their presence in East.



Girl sitting acts as the Queen, before whom the Ladies in Waiting dance to do homage. Dutch East Indies.

Tom Brooks and Charley Jones, newly graduated from London University, were two such men. Both belonged to well-off families in South Wales and they had been inseparable companions thruout University days. Jones family had long-standing business connections with Singapore. Wallace's book, *The Malay Archipelago*, fell into their hands about the time a decision had to be reached regarding their future activities, and their careers were settled. They would go to outposts of the Empire—Jones would enter business while Brooks, who loved land, would become a planter. Future looked attractive, so after post-graduate course in Malay language two young men bade good-bye to their people and arrived in Singapore at close of 1896.





These girls are swathed in yards and yards of heavy clothes.  
Bali, Dutch East Indies.



Skirts fit tight preventing leg action or display. Modesty prevails in all Bali dances. Not because they are prudish but because it better portrays the show itself. Dutch East Indies.

With money and credit, they had plenty of leisure and were able to do as they wished before settling down to real business of life in East. They decided first they would follow in Wallace's footsteps thru all places mentioned in his book—from peninsula itself down thru Sumatra, Java, Celebes, Bali, Flores and Lombok. Expedition, done leisurely in chartered yacht, extended



Many Bali dances are religious in character and are performed in front of their temples. Dutch East Indies.

thruout following year. In Boeeleng they found a Balinese who had sailed with Wallace and who proved to be a reliable and valuable *serang*. Chronicle of the cruise does not belong to this story—only that part which concerns Bali, and afterwards return of Brooks to "Enchanted Isle" and what destiny meted out to him there.

Upon outward cruise, leaving Java, young men tied up their yacht at Port Badung in Bali and proceeded inland to Banda Rajah, where the Sultan was in residence. Singa Balung was pleased because his visitors observed correct Court etiquette and spoke Court Malay, but what really won his heart was gift of a case of modern rifles. There was also a Parisian cloak of cloth-of-gold for Sultana. Ruler gave them freedom of Bali and before



departure presented them with letters of introduction and a signet ring that would ensure cordial reception, assistance if needed, and safety in every island from Bali to Timor.

"There is only one thing in which even I cannot help you," said the Sultan. "You must respect everywhere law of islands regarding women. You may have as much freedom as you like, but if a



The front line chorus. These girls will range from 7 or 8 up to 18 but seldom beyond that. By that time they are old women in Bali. Dutch East Indies.

married woman's eyes should intrigue you, look the other way. Otherwise end very likely will be death for woman and you. That is the law, and not even the signet ring of Singa Balung could save you."

Youths smiled and assured Sultan they were out for beetles, butterflies and orchids and not interested in girls; in fact, they were following exactly in footprints of illustrious Wallace.

Balinese are of same basic stock as Javanese, but more energetic and enterprising. Physically are taller and more muscular, and resemble somewhat mountain people of Preanger in Java. Their women present same characteristics. Many are really very pretty when young.

Balinese girls love outdoor life—sports, kiteflying, and dragon-fly hunting with twigged wands. Result is perfect physique. They naturally demand same qualities in menfolk. Balinese maiden is cast in a heroic mould and adores things that stand for heroism. No girl will accept a suitor who has not distinguished himself in a feat of prowess or high achievement of some sort. He may qualify



After the show, stage door Johnnies are as prevalent here as elsewhere. They retire to the un-dressing room, disrobe and presumably go home. Dutch East Indies.

for her favour as a fighter should there be war, as hunter of savage game, or in wrestling lists. Whatever the field, there must be definite and unmistakable achievement.

Two of many events which Singa Balung arranged for amusement of English visitors combined to shape destiny of Brooks. First was a wrestling tournament, open to all unmarried men except pariahs. Contest lasted from morning to night. At five o'clock victory lay between two splendidly developed athletes. Then Sultan made announcement which was greeted with tremendous applause. He said, "One of our English visitors, Tuan Brooks, was champion wrestler of his university. He has consented, at my invitation, to enter the list with the one who shall prove to be our champion. The tournament will be adjourned



until tomorrow. That will be fair to all. Our two men will be invigorated by the rest, and one who proves victor will be ready to meet English champion." The great event was witnessed by an immense assembly, gathered around arena from far and near. At conclusion of bout, Brooks came to Sultan's dais and retired



Here's a different kind of show. It's a cock-fight between men-roosters. Man in white coat is the Director who talks the play which men act out. Dutch East Indies.

with emblem of championship upon his head. Brooks was unaware that among the group of spectators was a girl who watched presentation with more than casual interest. Girl was Indah-Artis, daughter of district Datoh, to whom many a high-caste youth had bowed and been refused.

As she watched the champion her eyes deepened into black with a golden glow and her heart reacted to a strange emotion, for she knew her twin soul, man for whom she had been waiting, had come to her out of centuries. Only he did not know, for in sea of faces about dais he had not observed her.

"Tonight," said the Sultan, "I have arranged for you, my guests, a serimpi dance in the palace." They understood what a compliment was conveyed—favorite dancers of court would perform in their presence, and only elite of land were present at such a function.



A dancing girl's head-dress. Bali. Dutch East Indies.

At that exhibition of consummate art and loveliness, Brooks saw her. She sat with her parents on other side of golden dais, opposite English guests.

Brooks was oblivious to music and dancers—his eyes never left face of girl in front of him. His heart felt constricted; he could scarcely breathe.

What his sensations meant he did not understand, for there was nothing in his make-up to help him fathom feeling that girl whose eyes were looking unfalteringly into his belonged entirely



to him. Without knowing it, he too had been searching for his ideal, for this girl; and altho he had never seen her before, he had a strange feeling that in some half-remembered dream he had known her and lost her. Now, out of mists and darkness, her glorious face appeared; her eyes gleamed with recognition and love.



A dancing girl's head-dress. Bali. Dutch East Indies.

Afterwards they were introduced by Sultan himself. They met and parted with scarcely a word, yet each knew that inscrutable Fate had brought them together from ends of the earth.

Datoh invited visitors to spend a week on his plantation in Idjen highlands. "It was a glorious week," said Jones, when relating story years later. "From beginning of that visit until its close, Brooks and Indah-Artis were together like two people who loved and adored one another for ages.

"Before we continued cruise towards Timor, Brooks had ar-

ranged to acquire an estate already planted. 'Infinitely more than that to him, he had, with consent of her father and approbation of Sultan, claimed lovely girl to be his bride upon our return from Timor. She was to be queen of his estate, she who had said, 'our story began long, long ago, and now, with the blessing of



Each head-dress is individualistic. Hands indicate parts of the interpretation of the dance.

Indrah and our Queen of the Sea, we are going to continue it.' We shortened the cruise," continued Jones, "and were back on the plantation within three months' time.

"Singa Balung insisted that marriage ceremony should be celebrated in the palace. His wedding gift was a delightful stone villa, designed by himself and erected during our absence. His special presents to bride were massive jewelled armlets, wristlets and necklaces of pure gold—out of pirates' chests.

"At length I returned to Singapore a very desolate man, but I soon became occupied with my own affairs and the weeks passed quickly.

"Then came a letter from Bali. It was written in Malay by the Datoh. I read it hurriedly and the letter dropped from nerveless fingers to the floor.

"I forced myself to read it once more. 'Our Artis is dead and Brooks is dead, but we are certain, as the good Iman assures us,



In America, women take off tops of dresses when they go dancing. When they go to weddings, they take off the top and put it in their trains. In Bali, girls wear little clothing, the less the better. But when they go dancing, they smother themselves WITH clothing.

that they are together in Paradise. The seti and I try to comfort ourselves by believing his words.'

"It is a short and dreadful story. Indah-Artis was walking in the palm avenue when a former admirer, whom she had rejected several times, suddenly appeared and, kneeling down, offered her some flowers.



"Apparently she pitied him and thoughtlessly accepted the blossoms. I think she also fancied herself, as the wife of an Englishman, to be exempt from the law of the islands. It was part of a plot. The death sentence in such cases is usually carried out without any sort of trial and by a hired assassin.

"That evening a man came to the verandah where the two were seated. He carried a glistening kris. 'The law of the islands cannot be ignored,' he said, 'She has received a present from a man who is not her husband; she must now die, and I have been appointed to kill her.'

"The fellow seemed to think that Brooks would quietly submit to the law. He advanced upon Artis with the threatening kris. Brooks struck the blade from the man's hand and knocked him to the floor. He got to his feet and sulkily made his way from the bungalow, threatening to return later.

"The following morning, when Brooks was absent from the house for a moment, there was a knock at the door. Artis opened it, never thinking of danger, but it was the assassin, and she fell



The gamelan band. Between zylophone, bells and drums, the orchestra is complete. The music is musical and not offensive.



to the floor, stabbed thru the heart. Her husband heard her startled cry. All that she was able to say as he held her was, 'We shall meet again.'

"When Singa Balung heard of the murder he was greatly upset but he could do nothing—it was the law of the islands. But he



Balinese dances are slow, rhythmic, graceful, indicating a great deal with hand gestures. Faces rarely smile, are stolid and almost expressionless.

told Brooks that he was free to take his own revenge. The Sultan knew, of course, who had instigated the deed and arranged for the rejected suitor to be present with Brooks at the palace that evening, when there was to be a gathering of notables. Brooks' clue was to insult the man in the presence of the assembly, leaving him no choice but a challenge to a duel.

"They fought with krisses," concluded Jones. "Used in duelling a kris is a frightful weapon. The murderer was killed, but



Dancing in Bali begins with small children. When they reach about 18 or less they are thru. Mostly done in the open, they always draw crowds of local admirers.

Brooks, poor fellow, received such serious wounds that he died immediately.

"Perhaps I should not say 'poor fellow,' for, after all, life would have held nothing but desolation and sorrow for him. The Datoh held him in his arms, and Tom muttered as he was dying, 'Oh happy Artis, now we go together to continue our story.'"

#### CONCLUSIONS ON BALI

Thruout our entire trip in Bali, we saw only three cripples, four beggars, two people with Hindu religious marks (altho all are Hindus), and thousands of starving, yapping, barking, biting dogs.

Bali is a native tropical island which in most ways lives up to concepts of a tropical South Sea island. It is only place we have been which does come anywhere near it. We have seen movies which we thot overdrew the picture, but not as regards Bali. It has its native customs, creeds, colors, smells, different from any other place. It possesses individuality, personality its





For the most part Bali dancing is pantomime. Here is the devil or evil dance where he frightens the onlookers.

own, untouched, unmarred by white man or outside influence of any kind. It is itself, real, true.

Bali lived within itself until about 1200 years ago. It was almost entirely Buddhist in its religion; and, all native life in Oriental East centers around its religions. About 1200 years ago Buddhist religion faded out of picture and Hinduism came in. Fundamentals of these two religions are opposite. We haven't time to go into them here but would suggest that if reader is interested he get our book 'ROUND THE WORLD WITH B. J., wherein questions of religion of the East are covered thoroly. Hindu religion as we find it in Bali is not Hindu faith of India, but Hindu faith of Polynesia. At root these people are Polynesians and anything that came in was added to what they originally had. Today Hinduism of Bali is a polyglot of Polynesian tropical island customs, superstitions, plus some Buddhistic faith handed down and believed in, plus good of Balinese people without obnoxious features which are inherent in Hinduism in India which would prove repellent to these fine people here.

Balinese people have superstitions galore, such as you would expect of isolated native people found on any tropical South Sea Island, but none are harmful to anybody or any animal. In many ways and in many forms, we can clearly see influences of Burmese and Siamese in Bali. It would be interesting could we go back and study migrations of Balinese to other countries and visitors from other countries who came here and left their influence. We feel certain no East Indians came here with Hinduism, yet Hinduism came here, but in our opinion, more from Burmah and Siam than anywhere else.

Caste question, so paramount with Hindu faith in India, is here hardly apparent. Here they mix socially and commercially, altho there is a line drawn between some different gods' castes in Hindu people. As we have mentioned, we found few caste marks. Burning ghats of Hindu faith in India are absent here. If some one dies, they lay him or her away for a few years until there are enuf of same family who die or are dead, then hold a whole-sale cremation and do job all at one time. Even this ceremony is entirely different than form in India.

Bali is a native island, still native in all respects, undefiled by tourist or missionary—and we use this last word advisedly. Fifteen years ago this island was taken over by Dutch Government. They have run it ever since. We say **THEY** have; what we mean is they hold a protecting hand over it, but practically let natives run it now as they did then. They let some missionaries come in once but they raised trouble and strife between natives, unsettled their minds, made them discontented. So, missionaries were given orders to move out. The people are innocent, sweet, beautiful; simple people. Everything is prosperous; people are satisfied, well fed, no worries. The island is under heavy cultivation, Dutch having assisted in irrigation. Men are laborious and women industrious. Man can have as many wives as he can support. This is paradoxical as wives support him. More wives he has, richer he is. Seventy-five per cent of population are women. Why? They have had no recent wars to kill off men. This is one problem for which none locally have any attempt at solution.

Maybe these people do many things differently than we would; maybe many things Balinese people do are wrong in our eyes; but if they are all we have said, to introduce missionaries in here to try and supplant their theories, ideas and notions would be but to upset them, as much as we would be upset in the United States if these people were to come to our country and try to urge us to adopt their ideas.



## CHAPTER 25

### JAVA

Leaving Bali, we again go back on the OPHIR after she made her round trip to other islands. We were invited to be guests of the Captain. Inasmuch as it was but an over-night trip across to Java, we accepted. We were extended courtesy of having two adjoining cabins instead of one, at no additional cost.

We are now back in Sourabaya.

Money question in Dutch East Indies is a problem. We went into a Bali market and studied how these people buy. Many years ago Chinese came here with shrewd business methods. They introduced coin with the hole in it, which is the yoni of phallic religion. Today Dutch make this coin with their chop mark. Forty cents United States gold will buy one guilder, worth 100 cents Dutch value. One cent is divided into 5 coins; 40 cents of U.S. money will buy 500 coins with a hole in them, each about the size of our nickel. It is this coin with which native markets.

Soerabaya is capital of province of same name, situated about mouth of Kali Mas, lower stream of Brantas, running thru eastern part of Java. It is greatest trading port of Java, and its busy streets present an altogether different appearance from calm, dozing streets of Batavia. Unlike houses of Batavia and Buitenzorg, which stand far away from streets beyond front garden, houses of this city mostly stand directly on street and are marked with signboards, so that visitor can easily find required number and name, while in Batavia and Buitenzorg one has to cross front garden to see number of house one is looking for. In business sections of these cities one rarely finds advertising signs, except those of life insurance companies; but in Soerabaya every business is seen trying to push to the front. Total population of this city is 150,198, of whom 14,843 are Chinese, 8,063 Europeans, 2,482 Arabians, 124,473 natives, and 337 other Asiatics. These people are strenuous seekers of money. Chinese are especially active, and their commercial influence dominates whole city. A row of warehouses extending for one long block along coast of canal is owned by one rich Chinese. City is also center of coasting steamship services and is connected with Borneo, Celebes, New Guinea, Singapore, and Australia. According to report of 1914, total tonnage of the steamers calling at this port reached 180,000 tons. Important export articles are sugar, coffee, tobacco, and

cocoanuts. Surrounding region produces, besides these, rice, indigo, hides, and nests of sea-swallows.

City is divided into two sections, European district and business quarter. Generally speaking, European district lies along western coast, connected by five bridges with Chinese and native district that lies on eastern coast, but this distinction is not sharp



Soerabaja, Kali Pegirian, Java, Dutch East Indies. Soerabaja is the seaport town. Pronounced as tho "seera, by-ya."

as in Batavia and Semarang, for in many places stores and shops are mixed with residences of Europeans, Chinese, and natives.

First impression a visitor receives in this city is greatness of Chinese and native district. European influence is recognized only in few residences and few scattered buildings, such as arsenal, barracks, navy yard, etc. From point of view of visitor Soerabaya is not attractive. Besides, it is not healthy; effect of its hot and humid weather is marked on yellow enervated faces of inhabitants. It lacks good drinking-water and enjoys no refreshing breeze. Added to all this, mosquitoes and red ants are especially numerous, and so pestering that most Europeans, whatever may be material advantages of this city, have no desire to live

here permanently. Coffee crop alone thrives well and its quality is excellent.

### PLAN OF SIGHT-SEEING TOUR

To get a general impression of city, start from hotel district and go eastward along Simpang Road, across Goebeng Bridge to sub-



Soerabaja, Overvaart Peneloh, meaning a boat transports across the river.

urb. After running thru suburban village, drive back to Goebeng sluice and turn west from Kajoen to European district. From there come out to Kaliasin and follow the city tramway, via Toendjoengan and Aloon Aloon, to Wilhelmina Tower. On return trip, pass thru business district, especially Chinese quarter, and, coming out at Red Bridge, drive directly to hotel. Important sights of interest in this tour are:

Genteng, Simpang, and Goebeng Quarters. These are cool, shady spots on western coast of Kali Brantas, in southern part of city. City tramway runs past Toendjoengan, Kaliasin, and Kepoetran; but, if one goes southward along Toendjoengan, one will see Oranje Hotel on left, and then come to corner of Toendjoengan, Embong Melang, and Kaliasin, where there is a beauti-



ful club building, called "De Club." Near it are Hotel Wijnveld and some restaurants. In cool of evening place is thronged with people. On Simpang Road, which runs eastward from here, are Hotel Simpang, Mansion of Resident, and Military Hospital. Goebeng quarter, on bank of river, is occupied by Europeans. Its streets are neatly arranged and shaded by thick foliated trees,



Soerabaya. Entrance of Goebeng bridge across river. Java.  
Dutch East Indies.

thru branches of which appear flat, red-brick houses, in pleasing harmony with surrounding green. As one crosses Goebeng Bridge at eastern end of Simpang Lane, one is already in suburb of Goebeng, where road leads to Goebeng Station. At head of bridge is Goebeng sluice. This sluice was constructed to divert water of Brantas to a branch stream, called Porong, and constitutes a great engineering feat.

*The Mouth of the Kali Mas.* The lower stream of the Brantas is called the Kali Mas, or River of Soerabaya. Term Kali Mas means "river of gold," an ironical name given because it is a river of yellow mud. However, it runs thru center of city, giving it excellent transportation facilities, except at mouth, which is



shallow and does not allow large steamers to approach close to it. In season of sugar export, many native boats, decorated at prow and stern and manned by native sailors dressed like pirates, are found assembled at the mouth. Visitors arriving at this city by steamer land here, and, as they follow straight road running along canal that forms mouth of this river, they will see on left some



Soerabaja, Kali Mas. Driveway along river. Java. Dutch East Indies.

fine large buildings belonging to dock, and also some residences. As one proceeds farther up, he will observe a group of low, unattractive terrace-houses, arranged in most disorderly manner possible. They are lodging houses for sailors and some stores selling provisions and other things to them. Higher up past this terrace is a row of warehouses. On river are seen many boats.

*The "Pasar Gelap" Market.* It is situated in small open space near Red Bridge in center of city. It is covered with awnings. Besides fresh vegetables and fruits, all sorts of daily provisions, furniture, clothes, and second-hand goods, are bought and sold. It presents an exceedingly busy scene. Going northward past this market, one comes to a place crowded with Chinese shops and exhibiting a busy scene of vehicular traffic.

*"Djambatan Merah" or Red Bridge.* This is a wide bridge connecting Handel St. with Heeren St. Region about this bridge is commercial center of city. Bridge and neighboring roads are crowded with motor-cars, sados, kosongs (two-pony cabs), bullock carts with large wheels (five or six feet in diameter), and hand-cars pulled by coolies, while between them trudge coolies



Soerabaja, Pasar Peneleh. A market place. Java. Dutch East Indies.

bearing over shoulders pikolans (bent carrying poles) from ends of which hang heavy weights. River is crowded with boats packed full of freight, while row boats and canoes pass in and out between them. Chinese, Javanese, Europeans, Arabians, sailors, soldiers, in short, all sorts and conditions of people, are seen walking briskly, each concerned with his particular business. On wharf of western coast, called Willem's Quay, all kinds of freight is piled up like mountains—a testimony to its great foreign trade.

#### EASTERN PART OF JAVA

This route in beauty of its scenery and general interest matches that from Soerabaya to Tosari. Railway from Bangil to Malang



runs between two mountain ridges, Tengger Mountains on east and Mt. Kawi and Ardjoeno Mountains on west. Between them lie plains of Lawang and Malang. State railway, which runs from Djokja or Solo to Soerabaya, has branch line starting from Kertosono, about halfway between the two. Branch line runs from Kertosono to Blitar, Lawang, and Bangil, and thence to Soerabaya, forming a great link line. Regions lying along it are rich in beautiful scenery, but also noted for production of sugar. Sugar is exported by this line to Soerabaya and Pasoeroean. This link line is route we are now going to describe. Entire excursion generally requires ten days. Those who have not much time to spare may omit volcanic lake of Mt. Keloet and thereby save three days. In this case, route runs from Soerabaya southward to Porrong, instead of to Kertosono, and from Porrong to Prigen by carriage. Return trip is made from Prigen to Bangil by carriage, and then from Bangil to Malang by train, and from Malang to Poedjon by trap. One should stop at Poedjon long enuf to see Mt. Kawi and other places of interest in vicinity. From Malang one comes back to Soerabaya, unless one is going to combine an excursion to Tosari with this trip; one should go to Tosari either from Malang or from Lawang and come back to Soerabaya, via Pasoeroean.

Tosari is the best health resort in Java and is situated at an elevation of 1,818 metres above sea-level. Its temperature always stays somewhere between 62 degrees and 80 degrees F. Its air is clear and dry. The Hotel and Sanatorium Tosari is subsidized by the Dutch government. There are more than 80 apartments, built of wood, and each consists of two rooms, a veranda, and a bath room. Besides these guest rooms, there are a parlour, a library, and a billiard room. Further, in garden are tennis courts and croquet lawns. As visitors sit on veranda, children of neighborhood come to sell fruits, freshly gathered and neatly arranged in small baskets. In vicinity of Tosari are found many bushes of thorn apple, called *Datura alba*. Flowers are snow-white and funnel-shaped. From seeds of their fruits natives make a certain strong narcotic flour. It is told that once a robber blew this flour into a room thru its key-hole, and, while occupants were fast asleep under its influence, robbed them of everything they had in the room. It is very cool here at night and in morning. Visitors are warned against taking cold baths before they are accustomed to changed climate, for bath water, being drawn directly from mountain stream, is very cold, and may give a severe chill. They must also be careful to use woolen blankets on beds; the ordinary "dutch-wife" won't do in this cool place.



View of Tosari, Java. Dutch East Indies.

View of surrounding country from veranda of hotel is very beautiful. Towards north, there lies spread out wide plain from Pasoeroean to Bangil, and further north appears shining water of straits of Madoera. In clear weather Madoera Island and even Zwaantjesdroogte Island can be seen looming on the horizon. Towards the east rise Mts. Baroe Clinting, Argawoelan, and Penandjaan. Towards the northwest lies the plain of Lawang, as if calmly asleep, and beyond it, beginning from the north, rise Mts. Penangoengan, Ardjoeno, and Kawi, their clear outlines standing out against the turquoise sky. The summit of Ardjoeno consists of five peaks and that of Kawi of three peaks. Both can be seen best from Tosari. Mist gathers about these mountains, sometimes on the top like white caps and sometimes around the foot like grey skirts. Sometimes it spreads out over the plain, while these mountains rise out of it like islands from the sea.

On the sloping ground at the foot of the mountain in the vi-





Bromo Volcano. Sand Sea of volcanic ash in foreground.  
Tosari, Java. Dutch East Indies.

cinity of Tosari are seen many small huts. They are the dwellings of the native tribe called Tenggerese. The members of this tribe have consistently refused to accept Mohammedanism, and they still adhere to their old religion, a form of animistic Hinduism. Their number is about 5,000, and they live closely in their own community shut out from the rest of the world. They are shorter and darker than the natives living on the plain, and are honest and brave, and skilful in farming; but, like most savages, they are lazy, dirty, and ignorant. Their huts are built of wood or bamboo. Since surrounding forests have been cleared for cultivation, at present they have to fetch building materials from forests of distant mountains. These huts have no windows and their entrances face Mt. Bromo, because their guardian god, Dewa Soelan Iloe, is supposed to dwell at foot of Mt. Bromo, where annual feast in his honor is held. Because air is cool and dry and

water is scarce, they do not bathe like other natives, but remain dirty. Their children, in spite of coolness of air, go naked, and their skin is lighter than that of other native children. By a tradition of ancestors, cultivation of rice is forbidden, and instead of rice they raise vegetables, which they carry on horseback down



Soerabaja. Chineesche Woning. The house of a wealthy Chinese merchant.  
Java. Dutch East Indies.

to the market of city. The vegetables in the markets of Eastern Java are said to come largely from this region. They recklessly cut down the trees of the surrounding forests for fuel, and this practice is perhaps the main cause of the scarcity of water in this region.

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In temple in Songoriti, we saw many linga and other phallic symbols. We mention it here in passing to further substantiate former statements on this subject.

The Mohammedan religion is very strong in Java; in fact, it is strongest numerically on island. Influence of Chinese is shown here. We call them "Chinese Mohammedans," altho they are na-



tive Javanese. Over in America, people will ask, "What is the difference between a 'Mohammedan' and a 'Chinese Mohammedan'?" Arabian Mohammedans have minarets on mosques. Chinese, in China, in Buddhist temples have drum towers. Here



Bromo Volcano in Eruption. Mt. Somers in rear. Java, Dutch East Indies.

they have compromised and Javanese Mohammedan mosques have no minarets but do have drums which they beat.

In this study of religions, one tries to make comparisons with original strains in original setting in original country. Minaret is characteristic of mosque in Arabia. Drum tower is characteristic of Buddhist of China. When we get a cross between two, we know there has been the minaret lost out of Javanese mosque and introduction of drum indicates Chinese influence. There is as much difference in same religion in different countries as there is between different sects of Christian religion in United States. What is difference between Methodist, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Congregationalist, etc.? Are they all Christians? Are they?

We have a private Graham-Paige seven-seated car. We have a Mohammedan "Shoofar" and Buddhist Singhalese guide with us. Our baggage is strapped behind and inside. As we tour along, we have no sign-boards to mar beautiful scenery of this beautiful Java. We can imagine bewilderment of a Javanese if he were to come to United States and every few feet have a sign-board strike him in the face. It is a joy not to have them glaring at us.

We go to Tosari. We climb 2800 feet. We arrive at hotel at 5 p.m. We have no dinner until 8 p.m. We are to get up at 2:30 in morning. On several occasions we have run into this situation. Java wants tourists, yet they do nothing to make this late dinner and early getting up less tiresome and boresome to tourists. Hotels, if they wish to encourage travel, should do everything possible to accommodate the tourist. Dinner could as well be between 6 and 8. We spoke to proprietor and he said we could have dinner at 7:30. This was no help to us, so we went to bed at 6:30 without dinner.

Modern commercial Dutch influence in civilization is more apparent everywhere, in every way, in Java than in Bali. It has been in Java over 100 years and in Bali 15 years.



## CHAPTER 26

### DJOKJA

The provinces of Djokjakarta and that of Soerakarta are collectively called Vorstenlanden ("the land of the prince"). Djokjakarta, commonly called Djokja, is the capital of province of same name and one of great cities of Java. Province lies south of Soerakarta and facing Indian Ocean and is smallest of sixteen provinces of Java, about half size of Soerakarta. On northern border is Mt. Merapi, which divides it from Kedoe and Soerakarta. The city of Djokja ("blooming night") is situated on a broad plain near foot of Mt. Merapi. It is cool at night and is considered to be the healthiest spot of Java. It has a population of 80,000, of which 1,500 are Europeans and 5,300 are Chinese. Not only is it most important station on route between Batavia and Soerabaya, but it is also junction point of line running to



The skirts are batiks. Made in their homes. Patterns are endless. The author has probably the finest collection in America in his winter home. Java, Dutch East Indies.

Semarang and of steam-tram line running to Srandakan in south and Ambarawa in north; Ambarawa is connected with Semarang by railway.

The middle part of Java, of which the regencies of Soerakarta and Djokja are center, was once the kingdom of Mataram,



Ring around the rosey. Java, Dutch East Indies.

proud of its haughty disregard of European civilization and Mohammedan influence, and especially of purity of blood of its inhabitants. Twice (in 1628 and 1660) king tried in vain to expel all Dutch from kingdom. Later on, during war with Makassar, he was obliged to ask assistance of Dutch, who welcomed appeal and succeeded in obtaining as a reward right to build Dutch business on coast, and also of stationing garrisons of soldiers in the territory. After 1700, kingdom was constantly disturbed by internal disruption, and Dutch East India Company was quick to seize opportunity to expand its influence along entire coast. In 1743, king, in his will, placed whole territory under the protection of the company. After his death internal disruption became worse, and company wisely adopted policy of dividing territory. One-third was given to brother of late king. Present sultanate of



Djokjakarta is this territory. Sultan was, however, subordinated to Soesoehunan of original Mataram kingdom, by custom of kneeling before him at Nagawen near Djokja, where they were to meet each other once a year. He did not like this, and, to avoid it, he welcomed offer of company to allow him to wear Dutch



When they are all dressed up, not bad looking.  
Java, Dutch East Indies.

uniform on this occasion, for it was generally recognized privilege of any one wearing Dutch uniform and decoration not to be required to kneel before Soesoehunan. This led to a further quarrel between Soesoehunan and Sultan, in which Daendels, then Governor-General, intervened. Sultan, as he defied order of Dutch government, was forced to abdicate in favor of his son, who paid Dutch an indemnity of fl.400,000. At same time Soesoehunan was obliged to abandon coast duty against foreign trade that he had hitherto levied. In 1825, a son of Sultan of

Djokja, Diepo Negoro, revolted, and revolt spread all over Central Java. When suppressed in 1830, whole territory was placed under complete control of Dutch government. Both sultanate of Djokjakarta and Soesoehunan's fief of Soerakarta were made Dutch protectorates.



Right on the Equator. Java, Dutch East Indies.

Both Sultan and Soesoehunan receive from Dutch government the annual salary of fl.450,000, and are also provided with a small army of guards. Each is nominally the administrative head of his province, and his people seem to be satisfied with the arrangement.

In center of city is palace of Sultan, magnificent building dominating whole city. We were invited to visit this palace. (See Chapter 28.) European houses are mostly situated near palace. There are many Chinese shops and shops of native joiners. Its main road, Residency Avenue, is wide and planted with



fig and banyan trees. In its spacious inner court are many sculptures collected from Boroboedoer, Brambanan, and various other places. First impression visitor receives in this city is that dress of native women is dark colored and, compared with that of Batavia and other coast cities, is much less elegant. However, natives are mostly pure Javanese, and compared with Sundanese of Western Java, are better-looking. They have comparatively straight, narrow, and long noses, which are distinctive and wholly different from those of natives living in coastal regions, who have large, flat noses. Both in costume and manners they preserve best native traditions. Besides, in vicinity of city are found several Buddhistic remains.

### BRAMBANAN TEMPLE

*Tjandi Loro Djonggrang:* This temple is situated about twenty miles northeast of Djokja, on the plain of Brambanan near the Opak. It is a Brahman temple, consecrated chiefly to King Siva, his consort, Kali, and daughter, Gunesh. It was probably built in the 9th century, but had long been buried beneath the surface and neglected, until in 1797 it was discovered by a Dutch officer, who was examining the region with a view to building a fortress. Even then nobody paid much attention to it, and it was only in 1885 that the Dutch government began to repair and preserve it. Both in appearance and structural technique it is different from the temple of Boroboedoer. It is in a worse state of ruin than that, but the bas-reliefs on its wall are superior even to those of Boroboedoer. Unfortunately only a part of it is left. It appears that when it was built it consisted of eight main elliptical edifices in the center, surrounded by one hundred and fifty-seven smaller edifices arranged in a threefold circle, the whole being encircled by a triple wall. Of the eight central temples, three stood on the east, and three on the west side, and one each on the north and south sides. At present, only the three on the west side and the middle one of the east side are left, the middle one of the west side being in the best state of preservation.

The temple is supposed to be at least 1,100 years old. In other words, it is coeval with the temple of Boroboedoer. That these two great temples were built at the same time and in the same locality, one being unquestionably a Buddhistic monument, while the other is consecrated to Brahman deities, such as Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, is a problem that historians and archaeologists dispute about. According to the opinion of Dr. Gronemann, the famous archaeologist of Java, Brambanan was also a city of Bud-

dhist and the numerous edifices of this temple were the tombs of nobles of the Buddhist faith. He maintains that the above-mentioned Brahman deities were worshipped by the North Indian Buddhists as the forerunners of Buddha, and that Buddhism was first introduced into Java by these North Indian Buddhists. He supports his argument by saying that even in the temple of



These are Javanese "who-dun-its." Paintings on a wall of a temple. Java, Dutch East Indies.

Boroboedoe there are some images of Hindu deities, and that these deities were consecrated in this temple just in the same spirit that Christian saints are consecrated in the Roman Catholic Church; and therefore, that no image of Buddha is found in this temple is not strange at all, but rather what would naturally be expected. Furthermore, he sees the proof of his argument in the fact that the decoration of the temple is of a Buddhistic character, especially those trees, monster-animals, and birds with human heads, that decorate the socle of the wall.

That the temple of Brambanan was a burial place is proved by various objects excavated at the time of its repair work. It was then found that under the image of each deity is a deep hole covered with dirt and stones and bricks, below which is a square stone box, covered with a large, flat stone. One of such boxes, ex-

cavated from a hole in the Siva temple, contained a half-burned human skeleton, various gold, silver, and copper articles, and some Hindu coins. From another hole was excavated a copper plate with an inscription in Javanese characters. From a hole in the Brahma temple were excavated a pot and various other articles of decoration. Most of these holes have been excavated.

Each pagoda stands on a square foundation, and its tower is pointed at the end. The building material consists of small blocks of lava. Its outer wall is decorated with beautifully-executed bas-reliefs, the designs of which are taken mostly from Hindu mythology. There are also various figures of birds, with many figures of monkeys placed among them. Especially valuable are the bas-reliefs of the horizontal frames. They might well prove a source of inspiration even for modern sculptors.

Inside the pagoda are four rooms, besides a small vestibule. The middle room is the largest, measuring about twenty feet square. In it, facing southward, is placed an image of Siva (a Hindu deity, representing both constructive and destructive powers, and also regarded as the god of music and dancing, and always represented riding on an ox). This Siva assumes the form of Mahadewa and has four arms; he has a beard and wears a serpent as a girdle. In the west room is placed an image of Ganesha, a son of Siva. His head and limbs are those of an elephant, and he wears a serpent from over his left shoulder around the breast. In the south room, Siva assumes the form of Guru, a hermit, and stands with a trident and a pitcher in his hands. In the north room is an image of Kali. Kali is the wife of Siva and has eight arms. The contour of her breast and hips has always been an object of admiration to artists. She is riding on an ox, and one hand grasps the hair of Maheso, a small demon. Other hands hold a shield, a trident, a bow, an arrow, and a spear respectively. The image is six feet high. The name of the temple. Loro Djonggrang, was taken from that of this image.

In the south pagoda is an image of four-handed Brahma, but it is now spoiled. In the north pagoda is an image of Vishnu. Of the three west-side pagodas the middle one is the largest. In its left room is an image of Sacrya riding in a chariot, and in the right room are an image of Tjandra and some figures of horses.

Within the central enclosure there are other sculptures, such as Brahma, Siva on horseback. Nandi, a sacred ox, etc. Of these the most noteworthy one is the sculpture commonly called "The Three Graces." It represents what Mohammedans call beauties of paradise, "gopis." They are figures of three beautiful girls. It is said that a certain rich European offered an extraordinarily

high price for this sculpture, but could not obtain it. The group stands at a corner of the outer wall, and the visitor is cautioned not to miss it.

As already stated, the natives call this monument "Loro Djonggrang" (Loro meaning "lady"). There is a tradition about this lady, which runs briefly as follows:

A long, long time ago there was a Sultan of Brambanan, called Ratu Boko, who had a daughter called Djonggrang and also an adopted son, called Raden Gupolo, whose real father had been killed by the Sultan of Pengging. Gupolo was meditating vengeance, and, when he found that his father's enemy had a daughter, he proposed to marry her and at the same time asked for the assistance of his adopted father, Boko. But the Sultan of Pengging discovered the treachery, and so he planned to attack Boko. He caused the whole country to be searched for the strongest man who would undertake the task and defeat Boko, and got two sons of a hermit, called Damar Moyo, living at the foot of Mt. Soembing. The two brothers, called Bondowoso and Bambang Kandilaras, agreed to help the Sultan, on the condition that, if they succeeded, one should marry his daughter and the other should have one-half of his territory. Then they started to attack Boko. But this Boko was no ordinary Sultan; he was strong, and his breath had the miraculous power of blowing off any man who attempted to approach him. Against such superhuman power even the two brothers could do nothing. Twice they attacked him, but twice they were defeated, and in the second encounter their army was so crushed that both Bondowoso and Bambang Kandilaras had to hide themselves in the mountains and valleys. Thereupon their father, Moyo, sent them a charm, which when sung loud had the miraculous power of making the singer superhumanly strong—as strong as several thousand elephants. Armed with this miraculous weapon, the two brothers once more attacked Boko. He was sleeping when a messenger brought him the news of the attack. He did not take it at all seriously, saying that he could beat them single-handed. So saying he started to meet the enemy. But this time his breath had no effect upon Bondowoso and Bambang Kandilaras; he had to encounter them at close quarters. The two armies fought in deadly combat. The whole earth shook, and blood was spilled in such quantities that it made a lake, which is the present Lake Powiniyan. At last Bondowoso summoned all his strength and with one mighty effort pushed Boko into the lake. Boko sent forth a cry that made a terrible sound thruout the whole country. (The inhabitants near the lake believe even now that in the calm hours of night, if they



listen attentively, they can hear the echo of this sound). Raden Gupolo, his adopted son, hearing this sound, hurried to his rescue with a certain miraculous medicine that would revive him at once; but, as he was about to apply it to the dying hero, Bambang shot it out of his hand with an arrow. Then Bondowoso cut off Gupolo's head and cast it towards the west, where it became Mt. Gampeng. His heart was also cut out and cast towards the southwest, where it became Mt. Woongkel.

The victorious brothers were rewarded according to the contract. Bambang Kandilaras married the Sultan's daughter, and Bondowoso was made the ruler of Brambanan. One day Bondowoso saw Djonggrang, the daughter of Boko, and, enamoured of her beauty, he proposed to marry her. She would not accept her father's enemy as her husband, but, fearing what he might do if refused, she replied that she would gladly accept him, if he would be so kind as to build six temples and one thousand statues of her father and all his ancestors within a single night, as a proof of his love for her. Thereupon, Bondowoso appealed to his father Moyo, the Sultan of Pengging, and his brother for help. Earth Spirit was also summoned to assist by Moyo's charm. The work was carried on in great haste, and the six temples and nine hundred and ninety-nine statues were made in a single night. Djonggrang was sleeping when she heard the sound of the great work going on nearly to its completion. She told her maid to open the door and investigate, and when the maid reported to her that it was nearly completed, she made her sprinkle perfume on the spot where Earth Spirit was most active. The perfume had the magic effect of stopping the spirit's activity, and the last statue could not be done within the prescribed time. Bondowoso, enraged at this, cursed all the women of Brambanan, praying to the gods that they should not marry young. (For this reason, even now the women of Brambanan do not marry until twenty-four or five years of age, tho the women of its vicinity usually marry at the age of fourteen). Bondowoso, tho disappointed, called on Djonggrang, hoping that she might yet accept him. The beautiful maiden asked him mockingly if the work were finished. Thereupon he replied, "No, one statue is lacking and you shall be that one." And at these words Djonggrang turned into stone, and that is the statue of Djonggrang which one now sees in the temple.

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The ordinary men wear trousers and simple jackets, but over trousers and around waist they sometimes wrap a sarong. Some have hair tied at back and some have it close shaven. Some deco-

rate it with a semicircular comb in front, and some wear caps which look like inverted flower-pots. All women wear hair tied in a knot at back, and they are dressed in sarong and kabaya. Women of upper class wear slippers, but those below middle class go barefooted. They look more refined than other Javanese. Most interesting sight, however, can be seen near palace, where Soesoehunan's direct officers walk proudly, with air of contempt for, and indifference to, all worldly cares of lower class of society. They are attired gorgeously and wear one or two krisses (short swords), thrust thru wide belt, sometimes diagonally at right hip and sometimes straight at back. They are accompanied by young attendants, one of whom holds a long-handled parasol (or payong) from behind. On public occasions they ride in carriages, in which attendant sits on back seat and holds up a payong over his master. Payong is a unique feature seen only in this city. It is a large paper parasol, beautifully painted in different colors according to difference of ranks. That of Resident and Soesoehunan is gold; that of latter's consort and princesses, yellow; that of other members of his family, white; that of regent and his equals, blue with gold rim; that of district officer and his equals, red; that of village officer and his equals, dark grey; and that of common people, any other colors. This color distinction was probably adopted from Hindu tradition. House of a Soesoehunan's direct officer is guarded by policeman armed with a long spear. According to old custom, Soesoehunan's palace should have four gates at front entrance, and houses of his officers should have three, or two, or only one gate, according to ranks.

The kris worn at ordinary times is smaller than those used in time of war. At present it is worn as an ornament. Excepting those of lowest class, every male at age of fourteen generally wears one or more krisses. Some of highest rank often wear three or four. Women of high rank wear them. In olden times they were worn only by officers and warriors; but, since introduction of Mohammedanism, privilege of wearing them has been extended to all people. At present, however, people of lowest class and merchants do not wear them.

Blade of kris is flat and generally from twelve to sixteen inches long; some are straight and some are curved. Hilt has no guard, since blade is spread out at base of hilt, making there a natural guard. Handle is made of wood, metal, horn, and decorated with beautiful carving of upper part of a man or of head of an animal. Handle of sword used by a noble or an officer of high rank is straight, but that of lower classes is curved. Blade is made of steel plates containing some nickel. Many plates are beaten to-

gether into one blade by a laboriously repeated process, hence wavy marks on surface of blade. When this smith work is done, blade is put into a solution of arsenical acid. By its oxidizing action steel becomes greyish and nickel is dissolved, leaving white wavy marks on surface. It is said that best material for blade is meteoric iron preserved within palace of Soerakarta, which contains five per cent nickel, and that there is an iron mine in Celebes, the iron of which contains some nickel. Sheath is made of wood, plated with gold or silver string wound tightly round it. Some are embossed with gems. Swordsmith once enjoyed special privileges under patronage of nobility, but at present he is one of common workmen of the city.

## CHAPTER 27

### BOROBOEDOER

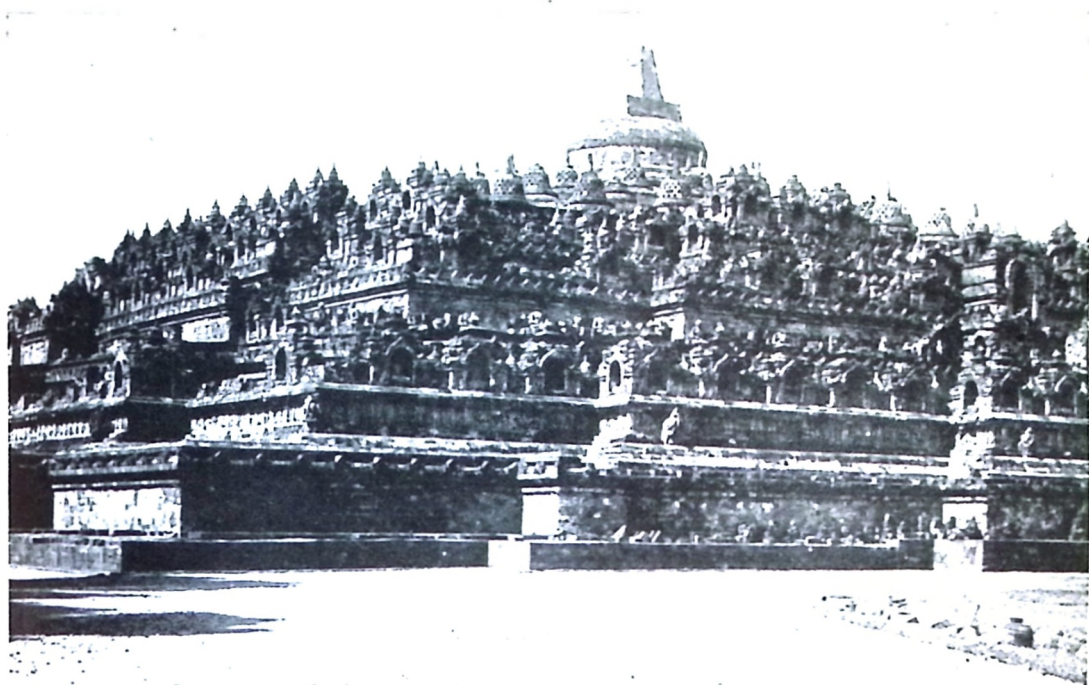
A couple of hours' drive thru high mountains along a winding road with beautiful views of the plain of Poerwakarta, brought us next day to foot of Boroboedoer. This temple is one of sights of the world. Built by Hindu priests eleven centuries ago, it shelters some relic of Buddha, probably a pinch of ashes. We had read and heard much of this temple and had long looked forward to seeing it. It stands in an open space on top of a natural hill, surrounded by trees and our first impression was one of keen disappointment. It looked small. As we approached our ideas rapidly changed and ascent of the first gallery impressed us with its huge size. One could spend a week in that enormous ruin studying stone carvings which depict whole life of Buddha.

The road for both pedestrians and vehicles runs thru archways roofed with red tiles. During the dry season these archways afford good resting-places, protected from the heat



Boroboedoer. Hindu temple. Java, Dutch East Indies.



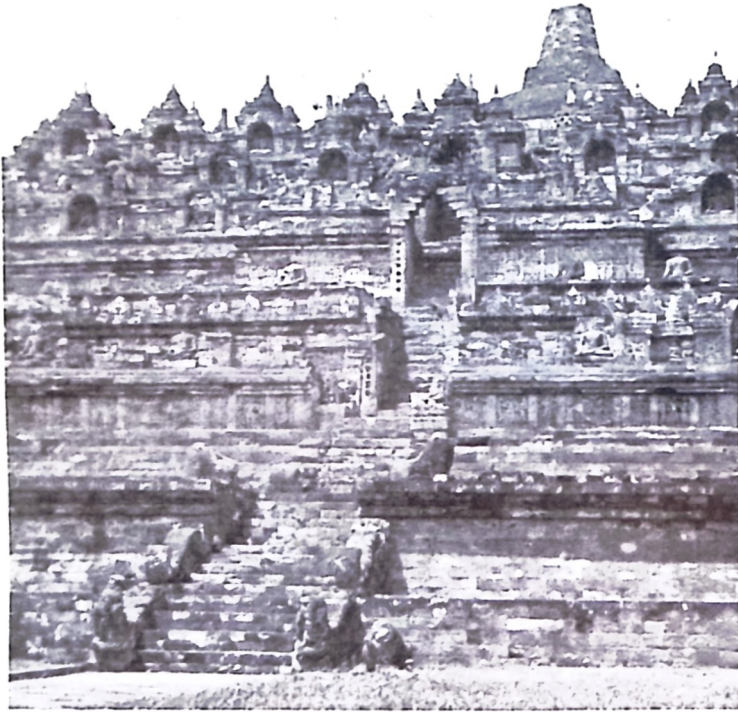


Boroboedoer. Closer view. Java, Dutch East Indies.



Stupas on roof of Boroboedoer. Java, Dutch East Indies.

of the sun, and in the rainy season they furnish a convenient refuge from the passing showers. There are also many markets along the road, where mangos, mangosteens, breadfruit, durian, rambutang, and other tropical fruits are bought and sold, besides various cereals, drapery, and dried maize husks used for



Close inspection gives better idea of size and immensity of Boroboedoer. Java, Dutch East Indies.

cigarette paper. Frequently natives are seen sitting on mats and eating with their fingers rice and vegetables laid on palm-leaves. The road runs almost parallel with the railway, and on the north rise the active volcano, Merapi, and Mt. Merbaboe, while on the left the low, limy hill of Menoreh stretches to the foot of the volcanic mountain, Soembing. Near the Moentilan Station is a sugar-factory, and in this neighborhood are also seen many places where tobacco leaves are spread out to dry. The entire region has excellent irrigation facilities and produces bountiful crops of





Boroboedoer, long range. Java, Dutch East Indies.



Center stupa. Boroboedoer. Said to contain bone of Buddha.  
Java, Dutch East Indies.



Stairway, carvings over top of stairs. Notice figure carved inside. Massive stone construction. Boroboe-  
doer, Java, Dutch East Indies.

rice, tobacco, and sugar. Potatoes are also planted in the rice-fields after the rice has been harvested.

Three miles north of Moentilan the road reaches Kalangan, from where it turns towards the southwest, and, running along the Elo for about four miles, it reaches Mendoet, a little village situated on the left bank of the Elo. There is a Roman Catholic church here, engaged in the education of native children.



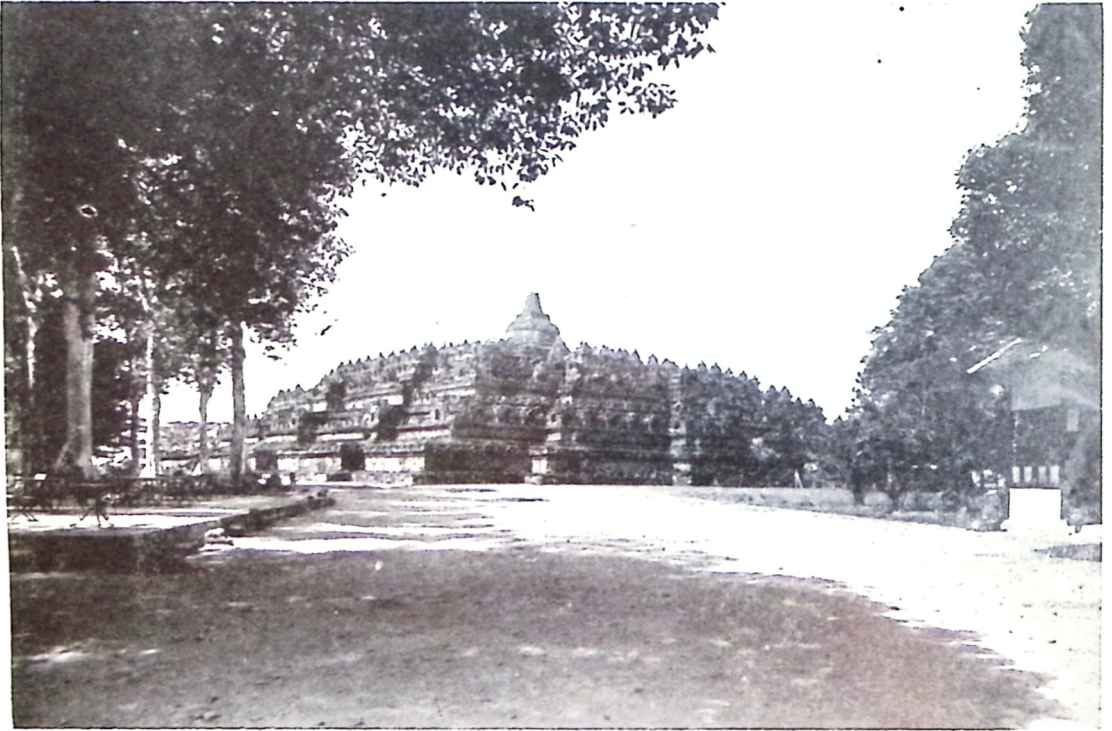
*Tjandi Mendoet.* This is a pagoda, 70 feet high and 45 feet square at the base. It was built probably later than the monument of Boroboedoer. Contrary to the general custom of all Buddhistic temples, which face towards the east, this pagoda is built facing the northwest. Buried among bushes, it had long



View from top of Boroboedoer, looking into the jungle country which surrounds it. Java, Dutch East Indies.

been neglected, until in 1835 it was discovered by the Dutch Resident, Hartman, and in 1897 it was brought to its present state of repair. The most interesting objects for the visitor are three stone statues. They are set in a dark, grey, half-ruined hall. The middle one is larger than the other two and is executed with admirable skill. It is very likely an image of Buddha. Tho Buddha is generally represented in a kneeling or standing posture, this one is sitting on a stool, with both hands held as in prayer. The posture itself is remarkable enuf, but more remarkable still is its expression, which is a superb symbol of the gentle and all-loving character of Buddha. The two side statues are smaller, and it is difficult to see what they represent. Some hold that both represent the Buddhisattvas, and others think that they are meant to be the statues of a certain pious king or a certain virtuous woman. However that may be,

on looking closely the visitor will observe that the right one stands on a pedestal decorated with carvings of Naga, lions, elephants, etc., and has on its head a hood such as is worn by a monk. On the crest of its crown is carved a miniature image of Buddha. Judging from these facts, it seems to represent a certain monk.



Over-all view of Boroboedoer, showing gigantic stone structure.  
Java, Dutch East Indies.

The left one is different. It has no hood; instead it wears the three-stringed upavita, which fact proves that it does not represent a monk. Some natives think that the middle one is not Buddha, but Prince Dewa Kosoumi, and that the two side ones represent his wife and daughter. There is a romantic tale about this, which briefly runs as follows:

Once there was a prince, called Dewa Kosoumi, who had his beloved two-year old daughter stolen away from him by a certain rascal. The prince mourned deeply and started to search for her all over the country. Twelve years rolled away, but no tidings came about the lost maiden. Meanwhile, the prince had almost ceased to think of her, and one day he saw and fell in love with

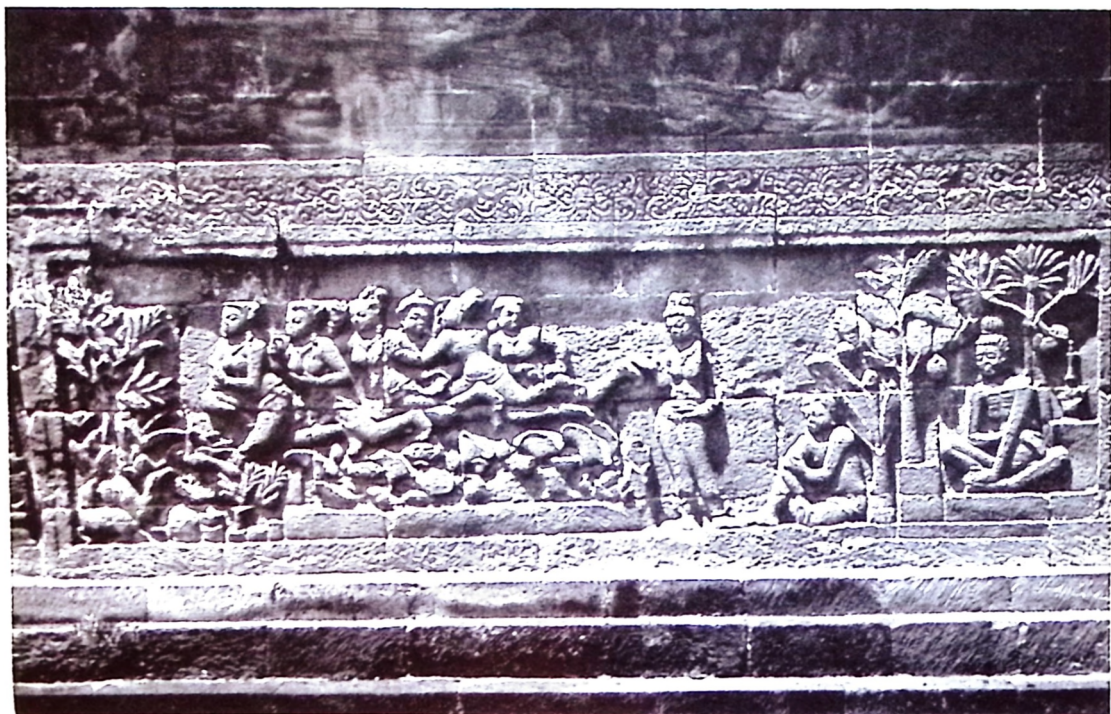


a beautiful girl. He married her, and in due course a baby was born. The rascal who had kidnapped his former child then appeared one day and told the prince that his wife was none other than the daughter whom he had lost so many years ago. The prince was overwhelmed with shame and remorse and sought to



Boroboedoer. Up on top floor. Looking down one of the alley-ways.  
Java, Dutch East Indies.

atone for this unconscious sin at any cost. A monk was consulted, and he told him that the only way of salvation was to shut himself up with his wife and baby in one room, and, if he could build a temple at Boroboedoer in ten days, his sin would be forgiven at once. Thereupon the prince summoned all the architects of the country and began to build the temple in a great hurry. It was done; the great monument, with a long gallery and hundreds of images of Buddha, was completed within the prescribed period of time. But alas! one image was missing; one image out of several hundreds! For the third time the prince was struck with sorrow and regret, but it was too late. With his wife



Boroboedoer. One of the endless detailed bas relief carvings in stone.  
Java, Dutch East Indies.

and daughter he was forthwith turned to stone by the anger of heaven, and there they are, according to the legend, still preserved in this temple.

### THE BORO-BUDUR

The fact that in the Dutch East Indies ruins of Buddhist and Hindu temples are found, which not only equal but far surpass anything to be seen in other parts of the world, is not generally appreciated.

Altho the cave temples found in India are more spacious, and the one at Angkor Vat in Cambodia seems more imposing when viewed from afar, the temple of Boro-budur certainly is the most beautiful of all. It is ornamented with hundreds of life-sizes statues and miles of bas-reliefs, representing the highest example of Buddhist art, a sculptured record of the various incarnations of Buddha in plainest pictures. On the spot it seems a varitable miracle.

It is a so-called stupa, which means a monument erected on top





Another bas-relief carving in stone on Boroboedoer. Notice man on horse-back with what is apparently his army. Java, Dutch East Indies.

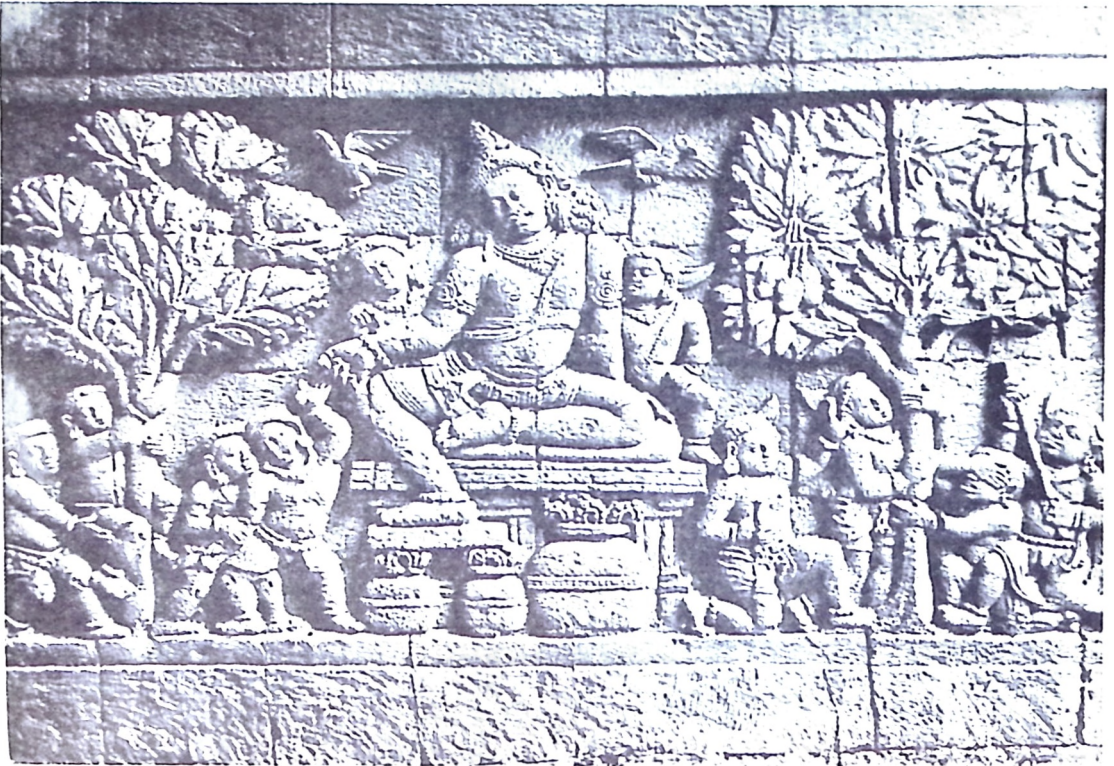
of part of the ashes of Buddha or one of his earlier followers, or else built on a spot where some remarkable phase in the life of Buddha or one of his followers took place.

Buddhists assert that the ashes of Buddha after his cremation were divided amongst eight towns and buried in tombs, and that seven of these tombs were opened afterwards by order of King Ashoka the Great and the containing ashes distributed in some 84,000 stone or metal urns or vases. Wherever a new settlement of Buddhists took place one of these urns was buried and a memorial monument erected on top of it. Such a place was then worshipped as the grave of Buddha himself. These monuments were called stupas.

It is highly probable that the Borobudur is one of these memorials as it is too large a building to have been erected in memory of a prince or follower, however powerful he may have been.

Upwards of 11 centuries have passed since this colossal building was erected; earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, tropical rains and heat have assisted the decay and yet the ruins are there as an impressive fact—scarcely less incredible than undeniable. A wonderful product of a master mind of the past.

As said before, the Borobudur is a "stupa." The kind of



This is either a bas-relief carving of Buddha surrounded by his disciples, or it may be a queen with her retinue. Bas-relief carving on Borobodoer. Java, Dutch East Indies.

building originates from India and in its most simple form is a half globe, erected or not as the case may be on a pedestal, and protected by masonry in the form of an umbrella.

Thru the years, this most simple form underwent a good many changes. In some cases the half globe was lengthened or flattened, in other cases the pedestal changed into series of terraces, which sometimes occupied more space than the half globe; but always the half globe remained the essential part of the whole.

When first viewing the Borobudur it will be noticed that the temple stands on a broad platform, from which rise four successive polygonal galleries, while on top of these galleries are three circular terraces adorned with lattice-worked dagobs, each containing an image of Buddha, while from the middle of the upper terrace a bell-shaped stupa rises.

One would suppose that this last named stupa formed the





Detailed bas-relief carving. Borobodoer. Java, Dutch East Indies.

principal part of the whole building, the remainder being only an elaborately worked pedestal. If, however, the whole building is viewed from some distance, when silhouetted against the evening-sky, it will be observed that the contours of the whole mass form a circular line. The whole of the complexes of galleries and terraces form a flattened half globe, of which the stupa on top is only the crowning part.

The platform which is reached after climbing the first flight of stairs must be omitted as it does not form part of the original plan.

When the present covered base was excavated, it was seen that on this base series of reliefs were wrought, which reliefs were not altogether finished. It is therefore surmised that when building the monument, it was seen that the base would not be strong enuf to support the whole, and, in order to strengthen the base, a large band of masonry was built around it like a gigantic stone ring. This then is the first platform.

## HISTORY

Nothing definite is known as regards the history of the Borobudur. No inscriptions or other records were found which mention the building of the monument. As regards the date of its



Close up of head, with intricate stone carvings. Borobodoer, Java, Dutch East Indies.

founding, an indication is had by the short inscriptions found above the reliefs on the covered base. The characters used for these confirm the supposition that these inscriptions were made about 850 A.D., and as a conclusion the building of the monument must at that time, already have been begun.

About 925 A.D., something must have happened which caused the total down-fall of the Hindu empires in Central Java, while on the contrary those in East Java flourished. What events caused this downfall are, however, not known.



As a result the Borobudur also participated in this downfall. After that came the Mohammedan invasion and all interest in the monument was lost, altho its existence remained known.

During the interregnum of the English in Java, the then reigning Governor Raffles, ordered a survey of the building, the results of which were laid down in Raffles "History of Java." It

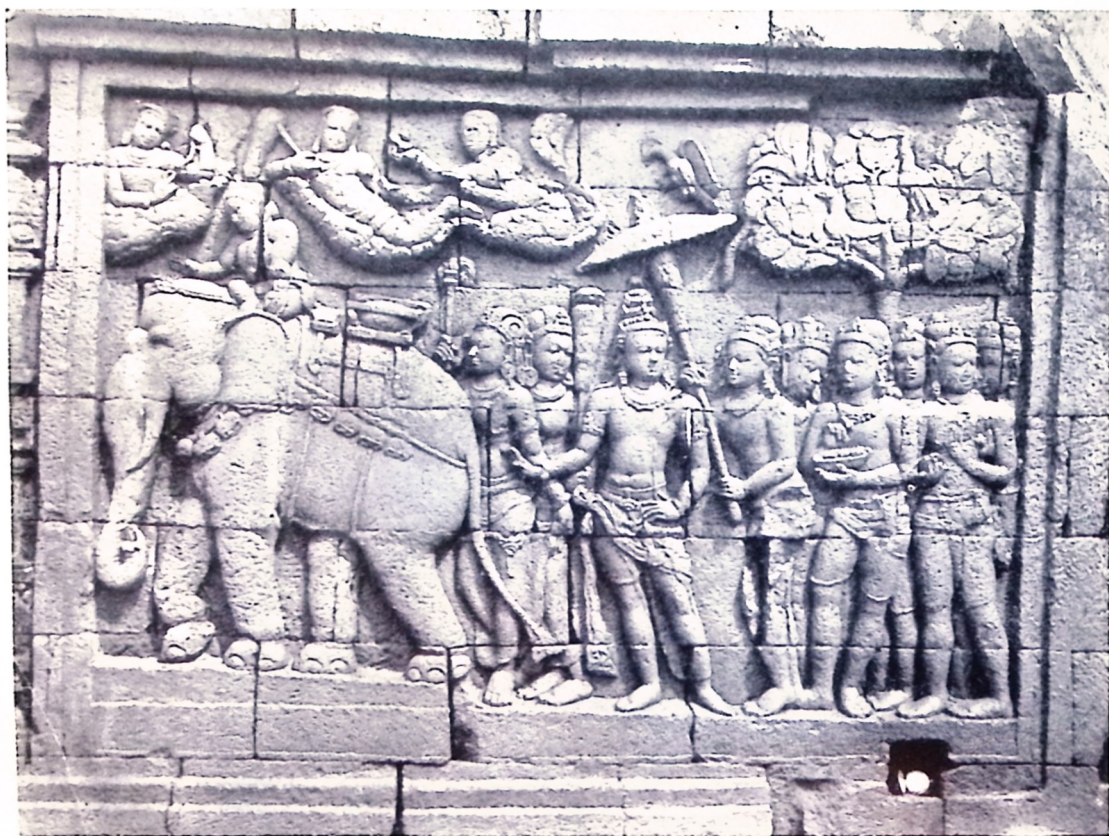


Two stone carvings of Borobodoer. Java, Dutch East Indies.

took, however, a long time before the monument was properly cleared and cleaned; further traces of decay showed, but no definite steps were taken to arrest this. Only during the latter years the Government voted for the restoration of the Borobudur, which restoration was very successfully executed by Lt. Col. T. van Erp, R.E.

#### THE GALLERIES

The four galleries found above the lower platform at the base are polygonal but built in such a way that, when contemplating



Carved stone bas-relief on Borobodoer. Elephant with harness and howdah seat on top. Note central female figure under umbrella. Figures above are apparently supposed to be floating on clouds. Borobodoer, Java, Dutch East Indies.

the whole, they do not infringe on the circular line of the contours.

They are closed by balustrades and the inner side of these balustrades as well as the inner walls of the galleries are adorned with bas-reliefs. At regular distances niches are built on top of these galleries, each niche containing or having contained an image of Buddha.

In the middle of each of the four sides of the building the niches are intersected by flights of stairs. On either side of these stairs sitting lions are placed while on the spot where the stairs cross the galleries, gateways are found.

The first thing which attracts the attention of the visitor is the abundant ornamentation of this part of the building. One cannot fail to notice the flower and festoon motives, the arabesque and



volute work, the beautiful ornamentation of the niches with kala heads above and Makaras wrought on both sides. Above all, the gateways must be mentioned with their rich crowning parts.

### THE IMAGES

The Buddhist cult is said to be founded about 24 centuries ago by Gautama, the son of the King of Kapilavastu (India). It



Head of Buddha. Boroboedoer, Java, Dutch East Indies.

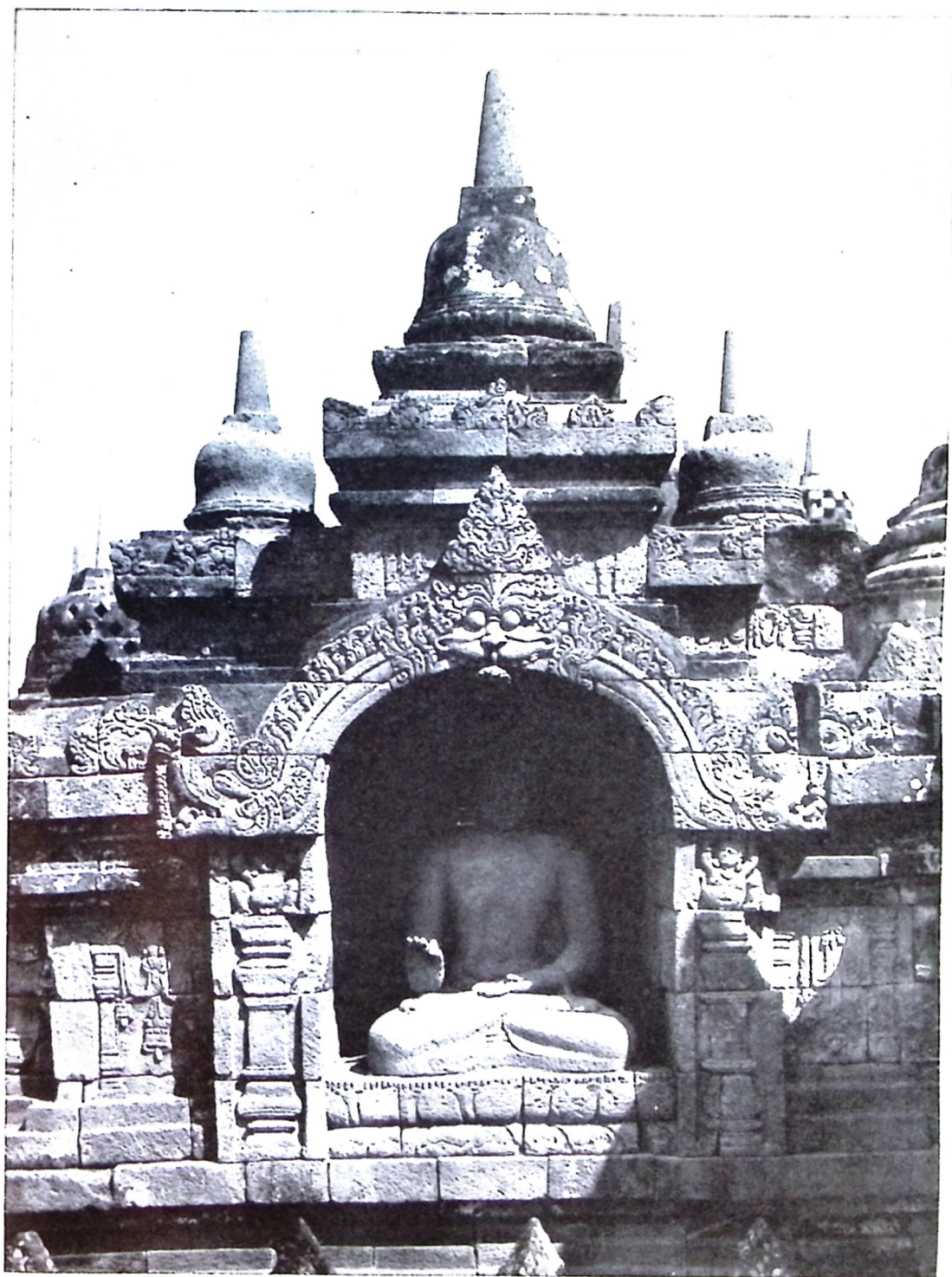
taught that mankind could be freed from any sensual passion or sin by undergoing a process of purification during the different incarnations he had to pass thru.

This process of purification called for self denial, self-command, self-conquest, love for all beings, either man or beast, and patience with others. In the end one could thus obtain the perfect state of Buddha-hood. The only known Buddha mentioned



It is difficult to imagine the gigantic size of these ruins until the reader studies this one corner. Note carvings. Borobodoer, Java, Dutch East Indies.





Body of Buddha, set in a niche. Note carvings surrounding. Stupas above.  
Boroboedoer, Java, Dutch East Indies.





Another Buddha in another niche. Different position of hands. Buddhas also noticed above, here, there and everywhere. Boroboedoer, Java, Dutch East Indies.

in history is the already named Gautama, who according to records died in the year 483 B.C.

In his incarnations before reaching Buddha-hood, such a Buddha to be, was called Buddhisattva.



Figure of Buddha. Lower hand "I receive." Upraised hand "I give."  
One of the endless carvings of Buddha found on Boroboedoe,  
Java, Dutch East Indies.

The different tales, which thru course of time were derived from such Buddhisattvas, all point to one primary Buddha, Ad-dhi Buddha, a perfect abstract being who was personified in five so-called Dhyani-Buddhas, these being the rulers of four quarters of the globe and the Zenith. These spiritual Buddhas must be well kept apart from the Buddha known in history, altho in images they are represented as being exactly alike.

They are called: Akshobya, Rathnasambhava, Amithaba, Amogasiddha and Vairocana.



The images in the niches are all Dhyani-Buddhas who are to be known by the situation of the place they occupy and by their attitudes.

In the first four rows of niches we find amongst a number of 92 on each side, the following: at the east side Akshobya; at the south side Rathnasambhava; at the west side Amithaba and at the north side Amogasiddha. The fifth row gives at all sides the same Dhyani-Buddha (in total 64), to wit Vairocana the ruler of the Zenith.

On the terraces there are no more Dhyani-Buddhas, but all images of the Buddha known in history. In the seventy two dagobs found there, he is represented in the position as preaching the doctrine. In the principal stupa on top of the monument another image of the historical Buddha was found which was not completed. This is most probably an exact replica of the also unfinished Buddha image which was erected on the spot where Buddha was imparted with Buddha-hood.

At present this image is standing on a dais at the base of the monument, at the side nearest to the Hotel.

It has not yet been possible to explain all reliefs. When following texts of Yatakamala and Lalitavistara, which are both Sanscrit books giving tales of different incarnations of Buddha, it is possible to give an explanation of what is meant by some reliefs on lower galleries. Reliefs found on the now covered base, depicted scenes from daily life, followed by pictures from Heaven and Hell. Generally it may be said that by the reliefs is first given a sketch of the misery of life's eternal turning, with afterwards the way to redemption (covered base), while on the galleries this is continued with narratives from former lives of Buddha, ending with tales relating to the future.

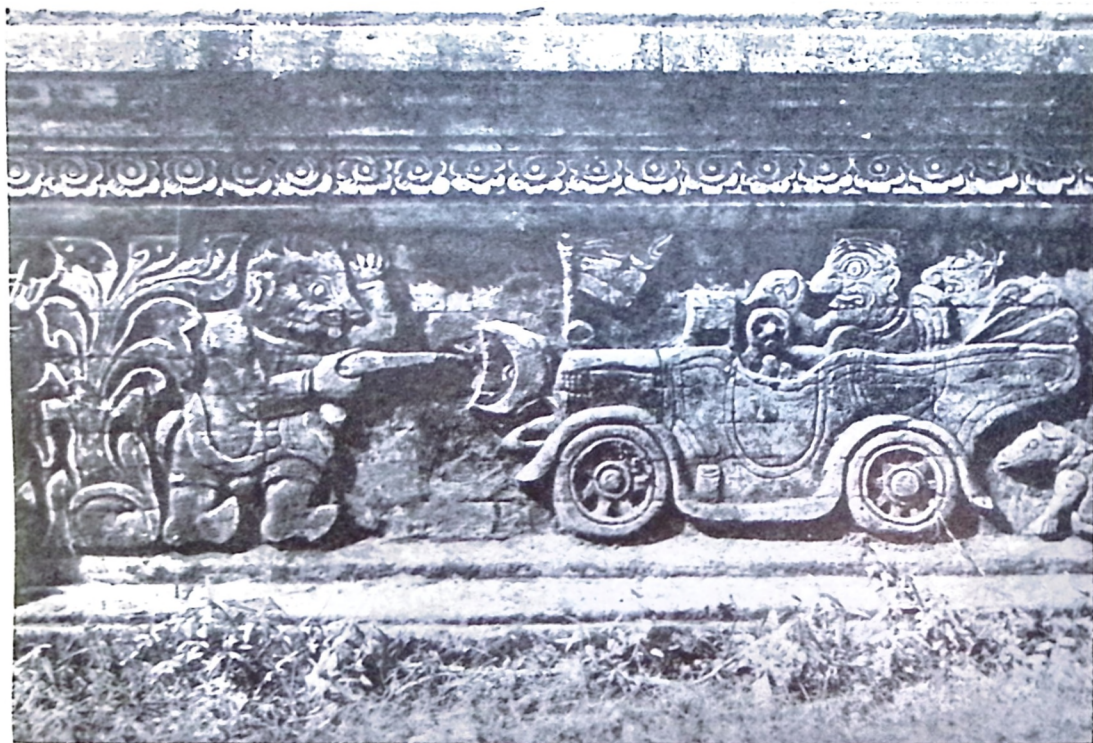
A principal entrance cannot be noticed. All of the sides of the building are worked exactly the same way and neither in dimensions nor in ornamentation of entrances and gateways can any difference be noticed.

Only from the fact that all the narratives represented by the reliefs commence at the Eastern gateway (the one at the side of the village and farthest from the hotel), the inference is drawn that this one once formed the main entrance. When starting from here one must turn to the left in order to follow the scenes represented by the reliefs.

One of our party suggested Boroboedoer looks like an enormous fancy wedding cake but a view of it would fit into the vest pocket of Angkor Wat, that old Cambodia temple we will tell you more about later. Boroboedoer constitutes and is more weath-



ered than Angkor as it antedates the Khmer ruins 3 centuries but it was never as pretentious in its construction or as delicately elaborate in its chiselled decorations. The appealing feature of warrior Boroboedoer is the situation and its numerous stupas of different kinds and stories for it rises out of a plain rice field and not for the slumbering Meropi volcano. One could talk long on the many kinds of Boroboedoer but must admit and appreciate the efforts of those long gone bearers of stone.



This is AN ACTUAL fotograf of a carving in bas relief, on one of outer walls of Boroboedoer. Note resemblance to cars of today:

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| —small wheels                                      | —side door  |
| —small spokes                                      | —windshield   |
| —rubber tires                                      | —folded-back, overhead, collapsible convertible top |
| —front and rear fenders                            | —steering wheel                                     |
| —side running board                                | —man holding steering wheel                         |
| —what appears to be a grill on front, for radiator | —with right hand appearing to be blowing horn       |
| —hub caps  |   |

How old is the automobile? This carving was done OVER 1200 YEARS AGO. Were there automobiles 1200 years ago? Was there gasoline? How was it propelled, if it was? Is the old saying true: "There is nothing new under the sun"? YOU answer.

Because of the seemingly preposterous nature of this discovery, we append this quotation:

"The apotheosis of Buddhist architecture in Java is the Borobudur, DATING FROM ABOUT 850 A.D. That monument is not a temple, but a stupa, a massive memorial. Terraces have been constructed here, around a hill, of 40 metres in height, so that the construction has no interior space, but consists of a series of galleries. It is constructed entirely according to the design of the pre-Indies' stupas and as such is really no specimen of Hindu-Javanese architecture, even though technique and decoration correspond with this. It is constructed of andesite, a volcanic rock. The stupa consists of nine terraces, the lower six being square, a volcanic rock. The stupa consists of nine terraces, the lower six being square, the upper three circular. The present base is a square with sides of 100 metres, each of which protrudes rectangularly, owing to which a twenty-angular form is thus formed. Originally the base lay lower; during building, however, a broad terrace was caused to be set up against this to provide satisfactory resistance against pressure from above. The upper galleries, lying against each other, each contain four niches. In these originally stood statues of the Dhyani-Buddhas.

"In the lower four terrace walls, at each of the four corners of the compass, the Dhyani-Buddhas are distinguished by symbolical positions of the hands; in the highest terrace wall the Buddha of the Zenith Wairojtana is to be seen in all niches.

"The structure of the three round terraces is otherwise. Here open work memorials are places, respectively 32, 24, and 18 in number, partially still prevailing, statues of Gautama, the historical Buddha, in preaching attitude. The walls do not contain any statuary. Above all rises a great stupa, above which formerly arose three large sun-shades. This stupa, above which is still a small cell, contains a formerly inaccessible inner chamber, in which was an unfinished statue of Buddha.

"THE WALLS OF THE BURIED BASE AND OF THE GALLERIES SITUATED ABOVE THIS ARE PROVIDED WITH AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING AND VERY ARTISTICALLY EXECUTED SERIES OF RELIEFS, WHICH SUCCESSIVELY EXHIBIT SCENES OF DAILY LIFE AND FROM THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF BUDDHIST HISTORY, OF THE FORMER FORMS OF EXISTENCE and legends of Maitreya and of Samantabhadra."

(Pages 136-137, Van Stockum's Travellers' Handbook for The Dutch East Indies, by S. A. Reitsma. Published by W. P. Van Stockum & Son, Ltd., The Hague, 1930.)

This foto was taken by the author in 1930. The story as given was THE STORY as told author when there. We propose letting this story stand, to show how easy it is to be taken in by local tales as told by local people.

While this book was actually in process of being composed, we caused an investigation to be made at Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D.C., with following report:

"From my research efforts conducted so far in New York and here in Washington, the experts in the arts of the Far East tell me that the automobile sculptured on the walls of the temple is a gag—a bit of work done about 1915–1920 by some one who lived nearby at the time. Other carvings of a "modern" theme were also sculptured on those same walls. These carvings have been observed and noted by one or two curators. One of these curators is at one of the Museums at Cambridge, Massachusetts. He went to the trouble of tracking it down to obtain more of the story. Cyrus Lerner."

Desiring to further our research as to authenticity of the automobile carved on Boroboedoer, we wrote Prof. B. Rowland, and received following reply:

FOGG ART MUSEUM—HARVARD UNIVERSITY  
Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

July 6, 1953.

"Dear Dr. Palmer:

"In reply to your letter of June 30 with the two photographs, I can refer you to the slight research on Barabudur that I have done. You will find this, together with a chapter on Khmer Art, in my recently published book, *THE ART AND ARCHITECTURE OF INDIA*, Pelican History of Art, Vol. II (Penguin Books, publisher).

"As for the other photograph with the demons riding in a Model T (or Model A?), it was obviously not done in the 8th century A.D. It is as a matter of fact a modern Balinese work (20th century) which I have seen reproduced somewhere but cannot at the moment find the reference. It may be in Covarrubias' book on Bali.

"You might be interested in Lawrence Briggs' book on *THE HISTORY OF THE KHMER EMPIRE*.

"Would you like the photos returned or may I keep them for our files?

Sincerely yours,  
B. Rowland."

We went for and secured the books referred to.

In the *ISLAND OF BALI* (referred to by Prof. Rowland), pages 186–187, under the chapter on *ART AND THE ARTIST*, we find a pen and ink reproduction of the automobile in question, under the title, "A Hold-up, a Temple Relief in Djagaraga." On page 187 is another pen and ink drawing of a man riding a two-wheel bicycle with pedals, handle-bars, etc. The title under that is "Relief in the Temple of Kubutabahn."

On page 185 is this reference to the automobile:

"The North Balinese take their temples lightly and often use the wall spaces as a sort of comic strip, covering them with openly humorous subjects: a motor car held up by a two-gun bandit, seen undoubtedly in some American Western in the movie house of Buleleng; a mechanic trying to repair the break-down of a car full of long-bearded Arabs; two fat Hollanders drinking beer; a soldier raping a girl; or a man on a bicycle with two great flowers for wheels."

It will be noted that that author places these temples in Bali. They are in Java—not Bali.

## CHAPTER 28

### SEEING JAVA

We went to see one Javanese theater play. Story was about one of ancient kings, his concubines, children, their love affairs, fights, heroes and heroines, etc. This play had been going on for 15 days. Our entrance was on 16th day and they thot it would be ended on 17th night. They start sometime in afternoon and it doesn't matter whether one gets in early or late; they play thru till wee sma' hours when they feel like quitting. People come, bring eats and go home when they get tired. They improvise story as they go along, altho there is a general background which makes one play different from another. This play was supposed to have taken place about a thousand years ago. Two princes wore white cotton hose and tennis shoes. Two clowns had modern up-to-the-minute white shirts with tails hanging out, both front and back. Lover had on striped shirt, sleeves of which were held up with rubber elastics such as we still see in some districts in America. These incongruities do not hurt play in minds of local Javanese. They take the word for the deed.

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The HOTEL GRAND is Hotel GRAND that IS a GRAND hotel of Orient. It is so much better than any other hotel we have stopped at that it demands notice. It has two large wings, large airy rooms, complete with modern bath and toilet, etc. Altho not equal to Hotel St. James in Davenport, it is so much better than all rest we have had over here in this and other countries, it demands this consideration.

The bill of fare, or, as Will Rogers calls it in SO THIS IS LONDON, the "bill of lading," includes regular breakfast for which you pay. Then they hand you a "chit" which allows you to have eggs "Gratis. Free of Charge."

### THE PALACE OF THE SULTAN

We were invited to visit "Palace" of Sultan of Djokja. Do you recall having seen comic opera called "The Sultan of Sulu"? Then you know exactly what we saw, how we felt, as we went thru this place. We saw "change of the Royal Guard," which was set up especially for us. Every one of twenty were out of step





Prince. Heir Apparent to Throne of Djokja. Java, Dutch East Indies.

with every other one. There were two drums and a dilapidated old fife. Every one was an old retainer and all would have been blown over if wind had been blowing ten miles an hour. Jack Dempsey could knock over entire standing army of twenty men with one blow of his mighty fist. It's a shame to waste time to go. Men who are invited have to wear long pants. One American in our party wore plus fours—but he got in on theory that he could make them long if he wanted to.

This palace is situated in center of city and is surrounded by a wall 12 feet high, 15 feet wide; at each of four corners is set a large cannon. Number of inhabitants within wall, including nobles, officers, and merchants, is said to be about 15,000. Residence of Sultan is built in Javanese style of middle of 18th century, which is Indian style of architecture modified by influence of Burmese and Siamese. On entering outer wall one finds oneself in a wide court. A little towards right side is a reception hall, and beyond it to right are a court-house and Mohammedan temple, which, however, are not used at present. At left side is an iron cage containing tigers. In middle stand two waringin-trees, shape of which is like a payong (native parasol). Their spreading and

overhanging branches are meant to symbolize helpful loyalty of Sultan's subjects. On south side of reception hall are two guards' barracks. Going between them visitor comes to entrance



Sultan of Solo and favorite wife. They have more than one. We had dinner with this couple. Java, Dutch East Indies.

of second wall. Inside it are also a wide court and audience hall. Room is decorated with flower vases and pictures after European fashion. Ceiling and walls are brilliantly colored and bordered by gilded moulding. There are, besides, a dining hall, danc-



ing hall, residential palaces of Crown Prince and Sultan's consort and concubines, a hall in which are collected elephants, tigers, and rare birds, and other beautiful buildings, and also a school intended for education of children of nobles. Soldiers are seen here and there, standing barefooted under shade of trees,



Royal Princesses. Djokja, Java, Dutch East Indies.

attired in blue uniform and caps; and armed with long spears or guns, are Sultan's guards. In dancing hall one may chance to see dancing exercise of court ladies or hear peculiar Javanese music.

### THE WATER CASTLE

Taman Sari means "Garden of Flowers," an appropriate name for palace where Sultan drank and slept, surrounded by court ladies, who hovered about him like butterflies in tropical garden. Palace is situated to west of residential palace of Sultan, reached from hotel in about half an hour by carriage. Palace itself is now in sad state of ruin, showing nothing but ghostly traces of its once brilliant and luxurious life. It was built in

1758, in time of Sultan Hamangkoe Boewono, by a Portuguese architect, but was reduced by great earthquake of 1867 to its present state. It was built of stone, brick, and white plaster, and surrounded by a moat; but, whatever it may have been, at present it shows merely debris of these materials. Of its wall only



Sultan's Birthday Party. Sultan of Djokja. Java, Dutch East Indies.

fragments remain, standing disjointed here and there. What was once a moat is now converted into a cultivated field. At center, however, stands a solid thick grey wall. It appears now like a dungeon; but visitor will be told this was indeed a great hall of luxury and abandon. From its side a broken stairway leads up to a tower that commands a wide view of surroundings, and where drunken Sultan once moved with uncertain steps to breathe fresh, cool air that comes blowing across palm-leaves of garden. There was his bed-room, and stone bedstead and base of mosquito-net are still left. Room is found at furthest end of tower, past two or three small side rooms. It is dark and noisome, as it is now inhabited by bats and lizards. It is told that once Sultan Hamankoe Boewono IV made an appointment with Mar-



shal Daendels to meet him at a certain hour, and latter waited and waited for more than an hour after appointed time, and when finally he asked reason for delay, Sultan was found reveling in delights of a luxurious feast; thereupon, outraged Mar-



A dancer of the Royal Household of Sultan of Djokja.  
Java, Dutch East Indies.

shal rushed into hall, seized him, and sent him to garrison of Dutch army.

There is a pond called Simoor Gamelang ("musical spring"). Around its now dark and stagnant water is a gallery having

archways at several places, and several small summer-houses cast dark shadows on water. It was place where hundreds of court ladies bathed and powdered and painted, but is now dismal abode of croaking frogs.



Javanese Dancer. Java, Dutch East Indies.

It is said this Water Castle was designed so that in case of emergency it could be flooded by water of moat, and Sultan could flee from its subterranean gallery, but now there can be found no traces of such structure.





Sultan of Djokja, with two servants. Java, Dutch East Indies.

Our guide is a Singhalese from Ceylon. When they were accepted as guides in Java, they spoiled mighty good East Indian bearers; for as bearers they are mighty poor guides; as guides they are poor bearers. They are a cross and serve neither purpose to best advantage, notwithstanding they do try hard to serve in both capacities.

We mentioned that in Bali there were no Christian missionaries. Natives are at peace with each other. They always have been so. They are at peace with the world, having no desire to come to America to correct or convert us.

In all our touring thru Java we found Christian churches only in cities such as Sourabaya and Batavia, etc. There they cater to foreigners, whites, who come from other countries. Only in one place did we see a Christian church outside of cities. The San Franciscan Sisters had a missionary establishment at foot of Temple Mendoet and but a stone's throw from foot of Boro-boedor. Those white skins, those white garbs, that cross, seemed a bold intrusion amongst these blacks with Buddhist temples; they acted as a jar to mental contentment; an interloper at very

feet of two Buddhist temples; a usurper upon religious rites of an old nation and a satisfied people; a jar to landscape; and, no matter what church may hope to gain by way of converts, it will be at loss of people themselves and stir up discontent. With no other religion do we see such militancy as with Christians. They of all people think they must go forth and convert all peoples of world to way they think. No other religion does it. Other religions let us alone. Why can't we let them alone?

— — —

*Papandajan* ("smith"). This crater is a most popular one to climb, tho the ascent on foot is difficult. When making the ascent on horseback, ladies are advised to ride astride. Leaving Garoet by trap early in the morning, we go as far as Villa Pauline. There we leave trap and take either horse or sedan-chair. Path runs thru rice-fields and thru forests thickly grown with orchids, tree-ferns, and wild plantains, and along steep gorges. After a while path branches and we take right branch



Birthday Celebration of Sultan of Djokja. Java, Dutch East Indies.



which leads to point near crater. Surrounding ground is turned yellow by sulphur, and here and there white smoke surges up intermittently, while springs and fumaroles are welling forth, and even water of a little stream running among rocks is hot. All this is sublime enuf, but if we look far into distance, we will see plain of Garoet spread out in one extensive panoramic view, offering a striking contrast to thrilling sight near by.

Drawing its source from near crater, hot turbid water of the Tji Paroegpoeg runs down among lava into forests.

Those who are fond of climbing mountains may essay the feat of scaling the crater. Its trees have all been checked in growth by sulphur fumes, but on summit stands a signal post, from which view towards north and of mountain range extending towards south, is particularly fine. The great eruption of this mountain on August 12th, 1772, destroyed forth villages and killed about three thousand people.

### THE WAJANG OR SHADOW PLAY

The Wajang, or Shadow Play, is produced by means of a white screen and lights. Lights are on one side of screen and audience on other. By introducing figures between lights and screen, shadows are produced on same. Man who controls figures is called "Dalang." He also does singing and talking.

We are taught there are seven keys which unlock secret gate of knowledge. Can it be possible one of those keys unlocks true meaning of Bharata Yuddha (Great War) and Kurukshetra in Lakon Purvo (Epic of Purvo)?

To understand people of Java we must appreciate their national ideals. This can best be done thru Wajang. Lakon Purvo gives us a conception of Javanese standard of morals. Wajang Wong (play of living actors, not a Shadow Play) gives an exhibition of Javanese dancing, and brings out abilities of Javanese in gestures and facial expression. In no other place in the world can you see this kind of dancing.

Dalang is usually an artist in manipulation of figures, so that general effect produced is impressive and audience admires his skill. Figures used are cut in a weird manner from leather, and shadows produced by them, while not human in form, are yet suitably suggestive.

Wajang is a mystery-play, pure and simple. Consensus of opinion among Javanese is that different tales given in plays are purely of local origin, and have no relation to great Hindu poem, the Mahabharata.



Birthday Celebration of Sultan of Djokja. Foreign diplomats present.  
Java, Dutch East Indies.

There is a legend that Ramayana was formerly enacted at time when Java was connected with Lanka. While in India, we made inquiries from some Brahmans. They told us that the Shadow Play is no longer produced in towns of lowlands, but that it is occasionally given in some mountainous regions. Figures, however, are made only from paper. Tales of Mahabharata and Ramayana are enacted by means of paper figures. As we have not seen these plays in India, we can make no comparison with those produced in Java.

We hope the Wajang will never vanish from Java, for it has value in expressing people's artistic nature, and it has grown together with Javanese, their dreams and ideals, until it has become part of their racial life. Changes in Wajang must come spontaneously from people, and must be guided in such a way as to lead to real development of power, appealing to leaders among Javanese and allowing play to take a more effective and elevating position in the community. Aristocracy of Javanese have

taken Wajang as a model of life. Arjuna is most cherished character symbolized in Wajang, and is taken as an ideal by each educated Javanese. As Javanese race is now probably in decadence, new forms that have been added to Wajang are inferior to originals.

Dalang knows all these plays by heart and must adhere strictly to text, but in controlling figures he is allowed to give his fancy free play. If he were to make any mistake in his rendering of text, he would think no blessing would result from that performance, as Dalang is a teacher. More moral, learned and original the teacher, more instructive will his play be for public. It is customary in many cases for position of Dalang to descend from father to son, and a good Dalang may be considered an educator of his race.

Ancient sacrifices are no longer correctly observed before Dalang begins his discourse, incense and seven kinds of sweetly perfumed flowers are offered as sacrifices to characters symbolized by figures. A present, consisting of rice, cocoanuts, palm-sugar, a cock, tobacco and gambir—catechu—is next offered to Dalang himself by people. In olden days present to Dalang consisted of a handful of rice, fragrant grass, a kind of fragrant leaf, sandalwood, four strands of cotton skeins of different colors, red, indigo, green, and yellow. At present similar sacrifice is offered to unseen beings at four corners of houses, and is called Sajen.

In modern times Sedeka, or sacrificial meal, is an orgy of eating and killing, as desires of flesh have overshadowed real meaning; but in ancient days these sacrifices consisted merely of offerings of flowers and incense, and liberation of a captive animal, and were real sacrifices to unseen beings, which they called devas. People in these times firmly believed that life-forces of Nature were under control of those devas, and so offered above-mentioned sacrifices to them. If odor and savour of sacrifices vanished after chanting of a certain mantram, it was supposed that devas had accepted offerings.

One of properties of Shadow Play is a gamelan orchestra, consisting of various copper and wooden instruments, like we had heard in Bali. It is not our purpose to describe gamelan in detail, as this subject is a study in itself and has been taken up by several European musicians. Opening song or prayer of Shadow Play, accompanied by gamelan, is still given at present day as it was in past. It has come down from ancient times unchanged, and is called Will Prayer, or ensouling of shadows, who now come to life under magic hand of Dalang. There are four periods to drama. First period covers story, second chief actors,



third fight at midnight, and fourth teaching at dawn, while conclusion takes place at daybreak.

Many times have our feelings been deeply stirred by mystic manipulation of figures by Dalang. Surrounding atmosphere is impregnated with fine, sweet smell of incense, so one may sink



Puppet Dancers of Sultan of Djokja, Java, Dutch East Indies.

deep in meditation while contemplating above-mentioned mystic manipulations.

Apart from all lighter side of performance, main object of Wayang has always been that of instruction. While we sat there, quiet, subdued, and filled with peaceful contemplation of wondrous and graceful scene, soft voice of Dalang, floating thru night, brought home mystic meaning of play. What is this mystic meaning of shadows?

They portray change that is inherent in all forms. All Nature is constantly changing, and men also are subject to same law. Continents, and even worlds, come and go; also our feelings and emotions change as do shadows in Shadow Play. We are told in ancient times races were as these shadows.



These shadows were original cause of physical man, eternal models after which he is built. This is deeper meaning of Wajang, and shows reason why ancient leaders chose Shadow Play as a means of instructing Javanese people.

By this Shadow Play masses are taught ideal of a moral life, but individual is taught inner life. Dalang has many meanings; for masses, he is Batara Guru, Godhead who leads shadows to play of drama in worlds; but for individual, he is King on earth, who at one time leads race to war, and on another occasion gives teachings, and then again causes catastrophes, destroying man to make him realize insecurity of form. He is leader of race; and, altho he is unknown to us, we live in his shadow. According to this shadow model of race is built.

Each race has its Dalang, working under Great Dalang of world; and that is why Javanese recognize different kinds of Dalangs. As Dalang is always father of his children, children are Wajang figures. Thru his thots Wajang figures are able to live and pursue individual existence. He is also called the recluse, great Tapa of the Race, and has evolution of the race in his hands. There are even now in Java recluses as there were in olden days, who act as Dalangs to teach the race.

Screen represents physical world. Object of Dalang is to cast figures on this screen, and it is said physical matter reflects itself on a universe as does shadow on screen; and there real Dalang can see what progress shadows have made, and how to manipulate them for good of the race.

Periods of play of Dalang are not always same, but there is one fixed point which always remains; it is light behind. Without that light nothing could be seen of figures, and without that light screen would be useless. So without light physical world would have no reason to exist, as both are inseparable in same way that spirit and matter have no separate existence.

Whole world is produced out of divine golden egg. This light remains always same, indifferent to shadows in play, unmoved by hate or love, by fighting or by listening to teaching; still and unseen light burns always. It shines during whole night, in order that shadows may be cast as reflection on screen, and that mankind may continually see drama being played. Light is symbol of consciousness, and this consciousness is eternal for all periods of growth; without that light there would be no shadows. Figures are not conscious of light, exactly as mankind. However, here and there an individual in masses begins to be conscious, and he only is able to understand laws of evolution.

Without this light people of races could not evolve. Without

Dalang there would be no play; shadows would drag out inactive life till oil was exhausted and light extinguished. Also oil is life-essence, for it supports that, that it may burn to the end.

Link that connects parts in Wajang Play is Shri Krshna's work. In course of play, when Gamelan ceases, a strange shadow appears on screen. Dalang says it symbolizes a mountain. Some of triangles represent a tree, whose branches form that triangle; other triangles are Banaspati heads, above entrance of temple—two dragons whose bodies form a triangle and guard temple gate; and middle part consists of a forest containing wild beasts, such as monkeys, jackals and birds.

This representation has undergone various changes in course of time. Tree is symbol of "Banyan Sumang," tree whose roots grow in air, and whose crown points to earth. Applied to man, or Wajang figures, it is symbol of One Existence, representing branching off of races and peoples of humanity. Applied to single individual, it is our nervous system, by which our life is sustained, physical reflections being muscles and veins. In front is seen mountain with Banaspati head and dragon guarding temple gate. Temple gate is resting on a lotus discus, and forest contains many monkeys, jackals and birds. This representation is a symbol of our inner being, hidden and unknown on account of desire and passion. Mistakes of soul are represented by easterner as a virgin forest. Jackals are his hate and fear, monkeys represent desire for possessions, rank and honour—in general, all that a man desires is called monkey in him. Birds of forest are heedless and fickle impulses and feelings. There is, however, a path straight to top of mountain, and that path is called Uttama road, Path of Holiness; but soul wanders about in forest without being able to find the way.

Those who are able to reach top of mountain overlook mountain and also interior, and there is entrance to temple. Interior is also called a cave, or guha. This guha, however, has an inhabitant, and that is a naga. A naga represents something that does not move, a thing that is in a state of eternal rest. If now this light of Arjuna is not moved by slightest breath of air (desire), then he realizes within himself peace of guha, and guha is symbol of heart of man. There are, of course, Dalangs who attach no value to that mountain, but there are different kinds of Dalangs.

Banaspati symbolizes lord of forest, and thereby is meant that he is Lord of form side of existence, of three worlds of form. Tails of nagas form heart-shaped mountain, and whole mountain represents heart of humanity as well as heart of man. Therein you will find all, forest as well as animals, cave of tem-

ple and lotus discus—this world. He who penetrates to heart of things understands beginning and end, which he sees is dissolved in eternal, because entrance leads to a new life.

The Shadow Play is game of life, of which our visible deeds are reflections. After mountain has appeared, chief figures are introduced, as it is understood that the inner world of shadows has come into manifestation. Not only is teaching given, but there is also strife between shadows, as love and hate are always fighting together in human heart.

Bharata Yuddha is war of Bharata spark, point of light, lamp behind screen. Strife is therefore enacted by consciousness of man. Place where strife takes place is called Kuru-Kshetra. It is place where clan of Kurus have been meditating. It is there, Pertapaan or hermitage, that war has been enacted. Kuru is derived from Kr—to work, and Kuru-Kshetra is field where labour takes place. Bharata, man, works in world, and individual also has place of labour within his body. In body of man there is both fighting and meditating; in man is whole Bharata Yuddha (Great War) to be found, as well as all figures.

Verses of poem have been taken from beautiful Hindu anthem, and figure of Arjuna is chief actor in play. He is individual in opposition to masses, and strife is that of race for existence and evolution.

Kuru-Kshetra is labour place of world. Earth is under leadership of King, Dalang; and clan of Bharatas is humanity, and also Aryan race.

Man is dual—Pandava, son of Pandu, and Kaurava, son of Kuru. Pandu means unfruitful, a quality assigned to hermit as a symbol of his asceticism. Pandavas were incarnated devas. Recluse within us whispers a soft voice; it is that small light within us whose radiance is never obscured. Kauravas are our activities, incentive to our desires (sang Seva). Fights always take place in neighborhood of a big forest or a mountain.

Pandavas are in their fights suddenly opposed to armies of Kauravas, and so is man most unexpectedly opposed to his desires. Man is likened to a fruit with two kernels, one containing his spiritual nature and other his desire-nature.

If we consider two principal figures about whom strife takes place, they are Arjuna and Duryodhana. Pandavas and Kauravas, two mighty branches, may be compared to two kernels of same fruit, because Arjuna is also descended from family of Kurus. Both these natures are engaged in an eternal strife within man, and fight must continue till Pandavas has conquered. In Bharata Yuddha army of Pandavas is very small compared with

army of Kauravas, yet first are victorious, because strength of knowledge and self-sacrifice, without expecting any reward, is finally strongest power that man can acquire . . . power which makes him a ruler in future incarnations. Duryodhana has much influence in world, but it is doubtful if he will be conqueror.

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Java is the first country where we have seen and heard wooden self-made drums used as a means of communication between hills, towns, and tribes.

It is made by taking a log, hollowed out, closed at both ends, with slot cut out in center on one side. It is hung up on one end. A wooden hammer beats one lip at one side only. They talk a language of their own. They can have a mournful tone or a jubilant one. We can hear them at any time of day and sometimes at night. They were originally used to communicate information regarding earthquakes and out-pourings of volcanic ash and lava which might destroy villages. They are still used for same purpose, for, remember, Java is a very volcanic country. We saw running lava from one volcano.

You haven't "done" Java if you don't eat a Rhystoeffell at one of its hotels. You are given a BIG rice bowl. Twelve to sixteen boys serve food. Each boy has two large platters, each filled with a certain kind of food. They line up, one behind other, they pass platters to you, you select what you want out of 24 or 32 platters. Here is food we got as we listed it:

- rice
- chicken stew
- curry-sauce
- meat-stew sauce
- chopped beef, fried
- fried egg
- half boiled egg on shell
- salted peanuts
- sliced cucumber salad
- red peppers
- fried bananas
- monkey hair (fried sliced cocoanut)
- baked chicken and gravy
- fried beef (veal birds) on servers
- 2 kinds of dried fish
- individual fried fish
- potato chips
- dried fish cooked in oil



string beans with noodles  
lots of gravy now and then  
dried vegetables  
sharks' fins  
pickles all kinds, anchovies, olives, etc.  
hors d'oeuvre

We put all this in one bowl, mix it well, and have our dinner before us. SOME dinner!

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As we travel thru Java, we miss those starving, yapping, barking dogs of Bali, India and China. Here they are few, fine type, well-fed. But, if we miss dogs, we have herds of goats and Indian Runnerducks to take their place.

Way over here at Bandoeng we are just realizing that when we were in Djokja we saw a real sight. Driving out early one morning to go to ruins of Boroboedoer, one certain mountain stood out clear and plain from base to peak. This by itself seldom happens; but we noticed a tremendous flow of red-hot, steaming lava flowing down one side. This we were told later had been going on for two days—first time since 1896. Within one hour entire mountain was again covered with clouds and was lost to sight. We thot it possibly was usual, until we explained it to some local whites who told us we had seen a rare sight for Java. And, again, we live up to our reputation—trouble happens wherever we go.

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It may not be a romantic subject to discuss, and perhaps should not be discussed at all, but it is one of the realities of life, geography and human custom, therefore, it may be proper after all. Toilets all thru Java contain bottles of water which sit in a frame close to toilet seat. These are for purpose of washing after we have used toilet. Native, wishing to perform a toilet, uses some near by stream and then washes himself. As a result of that custom, it has been carried into toilets with bottles of water. At one hotel where we stopped, they had a long flexible pipe with a small nozzle at end, connected with a continuous flow of water, which we could turn on and off with a faucet which was close by. Down in Weltevreden (Batavia) Hotel Des Indies has made an improvement upon that. Down in toilet bowl itself, in behind and below, is a small nozzle built in. Close by is a small faucet which may be turned on. Water flows upward and forward and acts in same capacity. A towel is always close by to

dry one's self. If "cleanliness is next to godliness," these people are certainly more godly than we are.

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Let us make a comparison between commercial policy of Dutch Government here in Dutch East Indies and New Zealand and Australian Governments. Contrast is marked, very apparent. Here is prosperity, even to affluence, in any and all respects. Here is a rich people, minds and bodies are not pinched; they are elastic and plastic, willing to take whatever world can offer; willing to give of whatever they have for all world to profit. Open door policy is in vogue. All and anything can enter from everywhere at little customs duty. There is no prohibition and no prohibition customs policy. This country is growing and has a very prosperous future. How different New Zealand and Australia, building a China Wall around themselves; keeping everything and everybody out. No wonder they complain about finances, borrow and go in debt. Other governments could afford to send a delegation here to study how to successfully engineer a native country into a stage of prosperity hard to equal. In same breath, we admit frankly that United States government could well afford to send a commission here and learn much on how to govern tributary countries, such as Cuba, Hawaiian Islands and Philippine Islands.

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Awhile back we mentioned Grand Hotel at Djokja. Then later came Hotel Grand Preanger at Bandoeng. This was even better than former. Then still later we came to Hotel Des Indies at Weltevreden, which is new and modern port town of Batavia, largest city in Java. This hotel covers  $1\frac{1}{2}$  blocks square. It is a series of big administrative buildings with duplex cottages for rooms, which are spread out around courts. It is built in futuristic architecture. In fact, all modern buildings thruout Java are being built along those lines. It actually appears as tho Dutch Government would not permit any other style.

### WELTEVREDEN

Batavia is divided into two parts—old Batavia and Weltevreden. Old Batavia was built in 1619 near the sea, still has its former port and is used for passageways for ships arriving or leaving, fishing boats or small craft. Old Batavia is not a very beautiful place; only a few natives and Chinese who do shipping live there, but it is an interesting city just the same. The Europeans and better natives live in Weltevreden (word means

well content). Batavia has charming modern quarters and enjoys delightful climate and one should confine their sight seeing to early morning as the midday sun is rather a drawback. It has large broad streets and avenues of interesting shopping centers, but Batavia's museum is worth seeing and filled with interesting objects.

We are writing in cottage #75 at Weltevreden, Hotel Des Indes. Our outside reception room is 12 x 12 and a good size porch. Our bedroom is 12 x 12. Our "bad room" is 12 x 8. Farther we came from Soerabaya to Batavia, better hotels became. We are travelling from east to west, of this series of islands. If we were to advise another, we would still suggest going same way, altho it really doesn't make much difference, except that hotels keep getting better.

This Hotel des Indes was an institution most unlike any hotel we had seen anywhere. Two hundred apartments each complete in itself, spread over 16 acres of ground and surrounding a center building containing Dining Hall, Reading Room, marble dancing floor, bar and offices, miles of covered passage ways connecting various parts of the township. It almost looked like a phalansterian Utopia and would have gladdened Fourier's heart.

Weltevreden is capital of capitals, so to speak, of Dutch East Indies. This "Queen of the East" contains places which are well worth careful inspection. Best time for visiting these places is either during the morning hours or late in the afternoon.

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*Museum.* The Museum and Library of Batavia Society of Arts and Sciences, famous in scientific world, are situated at west side of Koningsplein. Museum contains exhibits of great interest and is open daily between 8 a.m. and 3 p.m. Buildings are Grecian in style. In front of the main entrance is a brass elephant, a present from first king of Siam in memory of his visit to Java in 1871. On each side of elephant is a magnificent cannon, captured from Sultanate of Bandjermasin, in South Borneo. In halls surrounding central court are displayed Javanese antiquities, art works, armour, weapons, implements, ornaments, costumes, masks, basketry, textiles, musical instruments, models of boats and houses, examples of fine old metal work, and of all industries of Javanese. In Treasure Chamber are contained gold shields, helmets, thrones, state umbrella boxes, salvers, betel and tobacco sets of gold, jewelled daggers and krisses of finest blades, patterned with curious veinings, besides many exhibits showing dexterous workmanship in gold—tributes and gifts from native

sultans and princes—as well as a large coco-de-mir (fabled twin nut of Seychelles palm, supposed to grow on a mysterious isle of sea-gods), mounted on a gold stand. There are also rich ornaments, such as necklaces, ear-rings, head-dresses, seals, plates, and statuettes of gold and silver, dug out of ruined temples and cities of Middle Java; while in some halls are exhibited bronze weapons, belts, tripods, censers, images, and all appurtenances of Buddhist worship, which are characteristic examples of Buddhist art of Dutch East Indies,—all arousing wonder, curiosity, and admiration of visitor. In a central hall are displayed bas-reliefs and statues from ruins of Buddhist and Brahmanic temples, in which may be noted a marked Greek influence. Library contains scientific and art publications (received in exchange) of all countries of the world. In council room are state chairs of native princes, portraits and souvenirs of explorers and navigators, who visited Java in 18th century and early in 19th. It is said that Captain Cook left stores of South Sea curios on his way to and fro.

Every Sunday, Wednesday, and Saturday many natives come to see Museum. Visitor may avail himself of this opportunity to see costumes of native women and children, which are certainly charming.

Naturally, travelling becomes a boresome thing unless you study geography, get fixed in your mind where you came from and where you go, distances, learn names of places, be able to read signs, understand them, etc. To do this requires a little understanding of language of country you go thru. It rapidly changes from one to another, as one can understand. We have studied languages enuf to understand roots and most commonly used words so we could get along. We have never had serious trouble before. Here, however, we find ourself completely complexed and lost in the maze. We labored diligently to try to get what we want. We have met our language Waterloo. It is all because every word is spelled so many ways; each word is spelled in Javanese as well as Dutch; all Dutch words are so long and so hard to pronounce they have been compelled to spell them in long spelling and then pronounce them in short abbreviations. Take Djokjakarta—it is spoken Djokja. Sourabaya is spelled four ways: Sourabaya, Sourabaja, Soerabaja, and Soerabaya; or, Bandang, Boendang, Boendoeng, as well as Bandoeng.

There is an interesting street car system here. It consists of a continuous rail system. Trains come and go only three miles. Everybody piles out, gets into another train close by, pays another fare. In this way one can ride three miles on one fare. Rather



than collect another fare on same train, we have to pile out, get on another and then pay another fare. "Train" consists of steam engine burning wood, one flat car for natives to pile packages into, and two street cars. This system requires no electric plant, no overhead trolleys, and little financial overhead is involved. Practical! But it surely does look peculiar to see street-car steam engines going thru streets on rails.

### THRU THE HEART OF JAVA

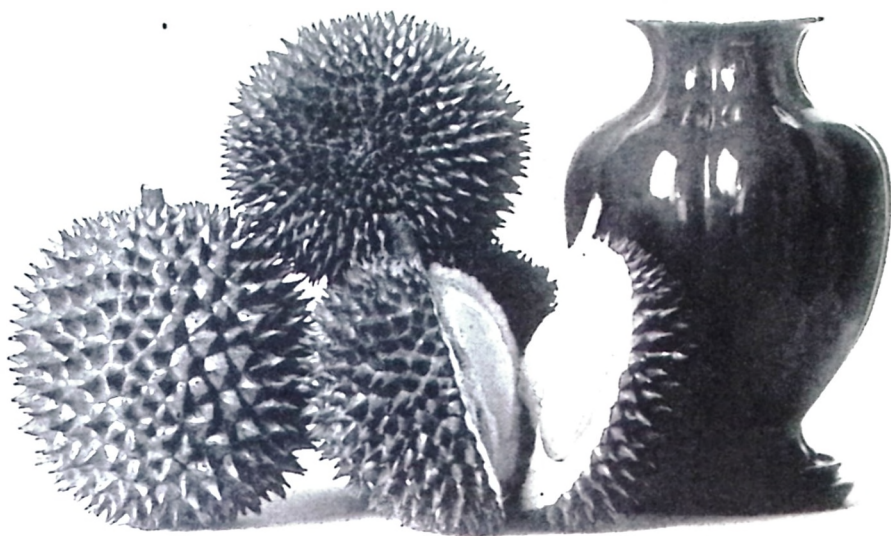
It was on one of those warm tropical evenings solemn with moonlight we dropped anchor at Tandjong Priok, harbor of Batavia.

As object of our visit was to see mountains and volcanoes of Java rather than sweltering sea-ports we decided to depart for hills as soon as we had "done" Batavia.

On advice of friends in England we placed ourselves in hands of Mr. Dubois St. Marc, an Australian with 16 years experience of Dutch East Indies. With him we planned our journey thru Java next day.



Mangosteen fruit. For description of this rare fruit, see book *ROUND THE WORLD WITH B.J.* It has never been known to be transported out of the countries where grown. It is said to be the only fruit the Kings and Queens of Europe have never eaten at home. Java. Dutch East Indies.



Doerian. King of fruits and the worst, most rotten smelling thing that grows anywhere. We are told that when you like it, you do. Java. Dutch East Indies.

We left after lunch, and an hour and a half's drive landed us in Buitenzorg the "care-free" and we spent the afternoon in the world famous Botanical Gardens founded over a hundred years ago and unsurpassed by any. To tourist in search of flowers, fragrance and color they are disappointing. Buitenzorg is not a garden as we understand it in cooler climes. Those who imagine that Java is a naturally blossoming wilderness, are deeply ignorant of difficulties in way of horticulturist.

For all its rich fertility—perhaps because of it—soil is not tractable, and gardener planning ordered loveliness finds his very success is his disaster. Flowers run out of bounds if he turn his back, and his cherished seeds outwit him and have grown into tiresome luxuriance before he can train them to bed or standard or trellis. Furthermore, flowers do not flourish naturally, and it is trees that blossom rather than plants. Everything is on such a vast scale, to reduce it to garden proportions is more difficult than appears possible to hopeful florist. To botanist Buitenzorg must be paradise; to mere lover of flowers it is disappointment.

Most attractive part of gardens is artificial lake at back of the Governor's Palace, parts of which are covered with enormous



Mixed fruits grown in Java. For the most part pleasing to the taste.  
Java. Dutch East Indies.

Victoria Regia species of lotus leaves four feet in diameter with snow white blooms fourteen inches across and variously colored water lilies.

Up before cock crowed next morning we stepped onto the veranda overlooking Mount Salak, a quiescent volcano. Mist was rising and unfolding a marvellous view of green and glowing earth teeming with life.

In front was a falling slope of green grass, shut in by a hedge of crotons and hibiscus. Below in valley land were endless miles of waving cocoanuts and a little crystal clear stream flanked by red roofs with scores of natives taking their morning bath. Cocoanuts stretched beyond houses, and beyond rose crater blue and purple and brown and swept into patches of green and yellow by the cloud shadows and sun gleams of the changing sky. It was beautiful . . . . "Breakfast," called a voice in background and tearing ourself away from this wonderful shadow show, we came





Coffee beans. Pestle and mortar they are crushed in. Because of the great quantities of coffee raised IN JAVA, comes the phrase "a cup of Java."  
Java, Dutch East Indies.

down to earth to find the rest of our party ready for the road.

The day was not yet in full heat as car left porch of Hotel, but we had a long drive before us, and we speeded up over perfect roads, most of way to Bandoeng being actually asphalted. It was a glorious hundred miles thru luxuriant tropical vegetation. The ever present waving cocoanut, coffee, tea and tapioca plantation, bananas, mangoes, paw-paws, bread fruit, jack fruit amidst hosts of others were part of the setting for hours.

Miles upon miles most intense cultivation met eye in every direction, even to top of mountains, and everywhere natives at work or nursing babies. On our left were ranges piled upon ranges, the nearest being a lovely shade of opalescent blue fading away to paler tints in the distance. Intense green of terraced rice fields and foliage on road side was relieved by splashes of scarlet, browns, and yellows; poinsettias, crotons, hibiscus and

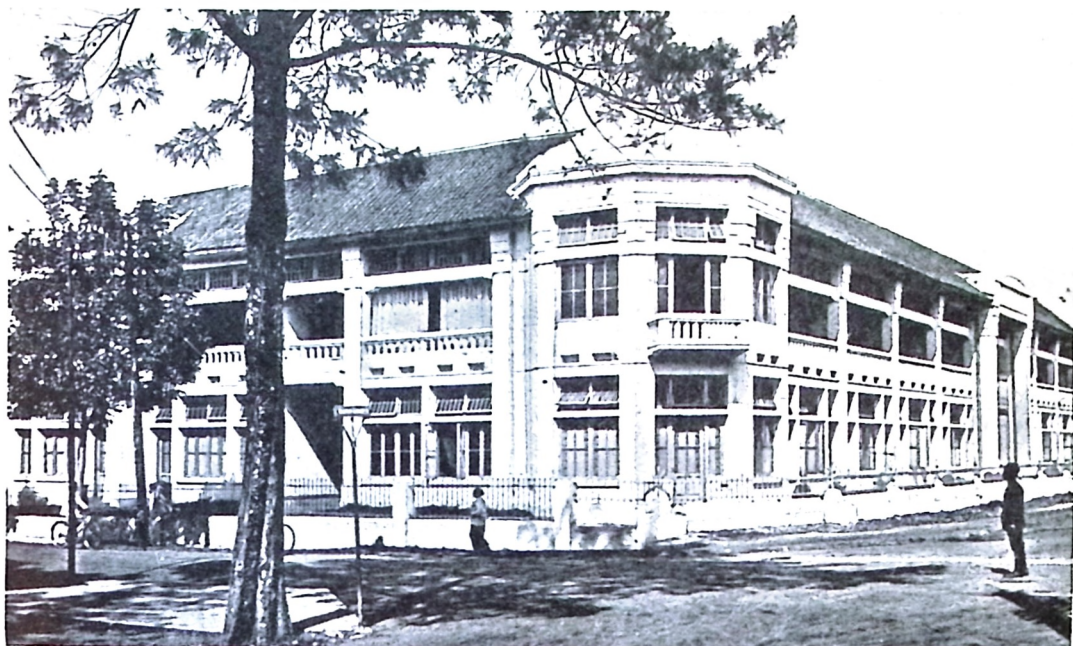


other flowering shrubs invariably accompanying setting of numerous villages picturesquely built of wickerwork with hundreds of naked children playing about greenery. Roadway itself was alive with endless stream of natives all carrying something, all going to daily avocations.



Here comes your pal, possibly your ancestor, the ourang-outang of Java. They live wild in the back hills. Java. Dutch East Indies.

We reached Bandoeng at noon. By this time sun was hot and we were glad when car pulled up before Hotel Preanger and we were shown to our rooms. Luxury of luxuries in tropics, warm plunge baths awaited us. A rapid change of clothes, and appetites sharpened by mountain air, we enjoyed an excellent lunch.



Grand Hotel Preanger, Bandoeng, Java. Accommodations are good. Rooms are neat and clean. Food is excellent, largely of native foods and fruits. Prices are reasonable. Dutch East Indies.



Front view Grand Hotel Preanger, Bandoeng, Java. Dutch East Indies.

Wet season had begun and as we lolled in great hall, rain began to fall. It was not downpour when all heavens threaten to empty themselves upon earth and bring floods but steady insistence of a misty sky.

In spite of weather we decided to spend rest of day at Lembang, a mountain resort 10 miles beyond Bandoeng and 2000 feet higher. Suddenly mist vanished and clear blaze of sinking sun lay warm on deep plain and swelling hillside and made green as warm as gold and shadows purple black. As we ascended we looked back at fertile plain thru which we were to pass next day on our way to Malabar. It was a very lovely evening with that sense of earth having been newly washed which comes after rain in tropics.

By time dinner gong sounded we were famished for we had not yet fallen into the habit of these late Java dinners with tedious wait in a country where there is no twilight. Meal was good and after a cup of fragrant coffee, probably grown in neighborhood, we returned to Bandoeng for night.

An early bath and an English breakfast while our things were being hitched onto the car and off we were on our way to the famous tea gardens 5000 feet above sea level on the other side of great green plain. Beyond Bandoeng land falls, rather than rises and prospect disclosed green beyond green, velvet slopes on velvet slopes.

The early part of the day even in the heart of the wet season, is generally fine, so that whatever can be done in the morning hours, is crowded into them.

We were up before sunrise to enjoy the best hour tropics can offer. As we stepped out on the terrace of the Ngamplang Hotel in front of our room, the view was still veiled with white mist which hid everything save strip of garden immediately below railing, but sun was rising and already beginning to draw up mist curtain from glorious panorama spread before us. At our feet the plain of Garoet swept from end to end as tho earth opened her arms and all harmony of its coloring was rich rice fields and grouped cocoanuts and wooded patches sheltering native villages; the fertile world that steamed with life. . . .

"Come to earth," cried a voice in the distance, "we are leaving in ten minutes for the crater of the Papandajan."

We dressed on the double, jumped in car and off we went down slope leading to plain. An hour's drive thru more rice fields brought us to Villa Pauline where breakfast awaited us.

Outside were ponies and sedan chairs, curious structures suspended from two long bamboo poles. They inspired us with

little confidence, so we decided to take a pony. Java ponies are ragged things and their appearance gives no particular promise of pluck and endurance. Ours was a limp looking animal as he stood at veranda steps, his meek brown nose drooping towards enticing grass. In spite of looks he did good service for track thru jungle was steep and slippery. We passed a mountain stream of opalescent blue water with a strong sulphur smell and as we emerged from the forest the growth became stunted and ferns on sides of track coated with yellow dust. We were within reach of the death dealing sulphur fumes.

Another half hour on fairly level sandy ground, and our caravan came to a standstill. Vegetation, foliage, flowers, every sign of life had disappeared and given place to bare burnt rock. Life of forest was gone and in its place were ruin and desolation.

Rest of journey had to be made on foot between vertical walls white and yellow, towering hundreds of feet above our heads. On turning a corner of wall of baked rock we were suddenly brought face to face with a heaving mass of mud and rock with steam and sulphur escaping in all directions. Heat was intense when we approached the boiling mud holes whence sprung the milky blue stream we had seen in forest below.

We were in the crater; on three sides of us were walls of calcinated rock. The third side, that by which we entered, was missing. Great eruption of the Papandajan in 1772 blew off not only whole top of huge mountain but side as well and a great gash a thousand feet deep was left. On that occasion, 50 villages were destroyed and 3000 people perished, buried under mountain soil.

Sky was overcast as we returned to Ngamplang during afternoon, and we quite expected rain again, but it held off and we had fine weather for rest of our journey.

We left for Koeningan the next morning. The road is thru mountain ranges teaming with people and villages. A last rise and it suddenly ended on the shores of a lake, in the center of which rose an island covered with primeval jungle, the habitat of thousands of flying foxes. This was lake Pendjaloë. We strolled down the grassy shore of the lake to a neat bamboo wharf and boarded a double canoe arrangement with seats and roof. Natives poled us round the island and moored to another bamboo wharf under a grove of foliage. A cool mossy path led up to a cleared piece of ground in the center of the island. In the middle of the cleared space stood an unpretentious white-washed monument erected to the memory of a government officer buried there in 1832 among native chiefs. In the cool shade of the great forest trees with the noonday sun filtering thru the leaves there was a



touch of sadness in the association with the man who had fallen in the service of his country, away from his home, at a time when roads and motorcars did not exist, and had been carried here to his grave by faithful native servants.

The natives who regard the place as holy will not pass it at night as they believe the spirits of the dead roam in the island after dusk, when the flying foxes leave it in their nightly quest for food.

A hundred yards from us on the shore of the lake stood one of those beautiful tropical flowering trees. The crimson petals falling on the ground had formed a thick carpet as if the fairies had laid down a cloth of ceremony for a coronation.

In the warm afternoon, at an hour when all the tropical world is still adoze, we drew the car under the tree and spread our white cloth and opened our picnic baskets. Crimson petals dropped in a silent shower and before the meal was over we were covered with a scarlet cloth. How warm and still it was! No insect hum was distinguishable as yet, save the innumerable bees as they sucked the honey thru the trees' brief blossoming time but the sense of sound was already breaking the utter hush of noon when we decided to leave for Koenigang.

Before reaching the town we paid a visit to a very ancient and holy Hindu bathing pool called Tji-Goegoer, lost in shadow of centuries old trees. Surface of water was untroubled even by a ripple save when a tiny fish darted by. As we watched, water suddenly became alive. Hundreds of great blue fishes appeared apparently from nowhere. They had seen us and wanted food. Native in charge handed us special cocoanut cakes which we began throwing in water and sacred fishes came in such numbers that they soon formed a solid mass, some of them actually coming out of water to catch pieces of cake.

We stopped at Boemiajoe, for native market was in full swing. Whole country side had flocked there in dust and sunshine; a swarming mass of brown humanity was jabbering and bartering . . . men, women and children alike. We were in Java—true Java of natives—for at Losari we passed boundary separating Sundanese race of Preanger from Javanese race of Mid-Java—what a contrast! We had left behind us a well built, merry looking people clad in bright colors and were now among dirty, poor looking folks with lined faces and sullen, sulky expressions, dressed in dark blue and black.

Next morning, twelfth day on the trail, we went to temples of Brambanan plain, ten miles east of Djokja, which we have previously described.

Some carvings in the temple reminded us forcibly of Tagore's Chitra asserting her freedom. In his play, Chitra, owing to sudden realization of her womanhood, wanted to know herself. She, only child of a king, had been brought up to be his heir. She was versed in all manly exercises and indeed was not conscious of fact she was a woman. Once while hunting, she saw a man lying on a bed of dried leaves across the path. In contempt, she pricked him with end of her bow. He leaped up like a tongue of fire and gazed at her. He was exceedingly handsome and, as she looked into his eyes, she could not meet his gaze. She felt ashamed. For first time in her life Chitra realized she was a woman. Then she asked him to be her husband. He refused. Later, by power of two boons from two gods, Chitra became for a year most beautiful of women and won love of this youth, Arjuna. Amid perfumes and flowers, passions were fed on unknown delicacies and senses swooned under exquisite touch of love. But since love is not only of senses, but also of soul, Arjuna's soul began to weary of this life. He wished to ride back on his horse into storm of battles where javelins are hurled with flashing speed of lightning. His soul hungered for release. Towards end of ninth moon, Chitra lost her disguise of beauty, for time of her boon was passed. Thus she revealed her true identity to Arjuna. He persisted in desire to leave her, for he yearned to live life of a man, instead of languishing in a bower of exotic emotion. Lo, with sudden resolution, Chitra let him go. As he started away, she said: "But in me is thy child, whom, if born a man I shall send forth to thee as a second Arjuna." Then he who, only a few moments before, had been on the point of leaving, came to her in completion of his love and said: "Beloved, my life is full." Thus their two souls met. . . .

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We reached Solo for lunch, Solo only remaining oriental court in westernized Java, with a Sultan who nominally, at least, rules millions of his fellow subjects. Thanks to courtesy of the Resident, we were permitted to visit his Palace Kraton. Within its walls anything may happen. Outside, tho taxes of villagers go to Sultan, Dutch Governors of Java may interfere. But palace itself is a domestic affair.

Court life goes on with its tropical-oriental intrigues much as it has for hundreds of years despite a veneer of European magnificence expressed in Dutch engravings along galleries of one-storied buildings, great bed covered with lace and ribbons in

royal chamber overlooking gardens, painted coaches and automobiles, or storerooms of fine French china and glass. Throne-room is lined with portraits of royal family dressed in uniforms and orders in which they visit brother and sister royalties in Europe. Wearers of crowns of whatever weight seem to form an unrecognized union, of which no one has ever borne brunt more than late lamented Victoria, whose Empire brought her into contact with so many visiting princelings that one suspects she would have attempted conversation with King of Spades had she come upon a pack of playing cards unexpectedly. Sultans, father and son, have been her guests as might be expected, but one cannot say they ever carried back any of her well-known ideas of domestic life. Squalid and gorgeous, casual and sinister, immemorial existence continues one huge family closely interrelated, as is natural in a country where every sultan in turn does his best to be literally father of his people!

Anything may happen, but few rumors ever reach world beyond pink plaster walls. Once, for example, foreign residents of city were invited to an improvised arena in which they sat on high benches behind a circle of court soldiers forming a wall of lances about two cages, which every one knew contained tigers.

Sultan was there with attendants and guests; also an unfortunate courtier who struck heir to throne in heat of gambling. And that courtier was ordered to open cages as might have been in a Roman amphitheatre two thousand years ago. While everyone held his breath, man entered circle, unfastened first door, squatted in obeisance to sultan with joined hands raised to forehead, opened second door, again saluted and walked into safety, having made not one uncontrolled gesture in all that time.

But on surface there is nothing terrifying. In great courtyard children are playing. A dwarf, ugly in jewels and tinsel, goes grinning past, followed by an attendant. Officially, she has honor of crawling on hands and knees after sultan with betel nuts and silver spittoon, but now she is off duty, as he is bathing beyond the arcade. Even from courtyard one can hear comfortable laughter of his wives as they scrub and massage him. Heir, passing with a string of courtiers, is easily distinguishable by his jacket among naked brown torsos of his attendants.

And perhaps younger wives and daughters of sultan may come to practice dancing. There are two pavilions with gilt pillars and black marble floors that stand in center of court, and in one musicians gather over carved and painted instruments.

Then princesses come from their quarters, straight little figures in sarongs of batik work, with black velvet bodices that leave

arms and shoulders free. From their shapely feet to top of their small heads they are finely built, with still brown faces, large eyes and beautiful features. They are like princesses from a fairy tale as they stand reflected in black marble floor, while guards walk about outside of pavilions with drawn swords resting across left arms. Then musicians begin to play wailing chants of mythic loves and battles, and princesses dance slowly, quietly, like princesses in a dream. They hold ends of yellow scarves tied about their waists, waving them drowsily in time to music. Their bare feet shift on marble as they change formation, and from time to time chant grows louder and they draw wooden daggers from belts and brandish them, uttering little cries in delicate mimicry of war.

Then again music softens, and they wave scarves above black mirror of marble. A dreamy enchantment settles over courtyard, and only sound is chant of musicians. Dances seem almost as unreal as stone women dancing before fabled Indian kings in vast ruined temple of Borobudur far beyond city. Since it was built an entire civilization has been swept away; Arabs have conquered the country and name of Allah is called upon, while lichen spreads over shoulders of unworshipped Buddhas. But in kratons customs change very slowly, and royal princesses of this half-civilized, half-barbarous modern court still dance legendary dances of India for pleasure of the sultan. . . . .

We left Solo at dawn, and the roadside was astir with humanity; great warmth of the tropical morn teaming with life. We drove for miles among sugar cane and tobacco fields. Beyond Madioen, we turned to left towards rising ground and began to ascend slopes of Mount Manjoetan.

Towards evening temperature outside dropped to 58 F. and we were glad we brought woolens with us. We were roused out of bed in dead of night with a temperature which was anything but tropical and we must admit shivering while we dressed. Imagine shivering with cold in tropics. Outside our rooms steaming chocolate and coffee awaited us and on lawn below horses, sedan chairs and chattering natives were in readiness.

We rode cautiously in pitch darkness, our ponies picking their way, for the foothold was rough and with every turn of road we seemed to plunge deeper and deeper in heart of bush. We, of the ponies, were soon well ahead of sedan chairs and we lost our guide in night. We dropped reins and let pony, who was leading, pick his own way in dark pine forest, others following. We seemed to be going for hours and we were wondering if we had missed the way, when round a bend of hill we came suddenly



upon edge of a chasm and checked our horses to avoid dropping on other side. This was the Moengal pass.

Immediately in front of us hailing from nowhere appeared a figure, color of night. This was our lost guide. He pointed towards rising ground on left and showed us a track, a surmised thing grey and indefinite in the dawn, leading apparently no-



Bromo Volcano in eruption. We went down in the crater. Ground was trembling. Java. Dutch East Indies.

where. We came to a hut, a primitive structure with walls of bamboo and roof of grass suspended on edge of precipice. Four Americans who, like us, had come to see sunrise, were in possession, having breakfast. Ground round hut was white with frost and wind was bitterly cold. We were on edge of an ancient crater miles across with Sand Sea at bottom, but all we could see was darkness surrounded in far distance with dim outline of ranges and all we could hear in stillness of night was a distant roar.

Sedan chairs arrived with breakfast and hot coffee as first flush was in east, lighting, thousands of feet below, a white blanket spread over landscape with dark mass of Battok rearing its hump above it. Long trails of mist were being gathered as by a magnet from awakening chasm but light had no warmth as yet and mystery of dawn was a thing as wonderful as creation—

order out of chaos; light from great void below, gradually unfolding into a moonscape which seemed to cover the whole earth. Craters within craters as far as eye could see with Smeroe silhouetted on morning sky and Bromo lost in a tangle of volcanoes, belching clouds of sulphur smoke fringed with crimson. . . . . a picture we shall often see in our dreams.



Bromo Crater, in eruption, taken at a distance. Lava flowing in the foreground. Java. Dutch East Indies.

Half an hour later we were on Sand Sea, heading for crater with hot glare of sun overhead and a sheet of white frost crackling under foot. We dismounted at foot of a concrete ladder and ascended 220 steps leading to edge of Bromo. What we beheld beggars description. From narrow ledge we peered into throat of roaring monster; a funnel a mile across and 500 feet deep. From furnace below came immense volumes of smoke, orange, yellow and green gradually changing to white as gases rose out of the funnel.

There we stood dumb and awestruck, thinking of powers hidden under our feet. We did not feel at all safe. Ledge was so narrow that a nudge from one of our companions would have sent us in the furnace. It was a relief when we descended again.





Bromo Volcano. Tosari, Java. Mt. Batak back of Bromo. Large one in rear Mt. Somera, highest in Java. Dutch East Indies.

Now a word about dress and other things. When we started on this motoring expedition we dressed conventionally, but we soon learned wisdom of bowing to circumstances and one after another of conventions were lost along trail, in bush and in craters. We advise women to wear frocks with long sleeves and high necks, as protection against sun. A narrow skirt is a most uncomfortable thing for a long journey in a motorcar. Of course, dust coat can be worn, but this is inconvenient when going on horseback. Coats and skirts are too hot unless of some open material, such as uncrushable linen.

Native washing in Java is bad and it is inadvisable to give dainty lace or embroidered frocks. If staying a week in a big town one can get dry cleaning done by Chinese. A dinner frock or two and a pair of suede shoes are necessary and white canvas or buck for motoring. Shoes should be plenty large as feet swell in



Inside crater, Bromo. Asleep. Java. Dutch East Indies.

tropics. A short skirt or knickers and a jumper are useful if mountaineering is to be done, and a warm coat or sweater and rug most necessary for high altitudes.

If you have a hot water bag, tuck it in your suitcase. Remember a raincoat, sunshade, small motoring hat, veil and sunglasses. Helmets are never worn as sunstrokes are unknown. As underclothes are a vanishing quantity in these days, a good many can be packed. Wool is too hot but woven or Milanese singlets absorb perspiration and prevent chill. Crepe de chine is good for evening wear, as one can rinse this out and it is dry next morning. A native woman (baboe) to wash and iron clothes can be secured at every hotel.

Luggage forwarded ahead should contain a couple of dancing frocks, evening shoes, coat and dressy hat. As dinner is served at late hour it is well to provide one's self with a "tin of biscuits" or cake as neither is served with afternoon tea.



Men as a rule dress in white drill; evening dress is worn only at official functions. Tourists coming to Java for a passing visit are not in need of evening dress.

Best is to take along summer clothing, and on arrival get Chinese tailors to make white duck suits for evening and khaki suits for road. A suitable topee for trip can be bought reasonably at any of sea ports' stores. It is not altogether necessary as sunstrokes are unknown, but may be advisable for those who intend to do much walking in sun.

## CHAPTER 29

### "IN JAVA"

It is only fair in describing this wonderfully interesting country to quote some sections and high-lights of the book "IN JAVA" written by John C. Van Dyke, (Published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York).

He, too, made a trip similar to ours, from Australia, up thru Barrier Reef, over to Bali, Java, etc. We extract some observations for they coincide so well with ours and he expresses them so beautifully we could not improve upon them.

"The night is still, the sea calm, the sky clear and studded with thousands of brilliant stars. Toward morning a warm wind comes puffing in from the north. White heap-clouds begin forming along the horizon and lifting great spectral arms and fingers up toward the zenith. In the moonlight they look ghostly. Jupiter is drifting down in the west, the great star Canopus is almost overhead and above the southeast is the Southern Cross that Australians and New Zealanders love to claim for their very own. The cross part of it is not very obvious and the constellation itself is so lacking in brilliancy that the stranger from the north needs to have it pointed out to him."

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"The islands along the shore, appearing not by dozens but by hundreds, are hard kernels of rock that were originally parts of the shore but were long ago cut off from it and today stand isolated. The little ones are usually barren of foliage—in fact, merely bare rocks projecting above the surface and in size as large as a house or as long as a street of houses. The larger ones may be from a mile to five miles in length, with abrupt walls, slopes covered with grass or brush, and tops that are timber-clad. The projecting promontories of bare rock are ideal nesting places for sea birds because of their isolation, and fascinating spots for man's exploration because no one has been there. Each one of them is a Robinson Crusoe island. There are probably no footprints of savages in the sands along their beaches but there might be sounds or signs of goats or parrots. And this sea is the home of many sea serpents that are occasionally seen on the surface of the water, true enough serpents though only six or eight feet long. I am not sure that the islands are not the lairs of the great sea serpents that the sailor people have seen, in fancy, at least.

Islands and still more islands! Not hundreds now but thousands of them. A companion at my elbow with a lively imagination sees some of them as suggestions of animal life. This one looks like a stranded whale, that one like a kneeling camel, and the abrupt one far away is a Buddha seated on an open lotus. I cannot follow his fancies but have ones of my own that he does not follow. These is-

lands lying off to the east in a silver haze, and reflecting a gold and violet west, are to me mysteries of color and light—resplendent high lights upon an amethystine sea fast shifting into violet. Their pure pictorial glory is sufficient without appeal to the human or animal interest. They are part of the wonder of this “faery land forlorn” which is gradually unfolding and growing more beautiful as the ship moves and the suns come and go.”

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“But neither the greens nor the blues, the lilacs nor the violets are what might be called tropical colors. I have been watching the sky in the Pacific and along the Australian shore for many days expecting to see it turn intensely blue, but day after day it is pallid, cool-looking, with white clouds. It might be a sky up in Norway instead of close up to the equator. And every evening I am expecting the carmines and golds of sunset but I see only a sky of brimstone yellow with a white sun—something that might be seen in Norway again. Yesterday the dawn was flushed with red and gold, following rain, and I imagined we had at last reached tropical coloring, but in half an hour the sky had reverted to pale blue and the sun to cold white. This is not only disappointing but inexplicable.”

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“The smooth sea continues during the day. In the afternoon huge heap-clouds, like fantastic ice-bergs, lie around the horizon and are reflected in the water. Small rippled patches and lanes on the surface turn lilac, the cloud reflections are cream colored, the sky is cobalt. The total result is a sea of pearl, an opal sea. Was there ever such a precious piece of color! Or a more wonderful manifestation of reflected light! The sea was the first mirror of the sun and clouds. Its surface is still reflecting and is still untarnished, as on the earliest day.”

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“Nothing is impossible in the kingdom of light and color. And quite as astonishing as the green sunshafts is the splendid violet of the sea beneath them. Far around the horizon it spreads running into mauves, lilacs, heliotropes, pale purples and finally passing out in silver grays and dove colors. Long after the going down of the sun, far into the twilight, the slightly rippled sea-patches hold their violet and the smooth patches reflect the red and gold clouds. An amazing palette! And yet this is the true tropical color and light. This is what I have been waiting for these many weeks.”

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“Islands! More islands! We are moving down the western coast of the Celebes, but along every coast in the Archipelago are these isolated, tenantless islands. Green-gold islands set in a green-blue sea, precious colors in the tropic girdle of the world that no one sees or cares about! The islands exist because the sea has not yet worn them down. And the trees and flowers upon them grow in the warm light because they enjoy growing and spreading their fragrance upon the air. That was the destiny prepared for them from the beginning.

Nature apparently knows nothing of progressive evolutions or

development of new species. She repeats the type. And foreordains the following of tradition. No more does Nature know moral codes or spiritual uplifts. They are not of her making. She is merely the giver of life and death, and by the alternation of one with the other she maintains the existing order—the energy, the virility, and the beauty of the world.

Islands in the moonlight! A moonlight that casts a yellow pathway on the sea! And around the wide circle of the horizon, reaching up in towers and spires toward the zenith, great cumulus clouds. All the night through they keep boiling up and mushrooming out into fantastic shapes. They flatten at the bottom and perhaps trail gray sheets of rain, they spread into thin veils up at the top and drift across the moon, making that orb look pale and watery. Lunar rainbows, distant flashes of lightning, patches of blue-black sky in between, and underneath, spreading out endlessly, the glimmer and the shimmer of the sea. The soft breath of the northwest wind pushes at the black smoke from the steamer's stack—pushes it off to the east, the engines throb, the lights shine port and starboard. Passengers and crew are asleep."

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#### BALI

"The women, doing most of the produce carrying, are almost always seen coming and going along the roads, usually in threes and fours, in Indian file, swinging their long arms and moving like animated caryatides. They preside over the market stalls, and every village seems crowded with them in street or square or market. One wonders about both men and women as to when they go home, and if they have much home life. The houses in the kampongs are small and not very well built, but every little wall seems to have an imposing brick or stone portal, to which is attached some religious significance. Often, almost always, there is a little temple or shrine within the kampong walls."

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"The rice field or sawah is seen everywhere, and all over the island, and rice is the mainstay of the natives. The sawahs lie in flat squares or checks as you move out from Singaradja, but as soon as you begin to climb into the mountain region the terraces begin. The arrangement and building of these terraces, their levelling and ditching for irrigation, seem quite perfect. They are not only effective from the engineering and the agricultural point of view, but they are so symmetrical, so beautiful in curved dikes, so compelling in their repeated lines that they are artistic. Still more. They pile up in a series of great steps that perhaps support some platform-like terrace and give one the feeling of things monumental. Add to this the color of the rice in various stages of growth and you have something that seems like beautiful landscape-gardening rather than mere growing of crops. The sawahs are additions to the landscape from any point of view.

But the country itself, without the native or his doings, is very beautiful. Its volcanic cones give the island height, the shores running out flat for many miles into the Indian Ocean at the south,



give it sweep, and the canyon valleys give depth, light, shade, color. Your car winds and twists along the ridges, makes quick turns over bridges or along mountain walls until finally at Tabanan you are high enough to get great views of the Java Sea at the north, and the Indian Ocean at the south. On the way you have passed thousands of rice terraces, long groves of cocoanut palms, great forest trees under which coffee is growing, vast ranks of wild flowers in the hedges, groups of beautiful fawn-colored, round-eyed cattle, white-rumped like antelopes, and around their necks tinkling bamboo bells. And, per contra, you have seen perhaps a plenty of hollow-backed pigs, worthless cur dogs, flocks of voracious white herons in the rice fields, with hoodlum red-headed finches and commonplace mina birds. Besides there are said to be tigers up in the forests, but they do not come down to welcome the traveller.

You go on down the southern slope, having passed the high village of Tabanan, and are only half an hour from Den Pesar. As you proceed there seems to be an increasing file of women with baskets on their heads, and men driving horses or leading cattle carts. Both men and women apparently grow more superb in physique as you go on. You may spend weeks in Bali without seeing man, woman, or child with knock-knees, or bowed legs, or pigeon-toes, with humped back or crippled arm or twisted neck. Their arms are long and slim, their backs and shoulders are rightly muscled and modelled, their heads and throats well set and rightly placed. The only badly set-up people that I saw in Bali were Dutch officials and American tourists. The Balinese are quite perfect in type and development.

#### BEAUTY OF THE BALINESE

And so it comes about that the greatest interest in Bali for the traveller lies in the Balinese themselves, their natural beauty, their fine detachment from western civilization, their naive unconsciousness of their own qualities. They are superb from the painter's and the sculptor's point of view, and for the time being that is the only way I care to see them. The type at its best is more than half Egyptian, or at the least, has strong analogies with the types of ancient Egyptian art. I do not mean that there is, or ever was, any actual relation between this Oriental people and the ancient Egyptians, but merely that there is similarity of type.

The Balinese man is tall, broad in the shoulders, slim in the hips, flat in the stomach, long of leg, thin in the foot. He has a way of placing his feet one ahead of the other in profile, and he swings his long arms, and squares his hands and fingers in the hieractic manner seen in the Egyptian tomb frescos at Saccarah. The Balinese woman is of corresponding proportions, beautifully developed in arms, shoulders, back, breasts, stomach and feet. Hundreds of them are perfect enough to go into the front row of a majestic Balinese ballet. But it is to be hoped they never will.

There is, of course, variation in the head. Some of them are savage, or fierce-looking, but then, again, some of them are pharaonic-looking, that is, they resemble that great granite pharaoh in the Louvre-Chephren. The resemblance is intensified when the Balinese man wears a head-covering to ward off the dirt and dust of what he is carrying. These head-coverings are laid flat across the forehead

and fall down on the shoulders in ends like the Egyptian klast, and throw the features out in a profile that might do for a Thothmes or a Tut-Ahnk-Amen. Some great ancestor of the race seems to come out in them then and there, but whether this is distant inheritance or near-by environment will probably never be determined. It is sufficient for us, perhaps, to note the mere resemblance in type.

Even in color there is continuance of Egyptian resemblances. The hair is black, long, straight, twisted into a knot at the back, or half hidden by a handkerchief rolled into turban form. Their eyes are black and often piercing. The skin varies from a dark sun-brown to a bronze red and to a golden yellow. There is no coarseness about it except with some of the older people who have worked hard for years. With the young women it is fine in texture, almost satin-like, and free from any wrinkles, moles or hairs.

This fine flesh coloring—and I have failed to describe it adequately—is set off by gay sarongs held at the waist and falling to the ankles. The women, perhaps more than the men, have a genius for combining colors appropriate to themselves. Both the pattern and color of the sarong are carefully thought out. The color may be subdued red or old gold or apple green, but it is usually accented by a sash or belt of vivid crimson or orange or canary yellow, that gives a little scream to the combination. Perhaps it is repeated or complemented by another lively note in the head-dress or handkerchief-twisted turban (called by the natives an oedeng). The color combinations are endless and often very effective. This morning I saw a tall beauty wearing a black sarong with an orange sash at the waist and a green head-dress. Perhaps she was a widow in mourning, or doing some temple penance, but her costume was effective enough for a Sultan's reception.

Along the country roads leading into the markets, carrying on their heads baskets of fruit or vegetables or coffee or tapioca, these fine types of women move easily with swinging arms and legs in measured motion. They are superb in every way and apparently no one ever told them that, for they are childishly unconscious. Perhaps they are a little shy when they pass you, looking at you only out of the corner of their eye, putting a hand up to their mouth with half hesitation or bashfulness, but moving on swiftly and gracefully. And they never dreamed of being part of the landscape, fitting into their environment, and making the high spot of light and color in the picture. It probably never occurred to them that they were picturesque, or statuesque, or colorful. They move on in reds and oranges, in greens and golds, in magentas and lilacs as though it were all in the day's work, merely a matter of course.

Their fine form and movement are susceptible of explanation; they are in fact, quite easily accounted for. The Balinese are children of the earth. They wear as little clothing as possible. Their movements are not trammelled by garments above the waist, or by shoes upon the feet. And again, they are carriers of burdens upon the head. That develops the neck and back muscles. It is not possible to carry a hundred pounds of cocoanuts on the head without keeping a straight back and neck and firm legs and feet. You can swing your arms slowly, and move your eyes quickly, but you cannot turn your head or body quickly. Those movements must be slow, measured, reserved.

## THE STATUESQUE FIGURE

You thus have, quite unconsciously perhaps, developed a statuesque bearing. It is a perfectly natural bearing without a trace of art or artifice about it. A Balinese beneath my window has, for some days, been drilling holes in an old mortar foundation which is to be blasted out of the way. He is using a long hand-drill, fashioned like a crow-bar. It is hard work, even for his well-developed muscles, and every few minutes he stops, resting with his hands upon the bar, and looking out at the far Indian Ocean. His spread legs and long arms, his square shoulders and round-profiled head, as he stands there, are somehow faint reminders of Donatello's St. George, but with every difference in favor of the Balinese native. The Donatello by comparison seems stiff and awkward, a good deal posed; but the man with the drill is purely natural, naked but for a loin cloth, unthinking, and unaware that I am watching him. He stands or bends or turns not to meet or fulfill a sculptor's need for a sculpturesque pose, but to meet the muscular demand of the moment.

Here, then, is the real man, beside which the triumphs of the sculptor's art are mere manikins beaten into a semblance of life by conventional workshop methods. It matters little what sculptor or what age you have in mind. The mature classical formula of Praxiteles was graceful but not the less a convention. The so-called realism of Donatello was, in fact, a mediaeval romanticism, akin to that of Botticelli, and again based in a convention of the time. As for the latter-day naturalism of Rodin, Bourdelle, Epstein, Mestrovic it is largely a convention of awkwardness put out to offset the classical convention of grace, with the one quite as much of a pose as the other. The model is always too conscious of grace or of awkwardness; the sculptor is always too conventional, influenced by tradition, or anxious to demonstrate certain new art standards of his time. But my Balinese driller is the reality itself, with never a thought of art, or a flicker of pretense, or any stamp of an artistic period.

The same story is told here in color as in form. Gauguin, with his South Sea islanders enclosed in broad rims of red, studied and posed for awkwardness, and overmodelled to fall forward out of the envelope, shows again merely an opposing convention. It is said to be primitive, archaic, man-before-the-flood art, but, Heaven save the mark! it is merely the last artistic artifice—a conscious attempt at the unconscious, a deliberately planned dash at the naive. The natural is not necessarily the essential in art, as every one knows, but if the artist conjures with it (as Gauguin and all the Post-Impressionists) then let him stick to the truth of the model—the general truth and not some over-emphasized phase of outline or roundness of form or flatness of color.

Here along the islands roads move types measurably approached to the South Sea islanders, but they are not boneless masses of red blubber posing in front of a palm, and bulging out of the landscape. Perhaps a girl comes swinging along the road with a basket of fruit on her head. She wears an orange-hued sarong with some sort of red sash caught at the waist. She has a red bean necklace around her throat, and silver bangles on her wrists. Under the palms and by the fields of yellowing rice she is a bit of color that lends accent

to the landscape. But she knows nothing about classic grace or primitive awkwardness, no more than a jaguar in the jungle. She is purely natural, belongs to the soil, and is picturesquely naive and beautiful without knowing it.

There you have the unconscious again, the non-conventional, nature without modification or distortion by artistic formula or personal equation. Art, in any attempt to reproduce such a scene, is hopelessly handicapped. You could not, with all the paints in Christendom, reach such height of color. The chemical combination of nature is not possible of recombination in art, and no matter whose formula is used, the result is only a success (if at all) by suggestion. The formula of Courbet, or Manet, or Gauguin is almost as halting as that of the Greeks, or Giotto, or Raphael. The most that any artist can do is to transpose the scale of color and light to a lower key, and suggest form by old or new artifices. In doing that the spirit and life of the translation counts for more than the thing translated. Classicism, romanticism, realism, naturalism, impressionism—they are merely recognized formulas or methods of translation, and each in its turn has outlived its day, and been superseded by some newer convention.

Nature! Well, nature is the inspiration of art, to which my roadside beauty, in her orange sarong, adds merely an extra thrill. If the painter is a true poet perhaps he will make you feel the thrill by his translation of that orange hue, or the golden light, or the bamboo shadow, but that is about all. He will not attempt any deceptive realization of details of the surface, or tactile values of form, or cubic relations of the mass, or primitive truths of the outline. Truth to nature in art is merely relative and truth to art can get on without it.

And while I bother about art terms the Balinese walk the roads and fields wholly ignorant of theories, careless of what constitutes beauty, entirely oblivious of their part in either the picture or the plan. That is one reason why they are, from a picturesque point of view, so superb. They are merely fine form and color in the sunlight of a tropical landscape. Had they no other mission in life—no other reason for existence than a bird of paradise—would that not be sufficient? Did not the Great Goddess, Nature, so fore-ordain, so design, so circumscribe, so glorify?"

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#### CREMATION

"The Balinese people alive, not dead. I am not interested in their funerals and cremations, though every one tells me that the cremation ceremony here is beautifully barbaric, and quite out-Indies India. This is said regarding some very elaborate and expensive burning where a rajah or a prince goes up in smoke. But nothing is said about the common people and their burial. You dash around the island and see many strange things, but no tombstones or burial places. What happens when a poor man dies? What becomes of his mortal remains?

When a Balinese of moderate means passes out, his body is placed in a wooden coffin and kept perhaps for months, or even years, in the house of his family. After consultation with an orang pintar,



usually a Buddhist priest, a day is fixed for the cremation ceremony. The body is burned and the man's ashes (picked out with wooden pincers, for the hands must not touch them) are ground fine and placed in a young cocoanut. They are then taken out to sea in a prau and scattered on the water, the cocoanut shell being cast after them. When a poor man dies he is either put in a coffin or wrapped in a white cloth and dropped in the earth. Before burial, water, blessed by the pedanda or native priest, is sprinkled on the body and flowers are strewn. There is usually no grave stone or other record above the dead."

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### JAVA

"Also one can walk the streets after dark without a police escort. The native lurks on every corner, and almost every one of them carries a kris in his belt as a part of his workman's equipment, but he has no murder in his heart, and he is not out for your blood. He looks at you out of mere curiosity. You look far more "queer" to him than he does to you. But he is mild-mannered, good-natured, polite, quite an inoffensive person.

Of course, there are occasional ruffians here as elsewhere. What would you expect—thirty or more millions of people and all of them Sunday-school superintendents? Consider our high-powered New York bandits, and then thank whatever gods there be that you are in Java. There are no firearms allowed in Java. Consider again, how largely we might profit by adopting that wise regulation. The natives never are intoxicated, never drink wines, liquors, or even beers. Once more consider our inability to enforce prohibition by laws and machine-guns because of our essentially lawless constituency. You need not be afraid of Java and the Javanese."

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### THE DUTCH IN JAVA

"Now this town building has not been mere aimless energy touched up with splashes of color. You will find in streets, houses, bridges, parks, shops, an attempt, at least, at adaptation to climate, soil and tropical conditions. The Dutch, naturally enough, brought here from Holland many ideas that were well suited to the Netherlands, but not applicable to Java. They are still getting modern ideas of building from Holland that might better be left in Amsterdam and The Hague. But from the first, even when they were putting up classical palaces in brick and stucco, there was an attempt at adaptation to local heat conditions. Tree-planting, park and avenue planning, water-ways and roadways in shadow, were from the beginning. And all the cottages and villas have been broadly roofed, deeply shadowed, built widely open to the air. The Netherland ideas have been modified and even transformed into something that is well suited to Java.

The imposition of foreign ideas upon a country or a people is always a questionable proceeding. They are usually not suitable, and often meet with native opposition for no other reason than that they are foreign. The Dutch have learned this from experience and are now disposed to accept local conditions. They are protecting the native and allowing him to develop along his own lines. They are

not trying to change him into a Dutchman. Even in the small matter of costume they have not asked him to wear Dutch shoes, shirts and hats, but allowed him to go his own way barefooted and in sarong. His religion, customs, traditions are respected, he is protected in his land holdings, helped in his agriculture, and heard in legislative and political proceedings. Largely perhaps by reason of a liberal and generous policy in administration the Dutch have proved themselves the most successful colonial administrators of modern times. Both the United States and England could learn much from them, if they would."

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### THE NATIVE

"But I am not so much interested in the political, social or economic phase of Javanese life as in its picturesque appearance. Ordered or disordered, this mass of movement and ruck of color in Soerabaya is pictorial in a superlative degree. Everywhere the picture appears ready for transference to canvas. The native in any picture holds the central position. The young of both sexes are very attractive. They are all small, lithe, graceful, colorful. This is especially true of the younger women, who have been early trained to carry things on their heads. They are roundly developed in the neck, shoulders and back, they are straight, standing with well-poised head, and they walk with fine grace and ease. Oh! they are not so fine as the Balinese, not so large or so powerful or so free from the waist up; but if you had never been to Bali you might think these Madoerese quite wonderful."

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### MONSOON

"It is useless to deny the heat in Java, and just as silly to exaggerate it. You are half a dozen degrees from the equator, and what else can you expect? It is practically the same heat that you experience in Barbadoes, Trinidad or Panama. Last winter in the Panama Canal Zone, at the island of Barro-Colorado, I noted for some weeks that the temperature at dawn was 76 F. and at four o'clock in the afternoon 86 F. The thermometer readings at Soerabaya vary little from that. But it should be added that the West Indies and Panama have the daily trade winds, whereas Java has no wind of any kind. It seems to be in some sort of pocket and only a faint breeze moves across its face.

It is now near the first of February and the middle of the monsoon season, but the weather has been very still, very dry, very hot—"very unusual," it is said. The monsoon has not "broken," it is "late," and "it has never happened before." But the monsoon threatens to break every afternoon. Great cumuli push up and spread out upon the western sky, and wide rolls of dark clouds gather in the northwest, the blue lightning flashes and the thunder rumbles, but nothing comes of it. It dies out. The afternoon is, however, sticky and uncomfortable, the evening "close." If the stars are out at midnight, the temperature will fall a few degrees, and the people will be thankful for the slight relief.

When the monsoon does "break" it is not exactly the explosion of a Krakatoa. It is just an ordinary tropical rain, prolonged for many

weeks, but by no means incessant. It rains and clears and the earth steams in the sun and then perhaps it rains some more. It comes with a northwest wind, but the wind is not a gale. Occasionally it may rise to moderate force, but usually it is just a breeze. This brings coolness for an hour or so, but it also leaves great humidity in the air which needs only a few minutes of sunlight to develop into oppressive warmth."

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#### ROADS AND FIELDS

"If you wish to 'do' Java speedily, with a whiz and a honk, you should by all means take an automobile. Every one does. The Dutch, Chinese, and natives generally are just as motor-mad as the Americans. With more time on your hands than anything else your native chauffeur shoots you along very good roads at 40 miles an hour, with a cover overhead that shuts out the trees and sky, and with only movie glimpses at the sides of one of the most interesting countries in the world. The native has agreed to take you (for so much) to Tosari, or Malang, or Bandoeng, and nothing but sudden death will check his pace. Your violent language is not understood, and pokes in the back are of little avail. The only thing to do is to go through in haste and return at leisure—if you can.

For twenty miles or more out of Soerabaya the land lies flat, and so dense is the population that it is difficult to say where the city leaves off and the country begins. The long straight roads, bordered always by avenues of trees, lead through one village after another. Along these roads, and about these villages, the natives crowd in lines, and bands and groups. Women with baskets on their heads and children on their hips, men carrying long stems of bamboo, half-grown boys with bundles of grass, Dutchmen and Chinamen mounted on little horses, huge bullock carts with loads of unhusked maize or rolls of coarse matting, or bags of rice, dog-carts with jingling bamboo bells, push-carts loaded with cassava or sweet potatoes, cattle being led and driven, goats in flocks, chickens, dogs, bob-tailed cats at haphazard—all are in and of the procession. By the wayside are groups that apparently never move—village sages talking lazily, dreamers in the shade holding a mute conference, a local band playing for its own pleasure some Java jazz, a native seated on the ground beating a gong for an auction. And then with every village a market with booths and stalls, and hundreds of buyers and sellers milling about like cattle in a round-up."

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#### BATHERS

"The natives do not bother themselves with such small conventions as bathing clothes. The women and children go to one part of the stream, and the men to another. The women and girls come down rather timidly, and stand for a few moments on the rocks looking to see if the coast is clear. They do not mind an audience provided it is a hundred yards away, but any close-peeping Actaeon may get some cafe au lait water flung in his face. The last garment taken off is the sarong. They step into the water with that about them, take a look around, and then with a swift movement they go down in the water as the sarong goes up and over their head. It is a deft

performance and impresses one as a cunning way of not only saving their modesty but keeping the sarong dry.

It is a pretty sight, these native women bathing in the brooks, by the roadway, and under the bridges, with beautiful drooping bamboos above and about them. They are a small people, but active and graceful, and they unwittingly drop into picturesque and sculpturesque attitudes. Besides, their color in the sunlight is almost exactly that of a rich copper bronze—an added attraction. As at Bali almost any one of the younger group could serve as a sculptor's model. But the only sculptors who have ever seen them or their kind worked and died at Boroboedoer centuries ago. The modern artist is too well pleased with the flesh pots of Paris to ever wander so far afield as Java.

It is worth while insisting through another paragraph that this bathing in the brooks is not only a beautiful but a modest performance. There is nothing about it of the grossness of the savage, but everything of the refinement of the civilized. These people have no bathing facilities in their houses but the tradition of cleanliness is with them. They are shy and modest about it through inherited tradition and training. And their rightly developed figures, their well-balanced, well-featured heads are the result of a civilized race development. The Pauans or Maoris may be gross, distorted, over-fat, but not so the Madoerese. There is an inheritance behind them, a remnant of which still persists, though they have lost their political position and are under foreign rule.

These mountain streams where the natives bathe and wash and gossip are not always serene and placid. Sometimes a heavy rain in the near-by mountains will start the streams aboiling. Yesterday evening from my balcony I heard some little screams from women bathing in the small river below me. I looked down to see every one of them scampering up the bank, without waiting to adjust sarongs. Immediately I detected a growing roar and in a minute a wall of water several feet high came around a bend in the stream with a mighty rush. In less than five minutes the water had risen six or eight feet, had changed from coffee color to dark chocolate, and was roaring down the valley, sweeping everything along with it. It ran and roared all night long and only this morning settled back to normal."

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#### BAMBOO

"There are many likenesses between the bamboo and the people that live under its shadow. It is rather emblematic of them. It grows in great families by every brook and river. It droops gracefully over the water, bending with waving fronds and motionless leaves. The royal palm stands as stiff as a post and will not yield though its fronds be torn in strips, but the bamboo bends, rolls in the breeze, undulates like a Pacific wave. It has no power of resistance and, like the native, it bends gracefully."

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"I do not know how to account for the lack of fine flesh coloring with the natives of Djokja other than by saying that they wear too many clothes. Men and women alike wear a black coat or jacket up



to the ears, and a brown sarong almost to the heels. The women are not uncovered down to the waist as the Balinese. Their skin is not a red bronze, but a Chinese yellow with some, and a dark brown with others. Perhaps the lack of sun exposure has brought in its own revenge."

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"If you leave the city streets and drive along the country roads you will see processional lines of people coming and going to market, dressed all alike in dark jackets and blue sarongs—darker even than in the city. Dismal coloring again for the tropics! And too many clothes for a people bent forward under bags, baskets and bundles, under a hot, tropical sun. You grow a bit weary of looking at them. And you begin to wonder about what percentage of the people work and what percentage merely sit in the shade or walk along country roads chewing betel-nut and spitting on the ground. I am told that even their Sultan uses sirih and expectorates into a silver cuspidor. It is a wide-spread custom. And, Heaven save us! many of the pretty little women chew tobacco—fine-cut Java and Sumatra tobaccos—mixed with their sirih."

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#### THE DUTCH

"It is hardly worth while hemming over some minor errors in the Dutch administration of Java and the islands. The fact is that the Netherland East Indies are well managed, better managed than any colonies elsewhere on the map. The American administration of insular possessions may approximate that of the Dutch in efficiency, but it is carried on at a financial loss. The Dutch are indirectly making money out of Java, but they are letting the natives make money, too. Moreover, they are putting back into the country millions in development. They are trying to establish a just and equitable government and a prosperous colony. To that end they are confirming the land rights of the natives, introducing improved methods of irrigation and husbandry, conserving the forests, establishing native schools and universities, building cities, roads and bridges, opening up new transportation routes, and doing a thousand and one things looking to the betterment of town and country. The result is the natives are well fed, well housed and dressed, look happy, seem contented. And Java is a joy to the traveller, the most delightful of all the tropical countries. The Dutch must receive the credit for much of this. Why not say so without reservation?"

And the Dutchman in Java is a very gentlemanly person. He is intelligent, polite, good-natured, thoroughly well-disposed. Of course, in business he charges you a round price and a little more. He may get the odd florin out of you. But is that not true of all business people everywhere? And the Dutchman generally gives you a substantial something in return. The traveller who deals with him only in the matter of hotels, trains and cabs, I am sure has no reason for complaint. And as for hospitality and helpfulness in making your stay here pleasant no one could be more kindly and efficient than the Dutchman. He is a courteous host. Why not say so without reservation?"

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# JAVA THE BEAUTIFUL

"Java is the garden spot of all the tropics. Nothing near it or beyond it is comparable to it in charm and beauty. Even the West Indies, with all the color glory of the cobalt Caribbean, are not so well endowed. Moreover, one cannot easily dissociate a land from a people, and the black people of the West Indies are steeped in poverty and distress. You cannot get away from the thought that the blacks there have not enough to eat, and are really worse off than when in slavery. That grays one's outlook. But Java is well-fed and apparently content. One might even say it is happy, judging from surface appearances. Of course, there are agitators here, as elsewhere, who would change the administration, but they cannot urge either want or misrule as a cause. There never was a paradise but some one thought he could better it.

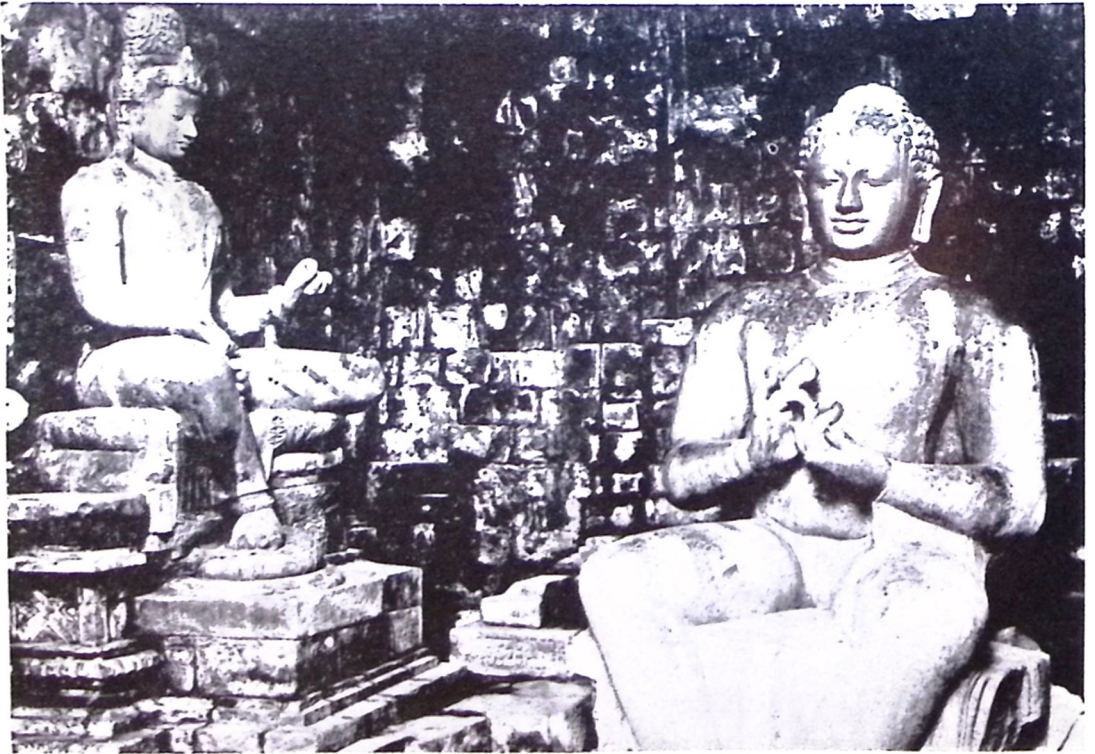
Java was a paradise before Adam and Eve and the Serpent. It remains so to this day, though tenanted by millions of natives and not a few serpents. I am not sure that the millions have not, perhaps unconsciously, beautified their heritage. Their groves of palm, and fields of cane, and terraces of rice are not blemishes but beauty spots on the landscape, and their thatched huts are as much a part of the bamboo grove as the hanging nests of the weaver birds are of a tamarind tree. But quite aside from humanity, the great flat plains, the upland valleys with their rushing rivers, the high mountains belted with forest must always have been beautiful. A tropical sun and a mellow light have always been spreading a golden color. And the luxuriance of life must have been from the beginning. May it always remain! Java is too beautiful to perish."

## CHAPTER 30

### ACROSS SUMATRA

Until we traversed Sumatra from coast to coast by motor car, we had no conception of vast size, infinite resources and natural beauties of Holland's largest possession in East Indies. Now we entertain no doubt as to its being a wonderful country. It savours of the unique and is very much worth while visiting; but it leaves impression on the visitor that it is capable of greater development. We speak only of areas thru which we motored and those close to the line of route.

We found feverish activity in development in vicinity of the Medan to Padang road, by hands of both Dutch and natives. Native planter and agriculturist is one big surprise. We passed through many areas where they planted rubber extensively; but Para rubber was not the only evidence of their newly awakened



Figures in Mendot Temple. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

sense of mineral and agricultural wealth of Sumatra. We know little about Para rubber, and therefore speak as a casual observer, but what we saw of native plantations was instructive. Areas planted were selected most frequently on hilly ground,



One type of village belles fixed for the dance. Sumatra,  
Dutch East Indies.

rows of trees extending in rather a haphazard fashion from road-way to summit of high hills. After seeing Malayan estates, this struck us as peculiar; but there is probably a logical and sound reason for selecting hillsides. However, most permanent impression which we gained of native rubber estates was not that



of site chosen but of untidy and casual manner in which trees were planted. Still more striking was that in few instances did we see an estate weeded. Most frequently, rubber plantations were hopelessly mixed with forest trees, scrub and tall grass. Ma-



Figure at Souhasari Temple. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

jority of estates appeared to be of fairly recent inception, and few trees were aged.

Particularly in hills behind Sibolga was native-grown rubber much to fore, and we passed thru innumerable villages by roadside where presses were at work on latex and where sheets of rubber were hung out to dry. Near Batang Taroe, between Sibolga and Kota Nopan, we noticed a number of well-kept rubber estates which compared favorably with some in Malaya. Vast areas appeared to be under rubber, but here it was planted not by

native but European methods. Contrast between these and native estates in Sibolga area was most marked.

It is not of rubber alone we write, for this is more properly dealt with by an expert. There are other interesting things in

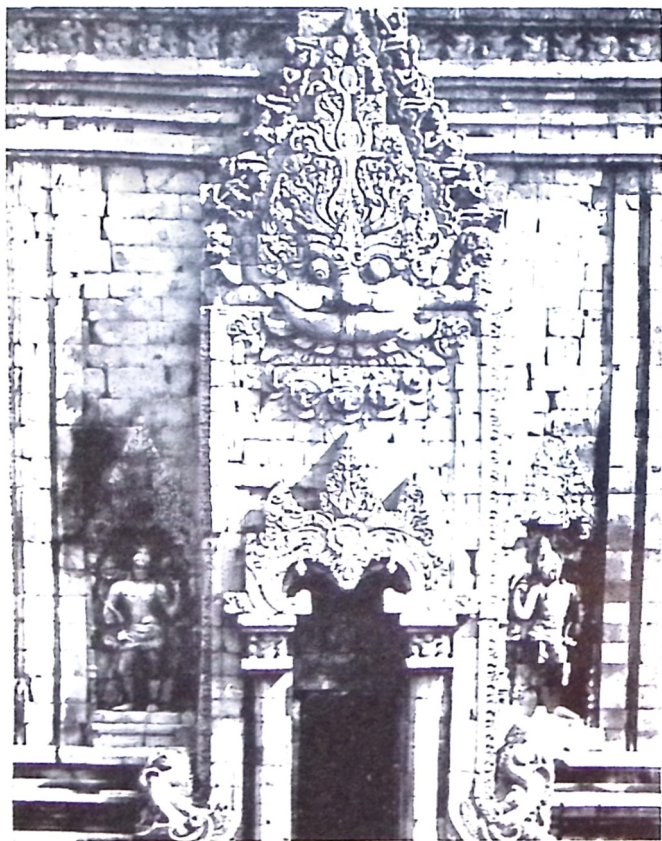


Figure of Buddha. Mendot Temple. Sumatra,  
Dutch East Indies.

Sumatra besides rubber; and time spent in that island was full of continual surprises. Motoring across the island is sufficient to secure a true appreciation of all Sumatra is and can be made. Lack of space forbids our attempting more than a brief sketch of high lights of general picture; but this cameo of Sumatra, as we saw it, may supply many with an incentive to go and see for themselves. We repeat it emphatically—Sumatra is worth visiting.

Island is easily accessible from Malaya—either from Singapore

or Penang. We crossed from Penang to Deli, Medan's fine port. We have not discovered whether port is more correctly called Deli, Belawan or Deli-Belawan. Sea was like a mill-pond, which was fortunate as we voyaged on M.S. Sembilan of 381 tons. We expected an unpleasant trip, yet comforted ourself with reflection



Gorgeous lintil carving of doorway of temple. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

that journey would last less than a day. We found things much more agreeable than we had been led to expect, and the most of that satisfactory state was due to courtesy of Captain Hovijberg.

Medan, capital of Sumatra, is a large town and excellently planned. It is more European in appearance than any other towns seen in our travels. Its roads are wide, clean, well shaded and possess good surfaces; buildings are modern and handsome; private bungalows and mosques are entirely worthy. We were in-



formed that tobacco-growing made Medan; but others said rubber culture, as well as tea-growing, had played a major role in prosperity of Medan. The De Boer Hotel was a surprise, and a pleasant one. It was best hotel we saw during our journey thru



Badly weather-beaten outdoors figure of Buddha.  
Mendat Temple. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

Sumatra, and compared favorably with any large hotel in east. At Medan also are palace of Sultan of Deli and residence of Governor—former a much more palatial affair than latter. Unpretentious character of Governors' and Residents' houses thru-out Dutch East Indies is rather striking.

Leaving Medan we went to Brastagi, health resort in hills



overlooking beautiful Plateau of Karo. Huge areas filled by tobacco, tea and oil-palm estates were a revelation. Sumatra tobacco is not without fame on world's markets, and to see it grown around Medan brings home realization why it is so much appreciated.

Road from Medan to Brastagi is of interest. There had been a serious landslide up in hills and rumor had it that road was



Brastagi Hotel. Back in the mountainous country. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

blocked for traffic. Being adventurous and determined to complete our trip across Sumatra, we took a chance on getting thru. Dame Fortune smiled, and we managed to creep thru huge boulders that littered road. After passing Arnhemia, we began to climb up into mountains thru pretty country and good tea estates. Road afforded many gorgeous views of the valley, but threatening rain clouds hid the blue waters of the Straits of Malacca. The view at a point some distance from Medan, at an altitude of 4100 feet, was one to remember thru life.

Acquaintance with Brastagi was brief. We could only spend night there, and so lost much that was worth while. Grand Hotel could not be bettered, its situation is ideal. Sulphur crater of

Sibajak behind it, and view of Karo Plateau and green lawns in front, make a wonderfully effective setting. Situated at 4800 feet above sea, climate is cool and bracing; and, as it is only 60 miles from Medan it is growing in favor as a health resort. For comfort and excellent food, this hotel would be difficult to exceed. Above all was impressed—indeed this is equally true of all Sumatra's



On hi-ways are frequently found travelling show actors. This is one with fictitious characters. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

hotels and rest-houses—by excellent sanitary arrangements, which are universally modern. Running water in bathrooms and bedrooms is a usual feature at hotels; water sanitation is an invariable rule in both hotel and *pasanggrahan* (rest-house).

Near Brastagi we made first acquaintance with Batak type of house and Batak people; but of these interesting savages more later. We saw a good deal of their villages and habits. Our memory of Brastagi, however, was of the sunset. It was simply gorgeous. Sky was painted blood-red, flecked here and there with patches of tender blue, dove-grey, jade green and white. Almost

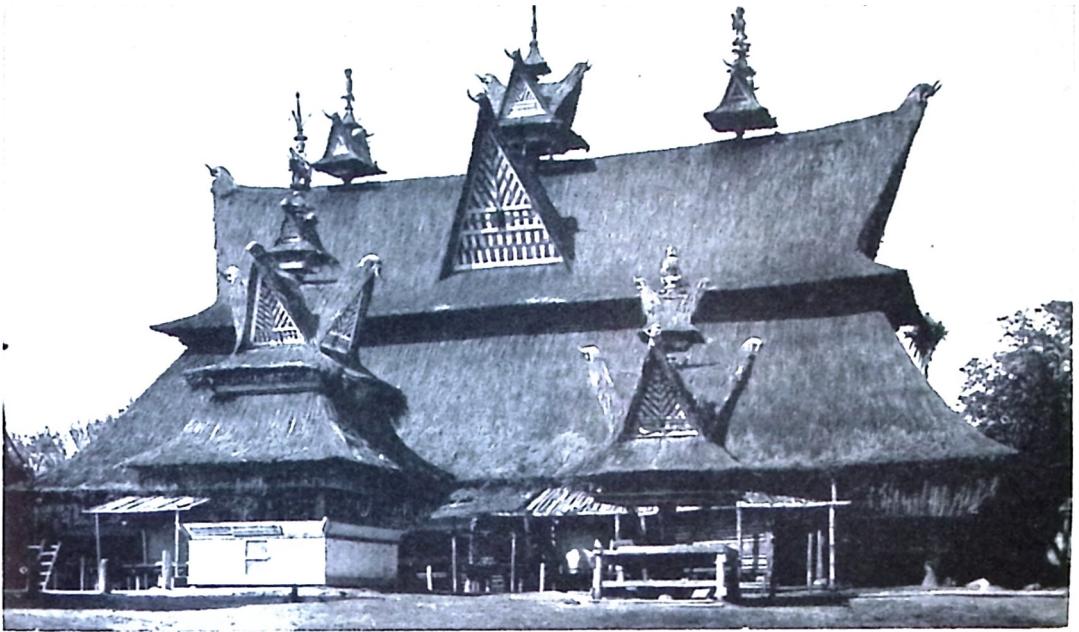


as suddenly as it had come, it faded. Sulphurous fumes arising from Sibajak's crater were momentarily red, giving a good imitation of a furnace. That sunset was a thing of beauty to dream about!



The evil one frequently appears in road shows. Note long fingernails, etc. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

Journey across Karo Plateau was thru a dull, uninteresting and little developed country. Road winds hither and thither, ever climbing upwards. There appeared little water about, and soil looked poor and unfruitful. But about Kabandjahe, and onwards to Sariboe Dolok, there were occasional patches of cultivated areas and some tea estates. One of latter was fine estate. In patches there were rubber, padi and Indian corn; but mostly



Community meeting house. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.



Village street, flanked by homes on both sides. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.



wooded and virgin jungle-grass. Natives seen hereabouts reminded us forcibly of those interesting and fascinating tribes of southern and northern Shan States of Burma, dressing like them, resembling them closely in features. We dipped downwards towards Pematang Siantar, terminal of railway from Medan. It is center of great tea-growing activity. It is a prosperous looking township, and blessed with well laid roads and good build-



Another village street scene. Batak people. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

ings. We enjoyed excellent lunch at local hotel, which was clean and provided with modern sanitation; we lay great stress on this latter fact because it was totally unexpected in Sumatra.

From Pematang Siantar road leads first past rubber estates, many with aged trees and young ones coming on, and gradually ascends to ridge of hills which surround beautiful Lake Toba. Suddenly vision of a limpid blue sheet of water, surrounded on all sides by green and brown hills, thrust itself. Up to that moment attention had been concentrated upon wonderful feat of engineering that road entailed and on marvellous expertness of the chauffeur. Many a time, as he raced around sharp bends

in road without sounding his "tooter," avoiding collision with a Government motorbus by a few inches, our hair stood on end under the topi. We quickly came to repose utmost confidence in his ability to give thrills and avoid disaster.

First view of that lovely inland lake in Sumatra was entrancing; and the more we came to see of it—at Parapat, Balige and



A Batik village. Chief's House. Parapat,  
Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

elsewhere along route—the more we grew to love its tranquility and perfection. It is hedged all round with gaunt hills; its waters are serene and always deep blue. In olden times this lake was considered by natives to be holy and many explorers were either fated to lose lives when in sight of it or else to be turned back without reaching it. Native superstition today appears defunct. It is well it is so, for there are few more beautiful lakes in the

world. Its length is about 60 miles, and total area roughly 25 square miles; and in places its depth is said to be 1500 feet. When viewed from hills it gives impression of a huge crater half-filled with water. This lake is probably of volcanic origin.

Road into Parapat, where hotel is excellently sited on narrow and high peninsula jutting into lake, is marvellous. It winds



Many highland homes are built high up on stilts to protect from wild animals. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

round ridge of hills, passing over many fine bridges and thru a short tunnel. Dutch road engineers delight in making sharp turns in road and in allowing little space for two cars to negotiate; they also appear to rejoice in making approaches to bridges at right angles. But they are fine road builders.

Parapat Hotel maintains a fine bathing beach and other attractions. That evening a sudden breeze whipped placid waters of



lake into short, angry, spray-flecked waves. There was also a fine sunset over lake, but nothing so spectacular as that witnessed at Brastagi.

From Parapat to Balige, also on shores of Lake Toba, road goes via Porsea and Loemban Djoeloe. Whole section is a wonderful feat of engineering, but surface appeared to be neglected. We



Another home built high off the ground.  
Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

noticed this fact several times in the eastern portions of Sumatra, altho in western area improvement was discernible.

There was a most interesting native bazaar in progress at Lagoeboeti, and here we first rubbed shoulders with the Bataks. They are a wild and savage looking people, majority of women going about with no covering above waists; but Nature has not endowed them with many physical charms. The Bataks are an



industrious and prolific race. Nearly every woman we passed on road either carried or led by hand a child; often there were children of varying ages. Mostly sawahs were on hillsides, and terraces of flooded rice-fields were very picturesque and interesting.



Yes, they, too, sometimes dress up—i.e., put on clothes, especially when they take an off day and go to the lake shore. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

Before reaching Balige we enjoyed a fine view of Lake Toba and some of its many islands; waters of lake were deep blue and unruffled. As we entered Balige driver of car halted to show a sight that memory can never efface. Its nauseating recollection will leave a bad memory for it was so cruel and revolting. The Bataks favour dog-flesh as a diet, meat of a dog costing three times as much as that of any other animal. They put them to death in a terribly cruel manner—so revolting it makes us sick even now to think of it. It is unnecessary to go into details; but we are glad that Dutch Government is doing its utmost to put down this disgraceful custom.

We spent some time at Balige in studying Bataks and villages. They are farmers and breeders of cattle and pigs. Architecture

of their houses is quaint and peculiarly their own. Shape is unique, and many are finely carved and painted. Bataks enter houses thru a hole under floor. There are no doors; but there are windows. Burial customs are original. They place bodies in a tomb built above ground; rich have handsome stone or brick



This little piggie went to market, and this is the way he went. Lake Toba from Parapat. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

mausoleums, but poor have to be content with somewhat drab affairs of mud and thatch. As a race these people are dirty and primitive; and they are quarrelsome. Each village is surrounded by a protective wall and built within a glen of bamboo trees.

It is stated there are a half million Bataks in Sumatra, and of these about a quarter are Mohammedans. Remainder are either animistic or Christians. Innumerable quaint-looking German mission churches dot interesting lands, but Christianity is not very sincere. Saturated with superstition, religious beliefs are warped. But our greatest impression of Bataks, apart from disgust at their dog-killing proclivities, is the graceful architecture of rustic houses. One of best villages is that of Djandji Maria, between Balige and Parapat.



Journey from Balige to Sibolga—and indeed all way so far—had been blessed by fine weather. From Sibolga to Kota Nopan a merciless tropical downpour did much to mar beauty of scenery and dampen our enthusiasm. It rained and rained; we raced thru it regardless of a soaking. It was interesting to see manner in which Dutch had identified villages, for each had its name



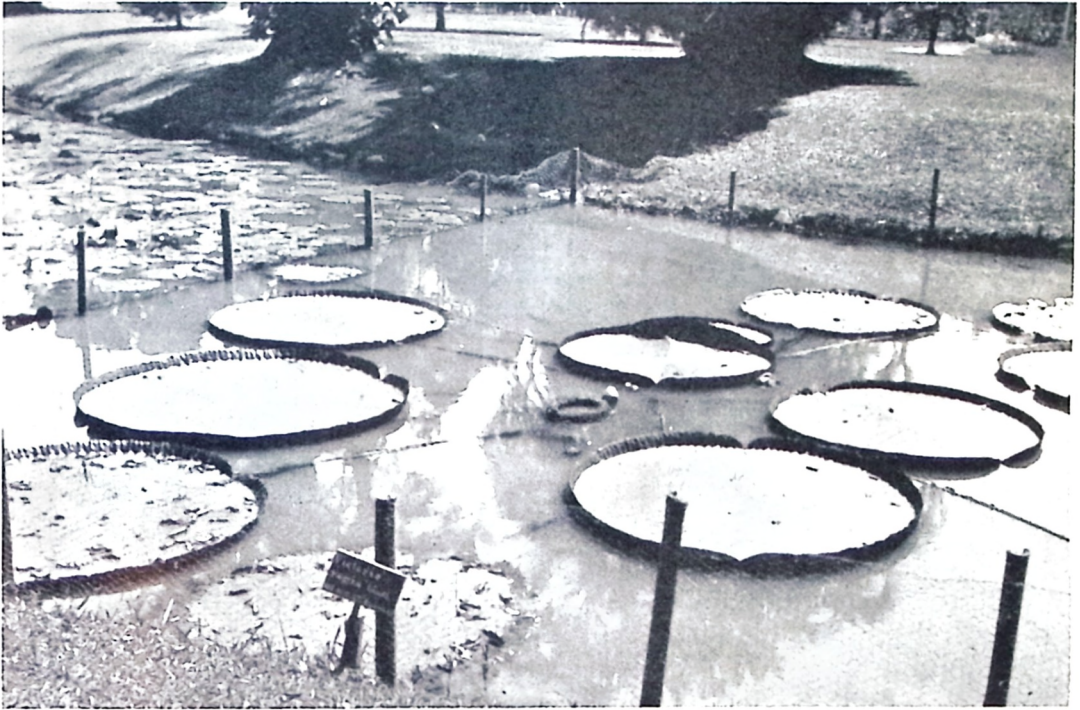
On swell occasions, big shin-digs, they all put on dress clothes—lots of them. This could have been a wedding. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

painted on a board slung across road on wire. At dusk we began to climb Kloof Pintoe Angin, and finally reached Government pasanggrahan at Kota Nopan after dinner hour.

Early next morning we started for Fort de Kock, by way of Bondjol and Si Pisang. There were fine views en route, especially river scenery about Rau and Loeboek Sikaping. It was mountainous and twisting road; and, as weather was kind, it was enjoyable. We were now in heart of famous Padang Highlands and among Menangkabau people. Latter people preserve in pure form rare and remarkable institution of matriarchate, or maternal relationship. On every hand one finds evidence of its existence, especially in form of architecture employed in houses. It is a

very old and unique institution, and one which only few tribes in world use. Fort de Kock offers many interests but none so fascinating as a closer acquaintance with these happy but proud people.

The markets or passars at Fort de Kock and Pajacombo, which take place two or three times a week, are a sight traveller in



Lily leaves, large enuf to support a good sized child.  
Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

east should see. They are attended by thousands of natives of different tribes and present a kaleidoscopic cross-section picture of native life and customs; so that as much may be observed here in a week, living in good modern hotels, as could be seen elsewhere in months of study, living under primitive native conditions.

There are waterfalls in many parts of the world, but there is something about a tropical waterfall that cannot be duplicated in any other region.

Perhaps it is marvellous warmth of coloration, iridescent blending of a thousand rainbows in upflung spray and mist under





A small village open-air market. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.



Haraukloof with Waterfall. Padang Highlands. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

impulse of fierce tropical sun-light; perhaps it is beauty of setting amid tropical foliage casting deep green shadows broken by flickering patches of brilliant light and uncountable shades of green and gold and brown in leaves, trunks, branches and stems of tangled growth; perhaps it is rich colors of rocks over which



Nowhere else will one find such ornamental houses as in Sumatra,  
Dutch East Indies.

rivers plunge; perhaps it is nothing but inherent romance and mysticism of Orient—an undefinable heritage of the East—but fact remains, effect produced on an artistic person by a Sumatra waterfall is unlike that produced by one of any other land.

When you get away over to this other side of the world, and especially down here in Dutch East Indies, you see “whites,” but whites here are Dutch. Occasionally you hear somebody talking “American” (“American” is different than “English”). You turn around, look to see where voices come from and sooner or later, make it a point to cotton up and make acquaintance. Americans always welcome Americans over here, for they are few and far between.



There are no houses in the world like Minangkabau houses on Padang highlands, with fantastic roof-horns and peculiar out-flung balcony-porches. There is a faint suggestion of Elizabethan style in timbering them, enhanced, perhaps, by thatched roofs. But walls are made either of finely woven bamboo, or of most elaborately carved and painted woodwork. Surely no Flo-



Batal Adat—assembly house. Padang Highlands. Even this is built high. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

rentine artist in filagree-work in days of Lorenzo or Cellini could have conceived more florid ornamentation, more intricate design or more wonderful contrasts of color than these Minangkabau house-builders. For all this, "gingerbred work" seems in some way to blend perfectly with picture and never offends eye.

The Minangkabaus are a race of Nature's artists. Clothing of women is most beautiful in Sumatra. It is a lavish riot of vivid color and exquisite harmony of line and draping and is set off admirably by most perfect figures of wearers, attained by carrying heavy baskets of produce on heads from early childhood. All this, too, baffles description, and must be seen to be appreciated.

In crossing from Batavia, Java, to Padang, Sumatra, we go

from north side of Java to south side of Sumatra. We run directly into monsoon rains, winds and storms. Rains here are veritable cloudbursts, day after day, usually in afternoon or night, lasting for hours; nothing seems immune from getting wet inside and outside.



Many of the better homes are highly ornamental and inlaid with varied woods. Padang Highlands. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

Naturally, jumping from known land of Java to unknown land of Sumatra, even governed by same country of Holland, we wonder whether what we came for is to be a repetition of what we have already seen.

On board, crossing over, are three girls, two of about 16 years and other about 12. We, of course, know nothing of their history, but we studied them, pieced together what we believe their lives to be. Their fathers were Dutch settlers here. They



came alone, under contract, to open up and manage farms, plantations, of this or that kind. They came to Sumatra to work their salvation, alone, for profits of wealthy investors. Being alone, for months or years, they met better looking types of native girl who loves love as she loves to be loved. Some of these girls are



An inland canal. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

not half bad to look upon or to be imagined as lovers to even white men. This means sooner or later the men went native. These girls are net product. Being half white, they are not black like mothers, who, presumably, were not all black or fathers could not have taken a liking to them. Given a father all white, a mother of tan, and you get a girl that is fair to look upon. Having strong strain of white in them, parents more than likely sent them to white Dutch school for girls in Java, getting white girl's education. These girls are Eurasians—that was evident. They



Any unexpected place or time, these road shows appear. For a few coppers they set up show and act their dances. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.



The female dress of the South Pacific is simple. Usually a one-piece sarong, panung, is wrapped around the waist. Sumatra. Dutch East Indies.



were genteel and refined, which was evidenced by manners. They had that polish and finish that boarding schools give girls. They had dress of modern white girl. They are now, December 20th, 1930, returning "home" to Sumatra for Christmas holidays; for remember Dutch believe in Christ-mass, same as other white people north of equator. Yes, returning "home," but to what



"Taxi, Mister?" Here they are, at their stalls, ready and waiting. Or should we call it "The Pony Express"? Brastagi, Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

else are they returning! Native mother, native huts, native customs. No wonder they sit and ponder; strained expressions on faces. It would have been better had they stayed at "home" and never learned white man's ways than be compelled to return to black people with their customs. What a conflict will exist in their lives! A white girl's heart, white girl's education, white girl's desires in black people's country. It will be impossible to fit one into other. Fathers went native. Can girls go white under same circumstances? It will be hard to fit one into other. Such is but one of tragedies of by-plays of tropics and how it plays hob with human heart-strings, north against south.

We finally arrive at Padang.

## PADANG AND PADANG HIGHLANDS

Emmahaven is a port built towards the end of the 19th century, work taking five years, to provide a convenient outlet for coal produced in government coal-mine, called Oembilin Coal Mines, situated in Padang Highlands. Harbor is well protected



*Left:* How quiet, how peaceful, how simple a life these people live. But, they have their family and neighborhood quarrels, scraps and jealousies also. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies. *Right:* Who is this chap? Is it a tombstone, an effigy, a Buddha? Along side of a temple, it could be any one. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

from waves by breakwaters, and its water is deep enough to let a steamer of 25 ft. draught lie alongside its wharf. Difference in depth between full tide and ebb tide does not exceed one foot. It is connected with mine by railway, by which coal is carried to wharf and there loaded into boats.

One of the most attractive places in Sumatra for the general tourist is Padang Highlands, the scenery of which is wholly different from that of other tropical countries.



The population of Padang is 90,000, of which 2,000 are Europeans. This city is not large, its houses are plain, different in appearance from those of cities of Java. They have high floors, and roofs are thatched with palm-leaves and turned upward at edges. They are surrounded mostly by gardens or by tree-hedges. Even European houses are built of wood.

*Mt. Merapi* is constantly emitting smoke. It may erupt any time, so visitors should consult with experienced observers as to probability of danger, and, if one happens to hear any unusual sound on the way, it will be wiser to give up attempt to climb it.

Two roads lead to this mountain, one from Padang Pandjang, and other from Fort de Kock, both passing thru Soengai Poear. Visitors should notify Laras Chief of Soengai Poear of their needs in matter of a guide, coolie, provisions, lodging place, other preparations. After proceeding for six miles, we came to the house of the native chief. Leaving there about three o'clock in afternoon, we began ascent of mountain on horseback, travelling thru thick forests. By evening we reached a watchman's hut, where we put up for night. Next morning, about five o'clock, we started to



"It Is As Simple As That." Wash your clothes in the river. Go fishin' off a log. Clothes? Where? Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

climb. In two hours summit was reached. Early morning hours are recommended for this trip, because later in day thick clouds may envelop mountain and make trip impossible, or at any rate deprive it of its interest. View from summit is superb—sea, Lake Singkarak, and Mts. Korintji and Tanah Datar can be seen at one glance.

Thruout the entire Netherlands East Indies, they have established one or more pawn shops in each city, according to size. There native can pawn anything of value, including gold, silver ornaments, native batik cloths, etc. Government places a fair and just valuation upon it. It is now in hock and can remain there as long as a fair interest (which is nominal) is paid regularly. If such should fail, it can be bought by anybody willing to pay price, plus interest remaining unpaid. Chinese are big buyers of unpaid pawned articles. Gradually, wealth here is passing into hands of Chinese and East Indians. In this way Government prevents usurers from preying upon innocence of these ignorant people and helps them raise money when



The cities of the Dutch East Indies, like the homes in Holland, are clean, almost immaculate. Labor is cheap and plentiful. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.





Missigit at Sarik, Padang Highlands with Mount Merapi in the background to the left. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

they most need it, also helps them redeem wealth when crops come in and they have money with which to buy back valuables.

As stated Fort de Kock is an interesting place. We were getting ready to leave when we learned of a wash-out of a river bed as result of a torrential rain two days before. This delayed us another day. Next morning we were told the road was open and we could go. We arrived at wash-out, only to find that during night another big chunk of road had gone in and there was no way to get across. There was only one road and this was it. We could not back up and go around for there was no other road, not even a railroad here in these mountains. We were stalled at barrier. Dozens of automobiles were on each side of wash-out. As result, we spent one night under equator, in Sumatra, in pasanggrahan, or government rest-house, surrounded by jungle of Highlands, with all creeping and crawling things, noises of wild jungle animals, etc. It was one all-night's thrill. Calls and shrieks all night, for Sumatra has everything but elephant and hippo. It was a joint noise of all that creeps, crawls, scratches, walks or flies. Close by was a native dance, weird with music and rhythm. We had read about one of these nights in a tropical jungle. We now have sensed it all.



Small but picturesque massigit, Padang Highlands. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.



Here's another road show. Sham fighting—Galled-Main Silek. Padang Highlands. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.



Next morning we started again to see if we could get across. It was impossible. We were faced with a tie-up that would upset entire balance of our trip. We could do one of two things: back up to Padang, go around island by boat and come up to Singapore and lose a week's time, or **WE COULD CROSS THAT WASHED**



*Left: When these women get thru slapping, pounding and pummeling your clothes, there isn't much left. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies. Right: Walk to the creek as is, dip up the water, and the bath is over. Life is simple in Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.*

**OUT ROAD AND GO ON SCHEDULE**, one day late. We decided we **WOULD GO ON**. We hired a bus on other side of wash-out, hired coolies to transport luggage across.

Behind us were two French travellers who had no guide, who could not speak a word of native tongue. They were in predicament, worse than we. We **HAD** a guide who was boss. They had none. We could be understood as to what we wanted to do; they could not. We took pity on them; our guide stepped in and saw

they, too, got across. The four of us now, in a bus, trooped all way down to Sibolga, 200 kilometers ahead. Altho tragical in extreme, we laughed and made light of it. True to French custom, we learned to like them because they talked frankly about people and the ways of people. We exchanged ideas about Bali and Java.



The caraboa is the beast of burden. Indispensable in rice paddies. The boy pulls, daddy pushes. What's the hurry? Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

We arrived at Sibolga late in afternoon, about 36 hours behind schedule. We had no automobile to go on with. Neither did these French people. Our guide resurrected three old dilapidated cars to carry us on. They were to report, ready to go next morning at six. Much to our delight our own cars showed up at three that morning; both ours and car belonging to French people. Upon inquiry we found these two chauffeurs of ours got heads together and decided to come across that wash-out, even tho they lost cars in mad whirling stream. They hired 100 coolies who picked up that seven passenger Graham Paige of ours and carried it across. That native boy was proud when he brot car



up for our inspection, for we had said good-bye to him, telling him it was impossible for him to get thru. Evidently there is no "impossible" for these boys. Anyway, we were as glad as he was.

As we sat that night on porch of the hotel at Sibolga it dawned on us that people who live in civilization and especially all who live in United States, who have everything at finger tips, such



Another hotel back in the hills of Sumatra. Hotel Rietema-Sibolga.  
Dutch East Indies.

as world which comes into our homes with turn of a radio dial, have no conception how isolated whites are over here, where a town is thousands of miles from any newspaper; no radio station to tune in at will; where there are two to ten white families in town, all of whom are stationed under contract for from five to ten years; where there may be a small club where they drink, play tennis and have one billiard table for recreation. It was interesting, under such conditions, to hear, here and there, a Victrola playing records, playing over and over again, always welcome, yet we finally grew weary of hearing same old tunes. However, it gives a moment of jazz; it adds a touch of spizz. It's a lonely life to be tied up for five or ten years.

As we sit in "rotunda" of this hotel in Sibolga, with open air

dining room behind us, there are hundreds of frogs actively hopping about on floor under our feet, eating other living, crawling things that move about on floor. Overhead are hundreds of chee-char lizards crawling about on ceiling and side-walls, eating other living things that crawl; and not fifty feet from us are



Let's go on a picnic. Grandpa and Grandma, and even the grandchild. The weather is ideal. Why not? Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

snakes galore, waiting for frogs to come out there. Life is just one damn thing after another.

Running all over Sumatra, as we have been and are, we have become convinced this seemingly little island is almost a continent; mountainous in southern portion; flat in northern portion. Its one great staple product is rice, plus much tobacco that grows in trees as high as thirty feet. Native of Sumatra is as different from the native of Java as Java is different from Bali. We know no countries that lie as close as these, under one common government, where tribes are so different in every respect. Here Batak people are wild, savage, vicious in nature. It was but 100 years ago these people were cannibals; even yet they kill



their old and eat them—not in close-in villages but back up in hills, some of which we were in.

Everywhere we are met with smiles notwithstanding we feel it isn't safe to go too far into their villages. Taking motion pictures is a dangerous business. To point anything at anybody or anything direct is to cast an evil spell upon people or village. They



Different tribes, different customs, different dress or head-gear. Weaving back up in the hills. Batak people. Brastagi, Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

resent such. In spite of fact that we are advised NOT to take pictures, we do. We suppose between us we succeeded in getting 100 feet, several times at immediate danger of poisoned arrows from a blow-pipe in some hidden place. We take pictures in spite of this; luckily we have two telescopic lenses so we can stay our distance yet bring them in close. We were threatened in several instances; we plead ignorance of what they said; we offered money but this meant nothing to them. We took about 100 feet. One shot was taken in their market where a group was fighting over dog-meat.

Natives are always natives but natives are not always alike. Balinese can be compared to our southern negro; simple, child-like, kind, crooning lullabies, etc. Javanese are like our North

American Indians; war-like upon provocation, sturdy, well-built, husky, etc. But Batak of Sumatra is like neither; he is a savage; ready to war at all times; cannibal by nature; head-hunter for cause, including his neighbors; prefers fighting to eating; where deeds make him the envy of all.



Houses are usually built upstairs. Ladders which can be drawn up are usual. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

Balinese village has a wall around it for protection against invasion. Batak has a wall around his family-village for purposes of attack. Today they still have primitive fighting clans. Balinese, child-like, smile; Javanese, innocent-like, sober; Batak, war-like, scowl.

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Ideas we jotted down that belong to the various places we were in and have described but here they are:



At the Grand Hotel, Brastagi, Sumatra, linen napkin holders were provided at end of meal. On cover was slipped in a piece of cardboard on which to write name. In this pocket, at end of meal, napkin is placed. Thus no native hand touches napkin; we get same napkin back each meal. We recommended the idea where a napkin is to be used more than one meal.



Kids will be kids the world over. This is another way of giving the child a bath. Batak people. Brastagi, Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

Children were cute little ones, and with only a gee string for attire or bright little sarongs and turbans, they made a colorful sight. Beautiful baskets are woven by Batak tribes—one wants to bring home a sample of all their kind—they resemble our Mexican baskets very much only a somewhat varied pattern.

Everywhere we stopped by the roadside we were offered pea-

nuts—bushels of them laid out over ground in dust—or a drink of their “soda water” a bright red sickening looking drink, and warm. We did not avail ourselves of much of this so called “refreshing beverage.” We noticed mouths of all Bataks were so ugly. Aside from scowling look they seem to always carry with



Women will be women the world over. The 4 o'clock weaving party. The compound gossip. You tell me and I'll tell you. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

them, we found much of this expression was due to filing their teeth. Practically all of Bataks file their teeth upon reaching maturity.

Most of them are filed or rather chipped off close to gums and with a chisel and a mallet. We saw many of these Sumatran “dentists” working, almost anywhere along roadside or at bazaars. We asked WHY they do this—that is filing teeth. Our man Simon said, “It is to make their eyes more beautiful.” To add to this teeth filing process they chew betel nut which turns lips a blood red and at same time produces a swelling of lips. As we said, dentist uses a mallet, chisel, file and small saw for his implements, and it is a painful procedure for we could see



agonizing look on part of victim enduring this. They charge only a few cents for this—shall we say duty?

It was interesting to eat gold fish—yes that is what we did. They catch beautiful golden carp from lakes, some very large, especially from Lake Toba, and they are good too. We must tell you how they go fishing. Native fishermen go out in small craft or canoes strung together by long lines from which dangle large



If you like fruits, Sumatra, Java and down this neck o' the woods is the place to live. All kinds, plenty of it, cheap. Sumatra. Dutch East Indies.

white leaves. Waving shadows frighten fish toward lotus spangled shadows near shore and into matting nets hung on circles of stakes.

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Head gear of women is different from that of women in Java. Here in Sumatra turban is worn; a batik woven in all kinds of geometrical designs and peculiarly folded, wads and wads of it, and it looks more like a folded huge pillow on the head. But do not think for one moment there is no color in their clothing—it is a riot of color; bright purples for sarong, blazing yellow for blouse when they wear any covering above waist, in cool

weather; and with this arrangement they will wear perhaps a huge brilliant red scarf tossed carelessly over one shoulder and let the rest of it dangle down the back, sometimes sweeping the ground.

And we must tell you of their EARRINGS—they are huge affairs, solid silver and arranged so differently from other natives



Left: One piece skirt, a throw over the shoulder "for decency's sake." That's all, there is no more. What more does one need? Sumatra, Dutch East Indies. Right: Let's have a style show. Look over our latest style—which has been the same for centuries.

we have seen—they are arranged in large circular forms—heavy and about the size of an ordinary bracelet, thick curled edges and one circular ring fitting on each side of the ear. They adjust them to rest against this huge pillow-like affair they wear as a turban.

A drink down in Sumatra that is intoxicating is made of fried coffee leaves soaked in lemon. It is to the Sumatran what the saki is to Japan.





Left: For purposes of the picture, the sarong was pulled up. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies. Right: Typical roof structures of the better class in Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.



A typical highlands home. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.



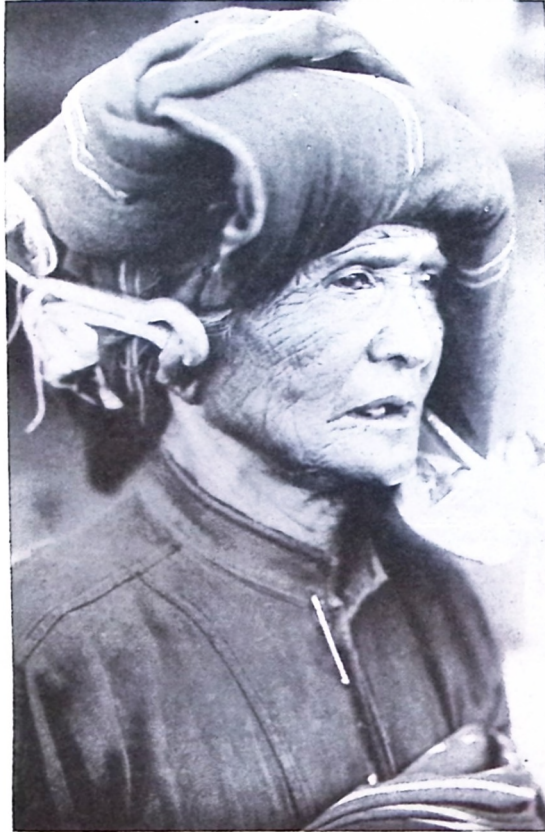


And a good time was had by all. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.



House of a big family. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

It was not unusual to see men, women and children going about eating a long red finger-like thing. We inquired what it was and they said something we could not understand but one little fellow said—"It's goody"—so we bought some of these



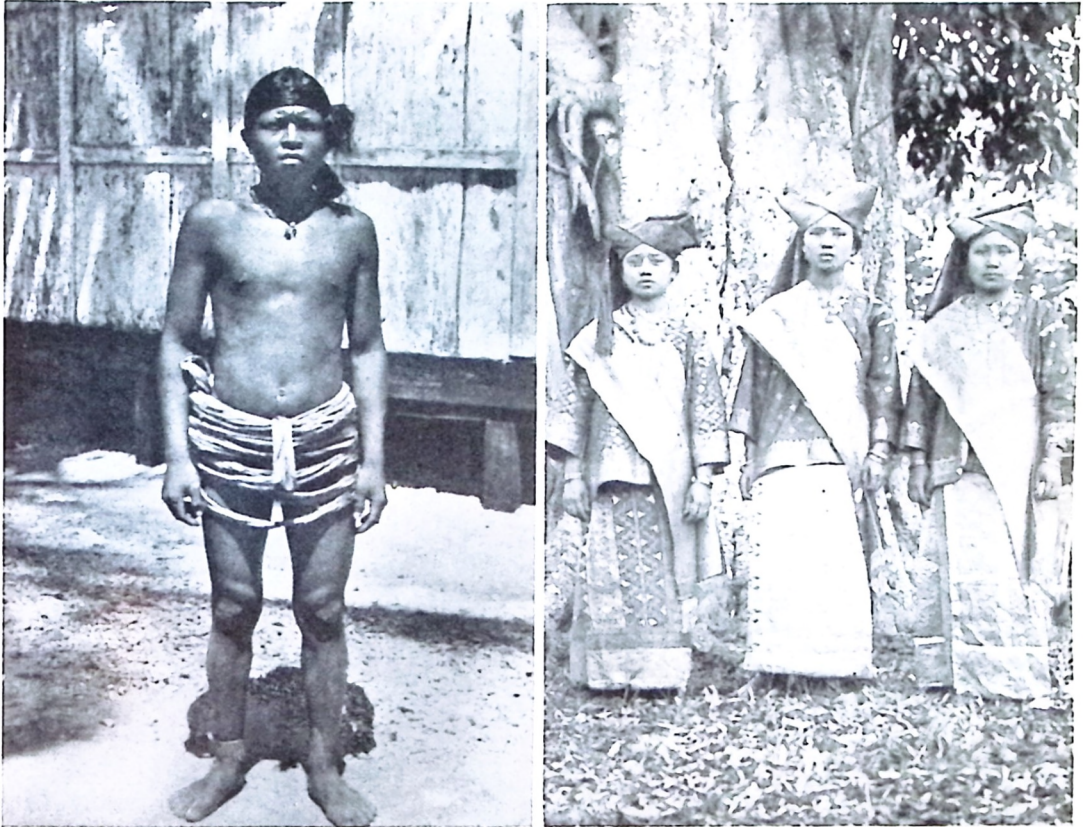
We have occasionally mentioned phallic worship of the natives of the entire South Pacific native peoples. Do you see anything here which might suggest such? Note those heavy silver earrings, weighing two pounds, pure silver. They are made in the likeness of the male phallus and appendages. Worn to make the woman fertile. One on each ear. The author has a pair in his phallic collection. Sumatra, Java, etc. Dutch East Indies.

goodies and took a taste and never have we come so near burning our mouth out—it was the hottest of red peppers and how they could so coolly and nonchalantly go about enjoying this bit of hot stuff is more than we can say—But we tried everything



eatable. Sometimes we found it delicious and other times a new tasting article that one could soon learn to like we presume.

We forgot to say when talking about the houses which are gabled and very ornate with horned heads decorating the roofs that this



*Left: What a simple life. Should we? Mentawai man—and all dressed up at that. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies. Right: All dressed up and no place to go. Holiday attire. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.*

indicated the number of animals slaughtered when the building was completed. We learned an old legend about the victory of the buffalo, the champion over the tiger, chosen fighter of the Javanese, in a battle to settle the supremacy between the two people.

We recall a type, an old villager carrying a high staff with the typical Batak horse and rider carved on it and with the top stuffed with tall feathers, stopped before us and when we offered him a tip if he would let us take some pictures, he sniffed and went on. Altho the children were the easiest to film yet they



too were often saucy, but when we would let them look into the kodak and see what was in front of them they would squeal and all would line up—then they would expect us to deliver at once what we saw. But really one needed the Kodacolor kodak to get the brilliant coloring that we were taking. Sumatra is a



*Left:* What funny hats. That's what we say. They do, too, when they see us. *Right:* Now where do you suppose all this folderol came from? Must have been some Anglois people who gave something away. Below native, above no. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

very colorful ribbon on the equator and offers attractions that are unequalled even in the tropics whatever may be one's tastes.

And here we say goodbye to Sumatra and its manifold wonders. Our first visit to the Dutch East Indies had made a favorable impression on our minds and we could not help regretting leaving this colorful island. Sumatra is just beginning to find its feet and in the coming years will prove to be one of Holland's richest possessions.

## CHAPTER 31

### ENROUTE TO MALAYA

#### WHERE GOES U. S. GOLD?

A few years ago, gold was the common currency in California. Now it is seldom seen. There was a time when we could go to our banks and get gold, providing we had equal value in currency. But today? Try and get it! Have often wondered where it went. Since being in Bali, Java and Sumatra, we know. If United States Mint wants to know where its \$5, \$10 and \$20 gold pieces have gone, they should come here where they will find hundreds of thousands of them. We have a suspicion some enterprising Yankee, years ago, when gold was plentiful and easy to get, bought it, brot it over here, exchanging it for goods. Quantity of it suggests he must have made many trips, bringing more with him each time as profits rolled up on his transactions. No matter where we went, almost every woman had all her wealth tied up in American gold pieces. Average woman would have not



The necklace on each person is the family's wealth. Old-fashioned dresses of the Padang Highlanders. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.



less than two \$20 gold pieces and up to as many as eight \$20 pieces and from ten to twenty \$5 pieces, done in necklaces, wristlets, etc. They convert earnings into wealth by buying gold pieces (always American) and making them into ornaments



Note the necklace around the boy's neck. Those are American gold coins. All the family wealth is there. Sumatra, Dutch East Indies.

which they always wear on their person, for there they are sacred and subject to the touch of no man. They know it is always safe there whereas banks might fail or it could be stolen from homes. Government pawn shops have hundreds of thousands of pieces in hock, here and there. Stores and shops that sell gold pieces have them made into ornaments. Peculiarly, no other country's gold is seen or found either on their persons or in pawn shops or sales shops. If Uncle Sam wants to get much of his gold back, he should come here.



Working down out of the hills, we finally come into Medan, a coast town and a port of embarkation on the north coast for Penang across the straits, as well as for Singapore on the south. We leave Belawan Deli for Penang. While at the port, awaiting sailing, aboard our little tub Tohiti, we noticed a mob of natives down to see friends off on Poltheus which was sailing for Ceylon, Aden and Arabia. Women came down to see Mohammedan husbands off on a pilgrimage to Mecca. We saw ten women, none of whom had on less than four \$20 American gold pieces, plus at least ten \$5 pieces in bracelets. This was \$180 per person, or \$1800 for ten women. American gold! There were over four hundred women. We roughly estimate that in that one small group, in one town, on one island, there was over \$100,000 in American gold. What are we going to do about it? Nothing!

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We left on our little K.P.M. boat, less than 1,000 tons, and crossed Malacca Straits and now here we are in Penang, Malaya Straits Settlement, soon to be on our way to Bangkok, Siam. This entire trip was made for two objectives—first, to visit Chiropractic friends in New Zealand and Australia; and, second, to go to see and photograph the old Khmer ruins of Angkor-Wat. That's another story told later.

Meanwhile, we have been from here on before, thru this country and Siam. We have written them in 'ROUND THE WORLD WITH B.J. Probabilities are we shall now stand by, cover ground, write little which would be a repetition, and then concentrate on one objective—Angkor.

Christmas Eve we spent at Medan, Sumatra. Christmas Day we spent en route to Penang. Arriving Penang, day after Christmas, we were flooded with cables and mail. Many were private.

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You will recall, in our story of Java, telling you about mountain that we saw out of Djokja, from which lava was flowing. (Even as we write this, we refer back because "copy" is sent home from prominent ports, so we have nothing with us now to know just where that story comes in. Java section went home from Batavia. ) You will recall local people stated it was a rare occasion to even see this mountain, much less fotograf it. We told them it was running a big, strong stream of lava down mountain side and then had pleasure of taking motion pictures of it, even with telefoto lens; these films were later processed in Weltevreden and they were excellent. We took the picture,

talked about condition of mountain, discussed it with others in an ordinary way—and passed on. We went about our journey; passed thru Sumatra and finally arrived in Penang. Here we picked up Malaya News of December 22nd, 10 days after we were in Djokja, to read the following dispatch:

**"VOLCANO DISASTER**

**24,000 Refugees and Death Toll of 800**

**Batavia, Dec. 24.**

"Unofficial reports state that death toll in Merapi volcano disaster now total more than 800.

"It is impossible at moment for any thorough investigation of devastated area to be made as poisonous gasses are still hanging on the ground.

"So far 24,000 refugees have arrived in the mid-Java towns from the destroyed villages near the volcano.

"The Volcanological Institute has been examining the lava surface in places where it has been cooled by the rain. It is estimated that the temperature of the lava when leaving the crater was 1350 degrees.—Aneta.

**THE HAGUE, DEC. 24.**

"The latest report from the Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies states that 40 villages have been totally or partially destroyed by the lava thrown out by the eruption of the Merapi volcano in Mid-Java.

"Numbers of other villages have been evacuated and hundreds of head of cattle have been killed, and crops have been extensively destroyed.—Reuter.

"It will be recalled that previous messages, from Batavia, mentioned only eight villages as having been totally destroyed, though it was added that the still slowly-flowing lava stream was threatening to wipe out several more. On Dec. 21 the death toll had risen to 700, while fears were expressed that many others who were missing were also dead."

The mountain we fotografed and on which saw running lava was Merapi. We were in the very district where this devastation took place. We only regret we didn't know that such was going to happen so we could have stayed and taken about 500 feet of film of eruption itself.

## CHAPTER 32

### HOW THINGS HAPPEN IN MALAYA

"Is there good accommodation?" is first question we ask about a country new to us. "What are hotels like?" "Can we bring a lady?" 1921 census showed there were then 1,900 white women in Federated Malay States. So no one need hesitate to bring feminine belongings with him, nor need ladies expect to be called upon to rough it. There are excellent modern hotels in Kuala Lumpur and Ipoh maintained by railway, and in every considerable town is resthouse kept by Government, fully furnished and with meals provided. These places are different from the old dak-bungalows of India, being usually brick-built, clean and comfortable, run along lines of a hotel, but not as large. They contain everything necessary for convenience of travellers, and sole difficulty is that resthouse keeper invariably does not speak English. People accustomed to travelling will make light of this difficulty, for travellers usually ask same questions all over world, and innkeeper, whatever his color and mother tongue, will make shift to answer, or, if he cannot answer in words, he will do what he supposes you are likely to want done. Resthouses are complete in every respect and provide, or can procure, everything needed; but people who are wise enuf to be particular as to their bedding will never regret bringing with them a roll containing a couple of sheets, couple of pillow cases, mosquito net and their favorite shape and size in pillows. Many a good night's rest can be lost and next day rendered less pleasant by finding one's private idiosyncracies in these respects have not been studied in detail. Resthouses are places of public resort and, like hotels, do their best, but everyone has his fads and no two people have ever been known to agree on shape of pillow or minimum of sheet cleanliness. Food is sometimes surprisingly good and sometimes amazingly poor, for it is bound to vary with size of town in which resthouse is situated, but it is always cooked after ordinary English fashion and table appointments are clean. Only thing which will seem strange at first is bath. When you go into bathroom you will see standing in a corner a large stone jar full of cold water. This is not Englishman's tub and you are not expected to get into it. By its side you will find a tin dipper. Practice is to dip water from jar with this vessel and douse yourself with it, not heeding splash, for there is no wall paper or carpet to spoil and waste water drains away to outside.



This kind of bathing gives maximum of cold shock and is intensely refreshing. A bath twice a day, morning and evening, is *de rigueur* in tropics. Some people, those who have been carbonadoed in tropic seas, take chill off by ordering a can of hot water and mixing it with cold, but those new to country will probably wish the cold water were colder. It is always advisable to retain rooms by letter or telegram in advance, as this informs resthouse keeper of approaching arrivals and may possibly stimulate him into preparing materials for meals beforehand, for in this country nothing keeps. If you leave him to expect you when he sees you, he will probably have to kill a fowl about half an hour before he cooks it. This "sudden death" dish is emphatically not best way of treating staple food of eastern traveller.

### VARIETIES OF RACE

Seeing that Malay Peninsula lies midway between India and China, with a large world-port at each end, it is not surprising there is a jumble of races in towns and along country roads. To recognize and name various races and subdivisions of race as one meets them is only possible for those who have had varied experience of country spread over years. We walk down any street in Malaya, or preferably, seeing that we can go a mile in a rikisha for ten cents, we will for preference beckon to nearest puller. Our gesture in hailing him is a noticeable point of difference between European and Asiatics, for Asiatics beckon without raising arm above shoulder, but holding hand towards ground they scoop open palm inwards to body, whereas an American or European throws hand up above shoulder with fingers pointing skywards. Asiatic mode is certainly more restrained and therefore more dignified according to manners of good Oriental society. If coolie understands our gesture—he may fail to interpret English fashion of holding a stick up in air—he, and possibly half-a-dozen of his fellows, will rush at us with rikisha, laying shafts at our feet and stepping out of them. He is first person we meet in our walk down street. He is Chinese, of course, but that explains nothing. He may belong to any one of the eight varieties of Chinese which appear on census list, except perhaps Straits-born, for Chinese born in the country are not given to violent exertions as rikisha pulling. Whether our puller be Hokkien, Cantonese, Hainan, Kheh, Teo-Chiu, Kwong Hsi or "other Chinese" matters little, just so he can pull. Running thru town at breakneck speed or slow crawl, he will pay little or no attention to directions so long as we attempt to speak to him in any known tongue. But as first and most necessary

accomplishment of traveller is to speak universal language of grunts and signs, we merely grunt at each corner we wish to turn and at cross roads add a sign with hand as an indication of desired direction. As we go along we will see, of course, Chinese everywhere of all eight different tribes, each going about his business as if he were interested in it. Police met at intervals will be either Malays or Indians. There are nine different kinds of Malay and differences between are considerable. Federated Malaya has attracted a large population of Malays from States on its borders, who, though of same race as Malays of Federated Malay States, are different from them, and speak, with different accents. Even Malays of Peninsula differ amongst themselves: Malay from the east coast States is more ugly, having depressed nose and heavy jowl which will spoil and countenance, and he gives impression of having been poorly nourished in youth; whereas Malacca Malay of west coast is of a goodly countenance and not so Mongolian in type. The Boyanese Malay, smart person in chauffeur's cap and livery, driving a large and latest motor car in haughtiest manner, is of a softer type, more round-faced and feminine than Javanese Malay gardener who passed us with his wife and children trailing behind him. The black-a-vised, straight-nosed person with slight moustache, wearing red fez, is of a cross between Indian of Coromandel Coast and Peninsula Malay, neither full Aryan nor yet full Mongolian. Those two ostentatiously modest little women who drew their wimples over their faces as we passed but were relenting enuf to give us time to see they were heavily powdered and covered with native jewelry, are Malays from mainland opposite Penang, whose husbands are "boys" earning good wages in some English household. Achinese Malay may usually be distinguished as taller and more given to beard and moustache than other Malays. If they ever became friendly enuf to discuss their homes and you could hear them, you would find they came here because they find it easier to make a living in Federated Malay States than in Dutch territory. Haughty, tall, light-brown man with green turban and long white stole worn inside a voluminous cloak is one of two million descendants of the Prophet. Centuries ago his Arab ancestors came to Sumatra and founded numerous families of Saiyids by intermarrying with Malays, and to this day the exceedingly small drop of Arabic blood in them marks them from other Malays in appearance and in social position.

By this time we have reached outskirts of town and have seen different varieties of Indian, a Bugis, a Dyak, and a Manila Malay. We turn back again and run thru town once more. First

policeman we meet is a Sikh, with curled beard and moustache and hair dragged to top of his head, where it is tied up and hidden by his turban. Had Police rejected him as a recruit he would have had to descend to profession of watchman for some large firm or some wealthy Chinese, or might have been reduced to purely unofficial occupation of herding cow. An almost naked person passed just now, wearing a voluminous white cloth which seems designed to cover as little surface as possible. As he clacks along on sandals we recognize his shaven head and gold chain fitting close round his neck which denotes the Chetty. He, too, comes from India and acts as banker in Malaya. He will lend money at rates varying from 36 per cent downwards, or upwards for that matter, and any amount of it too, if he thinks borrower safe. He is of same breed but by no means of same caste as humble Tamil coolie whom we saw just now at provision shop expending a few cents on food, and wearing only a loin cloth. Generic name given by Malays to Indians other than Tamils is "Bengali," and under this head they include Sikh, Pathan, Panjabi, Mussulman, Kashmiri, Waziri, Bengali, Rajput, Afghan, Behari and all varied breeds of men from India who are not either "Kling Hindu" or "Kling Islam." It is not sufficient to class a man as Kling (or Tamil) for he may be either of Hindu religion or a follower of prophet Mohammed, distinctions in East of gravest import. There is yet a further distinction than these two, for Ceylon Tamil or Jaffna Tamil is numerous enuf to be noted. He is almost invariably a clerk in Government office and dresses like Europeans in white linen tunic and trousers. Before we finish our trip thru town we may see Sinhalese, each with a tortoise-shell comb in long hair; Siamese with hair reaching shoulders; an Arab or so; and perhaps stray representatives of African negro, Annameese, Burman, certainly several Eurasians, and also Japanese.

We have mentioned some thirty varieties of human race, and in some towns we see the Sakai, who still skulks in jungles and still, in spite of evidence before him whenever he ventures near a town, believes this land is really his and is best enjoyed if left covered with jungle. These aborigines number 32,000 amongst more than a million of other races; but middle of Peninsula is so covered with hills clothed in thick jungle they have there a secure refuge for probably many generations.

#### WE VISIT AN OPIUM DEN

In towns of Malaya every shop has its sign, some in English and some in Chinese. Those in Chinese are picturesque and



bright in color. Those in English are unattractive. When our eye has become accustomed to jumble it will pick out a square black and white sign, "Licensed Chandu Shop," with date of year on it, inscription being in Chinese and Malay. In a town like Taiping, with population of about 8,000 Chinese, there are nineteen of these shops. We have no idea, of course, what chandu is, but dictionary states it is "opium prepared for smoking." Sign hangs out like a public-house. In London, Liverpool, New York, Toulon, Marseilles, San Francisco, Sydney, Melbourne, Calcutta, Bombay, Cairo, Constantinople, or any of the other very few places where people smoke opium, it is decently hidden away. Here in Malaya trade is licensed by Government, like liquor trade. There is a fascination in vice and we yield to temptation and enter. We are afraid to do so, for this little town is not one of the world's Babylons, and we will not be drugged, robbed, murdered, or insulted in an opium shop. It has every right to be called a den, an opium den. A small knot of idlers cluster round door and wonder what we are after. Their presence darkens already gloomy interior of a ground floor. From back came a hollow-cheeked Chinese, his natural pale ivory color blanched a deader shade by long smoking of opium and much sitting indoors. He drew forward a wooden stool or bench and politely offered us a seat. We try to remember all we have read of opium dens, but we see no little children sucking an opium pipe instead of their mother's breast; no girls abandoned to a life of shame, misery and opium-smoking; no hardened criminals drugging to sleep their guilty consciences; no once prosperous merchants who have fallen for opium and the world well lost. We are not even struck by physical deterioration of lounging Chinese on wooden benches of shop. Certainly an atmosphere of quiet broods over place and certainly our presence seems to jar on the smokers, but these "mild-eyed melancholy lotus-eaters" reckon little of us and when we rise to depart they do not alter their attitude.

That we have been in an opium shop hardly qualifies us to pass lenient or severe judgment on the vice and trade. That has been done locally by a Royal Commission in Straits Settlements recently. The conclusions were:

"The vast majority of smokers indulged to an extent may properly be called moderate, and there has been no increase in prevalence of habit during past decade." The Commission recommended a Government monopoly of preparation and distribution of chandu, and considered that there was no necessity or justification for abolition of existing opium shops. In addition it sounded

a warning note about injection of morphia, a drug habit which made its appearance as soon as anti-opium propaganda revived—it has cycles of activity—and opium was made dearer. One is not afforded opportunity of seeing the injection of morphia. It is done secretly in spots hidden from police at night, in some hut along winding paths, in some backyard in a town. It is much cheaper than opium, more difficult for Government to control, more horrible in eventual effects.

We leave opium den with dominant idea they are harmless people, and that opium smoking is at least a self-contained vice. As we muse over this disquieting and unexpected thot, we see, fighting with an enormous Sikh policeman, an excited coolie. He shouts, struggles, creates an uproar. The street buzzes round him. A rumor whispers he has cut his wife's throat. Another policeman, this time a diminutive Malay, comes to help and between them they take offender to lock-up. He is, of course, maddened with opium? Not in the least—he is maddened with alcohol.

### PLANTING

Breakfast over, our host hands us a long Malacca cane, two joints and a length between, somewhat after nature of an alpenstock, arms himself with another and we start forth to spend a day on one of the estates. This morning they are to take cocoanuts first, across river. They used to wade, but nowadays what with large area of cocoanuts in bearing and high price of rubber they have felt able to put up a bridge with granite piers, cemented of stone from river bed, and heavy timbering. Just below bridge river has carried away several cocoanut trees, after undermining bank, and butts of them still encumber the stream. Each has been beheaded, for head of cocoanut palm, like those of pinang and nibong palm, contains excellent vegetable called umbut, a notable ingredient in pickles and curry accessories, but too costly for human nature's daily food, since to provide it a cocoanut tree, worth a sovereign perhaps, must die. Beyond river lies a field of cocoanut trees set in marshalled ranks. Coolies are there and also buffaloes and ploughs. A gang with hoes is hacking at few slight traces of lalang grass. Buffaloes are ploughing long furrows between trees. They began with native ploughs here, but have now taken to English ones. Buffaloes have no use for light-skinned people and snort alarmingly at our approach. Over wide spaces we wander, looking down avenue after avenue, aisle after aisle, of cocoanut trunks. But our host keeps an eye lifting to tops of trees. He

will note a palm whose last spread frond has a triangular piece curiously cut out. Beetle did that while leaf was still curled in head of palm. Beetle is not only enemy either. The round hole in big nut just above you was made by a squirrel. He is as fond of cocoanut as most people, and every year estate declares war against him, shooting him by hundreds, pursuing him even off estate into Malay kampongs. Squirrels, beetles, rats, estate coolies, and fly-by-night pilferers from outside account for a sensible proportion of nuts. Yet estate gathered last year 359,-826 nuts from 248 acres and made 65 tons of copra. Tramping along for an hour, covering as much ground as possible, we come at last to the store. Here copra, flesh inside nut, is being spread in sun on sacks to dry. If this nice sunny weather holds it should be fine merchantable sun-dried quality.

By this time sun is beginning to feel its power and we are thirsty. So we sit down beneath a cocoanut tree while a coolie deftly chops off ends of a couple of young unhusked nuts and offers one to us. He takes less than a minute to slice off end of nut. It would take us ten, and then we would probably have forfeited a finger as well. The nut weighs six pounds perhaps. We take it in both hands, raise it above head, and let the cool, sweet yet subacid water quench our thirst. There is no better drink in Malaya. Some people drop whisky into nut and drink sophisticated compound.

It is a relief to find ourself amongst rubber trees and their cool shade. Upstart cultivation tho it be as compared with cocoanuts, rubber has made enormous strides of late years and in every district are large estates. In burnt clearing is seen beginning of cultivation. Here little slim Para rubber plants are planted amongst rotting timbers of forest primeval. Originally sown as seed all together in a patch of cleared land, they grow quickly. At three or four feet high they are ready for transplanting, each is carefully dug up, carried from nursery to its prepared hole in clearing, and left to rapid development of a tree. Rubber came originally from other side of the world, Brazil in South America, but it took to Malaya at once, and had it not been that coffee was before it in Malaya more attention would have been given it earlier. Malaya made up for lost time and planted, planted, planted rubber with almost feverish activity. Tree itself is picturesque, leafy and very green, with a scented flower of true tropical sweetness, adding a new but not quite strange perfume to innumerable sweet scents of the country. Rubber is worth so much a pound, and winning it is interesting. So we turn to watch an expert. Tapping is done



in early morning, and we see coolies going around, emptying into large tins bright white juice or latex from little cups at foot of trees. But for our edification a tree is tapped. Estates have choices in knives, but probably ordinary farrier's knife is most employed. Down trunk of tree runs a pattern of cuts. Knife is laid on, and slowly, carefully bearing on it, tapper shaves off just a slice of bark. At once white latex oozes forth, and as cuts are reopened tree yields a stream of latex which runs down vertical cut to a little open spout of tin fixed into bark near ground. Thence it drips into a little cup, which may be a cigarette tin or some patent receptacle, a china cup, or cocoanut shell—anything, indeed, which is cheap and of proper size.

Liquid rubber so collected is carried off to store, and there coagulates in large receptacles. Later it is taken out of these, surplus water expressed by machinery and resulting sheet left to smoke and dry. When dry, it is packed and shipped.

## DIET

Food in Malaya consists of very much the same dishes as those obtainable in the western civilized world, but there are a few things best avoided. Of these uncooked vegetables are most to be shunned. Salad, in all its forms, is dangerous in East for we cannot be certain whether water which washed it was pure or methods of grower entirely beyond sanitary suspicion. Particularly should one shun little dried prawns which appear so innocently amongst sambals or side dishes which accompany main dish of curried fowl. They have been known to set up poisoning which may be ptomaine or may be merely a form of shell-fish poisoning; but whatever it be it is exceedingly painful, often dangerous, and has been fatal. Surfeits of tropical fruit may be responsible for much discomfort. Milk unboiled is, for a certainty, mixed with water. Water is safe enuf usually if it comes from pipe supply, but in no country is unboiled water above suspicion, and it is not recommended as a beverage in Malaya.

Most people avoid pork and tinned meats. Chance-bought tin which has been reposing for months or years in a shop, and was originally stocked by some smaller shopkeeper in a remote village from a clearance sale in a large town, has an unappetizing history. In hotels and resthouses, even skinniest of chickens are preferable to best brands of tinned meats. Sea fish up-country, brought long distances over ice, is likely to be fresh in tropics.

It is not intended to condemn all foods, but to warn the traveller to be careful.

### CURIOS

Malaya offers to the tourist passing thru very little in curio line, and such as there is of the kind has to be hunted up. The country produces scarcely a gem and no relics of antiquity and its Malay craftsmen are of no high order of merit. There is, however, a good deal of Malay silver remaining in remote kampongs whence it is occasionally brought and sold to the foreigner, probably to pay for some extravagance of rising generation. Of this silver there are many specimens in museum at Taiping and also at Kuala Lumpur. It is quite characteristic and unique. A great deal is fabricated by Chinese and sold as Malay work. Besides silver work there is niello ware, or jadam, of which a good piece is always a handsome possession. This jadam is the fashion in Rembau, where women wear large belt-buckles of it called pinding, but it is also made in boxes of all shapes. It may be silver or of brass filled with enamel.

As is natural in a country where there is a riot of vegetable life, people are clever at working baskets and mats of various fibers. Authorities on baskets are of opinion that Malayan work is best in world and, to judge by beautiful specimens one sees put to most ordinary uses, this seems probable. Nests of basket boxes are a product of Malacca. At resthouse three or four old Malay women will solemnly enter veranda and silently lay out baskets, and more baskets, for sale. They will not importune you to buy—importunity is still considered bad manners in Malaya—they will suggest you now have opportunity and you will feel rude if you do not. This method of trading is far more pleasant for purchaser than "What d'ye lack?" "Buy, buy, buy," and "I showing Master very first-class stone, cheap," with which travellers are pestered elsewhere.

Some time ago an industry was started in a very modest way at Port Dickson in the manufacture of hats. It was very successful. Everyone wanted a Port Dickson hat, and a trade has grown up. These hats are made out of leaves of the mengkuang palm (as are grass mats so common in Malaya) from patterns of English hats. Rise of this industry has had what western moralist considers a disastrous effect on Malay population of Port Dickson, whose young men do nothing, while womenfolk delicately manipulate hats, from profits providing their men with latest luxuries in way of bicycles, cigarettes, etc. No

great harm has been done. If they merely exist beautifully now, odds are they existed squalidly before, and in their philosophy no one is worse for being happier. Port Dickson hats vary a great deal. Some are what Malays call jarang, full of holes and badly plaited; others almost as well woven and shaped as a panama.

The "cursed Malayan kris" can be bought almost anywhere. But a good kris is hard to come by, since such weapons are family heirlooms. There are innumerable varieties, short, long, straight, curved, of this most ornamental of all weapons. There is a deep lore of blade of kris. Number of its waves, quality and number of laminations of steel, length measured by second joint of a Malay's forefinger, curious carving of handle, traditions attaching to blade and notably ornamentation of sheath, are all serious matters to a Malay with a real kris. Whether real crises, by which are meant weapons once in real use or ready for use, are often offered to European nowadays may be much doubted, but there are many well worth buying for intrinsic artistry alone. Such a one is waved kris, nicely tapered, fairly laminated, with a cup of silver, delicately chased, protecting a handle in ivory carved in shape of a bird with arms, sheath of polished ruddy wood, banded with silver, and sheath's head of shining satin wood somewhat elaborately turned and raking at the proper angle.

This weapon, designed to inflict a hideous close quarters wound, is different from sumpit, long blow-pipe of aboriginal Sakei, which delivers a little dart of wood, tipped with poison, from a distance. With blow-pipe goes bamboo quiver, rotan-bound, in which repose poisoned darts. Blow-pipe and its quiver usually show artistic skill in ornamentation with patterns burnt in wood. Some darts sold are really poisoned, so it is well not to prick a finger with one.

In ordinary Chinese shop may be found a china which is not procurable elsewhere, for reason it is too cheap to be worth importation. A few cents will buy the little blue and white spoons such as Chinese coolie uses, and a dollar will purchase handfuls of curious crockery, like of which we never see at home. It is all very primitive, made in China for Chinese, not for European market, but has a charm of its own and an engaging simplicity of coloring which appeals.

But best places to rummage are second-hand shops, which buy from pawnshops, and pajak lelap, as Malays call it, "the drowsy pawnshop" itself. Here one may expect to find a silk sarong or baju of gorgeous hue, pledged by some Malay who knew a good sarong when he saw it; a wicked little tumbok lada knife, easily



concealed in a woman's hand; a parang or chopping wood knife of curious pattern; jade bracelets; tiger's claws set in gold; a complete set of krusang brooches in gold and rubies, as worn in best Malay circles; yellow diamond rings, once price of some Chinese nonia, wife of a rich man who lost all in last slump of tin; silver boxes of Malay ware; anklets of silver, anklets of gold and anklets of silver gilt; little silver plaques once sole covering of a Malay or Tamil child; pretty filigree work gold beads forming a favorite Malay shape of necklace; earrings of all kinds, heavy Tamil earrings, stud earrings in brilliants worn by Chinese ladies, gold earrings of different shapes affected by married and single Malay women, and these shapes varying again with district; hair-pins of all varieties; belts of all shapes and nations; opium pipes pledges in a spasm of virtue, of ill luck at gambling table, or of ordinary poverty; occasionally good china originally introduced by some connoisseur who fell afterwards upon evil days; brasswork from four corners of the Orient, Japanese, Chinese, Indian, Malay; water-bottles in baked clay with silver stoppers held by silver chains—a long list yet not complete, for if ever there was a place where a farrago of rubbish and valuables is to be found it is a pawnshop in Malaya. The hunter in pawnshops can pursue his game in every little town or village, for a place must be very small not to have a pawnshop. At first indifference shown by proprietors of these shops is rather chilling. They care not whether we buy, but with persistence, civility and a complete disregard of the passing of time we will break down this reserve and be shown all kinds of queer things wrapped in Chinese paper. There is a fascination in this; we not knowing a word of Chinese and they not knowing a word of English, their Malay being bad and ours fragmentary, neither can worry other with elaborate artifices of bargaining. Unlike pawnshop people is Chinese boxwallah who peddles things door to door, and frequents hotels. This is usually a bland person speaking several languages, extremely polite and ready to spread out whole of his wares for inspection. Great specialty is drawn-thread work on linen and silk embroidery. His tablecloths are a dream of dragons sprawling in white thread on a ground of native blue, and dragons clutch convulsively at some material or other all over his stock. Dragons are seen grabbing tops of cigar boxes in tin or silver, twining themselves in knots on enamel buttons, heaving up and down on handkerchiefs, jostling each other on cigar cases, equal, for decorative value, to the French King's salamander. With boxwallah we must bargain and he will meet us half-way, for unlike pawnshop man, he is always anxious to sell.

## NATIVE THEATRES

Chinese stage their own plays. So do Tamils. But Malays cultivate an exotic theatre so unconsciously funny it is worth seeing. To watch "Hamlet" played with all accessories of Malay heroic drama and all peculiar conventions is for European one of most laughable experiences. Everybody has his own idea of how "Hamlet" ought to be played, and whatever, it certainly is not idea presented by Malay actors. "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" is another favorite piece, and this allows more scope for clownish element. Malays are excellent mimics, and a Malay clown playing a Chinese coolie hits him off to the life. Imperfect acquaintance with Malay words, Chinese accent, Chinese gestures, are all presented, and smile which goes round Chinese part of audience is proof enuf that clown has showed them their little peculiarities. Traveller, unless deceived, will believe that actor is Chinese. Another favorite play is "East Lynne," but there is no end to incongruous medley which a Malay bangsawan troupe will produce.

Chinese theatre, like most things Chinese, is same as it was in China a thousand years ago and will be a thousand years hence. Chinese have not much taste for variety, and they carry their theatre with them all over the world, unchanged from what it has always been. It is like nothing European, and always merits a visit.

It is quite possible, in almost any town, to see Malay, Chinese and even Tamil plays in same evening, for one visits a native theatre as one visits a music hall, to see what may be on, rather than to sit out development of a play.

## FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

As stated, most Europeans are extremely careful as to what vegetables they eat in Malayan tropics, as ingenious Chinese, renowned for vegetable growing, owes that renown to unpleasant practice of mulching his crops with crude sewage collected from towns. This brings it on wonderfully, no doubt, but it brings on more than vegetables. Even if crude sewage does not affect consumer he is liable to several water-borne diseases if he eats raw salads and such things, for, to keep vegetables bright and fresh on way to market, gardeners sprinkle them with water from ditches just outside town. Fruits are safe enuf. It is noted that there is no fruit in Malay of which outside is eaten. Every fruit is contained in a thick shell or rind, or else its thin outside skin is inedible; thus flesh of fruit is perfectly free from contamination. Thickest skinned of all Malayan fruits is durian. It is a fruit for which Asiatics pay high prices willingly, a fruit which

tiger disputes with pigs and bear snatches from deer, a fruit which all domesticated animals, including horses, eat greedily. But it is emphatically a fruit of the open air, not a fruit of closed chambers. Selecting a season when fruit is well in, and olfactory nerve already somewhat dulled to sense of smell, we set forth, early in morning, upon a pilgrimage, along almost any road in almost any district. The way will be strewn with durian skins, which have been torn from around coy pip. Their offense is rank indeed, but undeterred by them we press forward, come to an orchard where majestic fruit hangs heavy on boughs. Near it, in a little hut on stilts, sit a few Malays, expecting until a durian shall drop. This occupation is singularly congenial to Malay temperament. As we take our seat a solemn plop in middle distance announces descent of a durian. A Malay strolls off and, keeping an eye lifted to trees lest a fruit fall upon him, picks up durian and returns. This is the crisis. A durian comes too near which comes to be denied. Let Malays split open fruit. When they offer a pip, we take it boldly in fingers and eat it, in full assurance that earth does not produce a more kindly fruit.

He who has experienced fierce joys of durian will find jak fruit and soursop tame in comparison. Let them be relegated to ices, puddings and such preparations. Of that delicate fruit mangosteen, in thick jerkin of claret color, it is sure to appear and make its appeal in person. Oranges grow in Peninsula, but they never take on familiar yellow tint. Other fruit are numerous, yet, thru some mysterious dispensation of hotel keepers, rarely seen at table. Of such are duku, tasting like grape and growing in grape-like clusters; chiku, in appearance like symmetrical potato, in taste like itself; mango, a messy fruit to eat, and, if of bad variety, tasting strongly of turpentine; papaya, said to be excellent for digestion, but it is seeds which contain pepsin, and seeds, of course, no one ever eats; jambu, of various varieties, little pink being one and perhaps best; bristling rambutan; lime, indispensable in cocktails; and, finally, omitting much in watermelon line, pisang or banana. As fruit harvests are irregular, some fruit is always in season and little or none is imported. Most comes from Malay kampongs where trees have grown haphazard, and very little attention has so far been given to fruit growing for profit, Malays merely selling what they cannot themselves eat. Pineapple also grows to perfection.

### CLOTHING

Clothing for use in the Federated Malay States can be purchased at Penang, Taiping, Ipoh, Kuala Lumpur, Seremban or



Singapore. It is unnecessary and inadvisable to bring from home a large outfit. On board ship, where they indulge in no active exertion, men can wear lightest summer clothing with comfort till Penang or Singapore is reached. On landing at Penang or Singapore there will be no difficulty at any hotel in finding a tailor who in twenty-four hours will supply a dozen suits of white drill, coat either cut as tunic or to wear with collar. In nearest shop one can buy light underwear. Canvas shoes are also procurable. In matter of fitting people out in a hurry the Chinese tailor and Chinese shoemaker satisfy hundreds of people every year. It is not wise to put off purchase of a sun topi, most important article of dress for white man or woman in tropics. There are at least two schools of opinion as to how men should dress in matter of underclothing in Malaya. One holds a healthy costume is shoes, socks, drill (white or khaki) trousers, a light and porous vest, drill tunic and solar topi. Another holds short pants must be worn under trousers and that vest should be wool or flannel. Between the two there is probably some medium which each man will select for himself. Whatever he decides in this matter let him remember it is almost a social crime, certainly a social misdemeanor, to wear white linen suit two days in succession—one day one suit (and even more if one gets soiled) should be absolute rule, and same applies to undergarments. Nothing looks worse in tropics than a soiled or crumpled linen suit, unless perhaps it be unsuitable European clothing. Question of clothing depends very much on length of stay. If one is merely going thru in a couple of days it is hardly worth while to purchase clothes, but if any time is spent in the country white or khaki color coats and trousers will be necessary. English summer clothing is worn after sundown.

Question of clothing for ladies resolves itself into question: How much can one discard and still appear in public? But ladies should remember that Malaya is not a place where old frocks are worn, tho it be a little out of the world. Light washable dresses of muslin and similar material are chiefly worn. Ladies spending only a few days in the country can get washing done quickly and so need not be provided with numerous changes of clothes which are essential if a longer stay is made. It is rarely possible to wear any article of clothing more than once. A light coat for motoring in evenings is always useful. Boots are a better protection against mosquitoes than shoes, but shoes are preferred as lighter and cooler. Doeskin or chamois gloves are generally worn in day time as protection against sun. A white sun umbrella is almost essential, scarlet lining to it being, according

to scientific authority, best color to ward off sunstroke. It is also more becoming than green.

### ANIMAL NUISANCES

The first unusual creature to attract attention of traveller in Malaya will probably be chichak, the little lizard which lives on walls and ceilings of every room in every house. He loves to intervene in an argument with his sharp "That's so!" If it were not for him there would be larger quantities of annoying insects, for he eats nothing else, and he is gifted with a magnificent appetite. Best time to observe him is in evening when lights are lit, for then he sallies forth from cracks and crannies. Sharp barking call he gives is sometimes quite startling, but not nearly so loud or unexpected as raucous "g-r-r-r,tok,tok,tok," of Bewak Punggor the gecko, his big brother, who is not, however, so common and is much shyer. This large gecko preys upon smaller brethren if he can catch them. Both are of an indeterminate pale buff color, and big lizard is of same shape as chichak. But there is considerable variety of color amongst small lizards, depending apparently on habits and surroundings. Thus a lizard living in a drawer or a clock case, or any other dark nook will be noticeably heavier in shade than one dwelling in a ceiling crack, and that despite the fact that every time drawer is opened or clock wound lizard has to flee for his life. There is another and far larger lizard, occasionally seen in gardens, Bewak or Biauak, the monitor lizard, miscalled iguana, which latter name belongs to a South American form. He is a foul-feeding beast, all sizes up to three feet long, haunting refuse heaps and fond of anything long dead, but also fond of stealing eggs and chickens, and generally an enemy to the housewife.

In jungle may be seen, but chiefly in small jungle where he gets plenty of sun, blue-green lizard with a serrated spine and yellow throat, in which dwells his wonderful lasso of a tongue for him to dart at unlucky insects. Flying lizard is sometimes seen. He is apparently a distant relation of chichak, house lizard, but has a membrane stretching from each foreleg to each hindleg, and with these twain he flies or rather glides. His color is very much that of greyish white bark of old cocoanut stump on which he may be accustomed to perch. Mechanism of gliding apparatus is same as that of flying squirrel.

Those first cousins of lizards, snakes, both poisonous and harmless, are common all over Peninsula, yet it is strange how seldom one sees a snake, and stranger still how seldom people die from

effects of snake bite. Scientific opinion has it there is something in climate which decreases strength of venom of Malayan snakes. Most people keep a look-out for snakes, especially in out of the way halting bungalows and resthouses.

Multitude and variety of insects with which one makes acquaintance in travelling thru Peninsula is astonishing. Among most comical of them is praying mantis, a green insect with long pale green wings like parson's skirts, a triangular head furnished with teeth which it vainly tries to use if one picks it up, and a pair of waving forelegs which it gesticulates solemnly if annoyed. It has a trying habit of flying wildly into lady's hair whence it is difficult to extricate fragile thing, for its forelegs are serrated and they catch in each individual hair. Apparently a cousin of the mantis is green insect with broad rounded wings which simulates a leaf. But more wonderful in way of simulation is stick insect. These are often brushed off on to one's clothes when passing thru jungles on an elephant. Malays believe elephants are much afraid of these insects, and certainly they are so uncanny that an elephant might be excused for disliking them. They simulate, with photographic accuracy, dead twigs, and like twigs themselves they are of all sizes, from insect nine inches long to one an inch or less. When disturbed they simulate yet more and pretend to be dead, thereby increasing, if it be possible, their stiff stick-like appearance.

Among destructive insects may be mentioned silver fish, a fish-shaped silvery creature which devours books when neglected; that world-dweller cockroach or blackbeetle; and, lastly, that great enemy of all works of man's hands in tropics, termes gestroi, or white ant, a worker in darkness whose deeds are so vile that he shuns light, eats inside of anything he can get and retires before you realize your trunk, it may be, or your most cherished books, are empty shells. It is hardly necessary to introduce mosquito. She has her own methods of making her presence known.

### THE CHINESE COOLIE

In our writings attempt has been made to tell of things to see and how to see them. There are so many it is difficult to know where to begin. But perhaps Chinese coolie, who made this country possible, deserves first mention. He will be found in mines and in towns, and in jungle, too. You will never know him there, but think of him with his load of two bags of tin ore, slung at ends of a carrying stick. He plods along a jungle path

slimy in rain, ruckled with roots in drought, and wears a pair of short breeches, wet most surely with sweat, but frequently dripping with water, either from sheets of rain when heavens open or from rivers when these flood. Yet he is cheerful with it all and ready with a grin for anyone who, passing him, remarks sympathetically "Hayah, chusah-lah" ("hard work, what?"). Or think of same coolie, straddling between two foot-rests, as he drives a heavy saw down and up, down and up, thru a log of timber, sweat pouring off him, palms smoothened in grip, a scant loin cloth around him for decency's sake and "the muscles all a-ripple on his back." Or consider yet again this fellow, perched with five others on a foot-pump, doing treadmill all day long in hopes of pumping enuf water from hole in ground to enable him to get at tin ore down below. How would you like to lie at night in a rather leaky hut, listening to roar of rain flooding mine hole which at evening you pumped dry at last, and knowing that tomorrow you must go forth to same fruitless toil? Or Chinese market gardener, would you care for his life? In your comfortable railway carriage or your smooth motor you rush past his little patch of a few yards of tilled soil, which two days' neglect will cover with noxious weeds, where three hoeings will not kill lalang grass, where all day long he must hack, cut, delve and sweat, as did the father of all living outside first garden.

Against these people, all of them out of their natural climate, do conditions of life in the tropics continually strive. Heat is heavy on them and they know no punkah or electric fan. Rain is torrential and they have no spare hand for an umbrella. Sun blazes without quality of mercy and they affront it indifferently. Of what we know as rational pleasures they have none. Sport is unknown; they play no games at all. Their vices are of coarsest, self-indulgence is in opium, sometimes in morphia. Gambling is recreation they prefer. They live in barrack with a hundred others, or in hut quite alone. You ask, why do they come here? They regard this land as land of El Dorado. To them in their villages in China, streets of Malaya seem paved with gold. Here they may make ten dollars a month. In China they are lucky to make two.

Whole country as you see it—roads, railways, buildings, irrigation, mines, fisheries—all these are built on efforts of Chinese coolies in thousands and ten thousands. To Chinese coolie and to him alone are due power and majesty and glory derived from a huge revenue splendidly yet carefully expended by Englishmen. If everybody had his rights Federated Malay States would set up a monument in most imperishable brass to a yellow-faced,



snub-nosed, close-knitted celestial, true type of that person who is not quite like anyone else in all the world—the Chinese coolie.

## THE MALAYS

Of household words which are continually in a Malay's mouth *senang* is undoubtedly one which calls to his mind most desirable things in life. To be a happy child living at home in ancestral *kampong* is *senang*; to be a proud father and loving husband is *senang*; to have assured income, unearned as possible, is *senang*; to live in a place where domestic comforts are plenty is *senang*; to be close to mosque is *senang*; to go in railway train or motor or any vehicle is *senang*; to be far from jarring associations of other races is *senang*; to be an old, ancient man, whose children look after one, and to contemplate death at one's ease, is *senang*; in short, to be free from travail and vexation of spirit is *senang*. Is it not extraordinary there are still in the world, in spite and in defiance of modern civilization, people who fully, really, truly and most actually believe that peace and happiness are all that count? To realize this, to know that a race of people still rejects strenuous life and clings to peace and quiet ideal, is to suffer a moral shock. Yet it is so. There is no race on earth less addicted to strenuousness than the Malay, and his country has been for last forty years a field for energies of that undeniably strenuous combination of races, British and Chinese. These two have penetrated into every corner of Malay's country. On topmost heights of hills British have fixed trigonometrical beacons visible for miles; at feet of same hills they blasted out quarries. No jungle swamp has proved too deep, too dark, or too deadly for their roads and their railways. However remote a *kampong* may be, some surveyor or land officer has penetrated, measured its size and assessed its rent, nay, in all probability some path has been constructed to it, making access to outside world easy for its inhabitants. Not a tin-bearing valley but has been scratched, scored, pitted and turned upside down by Chinese in search for ore. Rivers have drowned many Chinese and some few Englishmen. All over the country Chinese pedlar has wandered to buy and sell. Everywhere alien ideas and alien methods have displayed alien successes, yet Malay still remains ignorant and careless of being owner of one of world's richest countries and still he will tell you that better is one hand full of quietness than both hands full of travail and vexation of spirit.

As we pass thru this country we are grateful to these people without being conscious of it: We see little cameo views of rice-

fields set about with cocoanut palms, a few crescent-horned buffaloes lazing in center of picture and contemplating with a bovine stolidity naked little brown child who will presently command them homewards with his wand. In time marvels of natural scenery pall upon sight; jungle riots too much in vision, which despairs of ever forming for mind a connected picture to take away. But Malays have given country only beauties in it provided by hand of man. Touching this responsive land they have adorned it, and still continue to adorn, and whether you live here, or merely flash thru, yet pictures which Malays have provided are carried in your mind.

You know little of them, but will read much, for people and their way of life lend themselves to description. To be born, live and die a Malay amongst kampongs—"no other business offers a man his daily bread upon such joyful terms." Consider how they live. Twenty-five cocoanut trees in full bearing and a patch of rice land provide a sufficient living for one Malay family. Labour necessary to be spent on cocoanuts is scarcely to be regarded. At most it consists in seeing that cocoanut beetle does not attack trees and in many districts beetle does not exist at all. Padi field demands somewhat severe exertion in preparation, and perhaps crop will fail in a dry year or suffer from pests such as padi-borer insect or rat. These two—cocoanut and rice—are main staples, daily bread of Malay, and he is offered them upon sufficiently joyful terms. His climate is kind to him. His people live to good ages and their worst enemy is malaria. If they come thru its perpetual attacks in early youth they acquire, if not an immunity, some sort of tolerance of the disease. Taxes bear lightly upon them, for typical Malay peasant never need meet direct tax-gatherer but once in year, when he pays land-rent to Collector; and indirect taxes, all based upon consumption of luxuries, do not touch him at all. Except for clothing, which his women are ceasing to weave, and implements of iron, his life's round is quite self-contained, and he need never be beholden to any man for anything except perhaps salt and tobacco, for these two are not produced in the country. Everything else he can procure, if not from his own patch of land, usually about five acres in extent, then from jungle which in most districts is still close to cultivated lands.

#### THE SARONG

The Malay race inhabits Malay Peninsula, Islands of Java, Sumatra, Celebes, Borneo, and of Malay Archipelago, and wherever found its men and women are wearing the sarong. This garment is a skirt of gaily colored material not gathered in by

sewing at waist, but formed in one long tubular straight shape, put on to body either over the head or else stepped into.

A man wears shorter sarong than woman, and tightens it round his waist with a twist and fold learned by use and practice; and, even so, violent exertion will dislodge it. A woman, if she is wearing no other garment (and she is considered decently, if informally, dressed in domestic circle if wearing only a sarong), hitches it up above her breasts, and she twists and folds it with a success due to practice, but her twists are different from those a man would use. But for either sex to wear only sarong and no other garment is permissible when one is in privacy, as, for instance, when bathing at a well behind usual palm leaf screen, or near one's own house, or working in fields. Just as no European would make a practice of going everywhere in shirt-sleeves but habitually does so when working, so wearing of sarong and no other garment is usual amongst Malays when they are, as we should say, in shirt-sleeves. Men wear, therefore, short coats made sometimes to button in front, but more often in one piece to slip on over head. Women wear short coat or long coat, sometimes long coat over short coat. When coat is worn woman's sarong is secured round waist, often with belt, and indeed such is essential insecurity of the waist-twisted sarong that both men and women as often as not wear belts to make its adherence more sure. It is characteristic of the race it should wear a garment which is readily put on, quickly washed, easily made, simply decent, adaptable for every purpose. Purposes to which it is put are manifold. A man will wear it over trousers a short kilt and belt in one, for to Malay notions trousers are indecent wear and demand additional covering. He will be decently dressed in sarong alone, but not quite decent in his own mind in trousers alone. Again, sarong may be used as bag in which to carry padi or fruit or purchases at a shop, in which case it is usually slung over back, bulging. It may be twisted into long roll and wrapped round head as a turban. As a sleeping garment it is worn by men and women alike. Women leaving their houses and going abroad wear an extra sarong as veil or wimple over heads, drawing it sometimes across mouth and leaving nose and eyes visible. There is much variety in pattern and material of a sarong. Patterns are either in squares like Scotch plaid, or else in short and wavy lines, or perhaps figures of birds, beasts and flowers, such as never were on land or sea. Colors are, of course, endless in variety. Yet in this bright land of sunshine, clear air and gorgeous coloring, most violent discords will harmonize as masses of flower color will harmonize in a border. Ochre and pink worn by same person do not

make us gasp; green and scarlet in large splashes set us admiring; white and black in broad bands are hardly noticed. Color in costume follows popular taste, and that in turn is moulded by sunshine. Dirty browns, drabs, dull greys, invisible greens, suitable for filth and grime of Western cities, find no favor in Malaya. Great majority of sarongs are cotton cloth known as kain plekat and coming from India. These, apparently without exception, have a broad stripe of darker color and more criss-cross pattern. This stripe is known as kepala or "head" of sarong, and there is an elegance and a smartness in exact disposition upon person which Malay dandy peculiarly affects. Cotton sarongs figured with birds, flowers and beasts, prettiest, perhaps, with native-blue ground and brown figures, comes from Dutch island of Sumatra and are Malay-made there. Figures upon them are made by wax-printing. Considerable quantity of silk sarongs come from Kelantan and thereabouts, but tho they look fine when new they are usually dyed with aniline European dye and fade to hideousness, whereas a well-dyed and Malay-dyed fabric will fade to beauty.

#### HEADGEAR

Malay men may wear a kerchief twisted round heads or a round brimless cap. Former is usually seen in Negri Sembilan. Strictly, no Mohammedan should wear headgear which can prevent bowing his forehead in dust, but upon doctrine that "the letter killeth" Malays depart from this, and frequently wear large sun and rain hats of palm fiber with all-round brim from which rain drips, under which sun cannot strike. Caps are in all materials and colors. Most primitive, as we regard such things, is little black cap made of palm fiber ingeniously woven by hand. As for kerchief, it too is of picturesque varieties, but most imposing is worn by a prince of blood royal, a menacing, black, stern and starched cloth, truculently striking to a conical point over forehead. Wearing this headgear mildest Malay prince will have all appearance of a bloodthirsty desperado. Women wear no hats or bonnets. Shawls of silk, veils of gossamer, and useful sarongs are found sufficient coverings, save when working in rice-fields, when they don large dome-shaped palmleaf hats or fold sarong into thick square pad to balance on head.

#### FOOTWEAR

In tropics are no biting winds, frozen rains or damp cold puddles to chill feet, so very few people wear boots or shoes. Country



Malay goes without foot-gear entirely, tho in towns one sees rise of a pretty taste in shoes and even socks or stockings. But women embroider slippers for themselves in gold and silver thread on velvet and wear them on dressy occasions. Either sex will wear t'rompak, woolen pattens not different from those worn until recently, and perhaps even still, in West of England. On hard road they ring in a musical note with fall of each foot, and their Malay name t'rompak, t'rompak echoes the sound.

## CHAPTER 33

### SOME LOCAL TALES

Following stories have the atmosphere of jungle, heat, native, and therefore local color. They are gruesome but we believe will be interesting. It shows life of Malaya.

#### CHINESE BUDDHIST MONASTERY

We mentioned this institution in a former work ('ROUND THE WORLD WITH B.J.'). We went there again and succeeded this time in getting a copy of their rules and regulations. It is interesting because it throws a side-light on possible human frailties even inside.

#### The Rules and Regulations of the Rek Lok Monastery Ayer Itam, Penang

Sakyamuni, Founder of Buddhist religion, better known to Chinese as Julai, preached for forty-nine years before his ascension. Buddhism receives into its fold all living things. It teaches mankind to loathe evil and practise virtue; to abstain from animal food and lead life of purity and self-abnegation. A period of over one thousand years has elapsed since founding of great abbey at Kusan in Fukien. Sacred vesture and begging bowl of original founder of that abbey have passed down through generations to its present incumbents. High toned precepts of Buddhism and its conventional forms of etiquette have always been faithfully observed by monks of this abbey through successive generations. We, the undersigned representatives of the Kusan Abbey, started to collect subscriptions in 1891. The money so collected was expended in building the KEK LOK SI which was completed in 1905. We do not claim merits for ourselves in the erection of this Temple. Rather, merit is due to those faithful believers who subscribed liberally towards the building fund. The KEK LOK SI is a branch of the parents monastery in Kusan. The rules and regulations here are the same as those prevailing in Kusan. These rules are inscribed on marble for their due observance by our successors as well as for the information of the general public who may otherwise be misled by the idle talk of ill-natured people.

1. A life of celibacy and perfect purity is the cardinal principle to be observed by a Buddhist monk. Every one of us has faith-

fully observed this law of Buddha, and has entirely divested himself of all carnal desires. Should a monk commit a breach of this commandment he shall be deprived of his "KAI TIP" (certificate of priestly orders) and his "I-Tan" (certificate of admission to a monastery) and be expelled from priesthood.

2. A monk shall not take the life of living creature; shall not eat anything other than a vegetarian diet; shall not drink alcoholic liquor; shall not gamble; shall not steal anything belonging to the monastery; shall not solicit subscriptions without orders from his superiors. Breach of this rule is punished with expulsion from the monastery.

3. If a monk of this monastery fails to observe the Laws of Buddha or the Ordinance promulgated by the Government of this country or cause injuries to others from selfish motives he shall be expelled from the monastery.

4. If a sick monk requires spirituous liquor for medicinal purposes he shall previously obtain permission from the Managing Superior before using such spirituous liquor. Disobedience of this rule will render offending monk liable to punishment which will be meted out to him without fail.

5. Every man in the monastery from the Head-Priest to the lowest underling shall receive no more than his stated monthly allowance of money. If the receipts be insufficient to cover the expenditures the deficit will be made good from the monastery fund, any balance remaining over after deducting expenses will be credited to the same fund.

6a. The KEK LOK SI is a monastery, that is to say, it is maintained partly with money borrowed by the monks and partly from money subscribed by public. Rulers are elected by the monks from members of their own order. No inmate of this monastery shall tell a falsehood or cause a quarrel by tell-tale lies or associate with bad characters so as to bring discredit on the good name of institution. There shall be no grouping into parties with antagonistic aims. The punishment for breaking this rule is expulsion from the monastery and deprivation of the ticket of admission.

6b. In the event of any difference arising, the matter in dispute shall be decided by the High-Priest. If in a quarrel the monk strikes another the attacking monk shall be expelled from the monastery. Should the defending monk return the attack by striking back at his opponent he shall do penance by kneeling before the Image of Buddha for such length of time as the Head-Priest may direct.

7. When monks are engaged in performing funeral, ceremo-

nial, or other religious services they must assume a dignified and reverent attitude not only in outward demeanour but also in the inner thought of the mind so as to accord with the pious devotion of those who worship in their ministrations. The Head-Priest desires that ever monk will do his duty in this respect and hereby avoid malicious gossip.

8. When a man or woman visits the monastery either for worshipping Buddha or for obtaining a supply of vegetarian diet it is the duty of the monk appointed for the purpose to see to the wants of such visitors and to treat them with proper respect in accordance with the prescribed etiquette. No other inmate of the monastery shall approach or interfere with such visitors.

9. Morning and evening prayers are said before Buddha and thanksgiving services are performed in acknowledgment of the "four favours." Every monk in the monastery must attend these services without default excepting such monks who through indisposition have previously obtained permission from the Head-Priest to absent himself.

10. A travelling monk, whilst on a visit to Penang, will be allowed to lodge in the monastery for seven days provided his priestly robes be clean and of the orthodox style. Such visiting monk shall abide by the rules and regulations of monastery and shall on no account be allowed to obtain subscription from the public during his stay in the monastery.

11. At present there are several tens of monks in the KEK LOK SI. All of them have been sent out from Kusan: in future when it is intended to elect a Head-Priest for the Kusan abbey—whether the person to be elected be a Kusan monk or a Penang monk—the KEK LOK SI must be previously consulted before the election in Kusan takes effect; otherwise the authority of the Kusan Head-Priest will not be recognized by the Penang Branch.

12. In a "Koh San" monastery where the Chief Priest appoints his own successor without reference to the wishes of the subordinate monks, the KEK LOK SI has resolved to take upon itself the responsibility of appointing Head-Priest.

13. Penang customs differ from the customs in China. Monks in Penang are not so amiable to discipline as their brethren in China. Therefore it is necessary that Head-Priest should have the right to appoint a fit and proper monk to manage and control the KEK LOK SI. This rule cannot be altered.

14. KEK LOK SI is not a rich corporation. It has no landed estate and no fixed income. The monks have to work hard to provide for the upkeep of the monastery. Every monk has his allotted task to perform. The rate of remuneration must necessarily



be small compared with that current in Kusan. However, it is but right that monks should bear the hardship incidental to their vow of poverty.

15. The Head-Priest, who acts as the local chief of the KEK LOK SI, is appointed by the Kusan authorities. Other office-bearers are:

- (1) Tong Kah, in charge of accounts;
- (2) Futsy, who acts for the Head-Priest when necessary;
- (3) Chihak, whose duty is to receive visitors and others. All these are elected by the local monks of the KEK LOK SI.

16. The KEK LOK SI occupies an extensive building. In days to come repairs will be necessary. When that time arrives it behooves the Managing Priest to see to all necessary repairs. It is their burden duty to keep the monastery building in a sound state. The expenses of repairs can be paid out of the monastery fund or from subscription to be raised for the purpose.

17. Managing Priests of the KEK LOK SI shall watch over the conduct of the subordinate monks. If they find a disobedient monk failing to observe the rule of this monastery they shall expell him. Derelictions of duty will not be overlooked.

18. When a monk has occasion to go out he must dress himself properly with long robe, shoes and stockings. Before going out he must obtain permission from the Managing Superior. He is to report himself to the same Superior on returning. No monk shall leave the monastery without good reason nor can he pay visit to the house of an acquaintance—a breach of this commandment is punished with expulsion from the monastery. If a monk finds himself unable to abide by the rules of the KEK LOK SI it is his duty so to inform the Head-Priest and obtain permission to leave without delay. He need not wait till he is expelled.

19. The KEK LOK SI is a holy place established for the worship of Buddha. From time to time foreign princes, ministers of state, merchants, and other distinguished personages have visited the monastery. It is not for us to sing the praise of our own establishment. Nevertheless, this Temple of Buddha is one of the beauties of Penang. In view of certain regrettable incidents which have occurred recently we may be pardoned for addressing the following remarks to a class of visitors who, fortunately, number but a few. When you come here to pray to Buddha or enjoy the scenery be good enough to compose yourselves like gentlemen. Please don't bring discredit upon your Fatherland by

conduct unworthy of civilized people. Address your complaints, if any, to the High-Priest, who will do his duty without fear or favor. Within sacred precincts of a monastery loud talking, shouting and gay frolic in company with women of evil reputation—are flagrant breaches of propriety and can only serve to disgrace the perpetrators of them. We appeal to all men of honour and good principles to assist us in protecting the sacred character of the monastery from profanation.

20. There is a saying of the ancients that devils spy on the great to destroy their reputation. We monks make no pretence to greatness, yet we have detractors all the same. However, we will take no notice of slanderers. Slanders will only cause us to examine our hearts and if we find out our shortcomings we will endeavour to improve on our conduct, blameless though it may be. In this way we hope to silence the malicious gossip. Sensible people will certainly understand us.

21. From a man's birth to his death is a period of only a few tens of years. Life is like a dream! We monks know that all things in this life are transitory, wherefore we now become monks. As monks we always keep in mind the precepts of Buddha. In our hearts we always bear in mind the teachings of the Exalted One. If we persist in our holy method of life we will one day arrive at the seat of Buddha. When Buddha said he would lead you to Nirvana he meant that you should faithfully carry out his precepts and by so doing attain the goal of perfect bliss. We, the undersigned, trust that the monks of this monastery will diligently and laboriously aim at the attainment of this goal. If the monks will not listen to our advice we shall deal with them in accordance with these rules. We cannot shut our eyes to any irregularities. We will not allow anyone to outrage the feelings of the people to whose generosity the LEK LOK SI owes its existence.

#### KONGSOO, 33rd YEAR, 3 MOON

1. BIAN LIEN: Reorganizer and Head-Priest of Kusan and Founder of KEK LOK SI.
2. PUN TONG: Former Head-Priest of Kusan and present Head-Priest and Assistant Founder of KEK LOK SI.

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#### THE SKULLS IN THE FOREST

It was some time in the early "nineties" of the last century that Martin Halliday died in Malay Peninsula of too much tropi-

cal Asia. That was not the name which the doctors gave to the disease. They called it "malignant tertian," and appeared to know a surprising number of things about it, except the precise fashion whereby it might be cured—which, after all, was the point of most interest to poor Halliday and to his friends. The doctors and their diagnosis, however, only succeeded in angering the dying man; and his sickness prevented him from keeping a fair hold upon his temper. Latterly, indeed, his language became so improper to the circumstances that the business of nursing him had to be taken out of professional and entrusted to mere lay hands. This duty was performed by him—clumsily enuf, I dare say, but with no stinted measure of care and affection—by Jack Norris and Tommy Burton. The latter, poor fellow, pegged out a while back, shot in a border scrimmage; wherefore Norris is left alone to bear witness concerning the strange case of Martin Halliday.

Martin Halliday was the District Officer in charge of a God-forsaken slip of country lying on the shores of the Straits of Malacca. The coastlands thereabout were mostly dismal stretches of mangrove-swamp, in which dingy, stunted trees, with boughs gnarled and fantastically distorted, stood ankle-deep in slick, black slime, and foul, tepid water. Thru the belt of mud, a few evil-smelling rivers slunk into the sea, staining the Straits with their inky tides; but here and there the hideous monotony was broken by little patches of yellow beach, set with fringes of casuarina trees. The natives of the district were amphibious folk, and their villages consisted for the most part of unsightly huts, strutting crazily on piles, out of reach of the black waters, just within the rivers' mouths. They plied in indolent fashion the trade of fishermen, and their huts reeked with decaying spoils of the sea. There hung about these people and their habitations a perennial dankness, suggestive of green mould. Until steam and the white folk came to knock their world awry, their ancestors had been sea-rovers to a man, and had gotten some wealth and many emotions at the expense of their neighbors. But such romance as danger, adventure, and excitement had lent to their lives had long ago been filched from them; and the fisher-folk of Martin Halliday's time passed their days amidst surroundings whereof the natural gloom was deepened by the dreary monotony imposed upon them by their alien rulers in the name of law and order. No ship ever touched at any point along that desolate shore. Halliday's infrequent mails filtered down to him from the distant upper-country, where the railway line ran thru the big mining settlements; and occasionally a steamer, plough-

ing her way up or down the Straits of Malacca, passed near enuf for her masts to be visible, or for the pin-points of her lights to be glimpsed, pricking thru the darkness of the night.

Halliday lived in that district—the only white man within a week's journey—for many more months than is good to count. He used to wander about it, wading thru the swamps, or making his way from village to village in a crank canoe,—administering justice and the affairs of his little world in paternal fashion,—himself cut off from his kind almost as utterly as if his home had been made upon an island the route to which was a forgotten secret. In front of him, when he stood upon the scraps of beach, lay the open highway of the sea, over which passed more than half the traffic of eastern Asia; behind him, on the other side of a hedge of dense vegetation, full sixty miles in thickness, was civilization of a sort—roads and railways, mines and business-houses, seats of government, clubs, ball-rooms, and cricket-grounds; but his own district, stranded between two streams of restless life, remained remote from all things modern, passed over and forgotten by the centuries.

Before he had done with it, Martin Halliday knew that unsightly tract of coast like the palm of his own hand; and in a fashion he loved it. The hopelessness of ever making anything of it did not affect him. His people clung to their swamps and beaches with a dogged, unambitious patience. They were as insert as some species of marine crustacean welded to its native rock. At first the white man's energy—a quality inexpressibly disgusting to the fisher-folk—was revolted by their indolence: but later Martin himself became attuned to his environment. Time, for him, lost its value. The days and the weeks and the months slid by, and he took no note of them. Insensibly, little by little, he hushed the restlessness of his soul to the rhythm of the slow-creeping rivers, to the deep slumber of the dense swamp-forests. He became content just to live on in the groove into which Fate had fitted him: and since he now contrived to govern without worrying them, his people learned to love him; and the men at the head of the administration, whom he had ceased to pester, left him where he was, and well-nigh forgot the obscure facts of his existence.

The only active pleasure that was his came to him from sharing with the fisherfolk the sport whereby they lived. A long night afloat upon the shoals was a delight that could never pall. He loved the glory and the immensity of the heavens above him; the vast expanse of gently heaving sea all around, upon the bosom of which the little boat rocked lazily; the sense of freedom



and of space that he derived from the empty skies and waters. He loved the nearness to inviolate nature, of which at such times he was conscious; loved, too, the close relationship in which he found himself with an immemorial past, when he thus shared a life that has continued unchanged and unchanging for centuries.

Yet it was thru one such night as this, spent upon the fishing banks of the mouth of the Banat River, that his own peace, and that of his district, came to be broken.

The boat, laden with a heavy take, crept into the river, her weary crew tugging ploddingly at the sweeps. In front of her the dawn was breaking in woebegone fashion above the darker smudge against the grey sky, which was the mountains of the interior. Out of the gloom and the vastness of the night she came, the regular creak and splash of rowing breaking on the stillness like the labored breathing of one spent with travail. Shadowy, she emerged from a world of shadows, and so passed with toil into a ghostly land. The heavens before her were the color of lead, behind her the color of ink; the immensity of the sea, spreading away, lost in the gloom, was felt, not seen; the tide running toward her from out the hidden upper-country was a sombre flood, glinting here and there with the cold flash of steel; the sandspits on either hand were barren patches, sepia-tinted; the forest, mysterious behind a veil of rising mist, reared a precipitous bulk of undefined outline, vague and menacing.

Martin Halliday, worn out with watching, and chilled to the bone by the dawn wind, squatted on the bamboo decking, and looked out, past the dim forms of the fishermen, bending drowsily above their oars, at this world of neutral tints. The cold, merciless depression bred of fatigue, of the forlorn aspect of inanimate things, and of the early-morning hour, was upon him. Something of strangeness, of mystery,—something indefinably awful and fear-inspiring in the landscape,—gripped his imagination. It was his lot to see Kuala Banat afterwards, many times and in many aspects; yet in the end, it was his impression of this place as he first lighted upon it in the dimness, the melancholy, and the fearfulness of the dawn, that remained with him as its essentially true picture.

The boat came to her moorings alongside a sandspit soon after the day had fully broken. Huts were improvised; a meal was cooked and eaten; and then the tired men lay down to sleep, in defiance of the strengthening light.

When Halliday awoke the sun was already slipping adown the western sky, and his fellows were busy cooking the evening

meal, preparatory to beating up the coast to their village, which was distant over a dozen miles. Leaving them to their work, Halliday, after a dip in the river, took his gun and wandered off into the forest. The woods were noisy with the clamour with which birds and insects greet the approach of evening, but to the white man, somewhat spent with the exertions of the previous night, and heavy still with the slumber from which he had so recently awakened, it seemed as tho a great peace brooded over that solitude. In all that jungle there was no trace of human beings—the arch-disturbers of tranquility: this was the primeval wilderness, a citadel which from the beginning had been held securely against mankind by the forest and the forest creatures—or so it seemed to Martin Halliday.

He came presently to a little open space, from the edge of which the towering trees, hung with countless parasitic draperies, stood back in serried lines. Here a flock of paroquets was feasting joyously upon an invisible swarm of flies, and for a space he paused to watch with a keen yet lazy pleasure. In a kind of mazy dance the little birds—each one of them a flash of gay colors as the soft sunlight touched its plumage—flew back and forth, in and out, weaving wonderful patterns, forming each instant some new, momentary combination of delicate tints against the sombre background of the forest. They were an animated kaleidoscope, these darting atoms of greens and reds and yellows and purples, passing and repassing with marvelous dexterity in frantic, graceful haste; now skimming low with incredible speed, again shooting suddenly upward in abrupt ascent to avoid collision with the tree-trunks, only to dive back again in another irresistible swoop. It seemed to Martin that he was standing here, as the first of forest-bred men might have stood, in the heart of a new world,—an untouched woodland,—with Nature for his sole comrade; that here no faintest echo could strike upon his ears of the jarring note which men alone dare to sound even in the hidden sanctuaries of that earth upon which, in the beginning, the Creator, looking, beheld only goodness. The aloofness of the spot from men and from the doings of men was to Martin its supreme attraction. Here at any rate, he thought, even the fisher-folk had refrained from breaking in upon a peace ordained of God. The place where he was standing had never suffered profanation; it had no past, no history; it was straight from the hand of its Maker—inviolable, undefiled; containing in itself, as it were, a direct revelation for one who could approach it with due reverence. And then, as these thoughts were passing thru his mind, his attention was suddenly attracted by certain un-

familiar objects, half hidden by the undergrowth, surrounding the open space upon which he was looking. He moved forward to investigate them more closely, and the flock of paroquets vanished into the tree-tops in a little column-swirl of color. The brushwood was dense, but beneath it he was presently able to distinguish earthworks, such as could only have been thrown up by the toil of human ants. They were so ancient that they had lost all the appearance of "made" ground, yet they still served to convey more than a hint of what had been. There was about them a certain mathematical precision, a straightness of line, a firmness of the right-angles, a method, a business-like air, which surely never yet characterized the handiwork of a Malayan people.

Martin Halliday sat down upon the bank that lay upon the seaward side, and looked at that which he had discovered. He had been mistaken, he thought: his notion that this was unvisited, primeval forest was a dream. It came upon him as a revelation, with the force of a shock, that this district of his, with which he had been so long familiar, had a story of its own—an unrecorded past of which he hitherto had caught no hint. What were the events of which this place had been the scene? This plainly had been a fort—a fort held by white men. Its workmanship proved that, beyond all question. Who, he wondered, were the men that built it? What was its history, what the story of its abandonment? The crumbling walls, the silent witnesses of all that had there been enacted, mocked his curiosity while they fired his imagination. The place, utterly forgotten, packed away in the wilderness, covered by the green pall of vegetation, fascinated him in an extraordinary fashion. He felt concerning it no mere antiquarian interest: rather he was obsessed by the thought of the individual human beings, white folk like himself, who had been his forerunners in this district, that had seemed his exclusive possession. He was conscious of a feeling of kinship to them, which made them more real to him than the brown men and women with whom he daily consorted. He was surprised by the strength of the attraction which the idea of them exercised over him. It was as tho, in some inexplicable way, the souls of these dead-and-gone adventurers were communing direct with his own soul. It was an uncanny, an eerie notion, which filled him with a kind of indefinable dread; repelling him, as it were, by a sense of close fellowship with the beings of a vague spirit-world whereof the portals had for a moment been left ajar. The rustle of the awakening breeze in the forest around sounded in his ears like the

flitting to and fro of unseen ghosts; the shadows, creeping up thru the narrow open spaces between the tree-trunks, were to him as the gathering armies of the dead. With an effort he dragged himself out of the semi-hypnotic stupor into which he had suffered himself to fall, rose to his feet, and turned his back upon the ruined fort. When a few minutes later he stepped out of the forest and rejoined his companions at the edge of the sandspit, it seemed to him that he had passed suddenly from a world of wonder into the prosaic life of everyday. He came back to reality with a pang, the intensity of which astonished him.

During the run up the coast to the nearest village Martin Halliday questioned the fishermen concerning the ruins upon which he had chanced; but they evinced a strange disinclination to speak of them, or to satisfy his curiosity. They obviously tried to shun the subject, shutting themselves up within the little hard ring of pretended inability to understand, which is the last refuge of the Oriental when pressed in a direction whither he does not desire to tread. Martin felt himself to be baffled, and the original white man stirred in him for the first time in many months, causing the bare fact of opposition, of difficulty, to be in itself stimulating, inciting him to determine upon further investigation. Moreover, the queer fascination which the ruins in the forest had had for him still held him in thrall. He could not rid himself of the thought of the place, of its mystery, its compelling charm.

From that day forth the abiding peace of Halliday's somnolent district was broken. The old fort and its dead-and-gone inhabitants gripped him curiously. He visited the place repeatedly, in spite of the reluctance of his natives to accompany him; he talked of it by day, dreamed of it by night; he was for ever attempting to persuade his people to build a village there,—where surely a village of old had stood,—at the mouth of the Banat River. The fishing-banks at that point were the best upon the coast; the nearest inhabited spot from which they could be reached was a good dozen miles away. Kuala Banat itself was lovely—sandspits and glorious forests, a river of clear water, and not a swamp anywhere near at hand to add to the discomfort of life. There were a thousand unanswerable arguments to be advanced in favour of the new settlement; there was absolutely nothing to be urged against it; and yet, inexplicably, the natives of the district, usually so easy to lead and to influence, would have nought to do with Halliday's scheme. To all his coaxings they turned a deaf ear. They would give no reasons, but they were obdurate. It was then that Halliday made the discovery that he



was by no means so completely a vegetable or an Oriental as he had fondly imagined. He began to develop some distinctively Occidental characteristics—a white man's impatience, a white man's persistence, a white man's energy; something, too, of a white man's temper; and the Government, which had so nearly forgotten him, became once more uncomfortably aware of his existence.

For many months he proved himself to be a most inconvenient sort of person to his disillusioned Malays, while he bombarded Headquarters with correspondence on the subject of Kuala Banat, and the new settlement which he was bent upon making in that specially favored spot. At that moment the Government chanced to be busy hunting the particular hare called "Immigration." Halliday's pet project had therefore the good luck to fall in with the prevailing besetment at Headquarters, and accordingly, after the proper number of months had been elaborately wasted in correspondence, thirty families of Trengganu fisher-folk—people from a Native State packed away on the east coast of the Peninsula—were dumped down upon Halliday's shores for the purpose of colonizing Kuala Banat. Martin personally conducted the newcomers to the site of his selection, and the next news received from his district told the Government that the entire crowd of immigrants had been blotted out—by plague, it was presumed—and that Halliday himself had been brought round by sea to the nearest port in a dying condition, and to all appearances raving mad. Here he presently died, as has already been stated, of "malignant tertian"—or, as I think, of too much tropical Asia.

The bare outline of these facts you may find for yourself, if you know where to look for it, duly enshrined in the files of a certain office; but the rest—the apocryphal, perhaps, but unquestionably the more interesting part of the story—is not so much as hinted at in the official documents. The first inkling of it was got by Jack Norris and Tommy Burton from the lips of Martin Halliday a little before he died. The detailed account is compiled from the dead man's diaries, supplemented to some extent by a sort of commentary furnished by Pawang Mat Jasin, the medicine-man of Kuala Pulai. Mainly, however, the story comes to us resting on no surer foundation than poor Halliday's unsupported testimony, and fever—if indeed it were fever that killed him, which he to the end most strenuously denied—is apt to make a man the prey of curious fancies.

The room of the bungalow in which Martin Halliday lay a-dying was bare and comfortless enuf. The plank floor was un-

carpeted, and the only furniture was the great iron bedstead, with dingy mosquito-curtains looped up irregularly around it, a couple of wooden armchairs in which Burton and Norris sat watching, and a small bedside table. The latter was loaded with medicine-bottles; and some unappetizing cold food, which poor Martin could not so much as look at, lay on a plate beside them. The air of the tropical night, oppressively still and empty, was rendered unusually heavy by the smell of disinfectants.

Halliday lay upon the bed, a gaunt figure covered to the waist by a blanket, and for some hours had been tossing uneasily in a sort of comfortless sleep, while Norris and Burton sat as still as mice, fearing to disturb him by even the slightest movement. They knew that their friend had but a short span of life left to him, and the act of sitting there hour after hour impotently awaiting the event—watching Death, as it were, creeping upon him inch by inch—had had an unutterably depressing and eerie effect upon their minds. The awful silence, punctuated only by Halliday's uneasy breathing, which seemed to be telling with relentless precision the seconds as they passed, pricked the watchers to restlessness. Their nerves were all on edge. Any rude sound—even a scream of pain—would have come as a positive relief: the tension of the stillness, and of his inevitable waiting for the inevitable, was so acute.

It must have been a couple of hours before the dawn was due when Halliday, who had been moaning in a sort of subdued, heart-broken, panting fashion for some minutes, suddenly fixed upon Norris eyes that blazed with fever, and yet held in them a clear recognition of his identity. Jack and Tommy were both on their feet in a moment, pressing the sick man to taste such nourishment as they had to offer; but he would do no more than barely moisten his parched lips. Then, after a struggle which seemed as tho it would rip the life out of him, he began to speak, hurriedly, with a furious, anxious energy, pouring out his words in little jets, as blood pumps from a severed artery. He was obviously possessed by a great dread lest his strength should fail him ere ever he had said his say. At first his friends tried to quiet and restrain him, bidding him rest; but he became so excited that they had no choice but to let him have his will.

"I must speak," he panted. "I must speak, or I shall never rest in my grave. I have the lives of thirty families upon my conscience as it was—God help me!—and unless I make you understand—force you to believe—make you know the truth—the truth that I alone know—some other fool may do as I did, and I, I—shall be responsible. The natives won't speak—most of them; and

if they were to speak, white men wouldn't listen—any more than I did. I wouldn't listen, I wouldn't listen!" The cry rose in a thin wail.

"Promise," he sobbed. "Promise—promise that you will never let anybody try to make a settlement at Kuala Banat! Promise me that! Promise on your words of honor, as you hope to be saved! Say, 'So help me, God!' Say it after me! Quick! Quick!"

To humour him, Norris and Burton took the solemn oath, tho they fully believed him to be delirious; and then for a little space he lay back upon his pillows spent and listless, as tho his energies were exhausted, as tho he could now rest satisfied, his self-imposed task being accomplished. Presently he spoke again, his words coming in a tone of less excitement but in a sort of tense, throaty whisper which was ghastly.

"I ought to tell you why—why I have made you swear, only—I can't—I'm too weak. I don't want you to think that I—am mad, or raving. Test me. I'm as sane as either of you. Believe it—believe me! Don't put your trust in all that doctors' drivel about fever—and the delirium of fever. I know what I am saying—what I have written—every word of it. And it is truth—God's truth! My diary—you'll find it there—set down from day to day. I tell you it is God's truth, and you shall believe!"

A great cry, a cry as of despair made awfully articulate, went from him—a cry that rings in Norris's ears at times even now. And when in fancy he hears it, there is borne in upon his mind afresh the complete realization, which came to him in that moment, of the intensity of conviction by which this dying man was possessed. Then against the force of that passionate faith arguments and reason are for the time powerless.

That cry was the last sound which Martin Halliday uttered, for he straightway fell into a stupor from which he never returned to consciousness.

The examination of his papers was a task which fell to the lot of the friends who had nursed him. They also wrote the usual melancholy letters to his people at home, softening down, as was fitting, the ugly circumstances from the midst of which death had taken him; for why should they insist unnecessarily upon the bare and loveless bungalow, the dingy mosquito-curtains, the wrangles with the doctor-folk, and all the rest of it? An account of any death which occurs upon the outskirts usually requires a world of careful editing before ever it can be made suitable for home consumption. On occasions such as this a dead man's friends have always to reconcile their consciences to a

certain amount of necessary insincerity, out of regard for the distant hearts that loved him; but in the case of Martin Halliday, his two more or less self-appointed executors assumed a rather unusually heavy responsibility. After they had together examined the diary of which Martin had spoken on his death-bed, they came to the decision that, for the time at any rate, it must be suppressed. They had a care for their friend's memory, and they knew that an unimaginative Government, supported by its medical advisers, would unhesitatingly declare in cold-blooded fashion that Halliday had been suffering from acute dementia. His relatives in England, on the other hand, would be even less likely to understand. A study of the diary could only produce pain and distress in the minds of those who had loved Martin Halliday; in those who had not known or cared for him, it might breed derision. For the dead man's sake, therefore, the thing must be abstracted from his effects—and abstracted it accordingly was.

None the less, Jack Norris has made it his business, in as unobtrusive and effectual a manner as possible, to see that Halliday's dying wishes shall be respected, and that no new settlement shall ever again be established in Kuala Banat. Precisely how he contrived to work it is a trade secret concerning which I had best be silent; but he has succeeded in getting the place medically condemned, which means that it is "officially" uninhabitable for all time. He would hardly have taken such action as this had he not believed more than a little in the reality of Halliday's experiences. He declines to talk about the matter, however, and the most that I could ever drag from him was the hope that the dead man would now "rest in his grave."

During the months of delay which supervened before poor Halliday's project for the settlement of Kuala Banat had been "put thru," as he phrases it in his diary, the ruined fort which he had discovered seems to have obsessed him. Again and again he revisited it—went out of his way to make objectless excursions to it. There was nothing to take him to the place, for his own natives had shown themselves to be strongly averse from all idea of colonizing it, and for a season the immigration project hung fire most disappointingly. When he got there, he had not anything to do. The jungles held no game worth shooting, the fishing-banks could only be worked at night-times: he was not even impelled by antiquarian interest to attempt excavations or to search for relics of the past. Yet he was drawn to the old fort, as it were, by some irresistible force; was restless and uneasy when at a distance from it; and yet not satisfied when he



had reached this Mecca of his many pilgrimages. He passed hours sitting idly upon one or another of the crumbling earth-works, dreaming and musing, straining his ears to catch the whisper of a bygone age; and when with the sunset his natives clamoured to depart, he would tear himself away with a conscious effort, and with the unreasoning longing to return already quickening within him. The Malays of the district, upon whom in most things he was wont to impose his will, would never consent to spend a night at Kuala Banat, and Martin Halliday noted half-wonderingly that he had "a sort of hungry craving" to see the old fort by moonlight.

His enthusiasm for the place finds frequent expressions in his diary: he goes into rhapsodies over its beauty. "Kuala Banat," he writes, "is out and away the most lovely spot in the whole district—a river of limpid water, sandspits yellow as a buttercup, and then forest—great towering banks of forest reared up on every side to any height you like—forest infinitely old, that looks down upon you in a sort of scorn from the magnificence of all its supreme mystery. It is like the stars, 'with power to burn and brand his nothingness into man.' It had got a queer grip upon me, this place: it seizes my imagination—I can't win free of it. How often I stand looking at those huge, silent trees, and long for them to have voices wherewith to speak, that they might tell me of the sights which they have seen—the tragedy of that abandoned fort, of this deserted fairyland. For there must have been a tragedy—I know it, I feel it. This place of all places could never have been forsaken by men unless they had been driven out of it, driven, driven. What was it, I wonder—pestilence, famine, war? At times I fancy that I am on the very brink of discovering the secret, tho how and whence I do not know. Yet I can do nothing to hasten it: I can only sit and wait—for what? It is as tho I were listening, straining my hearing; and as if, were my senses more acute, I should learn all without moving a finger. What nonsense it sounds, now that the words are written here in black and white; yet that is what I feel, and I can only sit still and wait."

"Every time I come back here," he writes on another occasion, "the influence of the place, the fascination of it, grows stronger. I have had the strangest sensations about it from the start—I can't describe them. It was at first as tho something in me fought hard to hold me back, to keep me away from Kuala Banat; while something else—something apart from me—drew me to return again and again. Tho I love the place, it was not all pleasure in the beginning. There was a sort of horror in it

too—the kind of feeling that you have when you go into danger; hating it, going against your will, but going all the same because you can't help yourself, can't resist it—because it compels you, fascinates while it terrifies you. Every man, I fancy, has experienced something of the sort in greater or in less measure; but with me it is unreasoning, causeless, meaningless, and yet is so insistent, so irresistible, that it will not let me rest. When I am away from the place, I am uneasy—all on edge. I feel as tho something were lacking to me: yet when I am back there again I am still unsatisfied, still restless, still listening with painful intentness for some sound that I cannot catch, some word of revelation that I cannot hear or understand."

It is curious to contrast passages such as these with the dull official prose of Halliday's reports, written at the same time, with the object of inducing the Government to adopt his scheme for the founding of a fishing-colony at Kuala Banat, and it is difficult to believe that the two were the work of the same man. In the official papers the arguments for the settlement are marshalled with care, and there are no traces of anything more than the subdued enthusiasm of the ordinary District Officer playing the advocate for his pet project. In the diary, however, we are brought into contact with quite a different being. It is no longer the machine-made civilian who speaks, but a man of a curiously introspective, even morbid, tendency—the prey of strange fancies, of inconsequent prepossessions. Even the diary is mainly filled by a dull record of duty, the monotony of which is only broken by occasional "purple patches" of almost hysterical prose, inspired invariably by the thought of Kuala Banat, and by half-mystical musings concerning the sensations with which the place inspired him. Of these I have now quoted enough, and the remainder of the story must tell itself as best it may without more than an occasional reference to the sources whence it is derived.

One glorious day Martin Halliday saw the culmination of his desires. Thirty families of Trengganu folk were landed from a Government launch at Kuala Pulai, distant a dozen miles or so from Kuala Banat; and as soon as she was quit of her passengers, the little craft which had brought them fussed away down the coast. Halliday had collected a number of sailing boats in which to convey the settlers and their gear to their destination, and no sooner had they been set ashore than he was in a fever to be gone. He knew that the natives of the district regarded Kuala Banat with superstitious awe, and he was in deadly fear lest aught should be said by them that might awaken the prejudice of the Trengganu people. As a matter of fact, he

need not have worried himself upon this score. The Malays of Kuala Pulai were probably quite convinced of certain facts, and entertained no sort of doubt as to what awaited the Trengganu folk at Kuala Banat; but they did not care. The new-comers did not belong to the district; tho they spoke the same language, professed the same religion, were of the same color as the villagers of Kuala Pulai, they were strangers, to whom the natives of the place were bound by no ties of consanguinity or interest. Therefore, their fate, be it ugly or fortunate, was a matter of supreme indifference. The Pulai people just let them go—never said a word of warning or dissuasion, never so much as lifted a finger to stay them. It would be unjust to impute much blame. Martin Halliday was known to be a resolute fellow; his heart was set upon this project. If the immigrants were scared away by any old-wives' tales, he would certainly make it hot for whoever was responsible. The curious thing is, however, that I am convinced that this aspect of the position had no great influence in determining the action of the Kuala Pulai Malays. They simply did not care—did not think the Trengganu people worth troubling about. There you have the Oriental—his extraordinary indifference, his total lack of sympathy for those who are not connected with him. If the same circumstances could repeat themselves in Europe—which, of course, is sheer extravagant impossibility—every soul in the place would have warned the Trengganu natives, and Halliday's scheme would have died still-born. As it was, the thing went forward without a hitch.

Martin himself occupied a somewhat different position from that of the immigrants in the estimation of the district. His was a familiar figure in every village, almost in every house. His people had got used to him, we knew where to have him, knew the best and the worst of him, were secure in his ability to understand them and their needs. If aught should happen to him, some new white man would be let loose among them, and the gods alone could say what manner of creature the stranger might be. Accordingly, thru its mouthpiece, Old Pawang Mat Jasin of Kuala Pulai, the district spoke to Martin Halliday, and Martin thot to convict the district, in the person of the medicine-man, of incipient insanity.

The old fellow came to Martin by night on the eve of his departure for Kuala Banat, and pleaded with him earnestly to abandon the scheme. At first he talked soberly enuf, tho he was far from explicit upon the subject of his fears; but when he found that his words were making no impression, he worked himself up into a wild state of excitement, threw himself upon the floor at

the white man's feet, imploring him with the passionate energy of one who prays for his life, weeping and threatening thru his tears. Halliday could make nothing of it. He tried to drive it into the old fellow's understanding that a project which had been approved by Headquarters could not be abandoned incontinently and without sufficient reason; but the Pawang was impervious to argument. The calamity, as he termed it, had not yet befallen; therefore it could still be avoided. To him Halliday, its visible embodiment, was the Government. He either could not or would not grasp the idea of the impersonal organism at the back of the District Officer. To his thinking, the decision rested with the white man: matters could not have gone too far, could not have passed out of his hands. There must still be a means of retreat at his command. So he pleaded and wept, raved like a lunatic, and at last poured forth a volume of inarticulate, nebulous threats.

Halliday was dazed by the old man's excitement. Had he not been familiar with the habits of this Mohammedan peasant, he would have been tempted to fancy that he had been drinking. Knowing that the Pawang had never tasted intoxicating liquor in his life, however, Halliday was unable to find a working explanation in any such hypothesis, and his acquaintance with Malayan character quickened his anxieties. He feared that the old fellow might be on the brink of one of those nervous outbreaks, which, with his countrymen, are apt to culminate in amok-running; and he felt convinced that such a catastrophe could only be averted by keeping the Pawang under his eye, by gripping the soul of him in the vice of a stronger nature, and holding it fast until the paroxysm had worn itself out.

Halliday accordingly invited the medicine-man to accompany him to Kuala Banat; and tho at first the bare idea appeared to fill him with panic, the Pawang in the end consented, provided that he should be free to quit the place when and how he pleased. This condition Halliday accepted, and when his little fleet set sail from Kuala Pulai, Pawang Mat Jasin, alone among the natives of the district, took passage on board the white man's boat; sitting huddled up in the stern, mumbling prayers and incantations against evil, quaking and chattering with superstitious fears, and now and again shivering violently like a wet terrier. He did not present an encouraging spectacle, but Halliday was immensely relieved at having him with him, for the peace of his district is a thing very precious to the officer in charge of it, and it seemed to Martin that, left to his own device, the Pawang, in his uncanny state of excitement, might have gone near to breaking it.



To Martin Halliday's fascinated gaze Kuala Banat was looking more beautiful than ever as his little string of sailing-crafts trailed into the mouth of the river under the soft sunshine of the afternoon. Far down the side of a dome of marvellous color the sun was sinking on to a bed of fleecy purple clouds; in the heavens, a vivid ethereal green melted imperceptibly into a pure blue above the roseate tints which dyed the western sky; the reflection of the sunset—a mellow and chastened glory—caused the inland range of mountains to stand out prominent and incredibly distinct, solid wave-crests of cobalt. Below the line of hills, in the immediate foreground, the forest rose abruptly, every shade of green intensified and vivified by the evening light; below it again, on either hand, the yellow sand-banks opened a gate thru which the river, gleaming redly, its waters alive with motion, poured its silent tide. With much shouting, the creaking of rattan cables, and the grinding of anchors upon the shingles, the boats were made fast. The splendour faded from the sky; the night shut down like a black curtain, rent here and there by the red flame of cooking-fires. Then the moon arose, and a glamour as of a fairy world was shed over the scene.

The natives, worn out by the labours of the day and the heat, ate their meal of rice and fish, and snuggled down to sleep on board the boats; but far into the night Martin Halliday sat and mused. He had dreamed a dream, and behold it was coming true. It was to be his lot to people this lovely wilderness as it had once before been peopled—how long ago he could only guess. He looked at shore and river with a sense of proud and fond proprietorship. It was his, his, as was no other spot on all God's glorious earth, and he would make of it what he would. Waking he dreamed, and so passed into a tranquil sleep.

On the morrow the work of establishing a village was begun in real earnest, and the Trengganu folk—a handy race when it comes to the use of tools—proved that they had higher standards of architecture and comfort than were commonly possessed by the natives of Halliday's district. The huts when finished promised to be quite superior things of their kind, and while they were building the settlers slept quite contentedly on board their boats. The Banat fishing-banks, too, yielded better takes than even Halliday had anticipated, and matters appeared to be going so well that he fell to chaffing the Pawang, who continued to be as fearful, as morose, and as uneasy as ever.

"We have not yet gone up on to the land to live, Tuan," the old man said. "We dwell in our boats. Let us not sound the war-cry of triumph before the assault hath begun."

"We are ashore all day," objected Halliday.

"Ay," croaked the Pawang, "and afloat all night. Wait, Tuan, wait. Oh, quit this accursed place, even now, even now!"

"Rot!" said Martin to himself, and he jeered the Pawang anew. The old man said no more, but he was not amused.

On the third day, when Martin was out with a party of Trengganu folk cutting timber for the village, chance took him in the direction of the old fort. He had visited it many times since his arrival—had wasted there in dreamy inaction and solitude more hours than he cared to reckon up; but his people had never had occasion to cut posts in this particular locality. Now, as they were clearing the underwood around the roots of a big tree which they designed to fell, they lighted suddenly upon some curious objects. They were three human skulls lying in a regular row upon the surface of the ground. The Malays, who dislike such things, would not touch them; but Martin was interested, and he examined them closely. It was with a curious feeling of anger in his heart that he made the discovery that they must once have been set upon the shoulders of white folk like himself—the shape was unmistakable, he could not be deceived. One, moreover, must have belonged to a child; one to a woman; and one, the largest, to a man. The latter had been broken by a blow which had crashed thru the bone at the back; the other two were intact.

The facts thus revealed smote him with a shock. Those three grim bone-faces, gazing at him out of hollow eye-sockets, with fixed expressions whereof the very immobile rigidity impressed him with a sense of their implacable hate, appealed to him with extraordinary force as he realized that they were the relics of fellow-Europeans, and that one of them—the strongest—had died a death of violence. They seemed to him to be very near skin to him: he recognized the bond of a common humanity, which was different from the brown humanity of the natives around him; of a common faith, a common tradition and history. Tho they were separated from him by centuries of time; tho the names they had borne in life—nay, the very race to which they had belonged—were unknown to him; tho in every way these dead folk were infinitely more remote from him than were the living men and women—the Malays—among whom he had sojourned so long; still they seemed to claim him as one of themselves—as a friend, an ally. The thought of them—the notion that they had been killed here, alone in the wilderness, beset by merciless enemies—moved him strangely. Was it the white blood, the color-prejudice—which will survive all shedding of precon-

ceived opinions, years passed in closest fellowship with men of a lesser breed,—that suddenly was stirring within him? He could not tell; but the sentiment was there, strong and wrathful—a feeling of anger at the death which had befallen these strangers, a fierce hatred of their murderers, a burning desire to see them avenged. He told himself that his attitude of mind was absurd, illogical; but the feeling was there, refused to be driven forth. It gripped him with a force that would not be denied.

Added to this also was another sensation—uncanny, eerie; felt, yet dimly realized. It was as tho these dead folks had been waiting for him, and he for them; as tho, from the first, they had put forth the attraction which had drawn him so irresistibly to the spot—the uneasy sense of being impelled to visit and re-visit it, of which he had been conscious. The discovery of the unburied Christian skulls appeared to indicate at last the nature of the “something required of him” of which he had been vaguely aware. He was amazed by the notion, yet it none the less appealed to him with the force of certainty—they desired Christian burial, and in some occult fashion they had been able to communicate their will to him. It was an idea fantastic, absurd, in this prosaic age, at the end of the 19th century; yet out here in the wilderness it contrived to wear a garb of probability.

Solemnly he committed the skulls to the earth, repeating over them such fragments of the Burial Service as he could remember, and long he sat beside the grave which he had dug and filled, pondering with quickened interest over the lost story of this man and woman and child. The chance which had revealed the skulls to him seemed to bring the forgotten tragedy of the deserted fort very near to him. More than ever he longed to know the details of its fall and its abandonment, of the lives and the deaths of the men who had held it; and it seemed to him that, tho he had now performed the last duty to the dead, the odd sense that something more was required of him clung as insistently as of old, and now with a threefold force.

That night Martin Halliday awoke long before the dawn was due, aroused into the wide-eyed wakefulness which means that sleep has gone, not to return for many hours. He sat up under the palm-leaf shelter, beneath which his mat was spread, in the stern of the boat, and gazed out into the serene stillness of the night. The moon was shedding its soft, illusive glamour over forest and river, giving to the scene the lovely unreality of a theatrical display. Not a breath of wind was stirring; no sound of bird or insect came from the sleeping woodland; the silence

reigned as tho it were too holy to be broken; there was a magic in it that was unearthly by reason of its tremendous solemnity.

Suddenly it occurred to Martin how often he had wished to see the old fort by moonlight, and the "sick longing," which he had noted in his diary with a certain sense of surprise at its unaccountable force, cried out to be satisfied. Noiselessly he slipped on his shoes, clambered over the side, tight-roped along a treacherous bamboo gangway, and so stepped ashore. The deep black shadows lay under the canopy of forest-branches to all seeming as solid as the tree-trunks, baffling the eye with a thousand illusions of barrier and obstacle; but the path to the old fort was one with which Halliday was now familiar thru long use, and he had no difficulty in finding his way. He came presently to the little opening in which he had once seen the parquets feasting on the swarm of flies; and as he did so, the little fox-terrier, which unnoticed had been following at his heels, whined suddenly and bolted for the boats, its tail tight-pressed between its legs. Martin wheeled about, thinking that a snake had stricken the dog; but nothing moved in the underwood. He called and whistled, but the terrier only scuttled the faster. Martin could hear in the stillness the hurried beat of its little pads. He called the dog's name again, then hushed his voice. There seemed a profanation in thus raising an outcry in the silence of the forest and the night.

Halliday faced the fort once more and stepped out into the little clearing, moving cautiously, for the dog's desertion made him fearful lest some beast of prey should be near at hand. He snuffed the air, half expecting to smell the strong scent—like that which might be given off by a whole pack of foxes—which is the sure indication of a tiger's presence; but the air was untainted, laden only with the heavy fragrance of the forest. Reassured, he moved on, then came to an abrupt standstill. In front of him, near the middle of the fort, above the spot where on the preceding afternoon he had buried the relics of the dead, three white objects lay upon the ground. They were the skulls, ranged in an ordered row just as they had been when first he had seen them. The sight of them bewildered him. Who had disinterred them? was his first thought. But then he remembered that no man among his Malays would willingly have touched them when unburied, far less have disturbed them when decently covered by the earth. Some forest creature, then? But the explanation carried with it no conviction. The beasts of the jungle have scant use for bones which have lain exposed to the weather for years, perhaps for centuries. None the less, tho in his heart he knew the



search was vain, he examined the ground diligently for tracks; but nothing of the kind could he discover. The skulls seemed to have been drawn upward thru the soil, which had collapsed upon itself. Above it they lay, glaring thru sightless eye-sockets, their uneven teeth grinning fixedly over the places where the missing lower jawbones had once hung. As Martin gazed at them in a sort of paroxysm of horror, they seemed to be instinct with that uncanny air of expectation, of waiting, patiently but inexorably, for—he knew not what; for something that they demanded of him—something that he must do.

The awful loneliness of the place gripped him suddenly with a chill dread. He longed to turn and run, even as the dog had fled the spot, but he was powerless to move. It was as tho he were riveted to the ground; and he stood there, with his gaze nailed to the three white objects which the moonlight revealed too clearly. He experienced the queer sensation which comes to a man when he fixes his eyes immovably for too long a time upon some bright point till he feels his body, as it were, falling away from him, and the soul, of whose existence he is rarely conscious in an active degree, forcing its way out of its shell. The skulls were hypnotising him.

How long he stood there he did not know, nor had he any memory at a later time of what thereafter befell him, nor of how he made his way back to his sleeping mat on board the fishing-boat. When he awoke, that night-wandering appealed to his recollection as a thing of utter unreality—part of the tangled and vivid dreams that had oppressed him sleeping. He did not believe that he had left his mat, till he found his shoes still upon his feet. He did not believe in the skulls having become exhumed, seemingly unaided, until he stood once more in the little clearing looking down at them. Then, tho the fresh, glad daylight flooded the forest all around him, his heart stood still with superstitious fear, and the sweat that broke out upon his forehead was clammy cold.

With head depressed, he walked back to his boat, trying the while to disentangle his recollections, to winnow out the reality from the dreams. Up to the time that he had discovered the skulls, rejected, apparently, by the earth in which he had laid them, he had been awake. So much was proved: but afterwards . . . . . There was in his mind a space blank of recollections of an actual sort, but crowded strangely with dream-sensations. He remembered standing on the seashore—but was it he who had stood there?—standing in the fading light of afternoon, gazing with strained and anxious eyes in the direction of Malacca. He re-

membered that as he stood there he crossed himself repeatedly, as he had seen men do in continental churches, and muttered fragments of Latin prayer. He recalled that even at the time he had wondered vaguely, as men wonder in dreams, how and when he had learned these Paters and Aves that now arose too glibly to his lips. He remembered that there had been despair in his heart; that the empty horizon to the south had been to him like heavens of brass to which men lift impotent hands in entreaty addressed to ears that will not hear.

He remembered turning away, with sigh and groan and prayer and curse all breaking from his lips, and passing back towards the fort. When he caught sight of it, it was to him at once strange and familiar—strange to him, Martin Halliday, but familiar to that other self which had in some inexplicable fashion entered into possession of his body. The fort was not as he had seen it in his waking hours, for it wore a strange air of life and of occupation. A high new stockade crowned its walls; the earth of its trenches was red from the spade and barely coated with fresh green weeds; smoke curled upward from the roof of a hut within the defences. It was the same place as that which was now so well known to Martin Halliday, and yet it was so different as almost to defy recognition. Recalling its every detail now that he was in truth awake, Halliday had much ado to convince himself that he had not really looked upon it—the memory was so vivid, so real, so exact to its last least feature. Yet to that other self within him the sight, so intimately familiar, had had, Halliday felt thru some subtle intuition, an unusual, an alarming aspect. He caught himself standing still; noted that his hand was clutching at his heart, as tho to still its beating; that it flew thence to his throat, as tho his arrested breath were choking him. An instant later he was rushing madly towards the little crooked door which gave access to the fort. The place was deserted. He heard himself calling in some strange and yet familiar tongue, and at the last a feeble cry answered to his agonized appeals. Blind with horror and rage, he forced his way thru the entrance to the hut, the door, wrenched from its hinges and hanging by its bolts, obstructing his movements. The darkness was gathering fast by now, and for a moment his eyes were useless to him in the obscurity of the hut; but he was conscious of a fitful plucking at his feet, and presently, stooping earthward, his hand touched something that winced and moved, something that was wet with a fluid warm and sticky.

He recalled searching for a flint and steel; remembered wondering why matches were not forthcoming; remembered, too, admiring the dexterity of that other self which, in spite of hands

smitten by a sudden palsy, manipulated the clumsy fire-maker so deftly. Soon a damar torch flared up, and the flame revealed the forms of a woman and a child—Europeans these, but clad strangely, after the forgotten fashion of some bygone age—lying upon the floor in pools of blood. Martin Halliday waking took in again in retrospect every hideous detail of that scene,—it was printed in fire across his brain,—and once again he was seized by a wild whirl of savagery and passion. First, he remembered, he had flung himself down by the side of that slaughtered mother and child, weeping hysterically, seeking to coax the life back into the murdered woman, striving vainly to stay the ebb of the child's vitality. He remembered praying and cursing, entreating and threatening all in a breath—all in that unknown tongue that yet was for him so full of meaning; remembered lying still, spent and impotent, in a kind of numbed stupor; remembered rising up at the last with grim determination to avenge.

He recalled passing out into the moonlight and standing there for an instant oppressed by the unreality of things familiar. He remembered throwing his arms aloft, his fingers writhing in furious contortion, and calling down a curse upon that wicked place, and upon the men of the breed that had wrought his undoing. There was, it had seemed to Halliday, an awful force, an appalling passion and intensity, a volcanic, indestructible vitality in that effort of will which he, that other self, was putting forth, as he called down, blending his words with tremendous blasphemies, destruction upon the place and its people at the hands of his fellows; destruction at the hands of the Powers of Evil upon all who might follow in their footsteps. It was to Halliday as tho all the strength of this man's soul had become transmuted suddenly into a new, an evil, an all-compelling force, eternal as is all force, but in this case inexhaustible, unchangeable. Then, in the very midst of his passionate exhortation, Halliday had become aware of a rustling in the grass behind him of which that other self remained unconscious. An instant later and something had struck him violently on the head—a numbing blow that in a flash obliterated sensation. He had awakened to find himself lying upon his mat on board his boat, with the bright sunlight of a Malayan morning casting the glamour of its glory all about him, and with an inconsequent conviction that he had not merely dreamed.

He began of a sudden to be of the like mind with Pawang Mat Jasin, the medicine-man. He would very willingly have abandoned his project of forming a settlement at Kuala Banat. For him, as for the medicine-man, the place was haunted—haunted by the memory of the events which had so strangely been re-

vealed to him; haunted in a fashion yet more grim by that all-pervading, all-compelling force which had seemed to emanate from the agonized soul of the man who had stood blaspheming and cursing dreadfully out yonder in the moonlight. That spirit, racked with pain and hate and rage, seemed to his morbid imagining to have perpetuated itself in a subtle but enormously potent influence that brooded eternally over the scene of its tortures and dissolution. It was this, Martin now thot, which from the first had called him, almost in spite of himself, bidding him return again and again to Kuala Banat, whispering to him ceaselessly that something was required of him. Now, in the full light of the noontide, he shuddered as he asked himself what might be the nature of that something which was demanded by that brooding Spirit.

Vainly he strove to shake himself free of doubts, forebodings, superstitions, but his joy and his peace were gone. He knew himself to be desperately afraid, but the relief of action was denied to him. The projected settlement had been officially approved; public money had been devoted to it. The vividest vision that ever came to ruin sleep would not justify a retreat now in the eyes of a prosaic Government. No, the thing must go on, be the end good or evil. There was no drawing back. Martin Halliday set his teeth, and bade himself endure as best he might.

The Trengganu folk had completed their houses, and that day was occupied in transferring their gear from the boats. Men, women, and children took a hand in the job, and by an early hour in the afternoon the task was completed. Kuala Banat, for the first time for near four hundred years it is probable, had been settled by the white man's energy and by the victims which, in the white man's Law, that energy so often claims for its own.

There are in Malayan lands two hours of compelling melancholy—the hour that comes before the dawn, the hour that precedes the falling of the night. The first is the season when all things hush suddenly in a breathless quiet, as tho expectant of coming evil. It is the moment of slackened vitality which sees so many lives, that have travailed all the night, desist from fight and yield to death ere the breaking of the day. Lying wide-eyed in the darkness, you can almost catch the sound of the flitting spirits that pass, and with them flit also your poor shreds of hope. It is the hour of cold despair or torturing presentiments; of utter, heart-breaking despondency, against which you have, for the moment, nothing of force, of energy, or of courage to oppose. Malays know these things, and they love to prolong sleep until the dawn in yellowing the dim east; but during the hour before the death of



day no Malay will willingly coquette with slumber. Men know that this is the season set apart in some especial manner for the dominion of the Powers of Ill, and that a body in which the soul is not alert and wakeful may at such times find itself tenanted suddenly by unbidden guests. The day with its labour and its heat draws near its ending; once more energies are slackened, vitality ebbs; the spirit which has upheld and driven the body upon its laborious way droops and fails; the chorus of the birds has dwindled down to a few weary twitterings, the strident scream of the cicada has ceased, while the busy hum and tick of night-insects has not yet swelled to the full volume of its monotonous murmurings. Light is dying, color is fading, form itself is losing gradually its distinctness. The world is becoming merged in vast, lowering shadows, and all things exhale a subtle suggestion of melancholy and of mystery.

Martin Halliday, shaken by his experiences of the previous night, dreading fearfully the hours of darkness that lay ahead of him,—burning also, it may be, with the beginnings of the malignant fever which brought him presently to his death,—stood on the sand-pit that evening watching the dying of the day, and was conscious of an oppression of spirit such as had never visited him before. Old Pawang Mat Jasin crept to his side, and stood for a moment silent, his eye roaming seaward. Then he spoke:

"Tuan," he said, "thou surely hast the *grak*—the presentiment of coming evil. All day I have marked thee, and whither didst thou go in the heart of yester-night? Listen to my words, Tuan. Quit this evil place now, while there is still time. Come! See my sampan lieth yonder. Come!"

"And the Trengganu folk?" queried Halliday.

"Let them bide, Tuan," said the medicine-man. "We may not take them with us now lest the Government be angry, seeing that there is an order that they should dwell in this hell-haunted place. Very evidently these same men of Trengganu are to be numbered among those who are the food for the flames of the Terrible Place, fore-ordained from the beginning. It is certainly the will of Allah, the Merciful and the Compassionate. Let them bide; but thou, Tuan, come away with me while yet there is time."

"Go thou, it so thou wilt," said Halliday. He had no heart left in him, no conviction wherewith to battle against the superstitions of the medicine-man—or what Martin had till very recently been used to call superstitions. From the bottom of his heart he longed to go, but to go he was ashamed. "Go thou," he repeated.

"While there is time, while there is time!" the Pawang cried

breathlessly, clutching Martin's arm with a force that pained. "See, see yonder!"

With outstretched hand that shook violently, he pointed in the direction of a large island to the south; and Martin Halliday, following his gaze, saw something that made his heart stand still.

Round the point of the island, and heading steadily for Kuala Banat, a ship was making her way—a ship with an impossibly high poop and forecastle and with huge sails of a strange fashion above which flags floated. The evening land-breeze was beginning to spring up, and now blew steadily from the north-east; yet in the teeth of the wind this strange ship sped on, heading steadily for Kuala Banat.

"What is it?" he asked, and his voice fell hoarse and in strange accents upon his ears.

Pawang Mat Jasin was shaking like a leaf, and was repeating with feverish haste the names and praises of Allah and His Prophet.

"While there is yet time," he whispered. "While there is yet time. Come! In the name of Allah, come!"

"But what manner of ship is that?" asked Martin Halliday. "It must be some sort of junk."

Even while he said the word, he knew that never yet did junk sail out of China with form or sails such as those; that never junk or sailing vessel built by man could sweep onward as that ship was sweeping in the very eye of the wind. He had marked her round stem, her great castles built up fore and aft, her heavy bulwarks, her high masts supporting great bellying squares of sail, and he knew her for what she was—something that hitherto had lived for him only in the pages of ancient books—a galleon of the fifteenth century. Was he still dreaming, as the night before he had dreamed?

Pawang Mat Jasin released his arm, and stepped away.

"'Tis a ship of the devils," he whispered hoarsely, "a junk such as, men say, the devils of this place alone use. If thou will not come, I must leave thee, Tuan. It is not good for men to war with demons."

He drew his sundang from its sheath and rapidly traced a figure on the sand with its blunt point.

"See," he said, pointing to the rude design. "I have drawn here the Sanggul Patimah, within which it is not given for any spirit of evil to penetrate. Perchance it may serve thee as a kubu—stockade—in the hour of thine extremity. But for me, I crave leave to depart. When a man may not fight, 'tis best to retreat."

He turned away, drew his sampan close to the shore, stepped

on board, and began to paddle with long, swift strokes northward into the gathering darkness. Martin stood watching him until he was merged in the falling shadows. Turning back, a little before the last of the daylight died, Martin, feeling all at once terribly alone, saw dimly the outline of the galleon sailing onward steadily, indifferent to the freshening breeze. The only sound of which he was conscious was the mournful howling of his dog.

The rest of the story comes to us from Richard Malcolm of the Trigonometrical Survey, who chanced to turn up at Kuala Banat in a Government launch on the following morning.

"You have asked me to tell you about my arrival at poor Halliday's death-trap," he writes. "It is an experience which I shall never forget, and one that I don't like to recall more often than I can help, but the facts were these. We put into Kuala Banat in the Ena just about midday, and at first could not make out what was wrong. The whole beach was strewn with people apparently asleep,—asleep in the blazing sunlight,—which did not seem natural, seeing that a cluster of newly built huts was standing ready for occupation. There was an awful hush over the place, broken only by the woeful howling of a dog; and my Malays looked at one another fearfully and spoke in whispers that made my hair lift. I never, as you know, got the hang of their lingo. Very soon I grasped the fact that we were looking, not at sleeping, but at dead people. After we got ashore, it was the queerest thing you ever set eyes on. Men, women, and children were all lying about like dead men on a battlefield, and every one of them face downward, with arms outflung as tho they had fallen in headlong flight. Their faces, too, were as much alike as their attitudes. Each had the eyes protruding in the most ghastly fashion, the mouth open as tho in the act of screaming, except in one or two cases where the teeth were locked together like a clinched vice. It gave me the creeps to look into those faces: they were so many incarnations of Fear petrified.

"We dug a trench and buried the crowd, tho I had a job to get my Malays to touch them, and it was only at the last that we found poor Halliday. He was lying like the rest, face downward, with arms outstretched before him, and he was inside a sort of figurething which someone had traced upon the sand. His dog sat beside him with uplifted muzzle, howling dismally. Halliday was the only soul alive, but he was as mad as a hatter—and small wonder, seeing that he had been lying for hours with the sun beating down upon the back of his bare head. Of course there was no question of getting a doctor to certify the cause of the

death of all these people,—the nearest medical man was a hundred miles away,—but I always fancy that the camp must have been enveloped quite suddenly by some deadly miasma. I don't know how else to account for it: for it was not cholera, that is certain; and there was nothing to make one think that it was poison. We don't know whether there is any exhalation known to science which fits in with my theory. Anyway, we expect there are heaps of things in the jungle that even scientific men know precious little about. It was a stupid thing, we have always thot, to try to colonize Kuala Banat. The natives of the coast, I understand, knew that the place was abominably unhealthy, and never would have anything to do with it at any price: and natives, it has always seemed to me, know a lot more about this sort of thing than we do."

With that opinion we find ourself in profound agreement.

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#### TWO LITTLE SLAVE-GIRLS

"How low soe'er men rank us,  
How high soe'er we win,  
The children far above us  
Dwell, and they deign to love us,  
With lovelier love than ours,  
And smiles as sweet as flowers;  
As though the sun should thank us  
For letting light come in."

—Swinburne.

Of all religious creeds devised by perversity of man, few are more arrogant, aggressive, or cruel than that which Mohammed preached in name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate. It is of essence of this Faith its professors should be taught to regard all other people as creatures unworthy of consideration,—as beings who are utterly beyond the pale,—eternal fuel of Terrible Place in world that is to come, and natural prey of Faithful while this life lasts. Barbarous and semi-civilized folk usually find doctrines as these, which justify them in all manner of lawless deeds, exceedingly congenial. Also, when a man is set to choose between being a pariah and an outcast with no rights of any kind, and joining the number of the True Believers, in company with whom he will hereafter be able to victimize all non-Mohammedans who may come within his reach, he does not usu-



ally find the choice difficult, or hesitate long before he makes it. If you think of these things for a little space, you will see that the secret of wonderful success that attended Mohammedan missionaries—concerning which so many excellent people are for ever lifting up hands and eyes in shocked astonishment—is not really much of a mystery after all. The enticingly easy laws regulating marriage and divorce; solemn and impressive ritual of Mohammedan prayer; absolute certainty which every True Believer feels he is destined for eternal salvation, coupled with sure knowledge all Infidels are eternally doomed to perdition—combine to make the Faith of Mohammed very comfortable for its professors. None of these, however, have as much force with a rude people as conviction that Mohammedans form a kind of moral aristocracy, privileged and encouraged by Allah and his Prophet to spoil, oppress, and reduce to slavery all Infidels who come within their power.

The Malays—true children of drowsy land in which they live—are as lazy about religion as they are concerning everything else in the world. After several centuries of conversion to the Faith, they continue to be Malays first and Mohammedans afterwards; and Law of God and Law of Custom have either become inextricably entangled, or else former has been set aside in favor of latter. In common with all Mohammedans, good and bad, however, Malays recognize absolute right of followers of Prophet to enslave those who do not profess the Faith. To this end they preyed ruthlessly during some centuries upon defenceless wild tribes of far interior, killing with perfect light-heartedness those who offered resistance, and selling weak and timid women-folk and little children into a lifelong captivity. Also, whilst on pilgrimage to Mecca in old days, some obtained by purchase a few of despised Habshi, so here and there in Malayan villages traveller may see prognathous faces, flat features, and woolly heads of some unfortunate exiles from Africa.

Position of these slaves was not altogether enviable. They were regarded much in same light as kine in rice-swamps, and possessed no rights of any sort. We have before us an old manuscript volume, yellow with age and thumb-marks, written in crabbed Malayan characters by hand of one who has long ago passed to his rest. It is a copy of the Kanun, Civil and Criminal Code of Malays, and its title-page informs us it is destined for use of all "Great Countries, and for all Great Kings, and for all Dependencies and Villages." There are half a hundred sections that deal with slaves—all, of course, from point of view of employer. Feelings and convenience of slave are naturally not

taken into account. Since some provisions of the Law illustrate far more vividly than we can do the light in which these unfortunate captives were regarded in old days of Malayan rule, we propose to reprint a translation of one or two, and would only warn reader those which we have selected are by no means most oppressive or the most callous that the Code contains:—

"If a slave be borrowed for the purpose of making him climb trees (for fruit), and the borrower makes clear to the owner the risk of breaking or killing said slave, and if the owner makes answer saying, 'If he die, let him die; and if he be broken, let him be broken,' and if, thereafter, the slave dies by reason of a fall, the borrower must none the less make good one-third of the value of the said slave."

"If a slave insult a free man, he shall be slain, or his tongue shall be split in twain, or the skin of his head shall be flayed."

"If a free man insult a slave and be resisted by the said slave, and if the free man then slay the slave, he must make good the full value of the said slave."

Some laws which of old regulated slavery in Malayan lands are too ingeniously cruel to bear rendering into sober English; but above instances will suffice to enable reader to form some idea of position in community occupied by 'abdi—slaves made from races not professing Mohammedan Faith, and obtained by capture or by purchase—before white men came to make old order change, giving place to new with an almost dislocating abruptness.

Not content with this "lawful" form of slavery, which is recommended and approved by Koran, Malays invented a system of their own, or more probably perpetuated a custom which had existed in these lands before Arabian missionaries brought light of their teaching into dark places of Asia. This system is known as Debt Slavery, and its victims are called hamba ber-utang, or debt-slaves, in contradistinction to 'abdi, or bought or captured slaves. Basis of this form of slavery was money or goods. A man who chanced for time to be in poor circumstances sought some rich neighbor and, in consideration of a small loan, voluntarily surrendered himself and his family, and their descendants forever, as debt-slaves to his creditor or his posterity. Contract once made, debtor, and all people involved by him in bargain, became in a sense property of their creditor. They were bound to work for him without pay—to plant his fields, weed and tend his crops, wash and guard his kine, accompany him to Court when he desired a following, punt his boat, attend him upon journeys, cook his rice, and serve in his house, if so required. Master of

slave debtors usually fed and clothed his dependents more or less sufficiently; but, as they had no opportunity of earning money, all their time being property of their creditor, they had no chance of ever paying off their liabilities. If their master proved to be harsh or cruel, they were bound to bear it as best they could; or they might, perhaps, persuade some other rich man to take over their debt, and so effect a change in person of their owner, if not in nature of servitude. Theoretically, they had right to make such arrangements, and original owner of a family of slave-debtors was bound to accept payment in lieu of service if former chanced to be offered by or on behalf of slaves. In practice, however, this, his last right, was often denied to slave-debtor; and he was forced to continue to serve a man whose oppressive conduct had rendered him hateful, even tho others were willing to make good amount of debt by virtue of which he was held.

In such circumstances, it would be natural to suppose only in time of great stress, when famine had driven men to desperation, or when some equally pressing need for money had blinded them to consequences of their acts, would any sane man be found who was prepared to avail himself of a system under which advantages gained were so trifling and temporary, while price paid was so heavy and enduring. To imagine this, you must be ignorant of improvident Malayan nature. No one of this singular people can realize the future. He may know with certainty that some action of his will lead to thoroly understood and most unpleasant consequences; he may have object-lessons on every hand, in persons of those who are already suffering heavy things because they have in time been guilty of similar acts of folly: but present is present to him, and future future. One is fully realized; other is dim, distance, utterly beyond his grip did he try to forecast it. The one holds what Thomas a Kempis calls "A present delightful good"; other has hidden in its womb misery and sore trouble. He sees one clearly; other is, for time, as a thing of no meaning: and thus it is that Malays were always ready to sell themselves, and those whom they held dear, into a lifelong bondage for twenty dollars in silver, or for a hundred bushels of rice.

White men, in States of Peninsula which are now under British protection, set themselves to stamp out this system of debt-slavery. In some cases Government itself stepped in and acted as debt-payer, freeing those who were held in servitude by refunding sums originally borrowed; in others, debt-slaves were registered with amount of liabilities, a certain fixed value was placed upon labor, and they were enabled to work off their indebtedness. Gradually—not without trouble, not without occasioning heart-

burnings among folk of opulent classes, not without strenuous opposition in many cases from slaves themselves, who preferred security of indolent servitude to being cast upon the world, there to seek a living by sweat of their brows—whole system has been stamped out. The right of any man to enter into such a contract of servitude is no longer recognized, and children of debt-slaves, who were still working off advances, under new arrangement are no longer considered to be in any way responsible for obligations of parents. This is now thoroly known and understood by all classes of native population; so men of substance have become shy of lending silver on security of a peasant's promise of service, since those who have contracted such obligations are not slow to lay their cases before European officers if they grow weary of servitude. Now and again, however, some rich man will try to trade upon folly or ignorance of debtors, and will force them to work for him on the old footing without guerdon, until such time as matter comes to ears of nearest white man, and his well-laid plans are knocked rudely out of gear.

This explanation is long, and may be without interest to many, but it is necessary for understanding of incident which we are about to relate—the story of two very small brown children and the great and awful British Government.

It was the hour when the kine go down to wallow in the shallows of the river. The slanting rays of the afternoon sun, which now was drawing rapidly near to the forest-girt horizon, were streaking the surface of the running water with long bars of pale color; the shadows were gathering thickly—olive and bronze near the river banks where the deep pools eddied and swirled under the overhanging boughs; dusty brown and grey beneath the dropping fronds of the palm trees around the village; coal-black and lustreless in the tiny recesses between tree and tree and shrub and shrub, where the heavy jungle reared its tangled masses from the edge of the water. And all the shadows—green and bronze, brown and grey and black alike—were powdered with innumerable specks and spangles of sunlight, dancing and restless. The herds of black and pink water-buffaloes stood knee-deep in the shallows, or wallowed clumsily, their blunt noses, spreading black horns, and twitching ears alone protruding above the surface of the stream. All the voices of Nature were blending in the even-song which came alike from village, rice-swamp, and jungle—the squeaky low of the buffaloes; the bleat of a stray goat; the clucking of drowsy fowls; the scream of the earth-worms; the hoarse croaking of thousands of frogs, all clearing in their throats at once in preparation for a musical evening; the ticking, and whir-



ring, and trumpeting of all kinds of tree insects, thru which now and again a noisy beetle broke discordantly with a triumphant, lilting shriek; the trilling of distant thrushes; the cheeping of many little birds, setting themselves to sleep with much rustling of tiny feathers; and once in a while the discordant yell of a pea-fowl far away across the river. Above the thatched roofs of the huts that formed the village the thin smoke of the wood fires, over which the evening rice was cooking, hung low and blurred like a patch of isolated mist. And amidst all these peaceful surroundings, within hearing of the sounds of the late afternoon, two little Malay girls were putting in a very bad quarter of an hour.

They were quite young children, the elder being perhaps eleven years of age, while her sister was her junior by nearly two years. Their hair was twisted into little neat knots at the back of their necks, giving them the air of miniature women rather than of children. They were dressed in coarse blouses dyed dark blue with indigo, and cheap cotton sarongs made fast about their waists. Their garments were old, and tattered, and stained; their little faces were pinched and thin; their arms, protruding from the tight sleeves of their blouses, were very slender and wasted. Both had wet eyes—the elder girl weeping passionately the tears of despair; the younger crying bitterly, too, but with more restraint; and it was not difficult to see that resentment and rebellion, rather than mere hopelessness and distress, had brought the tears to her cheeks. They sat in the wet underwood, upon which the dew was already beginning to form, beneath some ill-kept fruit trees at the edge of the compound, and they paid no heed to an angry voice which now and again called them by name from the doorway of a neighboring hut—called to them with many ugly threats, curses, and coarse epithets. The kindly scrub hid them securely, and the great bulky shadows drew near and helped to cover them.

“Ahi! Ahi! Ahi! Ambui! O Ma!” sobbed Iang, the elder girl. “Little sister, I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!”

The dim figure once more appeared at the doorway, outlined blackly against the ruddy firelight within.

“Iang, Minah! Iang, Minah! O Iang! O Minah! Come hither! Come speedily! Accursed ones! Are your ears deaf? Come, do you not hear? May you die violent deaths! Children of an evil mother! You are too lazy to live, and yet you will not die! Come, indolent ones! Listen to me, I call for you!”

The speaker stood for a moment looking out into the gathering darkness. Then he swore under his breath, spat ostentatiously

in token of his deep disgust, and turned back into the house, muttering angrily.

Iang gazed at him with a sort of fascination of fear, but Minah shook her tiny fist in his direction, and as he disappeared into the hut she said in a tense whisper:

"May he be slain by a spear that is cast! May he die stabbed, bow-strung, and impaled cross-wise!" The time-honored curses of her people came quaintly from her pouting baby lips; but her little set face showed that her hatred of the man was a very real thing indeed to this small savage child. Then she turned to her sister.

"Thou sayest that thou canst not bear it, Iang. As for me, I will not bear it longer."

Iang looked at her disconsolately.

"What profits it to speak thus?" she sobbed. "We be like unto the fish caught in the stakes. We have no power, no stratagem; we can do nought but weep. Ahi! Ahi! Ahi!" and she buried her face in her hands despairingly.

Minah glanced at her sister with something like contempt in her eyes. "Do not weep, sister," she said. "Tears are of no avail. I say that I will not bear it longer, and, sister, I have a plan!"

They were a curious contrast to one another, these two little girls, both born of the same parents; both brought up, or rather allowed to scramble up, in the same village and amid the same surroundings. Iang was of the pretty, flaccid type, that would in time develop into the pale, round-faced, rather ample beauty which endures for so short a time and is so dear to the hearts of Malayan men. Her great soft eyes were tender and shrinking, a trifle bovine perhaps, even a little stupid, but beautiful in their own way, as are the eyes of many dumb animals. Now they showed larger than was natural, for the child was starved and thin. Minah, on the other hand, was very dark in color and very meagre in form—"black as the bottom of a cooking-pot, and dry as a smoked sprat," would have been the unflattering description of her appearance supplied by the proverbial similes of her own people. Her features were sharp, her figure was angular though wiry, but her little face was alive with nervous energy, and her eyes, bright and alert, were quick with intelligence. She hated the man who had called them from the doorway of the hut most vehemently. When their parents died, he had forced them to come and live with him, alleging that some old debt, of which the children knew nothing, gave him the right to claim their services. He had fed and clothed them after a fashion, simply because it

was necessary to keep the little wretches in some sort of health if they were to work for him to the extent that he considered necessary; but from the first he had treated them as the slaves they were. So long as they had lived with their parents, tho the two little sisters had had to do a large share of the household toil,—as is the custom among all the poorer classes of Malays,—their father and mother had loved them, and had treated them with the tenderness which always distinguishes the dealings of native parents with their children. So the little creatures had been happy in their lives, and had done their share of the work blithely and merrily. Now their parents had been exchanged for a harsh taskmaster who regarded them simply as slaves and laborers; who was utterly out of sympathy with them; who cared nothing for their childish joys and sorrows; who obviously grudged them their victuals; and if he chanced to see them playing together, or heard one of them prattling or laughing with the other, cried to them angrily to set about their work, and thought that they were robbing him, tho they stole nothing but a moment's leisure. He gave them a cuff or two now and again if the rice were ill-cooked, or the fuel which they were made to fetch from the forest around them were not dry, well-seasoned, and plentiful; but as a rule, he, like all Malays, was fairly sparing of his blows. That afternoon, however, the two poor mites had forgotten their duties in the intoxication of a game of porok with half a dozen other village urchins, and Che' Awang Uda, their master, had found them spinning the sections of cocoanut shell with their deft little feet, when they should have been filling the water-gourds for the house with their weary little hands. Then Che' Awang had felt that indeed he did well to be angry, so he had administered a more or less sound beating to both the children, Iang taking her punishment with piteous cries and lamentations, while her little sister fought like a wild cat, and did her tiny best to retaliate in kind. Now the poor children had increased their guilt by hiding in the brushwood and refusing to answer their master's call; and Iang already felt her body aching from the fresh beating which she knew must surely be her lot in the near future. Not so Minah. She had no intention of being beaten again, and she said so determinedly, adding once more that she had a plan.

Iang did not appear to find much comfort in her little sister's assurances, but after a moment's thought the latter began to speak calmly and earnestly.

"Listen, sister," she said. "It were well for us to run away. We can no longer bear the cruelty of Che' Awang. Let us take a dugout and set forth to seek the white folk. Men say that they

will by no means suffer people to be held as slaves; and thou knowest, sister, that we owe nought to Che' Awang. We are sore oppressed by being thus held in slavery, for the white men will not suffer it."

"How dost thou know, little sister?" asked Iang.

"I heard Imam Teh speaking with Che' Awang. He took no thot of me because I am little, and he judged that I should not understand. He said, 'Have a care, Che' Awang, lest the white folk learn of thy doings in the matter of these children, for they will make sore trouble if they hear what thou hast done.' Then Che' Awang laughed, and said, 'It matters little, for the white folk live very far away; and what man will tell them concerning the children?—for all the people in this village owe money to me, and if I so willed it I could sell their land and their kine—even thy land and thy kine, O Imam! Wherefore it were well for the folk of this place to be wise in the matter of their speech.' Imam Teh had a sour face when he heard the words, and he said no more to Che' Awang concerning us. Now, sister, let us go seek the white men, for they will free us."

"I am afraid," whimpered Iang. "Dost remember the white man that came to the village to seek fuel in his fire-prahu? He had white hair, and his eyes also were white, and the hair of his head grew down his cheeks to his chin, and thence into the breast of his coat. His skin was red and much blistered, and he was very angry with the men of the village because they were slow in the loading of the fuel. He spoke, too, with a strange tongue, very harsh and discordant, so that I could by no means understand his words."

"Yes," cried Minah, "I remember his coming, and he called us to him, and thou wast afraid and would not approach; but I went to him, and he spoke strange things, and thereafter gave me two little silver coins."

"But he was so very ugly, Minah. Better it were to die here than to go seek the white folk. Tho it rain gold in the strange country, and rain nought but stones in the land that is our own, still our native country is the better—thou knowest the saying of the old people, little sister."

"I know, returned Minah. "But the proverb sayeth nought of a land in which it raineth blows. There are more of such rain-falls awaiting thee in the hut yonder. If thou fearest the white men more than the rotan, get thee back to the house, and Che' Awang will surely give thee thy bellyful of chastisement. For me, I will no longer bear it. Tonight I escape to the white men; and if thou wilt not come with me, I shall go alone."



"But the place where the white men dwell is very far away," sobbed Iang hopelessly.

"Men say that they live at Pekan, three days down river, near to the seashore."

"Three days for men who paddle hard, little sister; but for us many days. And how shall we know the place when at last we reach it?—for we have never visited it."

"We shall know it by the sea," said Minah confidently.

"But how shall we know the sea?—for that also we have never seen. O sister, it were indeed better to suffer as we now do rather than to brave the dangers of which we know nothing."

"We shall know the sea when we come to it. It is like a river, only bigger."

"And we shall starve."

"No; I have made provision. During many days, when we have been pounding the padi, I have saved little dues of rice. Also I have hidden the cracked cooking-pot in the lalang grass yonder. Wait here while I go thither and fetch it."

The night had fallen now, and an even darkness lay brooding over the moist, hot land. Iang sat huddled up in the shadows, sobbing and dejected, while Minah stole out of their hiding-place and cautiously approached the hut. The stores which she had long been collecting as provisions for her journey were hidden in a disused rice-bin under the flooring of the house, among the piles upon which it rested. She reached the place safely, and secured her treasures. Then she began to make her way thru the darkness back to the spot where she had left her sister. As she emerged from under the house, Awang Uda suddenly threw the door open, and stood, torch in hand, peering into the blackness of the night. Minah darted back into cover with the agility of some startled forest creature; but so close was she to him that she could hear his heavy breathing and the half-inarticulate curses which the man was muttering to himself. He did not call to the children again, fearing, perhaps, to let his neighbors know that they were still missing, and Minah could see that he was anxious and perturbed. At the end of a few minutes he re-entered the house, closing the door after him, and Minah crept away noiselessly to join her sister.

"Come, Iang," she whispered, when she at last made out the little form which was almost obliterated by the great shadows around it. "Come, all is ready. Follow me."

"I come," said Iang, as she rose to her feet. She had always been dominated by her little sister, and tho she was very fearful and unhappy at the idea of undertaking so difficult a journey, and

embarking in an enterprise so hazardous, she followed meekly, fearing even more to be left behind by her resolute junior.

The two children picked their way as best they could to the edge of the high bank upon which the village stood. Thence they scrambled down the steep slope to the river. They found many dugouts lying tied by rotan painters to boat-poles stuck upright in the earth, and into one of these they crawled. The little boat was half full of water, but they baled it out, and then cast loose the moorings and pushed off from the bank. The river was running with a gentle purring sound; and on its surface it was less dark, by a shade or two, than it had been beneath the shelter of the fruit-groves. Still the children could see nothing save the shimmer of half-light upon the face of the water, and far up above them a sleepy star or two peeping thru the heavy cloud banks. Minah had managed to hide a couple of boat-paddles together with her other gear, and each child took one of them; Minah steering, while Iang paddled at the bow, still sobbing miserably.

Like all Malayan children, born and bred on the banks of the rivers, Iang and Minah were as much at home upon the water as they were upon the dry land. They both understood the management of a dugout as thoroly as one could desire; they both swam with ease and grace; and for them the river itself had no terrors. What they did fear most mightily was the Unknown into which they were journeying. The section of the world with which the up-country native is familiar is often very circumscribed indeed. I have known Malays who have lived for near four-score and ten years, and who, during all that long, long time, have never wandered farther than fifty miles in any direction from the place in which they were born. One old chief, now dead, for whom I had a very great affection, had never passed beyond the limits of a radius of 20 miles drawn around his home during a life which, so men said, ran well into a second century; yet he was the possessor of more curious knowledge than any other man of his class whom I have ever known. The few square miles of jungle and river and village with which he was acquainted had been to him a subject of the most loving study during a life-time. He knew every inch of the country with marvellous thoroness; he knew every legend and tradition connected with it; he knew every lesson that his jungles and his villages could teach to a man; and when I have sat talking to him till the dawn was red—for he was a very bad sleeper in the nights of his extreme old age—I have often found myself wondering whether, when all is said and done, a man with brains, keen power of observation, and a sufficient imagination, may not learn as much from studying five square

miles of territory with completeness as do many who have all the world for their schoolroom and a jumble of inchoate knowledge for their pains.

The world for Minah and her sister had hitherto been bounded by a village half a mile up-stream, whither they had gone occasionally to help in the weeding of the crops; by the little shady graveyard, where the round headstones stood about in disorder among the rank grasses and the sudu plants; by half a mile of jungle beyond the rice swamps at the rear of the compound; and across the river by half a mile of the virgin forest which rose sheer from the banks of the stream. Now they were setting out upon a journey which they knew would last for several days. They had no scale of distance by which to measure things other than the fathom which they now felt to be alarmingly inadequate to their requirements—and indeed, when you try to reduce eighty miles of running river to fathoms, the figures that result are somewhat terrifying. Not that the little girls attempted to do anything of the sort. The very fact that the distance ahead of them was to them measureless added not a little to its terrors. If you can put yourself in the position of a traveller who, on setting forth, finds that miles, as units of distance, have shrunk into utter insignificance, as a man might do who was starting upon a voyage to one of the more remote stars, you will be able to understand dimly in what guise the prospect of this journey presented itself to the minds of these little brown babies, and you will perhaps sympathize with Minah, who soon found her courage oozing out of the tips of her fingers and the tears running down her cheeks. As for Iang, she had been weeping piteously from the first, and every now and again she implored her sister to return and abandon the enterprise. But Minah, tho she wept furtively in the darkness, and was afraid to the marrow of her little bones, would not allow her resolution to be shaken. She whispered words of encouragement to Iang, steadying her voice bravely for the purpose; and thus in tears and in dread the long journey was begun.

The musical noises of the jungle night made sleepy melody for the children as they journeyed. The bell-like note of the tree-frog, the hoot of the peafowls, the ticking of the insects, the very distant trumpeting of an elephant, the sharp bark of a stag near the edge of a clearing on the bank, the snorting of wild swine heard once or twice as the passage of the boat near the shore startled a herd of them into panic-stricken flight, and once the brisk and angry clang of a gun—each came in turn, emphasizing the noisy silence of the forest. All night the children paddled

bravely, falling asleep over their work, and recovering themselves with a start just as their paddles were dropping from their grasp. They went forward, borne by the current rather than by the strength of their feeble rowing—now grounding upon a sand-bank, to get clear of which called for a heart-breaking struggle; now wandering into a backwater, which they mistook for the main stream; while ever and anon a rock would start up before them out of the gloom menacingly, as the roar of the waters eddying around it set their little hearts beating with terror. And ever the agony of the effort by which alone they could keep awake, and the utter exhaustion that exertion brought them after a day of such unusual emotions, weighed heavily like a tangible burden. They seemed to be part and parcel of a hideous nightmare: fear of the darkness oppressed and daunted them; dread of the journey that lay ahead was magnified now exceedingly; pursuit, capture, and dire punishment seemed to be their certain fate; and if they did succeed in reaching the town that men called Pekan, their only hope of deliverance lay in the protection that might be afforded to them by the white strangers—a race of men as weird and awful to these little brown girls as the ogres of our own nursery tales. Even Minah lost heart completely now; and had it not been that the current forbade retreat, she would very willingly have returned to the familiar village, and have submitted to the worst that Che' Awang could inflict.

The dawn, breaking wanly, looked into the faces of the two children thru a drenching veil of mist, and found them grey and haggard, their figures bent and drooping with fatigue. Minah, chilled to the bone and sodden with the damp dews, made shift to guide the dugout into a tiny creek over which the jungle trees arched, forming a dark and gloomy tunnel. Here the boat was hidden, and the two children dragged their cramped limbs on to the shore, and fell asleep as soon as their heads touched the ground. Here they lay, locked in one another's arms, utterly alone in the great forest.

It was past noon when they awoke, and Minah, resolute again now that daylight had brought a renewal of her courage, washed the rice in the stream, and, after a mighty tussle with a tinder box, made a fire upon which to cook it. The food refreshed them, and even Iang began to take a more hopeful view of their prospects. After they had eaten, they slept again; and when they woke, the jungle was noisy with its evensong, and the darkness was beginning to fall. They ate the remainder of their boiled rice, packed their gear into the dugout, and set forth anew on their adventurous way.



This night passed like the preceding one, but it held something less of terror, for their unexpected success had given the children confidence. All the next day they lay hidden in the jungle, and once or twice they saw a boat creep by on its way up-stream, or speed swiftly down, borne by the current. In one they thought they recognized the figures of Che' Awang and a few of the villagers with whom they were familiar; and Iang, gripped suddenly by a keen home-sickness, was hardly to be restrained from shouting to them to attract attention. Even hostile faces, so be it they were not those of strangers, seemed welcome to her in the heart of this vast and fearful wilderness into which her little sister had led her. Minah prevented the indiscretion just in time, and again the journey was continued as soon as the night had come.

For more than a week the two little girls travelled in this fashion, lying up in the forest by day, and speeding forward as best they might under the screen of darkness; and as the dawn was yellowing for the ninth day, they found themselves in sight of the largest "compound" that they had ever seen. The river was nearly a mile across in this place, so that more than once the children had questioned whether they had not already reached the sea—the mighty waters, "bigger than a river," of which they had heard men speak. The banks were covered with villages as far as the eye could carry; the very islands spattered over the broad reaches were thick with palm groves and the thatched roofs of houses; and far away there rose certain huge white objects covered by great expanses of red stuff, or by things which looked like gigantic kerosene-tins. These were the white-washed stone and brick shops of the Chinese, with their roofs of tile or corrugated iron—wonderful things in the eyes of the little up-country savages.

"O Minah," whispered Iang, frightened out of her wits, "let us make for the jungle."

The jungle is always the place of refuge in which the natives of the interior seek safety in time of peril.

"Nay," cried Minah, biting her lips resolutely. "This must be Pekan, the place where the white men dwell. We must press on. There is no jungle here in which we may find a hiding-place. The white folk are . . . good. They will treat us . . . kindly."

Even her faith faltered a little, now that the supreme hour had come. The white men were certainly horrible to look at, and who could say whether in truth their hearts were good?

"I am sore afraid, Minah," cried Iang, beginning to sob miserably. "Let us go back."

"Stupid!" said her sister viciously. "How can we go back. Our

store of rice is finished. Moreover, remember the saying of the men of ancient days: 'If we must be struck, let it be with a hand that weareth a ring; if we must be kicked, let it be by a foot that weareth a sandal!' The white folk wear rings and boots, for I have seen them."

"But they are like unto the raja-poeple, and such, all men know, have the hearts of tigers," wept Iang.

"And Che' Awang?" snapped Minah. "What of him? Was not his heart that of a jungle pig? Let us be devoured by tigers rather than torn by swine, say I. Paddle, lazy one, paddle!"

Borne down by the sheer strength of her small sister's will, Iang said no more; but she gazed at the river-side town—a poor, shabby little place, in all truth, but marvellous and awe-inspiring to her—with terror in her heart.

At last the boat was brought up at the Residency landing-stage; and the two little waifs made it fast, and then stepped ashore, moving stiffly, for their limbs were cramped with squatting at the paddles, and their privations had told upon them. They gazed around them with wondering looks, for the trim neatness of the place, the well-kept streets and ordered packs of shop-buildings, were very strange to them after the confusion of their native compounds. The houses were veritable palaces, to their thinking; and among them sauntered yellow Chinamen, coal-black Tamils, and now and again a couple of bearded Sikh policemen, all of whom were to the children creatures of a separate creation from that to which they owed their being. There were many Malays too in the street, loafing gloriously for the most part after the fashion of their race; and to two of these the little girls addressed themselves, turning instinctively to folk of their own breed, even tho their faces were unfamiliar.

"Is this the place where the white men live?" inquired Minah.

"And if it be, what want you with the white men?" asked one of the loafers.

"I want to talk to them."

The loafer laughed.

"And about what would you speak to the white men?" he asked.

"I have business," said Minah importantly.

The loafer appealed to the crowd at large.

"Behold, my brothers!" he cried. "This child is beyond a doubt the eldest daughter of the King of the Ants, and she hath come hither on business—on weighty business, mark ye—with the white men. Perchance she seeketh a husband from among them."

Minah stamped her foot upon the ground angrily.

"Be still," she cried. "Be still, and lead me to the white men."

The loafer affected to be overcome with fear.

"Have mercy," he cried, abasing himself before her.

"What manner of a village is this," cried Minah, turning in despair to her sister, "where the grown men are stricken with madness so that they do nought but belch follies?"

A little Malay policeman bustled up with the ostentatious importance of his kind.

"What is this? What is this?" he inquired bullyingly.

"These high-born ladies come hither seeking the white men. Hast ever heard tell of the white men, man without a waist-skirt?"

The policeman, made suddenly conscious of the fact that he was indecently clad in uniform, which does not allow of the use of the national skirt, scowled furiously, and the crowd laughed.

"Get you about your business, you idle folk," cried the policeman. "And you," turning to the children, "if you desire to see the white people, come with me."

Later two little draggled and worn-out shreds of humanity were brought into my study; and later still, when they had made the discovery that white men did not eat small children, and that I could speak their tongue, they perched one on each of my knees, and, thawed and reassured by the sucking of barley sugar, thus they told to me their tale.

After that all was soon arranged. Che' Awang Uda was sent for, and when he had made the journey of near a hundred and twenty miles down-stream, he arrived at Pekan in as palpitating a state of funk as ever conscience-made coward was reduced to before or since. I took it out of Awang Uda, for his soul's salvation, in a fashion that I flatter myself he will long remember; and when I had ploughed him this way and that with all the choicest harrows of the Malayan vocabulary, and had put the fear of death into what did duty within him for a soul, I had him over to the Law, which fined him roundly, and sent him home again a wiser and a sadder man.

Trustworthy relations of my two little girl friends were sought out; and eventually the children were handed over to them, to lead, I hope, as happy a life as is possible for orphans in this land, where, if it cannot resuscitate dead parents, the Government at any rate does its clumsy best to take their place. Iang, when I saw her last, was blossoming into a beauty, while Minah is as dried-up a little chip as ever; but a young lady who knows her own mind as thoroly as she does can probably secure happiness even tho comeliness be lacking.

The British Government works upon a big scale, and does many surprising and wonderful things; but I like to remember that once at least that huge, flint-hearted organism appeared to two little brown children in the light of a foster-mother, to whom they might run fearlessly for comfort and protection.

Thus endeth this story.

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## THE FAMILIAR SPIRIT

### Thus Begins Another Story

Seven and twenty years ago there lived on the banks of a large river which flows in to the Straits of Malacca a King and the King's Heir. The latter was not the King's son, but only some form of cousin or nephew; for in the State where they lived the succession is arranged somewhat curiously. There are three great officers in this land—the King, the King's Heir, and the Bendahara; and when in the fulness of time the King dies, his heir succeeds him, while the Bendahara attains the rank of next in succession, the dignities of the Bendahara's post meanwhile falling to the lot of the eldest son of the deceased monarch. The virtue of this arrangement is that the ruler of the land is always the eldest son of a King; has had ample time to outgrow the rashness and the unrestrained passions of early youth; and has further qualified himself for the throne by years of service in subordinate positions. There is so much to be said in favor of this system that it cannot but fill one with admiration for the excellent theorist who devised it in the beginning. In practice, however, it had some obvious disadvantages. A Malay King had usually an instinctive horror of his Heir, even when the latter was his own flesh and blood; and when the man who occupied this position chanced to be a mere relation, this aversion was multiplied exceedingly. The King was apt to feel that his own son was being unfairly treated; and, since he held power in his hands, he was sorely tempted to use up his Heir and the Bendahara more speedily than Nature intended, thus adopting a simple method of raising his son to the rank of King's Heir with as little delay as possible. When this had been accomplished, he might begin to perceive that another of his sons was the more worthy; and since he had got his hand in by practice upon the vile bodies of the late Heir and the deceased Bendahara, he might experience some difficulty in drawing the line at the proper place, and in refraining from sending his first-born to hobnob with the injured ghosts of his predecessors.



This system of succession had another disadvantage, for the King's Heir was not bound by very close ties to the King; and if the latter developed signs of unseemly longevity, mere murder, and not the more horrible crime of parricide, was necessary for his removal. This represented an obvious temptation difficult to resist; and the Bendahara, who has two people between him and the throne, found himself exposed to it in a twofold degree. At the time of which I write, however, primitive ideas of the fitness of things had been put somewhat out of gear by the presence of the calm and strangely impassive British Government; and tho all men hated the King, no one dreamed of aiding Nature to remove him from the earth, to which his presence was an obvious insult.

The King lived on the left bank of the river, and the Heir had his home on the right bank, two hundred yards across the running water. This was in a way symbolical, for the King and his Heir were in constant opposition, and the latter was invariably on the right side. A few miles up stream, in a long straggling village which lined the waters of the river for a couple of miles, lived Megat Penda, a thin and sour-faced man, with bleared, blood-shot eyes, shift and vicious. This individual was much feared in his village and for many miles around, for he was reported to be a wizard; and one day a petition, bearing some hundreds of signatures, was presented to the Resident, praying for his expulsion from the State. The petition gave chapter and verse for a dozen deaths, each one of which could be traced to the Familiar Spirit which, speaking from the mouths of the stricken folk, hailed Megat Penda as its father.

The petition was obviously ridiculous, and no sensible man, of course, would lend an ear to it. How can educated Englishmen, who know so many things, and are withal so thoroly enlightened, take a serious view of such an absurdity? But the State in question had then but recently come under British protection, and the wise man who was at that time its Resident cared far less for the opinions of educated and enlightened Englishmen than for the peace and happiness of the people over whom he ruled. He saw at once that action of some sort must be taken in order to allay the fears of the superstitious natives; he knew that it was hopeless to attempt to persuade them that Megat Penda was no wizard, but merely a mild, tho evil-looking, old gentleman with bloodshot eyes. Therefore, as he was too just a man to allow Megat Penda to be driven from his home, or to be otherwise punished, he instructed me to aid the King's Heir in administering a rebuke to the wizard for his evil practices, and in solemnly warning him of

the troubles that would fall upon him if he did not mend his ways.

The natives were loud in their prayers that Megat Penda's neck might be fixed in the fork of a bough, and that he might then, for a space, be held under water with his face in the mud. Were this done, they declared, the swarm of grasshoppers that would arise from out the water would abundantly prove his guilt. I fear that I, in my youthful curiosity, regretted that the Resident could not see his way to applying this simple test; for I had so often heard Malays speak of this phenomenon as an invariable result of the immersion of a wizard that I was anxious to witness it with my own eyes. This, however, was not to be; and accordingly, one sunny afternoon Megat Penda was called before the King's Heir and myself to receive his warning. The Heir was in a woeful fright, and nothing could hide the fear in his eyes; while I found it difficult to maintain the solemn face which the occasion demanded.

Megat Penda shuffled in and squatted humbly on the ground, but his wicked little eyes blinked and glared at us most evilly. I had no doubt that the man firmly believed himself to be a wizard, and I was determined that he should be taught that there was risk in trying to frighten people; wherefore, as this part of the business had been allotted to me, I held forth glibly upon the wickedness of witchcraft in general, and of Megat Penda's conduct in particular, with the withering pungency to which the Malay language lends itself. The Heir grew obviously more unhappy as the talk went on, while Megat Penda glared at us with his sullen, angry eyes, and from time to time the Raja broke in with words designed to propitiate and conciliate the wizard. In the end our victim promised solemnly, with many heavy oaths, never again to allow his Familiar One to feast on the blood of men. "If he craves milk or eggs, I will supply them," said the Heir; for all men know that Familiars can live, almost happily, inside a bamboo case, if they be given these things to eat in plenty. But Megat Penda took no notice of my friend's offer, and strode away muttering sullenly to himself. I had not a doubt of the expediency of what we had done, for without it, Megat Penda's own life might not have been too safe, and the people of the district would have known little ease or peace had no notice been taken of their petition. Nevertheless, I felt somewhat sorry for the disreputable old creature, who had probably done little evil, even tho he believed himself to have dabbled successfully in black magic, and had undoubtedly been at some pains to frighten his fellows into a similar conviction.

For a time I heard nothing more, good or bad, concerning Megat

Pendia; but a month or so later I chanced to cross the river to pay one of my many business visits to the King. He was an exceptionally unpleasant person, but for some reason which I can never explain, and dimly feel was undoubtedly to my discredit, he and I were on very friendly terms. Accordingly, all minor business which had to be transacted with him was usually entrusted to me, and I was as familiar a figure in his house as were any of his own people.

I found him as usual sitting cross-legged on a long rattan chair, bare to the waist, with no cap or kerchief on his shaven head, and with a bulging quid of coarse Javanese tobacco wedged in between his gums and his lips. In his hand he held a pair of nippers, attached to a long silk handkerchief, with which, from time to time he plucked a hair from his chin or body. Before entering his compound I could hear his roar, and the queer break of the notes when his voice ran up the scale in its excitement to a perilously high pitch. I gathered from this (for I knew my King well) that he had recently done something mean or wicked, and was proportionately angry with his victim, whom he was now denouncing to all who sat within his gates. As I climbed up the stair ladder I could see his arm and the fist which held the nippers waving about his head to mark the periods of his speech; and he only dropped his voice to greet me, before breaking out into a fresh torrent of abuse and self-justification. One of his people brought me a chair, and I sat down and listened.

Megat Pendia, who was not present, was the cause of all these loud words and angry gesticulations. The wizard looked as tho he were a contemporary of Merlin, and it was therefore something of a shock to me to learn that his mother had till quite lately been living. I was a little reassured when I ascertained that she was now dead, for extreme age is more unlovely in a Malayan woman than in any other of God's creatures; and when I further heard that her son had made her funeral a pretext for an attempt to borrow money from the King, I began to understand the reason of his wrath. Megat Pendia's mother was, in some sort, a relation of the King's favorite concubine, and, as he sat roaring in his long chair, the monarch was evidently aware that he had behaved shabbily in refusing the loan. Also, conceivably, he was working himself into a rage with a view to preparing himself for the bitter things which the pretty lips of his lady would probably have to say concerning his conduct. Perhaps, too, he was a little afraid of the wizard's powers, though courage was the one and only virtue which relieved the Egyptian darkness of the King's character. But above all things, the King was

a miser, and the sense of duty and expediency had alike been lost sight of when the right thing could only be done by opening his beloved money-bags.

Of his present state of excitement I needed no explanation, for, when the Oriental Bank had broken a few months before, I had seen the naked soul of the miser looking out of the King's eyes while he sat panting, and wiping the beads of sweat from his face and neck, as pile after pile of greasy, flabby notes came up in turn for examination and sentence. I had known him to do a thousand meannesses to those who might well have looked to him for kindness in return for long service and deep devotion; and I had never yet witnessed an occasion when his love of money had found a conqueror in any purer emotion.

Megat Pendia, I was told by the trembling inmates of the King's compound, had returned to his home muttering angrily, and presaging grievous trouble for the King in the guise of visitations from another world; and tho the people hated the master whom they served, they had no wish to see him die. "Where shall the vermin feed if not upon the head?" asks the Malay proverb; and a man of rank can always find a crowd of idlers to cluster about him, just as the leanest pig in the jungle has no lack of parasites.

Shortly after this a woeful illness fell upon the King, and while he was yet conscious he sent word to me to cross the river and join the crowd that sat about his head. He lay on a mat in the balai, or reception-room, of his house, that he might die as publicly as possible, with many to help him "through the strait and awful pass of death." The room was large and bare, with no furniture on the mat-covered floors save only the thick mattress upon which the King lay, a brazier filled with red-hot embers, and one or two large brass spittoons. Two or three badly trimmed oil-lamps hung smoking from the ceiling, throwing a bright light upon the sick man, and filling the corners of the room with shapeless masses of shadow. The place was crammed with Malays, of both sexes and all ages and conditions. The Heir had visited the sick-room earlier in the day, and genuine tears of compassion had borne testimony to the known goodness of his heart; but his presence had occasioned such a paroxysm of wrath on the part of the King that he had been hustled somewhat unceremoniously out of the compound. The room was abominably close, and the air was heavy with the pungent smoke from the brazier and the reek of kerosene oil. Outside, under the open sky, the thermometer stood at about 80; indoors it cannot have fallen far short of 100 degrees.

For many nights I sat by the King's side, sad at heart now that



in truth my old friend was dying; pity for his sufferings for the time effacing the memory of his manifold iniquities, which were indeed as the sands of the seashore for multitude. But none the less the somewhat grim humours of the scene appealed to me irresistibly, and I observed all that passed around me as very quaintly illustrating the characteristics of this strange people.

The King was for the most part unconscious, and from time to time a twitching of all his extremities, followed by a rippling of the muscles under the brown skin, like a gust of wind passing over the surface of a pool, ended in a fit of strong convulsions. Then we, who sat nearest to him, laid violent hands upon him to restrain his struggles and to shampoo his tortured limbs. Between whiles we sat speaking to one another in low tones; but, as there were near a hundred people present, the buzz of conversation made a considerable stir. The younger concubines of the King behaved in a manner which may have pleased a few, but certainly can have edified nobody. While the convulsions held the King, they aided others in shampooing him in a somewhat perfunctory manner; and, unless I am much mistaken, they made this part of their duty serve as an occasion for touching and pressing the hands of one or another of the young Rajas whose devotion to their dying monarch had ostensibly called them to his bedside. When the fit had passed, they sat a little back, and entered with spirit into what the Malays call the "game of eye-play" with such of the visitors as chanced to take their fancy. And all the time their King and husband lay within a foot or two of them, fighting for his life with rending pants and gasps. Only one of his wives showed any real sympathy with his sufferings, or anxiety to stay his ebbing life: she was his Queen, and her rank and importance both hung upon the length of the King's days.

Those who held themselves to have deserved well of the King, those who had aided him in his evil doings, those who had followed him in good and bad fortune alike, those who had pandered to his many vices, and the survivors of those who had been his teachers when he was young, were all present—longing for an hour of lucidity, when the generosity born of the fear of death might unloose the strings of the royal money-bags and make any one of them a rich man. I could mark the hunger in their eyes, the hatred of one another that filled them, and the boding anxiety lest the King should not recover consciousness in time to serve their purposes.

The medicine-men were in full force, for the European doctors had pronounced the case beyond human skill. The King was suffering from tumour on the brain, they said, and in a day or two

at the most his life would be required of him. But among a superstitious people hope is never lost; a fiend causes the ailment, and if he can be routed, all will in the end be well. So the medicine-men pattered charms and exorcisms unceasingly; and when the fits seized the King, the most daring and the most mendacious among them would cry out that he beheld the Bajang (the Familiar One) and his horrible spouse the Lang Suir (the Weird Kite-Hag) sitting over against the body of their victim. I could see a shudder of fear ripple over the listeners when this cry was raised, and those nearest to the King would loose their hold on him, and draw back suddenly, so that his head fell with a slap on the matted floor.

Every now and again the King would regain consciousness, and at such times he would gurgle out vows never more to do evil, to pray with regularity and precision, to forego gambling and other pleasant vices, to spend much money in alms, and generally to be a credit to his ancestors and a glory to those who would come after him.

Once he asked faintly for his guru; a little shrivelled pilgrim who had taught him in his youth to read the Kuran and to understand a few of the tenets of his faith. The guru came with alacrity, his face wreathed in smiles, while his advance thru the squatting crowd was followed by angry, envious glances from scores of eyes. The old man sat down at the head of the mat upon which the King lay, and the silence of eager curiosity fell upon the listening people.

"Majesty, thy servant is here in thy presence," whispered the pilgrim in the King's ear.

The King glanced up at him, with heavy, tired eyes, upon which the film of death was already forming.

"Guru," he said in a hoarse, faint voice, "Guru, is it thou? Thou hast ever been a good guru to me."

The guru's smile widened till his red, betel-stained gash of a mouth extended almost from ear to ear. Then, very slowly and painfully, the King lifted up his hands until they rested upon his breast, and with the fingers of his left he began to draw off a magnificent diamond ring which he wore upon his right. It came easily enuf, for the King had lost much flesh during his illness, and presently he held it up before his eyes in the full glare of the lamps. The guru's face was a study, as it worked with eagerness and avarice, while he seemed hardly able to keep his hands from clutching at the blazing gem. A sigh of admiration of the stone, and of disgust that it should be wasted upon the guru, swept over the crowd who sat about the King, and for full two

minutes the ring twirled and flashed before our eyes, while a dead silence reigned.

Then the King spoke again. "Guru," he repeated, "thou has been a good guru to me." Then very, very slowly he replaced the ring upon his finger. "May God reward thee, O guru!" he said piously, and, calmly closing his eyes, pretended to fall into a deep sleep.

The master passion of the miser was strong in death, and the guru's face wore a very sour look as he shambled back to his seat among the watchers. The little incident seemed to have raised the spirits of everyone present, with the sole exception of the guru himself.

On the next night the King again regained consciousness for a space, and once more called for the guru. He was now terribly weak, and the hour of death seemed to be drawing very near.

"The Familiar One of Megat Pendia," said an old medicine-man, "is passing strong. He will have his will of the King, and I, even I, am without the power to drive him forth. No man other than Megat Pendia can save the King now; he hath caused this grievous sickness, and he will not stay his hand until the end hath come. Therefore the King will die; and Megat Pendia will go unscathed, for that is the white man's law. Ya Allah! Ya Tuhan-ku! All our eyes are alike black, but the fate of each man differeth from the fate of his fellows."

This time, when the guru came to sit at the head of the King's mat, his face wore no smile of hope and expectation. He was very glum and sullen, and when the King inquired of him concerning his chances in a future life, he was profoundly depressing.

"Shall I be saved?" asked the King, in that thin, far-away voice which sounded so strangely from his lips.

"God alone knoweth," ejaculated the guru, with the air of one who took the most gloomy view of the situation. "All who are saved see the lam-alif at the hour of death. Dost thou see it, O King?"

The lam-alif is the letter—the wedded consonant and vowel—which forms the first portion of the profession of the Moham-medan faith; and the dulled eyes of the King sought the dingy ceiling-cloth above his head in the hope of seeing there the characters which betokened his eternal salvation. At last he said, "Guru, I behold the lam-alif!"

"Then, O King, thine hour hath come," was the answer.

The King lay staring at the ceiling-cloth with lack-lustre eyes, but with an eager fascination very curious to see. Then his limbs stiffened slightly, his eyes closed, and his jaw fell.

The silence which had held the people during this last scene was shattered to fragments in a moment. "The King is dead! Ya Allah, the King is dead!" cried everyone. The women set up their discordant lamentations. The Queen threw herself upon the mat at the King's side, and screamed shrilly for the life which in passing had shorn her of rank and power. The concubines let down their back hair in as becoming a manner as they could, and made belief to pull it, while their bright eyes flashed love-glances thru their waving tresses. The self-seekers, who now saw their last hopes blighted, groaned aloud, and for full five minutes the noise of mourning was indescribable. Then suddenly a voice came from the corpse. "I am not dead yet," it said. The King's eyes opened, his mouth closed, and in a faint whisper he asked for unleavened bread and molasses. They were brought to him, but he could only eat a mouthful, and soon after he again relapsed into a state of unconsciousness, from which it seemed probable that he would never again recover.

At dawn I left him, and returned across the river to my house. I took a bath, and, as it chanced to be a holiday, wherefore no office required my presence, I thot that I would go and look for a snipe before turning in. My way led up the right bank of the river, thru the long straggling village in which Megat Pencia dwelt. As I passed thru the fruit groves in the cool freshness of the early morning, the strong contrast to the stuffy, squalid place in which I had spent the night made it difficult to realize that the two scenes could be part and portion of the same land. The trees and shrubs and all the masses of greenery about me were drenched with dew, which glistened and shone in the bright sunlight; the chorus of the birds, all joining together in their splendid morning song, the purest music ever heard, fell gratefully on my ears; a pack of monkeys were whooping and barking in the jungles across the river. Everything was cool and pure and fragrant, and all the world seemed newly washed and clean. I revelled in the beauty of the scene, and tried to persuade myself that the sordid death-bed of the King, with all the greed and lasciviousness which had made it hideous to witness, was but an evil dream that had come to me during the dreary night-watches.

Presently I met a Malay hurrying down the path in the direction from which I had come. "Whither away?" I asked; for this question is a cordial greeting among Malays.

"I go to summon the washers of the dead," said the man, halting to speak to me.

"Who is dead?" I asked.



"My father, Megat Pendia," replied the man. "He died an hour ago."

"What ailed him?" I asked.

"I know not; but he was a very old man. He died from old age, I fancy."

I did not go on to the snipe-grounds; but instead I turned back to the station, and sent a doctor to examine Megat Pendia's body, for I feared that he might have met with foul play. In due course I received the doctor's report, and his certificate left no doubt that death had been due to natural causes.

In the afternoon I crossed the river to see how it fared with the King. At the gate of his compound I met one of his people. "The King is better," said the man. "Megat Pendia died this morning, and the Familiar One hath departed."

The room in which the King had lain stretched during his illness was empty now, save for four or five women who ministered to him. I had been warned that I should find him better, but I was not prepared for an almost complete recovery. The King was sitting on the long rattan chair, as of old, eating unleavened bread and molasses ravenously. His concubines, very demure and sober, with their modest eyes pinned to the floor-mats, squatted around him, tending him with extreme assiduity. He said that he was weak and very hungry, but otherwise quite well.

"I am told that Megat Pendia died when the day was dawning," he said significantly. "It was at that hour that the Evil One left me."

The King lived to break all his pious vows, and died a couple of years later with a heavy load of new crimes to bear before the Judgment Seat. But at that time I was far away on the east coast of the Peninsula, and I know not whether the lam-alif came to comfort his last moments with an assurance of certain salvation.

The Europeans doctors explained that the growth of the tumor on the King's brain had been suddenly arrested, and the case was quoted as one of unparalleled interest. But the Malays say that the King went near to lose his life at the hands of Megat Pendia's Familiar, and that the timely death of its owner alone prevented the Evil One from completing its work of destruction.

Thus endeth another story.

## CHAPTER 34

### SIAM

We began to live with the Dutch at Sydney when we boarded the Dutch liner, THE NIEUW ZEELAND. We were constantly "in Dutch" because we couldn't speak Dutch. Arriving in Penang, Malaya, we were in English territory, where English is "the other" language. Here we speak to waiters in English and they understand. We got so into the habit of not being understood that when we arrived in Penang, we had forgotten and began to talk sign language and "pidgin English" and found everybody looking at us. It took us a day to adapt ourselves. We took a couple of days to rest here, more to get caught up in our writings than anything else.

We left Penang on joint railroads of Malaya Straits Government and Siam State Railways and go due north 684 miles to Bangkok. Most of this territory is thru jungle inhabited by big game, including wild elephants. We will be, more or less, constantly in jungle land until we come out of jungle at Saigon, Indo-China.

In Malaya we have the Malayan dollar. The exchange is 170 Malayan dollars for 100 American dollars. Each Malayan dollar is divisible into decimals of 100 cents. This makes it easy to understand.

Siam is coming forth, blooming, becoming a commercial country. It is developing railroads. We can see many improvements in past six years since our last visit here. Railroad from south (Penang) used to enter city on opposite side of river and then traveller had to take sampan down river to town. Today we cross a big, high bridge into the city and get off at a fine depot. Whereas before we had an old run-down hotel, now city boasts Phya Thai Hotel. This series of buildings was formerly personal palace of former King of Siam. Present King saw necessity for a modern hotel and presented this to Railroads Department who operate it under excellent management and service. It is out of city and a trifle inconvenient to get to and from the city, but aside from that it gives everything anyone has a right to expect; modern cuisine, plumbing, showers, etc. It is a fairland, dream come true, fairy palace of a monarch, now a place for visitors. If you have ever wanted to stop in a king's palace and be treated like a king, here is your chance.

## THE SIAMESE THEATRE

The Siamese love song and music, and the drama is one of the most ancient and cherished institutions of the nation. Though there are several Siamese theatres in Bangkok, the ancient forms of play called Khon (masked pantomime), Rabam (dance in character) and Lakhon (opera ballet) are now seldom seen. Present day taste, at least of inhabitants of the capital, tends more towards modern play acting; pieces played are partly translations from European dramas and partly plays written by Siamese authors. Notwithstanding difficulties of language, we recommend tourists visit Siamese theatre which possesses several charming and clever actresses worth seeing.

All different forms of old drama are kept alive at court, as His Late Majesty was much interested in them, and supported a well trained and excellently equipped Siamese theatre which carried on old time honored traditions in a most splendid manner. Actors of classical Siamese theatre are generally women, tho men may also take part; women, or rather girls, are trained from early childhood and an immense amount of time is spent in training the body to difficult postures and undulations that art demands. Dance of Siamese actress consists of writhing arms with fingers turned back to utmost, swaying and writhing body and advancing or retreating with gliding motions, all performed in most graceful and languid manner. A company of such well trained girls is often a real vision of charm and beauty.

Faces of actresses are covered with a layer of white powder, eyebrows are strongly marked black and lips painted red. They wear headgear of various ancient patterns, those playing the role of kings, queens, princes or princesses wearing tapering "mukata" or crown. Their arms are adorned with heavy golden bracelets and upper part of bodies are encased in coats of stiff silk cloth adorned with precious stones or bangles while lower part and legs are either draped in a kind of skirt of heavy brocade or a pair of long tight fitting overalls. Mask is used when roles of demons or animals or those of Rama and Lakshana. (figures in the play called Ramayana) are played. Tourists who have witnessed theatrical performances in Cambodia, Java or Burma will note similarity between theatre there and in Siam, a thing which finds its explanation in their common origin from theater of ancient India, where primitive play was born thru songs and dances of sacred temple bayaderes when they worshipped in this manner in front of statues of Brahman gods. Representations of these graceful dancers are still seen in wonderful bas reliefs of Angkor Wat.

Pieces played on classical Siamese stage are chosen mainly from rich treasure chamber of Indian heroic plays and epics such as Ramayana, most popular of all, Vishnupurana or old Thai legends. His Majesty the late King, who was himself a first class dramatist and deeply versed in ancient and modern forms of drama, did much for the stage by creation of a national theatre which, provided with up-to-date European scenery and machinery, stages national plays.

We spent New Year's Eve at Bangkok in Hotel Phya Thai. They had a big blow-out, party, dinners, dances, etc. A party of Americans went to a Siamese boxing match. These boxers here do everything but bite, punch out eyes, rip off ears, split open mouths. They kick anywhere, everywhere, with either foot. They jump on each other, knee their opponent in "bread basket," with either or both knees if possible; run and jump upon their opponent; trip and cause him to fall; pound each other on back of neck with elbows. In fact, boxing here is a well matched cross-breed between our boxing, fighting and wrestling.

Today Siam has a well developed series of radio stations, commercial as well as broadcasting. They are under able management of the Department of Commerce, in personal charge of His Royal Highness, the brother to the present King of Siam. We met him and thru his kindness were extended the pleasure of spending a whole evening in station watching their form and systems.

### BANGKOK

We spent three days in Bangkok renewing old scenes, and picking up new ones. The more one goes to certain places, the more one grasps.

In our book 'ROUND THE WORLD WITH B. J. much has been said about Siam. We are now entering it again and it is expected we will see much we did not see before, therefore this additional chapter on that country.

We walked about unhurrying. In a climate where a two-minute stroll reduces us to a state of damp perspiration and clothes get wet, life must move slowly if it is to be endured at all. But that is not to say it is unadventurous or that we do not go places or see things.

A jungle trip, such as we mapped out ahead from Bangkok to Angkor-Vat is not a thing that can be undertaken lightly over here. It requires careful adjustment of equipment of any and all kinds. We have discussed it many times with many people and then go back and do it all over again. It is not pleasant to find



oneself without some essentials a hundred miles from any road that can be described as "Fordable." But days pass so slowly that ordering of six elephants instead of four and thirty-five coolies instead of twenty is an unalarming enterprise. If we make a mistake there is always plenty of time to remedy it. Things somehow, over here, wait for us to catch up. Before natives get ready to commence, to start, to begin, we have had forty-eight hours to reflect and reconsider and correct everything.

Bangkok is a surprising city. It is one of few remaining cities where tourist has little visited; it is not commercialized for travellers; it is away off beaten path, hard to get into and out of; therefore accommodations are limited, so many stay away. That's why we like it.

It is the Venice of the East. It photographs exquisitely. There are its proud avenues; stately proportion of throne hall; strangely shaped and colored temples; dark, mysterious sewerage canals that run thru its streets. But prevailing impression it leaves on us is of dust, heat, and squalor. Temples and palaces are far apart. They are divided from one another by hot, white roads and ugly buildings. Avenues are lined by insignificant and unsightly cabins. City was planned by an earlier monarch who did not realize that Siam was without enough rich people to fittingly adorn those avenues with spacious bungalows. As we drive past wooden shack after wooden shack we wonder whether temples, avenues and palaces are anything more than a front, imposing and distorting, before the real Siam that expressed itself in wooden and tin huts which crowd canals and streets and in sluggish barges that float down sluggish waterway sewerage canals. Siam is trying to westernize itself and, paradoxically, it is at same time plying slogan "Siam for the Siamese." The new regime is removing all Europeans that it can from official positions and those it is forced to retain are treated so cavalierly that many have resigned. But the real Siam, wealth and spirit of Siam, is apart from and indifferent to those changes. We suspect this while we are still in Bangkok. Coming back as we are now, we sense a difference; it is in the atmosphere.

## HISTORY OF BANGKOK

Some fifteen hundred years ago, at time when Lopburi had become the capital of a hinduized Mon Kingdom dominating Menam Valley, southern-most portion of this valley where present Bangkok stands, was still entirely beneath waters of the gulf. Little

by little continued raising of bottom of gulf, combined with accumulation of silt brought down by great river and its many tributaries, succeeded in building up fertile delta land which stretches southwards from Ayudhya to shores of gulf. This process of winning land from sea is still going on and, if it continues on same scale as hitherto, fifteen hundred years hence Bangkok may become a distant inland town, as far away from sea as Ayudhya is now. When Ayudhya was founded, in A.D. 1350, the place was a collection of mud banks inhabited by a few scattered fishermen and their families; but 300 years later we see, on consulting maps published by travellers who visited Ayudhya in King Phra Narai's time, there had sprung up a small town on western bank of Menam, at place where present suburb of Dhonburi stands. A small brick fort had also been built there which, for a brief time during King Phra Narai's reign, was garrisoned by French troops under command of General des Farges. (This brick fort is still in existence, space inside its walls now being occupied by the Royal Naval College.)

After destruction of Ayudhya in 1767, King Phra Chao Tak Sin made Dhonburi his capital, and on his abdication in 1782, King Rama I fixed upon place now occupied by the present capital. Bangkok is thus a town of quite recent origin. When looking at map it will be seen that course of Menam between Ayudhya and sea is rather tortuous, but in olden days it was more so. To straighten the course of the river and thereby facilitate shipping and trade, several kings of Ayudhya had canals dug which served as short cuts. These canals have now become portions of present main river channel. Oldest and northernmost of these short cuts is part of present river bed that lies between Ban Phrao and Chiengrak canal. The first short cut was dug by Phra Parama-Trailokanarth (1448-1488). Other three cuts are of more recent date, such as those at Pakret; portion of river between Nondhaburi and Wat Khema and that between mouth of Klong Bangkok Noi and Klong Bang Luang. At beginning of last century, the canal which cuts through peninsula of Paklat, southernmost suburb of Bangkok, was dug, but this canal is, so far, suitable only for boats of light draught. King Rama I, once in power, decided to transfer capital from western to eastern bank of Menam, just opposite Dhonburi. Site chosen by the king was, at a time when Burmese were chief enemies of Siam, strategically excellent, as river makes a big curve towards west, forming on its eastern bank a large peninsula which was protected by broad expanse of water against attacks by land, whether from west, north, or south, while to east stretched, at that time, a vast swampy plain called

the sea of mud that made progress by attacking armies from that direction next to impossible. On place where at present Grand Palace rears its white castellated walls and glittering spires lay originally a Chinese settlement; but when King Rama I transferred capital to left bank of Menam, this settlement was removed to present site of Sampeng.

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During time we spent in the jungle over here we have come to realize nature and capacities of jungle foes. We have often felt life in a monastery would be a great relief; where we could retire from selfish human beings with petty bickerings; where we could get away from people who live so close to themselves that they cannot think of any thing or anybody else. We have felt that life in a jungle would be a vacation out in the great open spaces where we would be close to earth and closer yet in communion with Innate where all runs wild without narrow restrictions made by man for man. How different the reality! For most part you pilot yourself with aid of a heavy staff along steep and stony paths or slither over slippery paddy fields. Streams thru which you wade are over shoe tops. Average village road is a narrow isthmus of caked mud running between bogs into which you are liable to slide every seven steps. You are caked in mud. You are soaked in sweat. You are weary by time you reach compound where you are to spend the night. You sit forward on a log, limp and motionless, too tired to smoke or talk. You eat and fling yourself upon your cruel bed and in a couple of minutes you are asleep.

The word "jungle" evokes a picture of tangled undergrowth, of scarlet macaws, of monkeys screaming to each other from tree tops, of large multi-colored butterflies, of snakes, bears and natives lurking from behind trees and in villages. In Siam all this exists but it is a friendly landscape if you are careful in what you say, to whom you say it, and if you watch where you go when you go. There are pythons, boa constrictors, and cobra, but they will let you alone if you do likewise, unless they are hungry. It is not uncommon to hear of somebody who has gone the way of snakes over here. You will see and hear monkeys, but they remain high up in trees, except in villages where they have been trained to come down for food. But, beware, don't tease them to come for food and then have none for them, for they can resent teasing with human viciousness. Wild animals exist but they are gradually being driven farther back into woods.

The Laos are quite simple, decent-living people. They cultivate rice, carry produce to market, tend animals and chew betel nut. Ask how far it is to a certain place and they answer, "half a bullock's march," or "as far as you can hear a dog bark." Everywhere you are aware of how unsophisticated they are by contrast with hot slang of city flapper and flop.

The tical has 100 satangs. Tical is their standard and like our dollar. Satang is equal to our cent. You purchase a six satang object with a tical. You receive not 94 satangs in return; you are entitled to but 80. You count your change three times. You protest. Shopkeeper shakes his head and says, "we are giving 85 satangs for a tical." You say a tical is worth 100 satangs. For a while you argue. Then you decide that 10 cents isn't worth arguing over. You seek a reason why. It's quite simple. The tical is too big a coin for these people. It's a nuisance because they can't get rid of it in ordinary local trade. They have to wait for a change to exchange it for smaller money; therefore, exchange it for less money to get rid of it.

It is in such transactions you realize how far you are from civilization and how simple mind of the Laos is; but aside from all such you are in as ordered and developed a world as you would be in America without reach of telephones, out on plains or up in woods in mountains, or back in wilds of Alaska on Yukon River. Villages are tidy, huts clean and airy, single store is bright with printed cottons. Each village has its temple and school. Presence of Buddhist priests with cropped heads and yellow robes lend a dignity to life. Complicated Buddhist faith over which metaphysicians will split hairs indefinitely is a direct and simple thing to simple Laos. They have retained capacity to be superstitious, to believe and to wonder.

The life of a white man in this neighborhood, away back from nowhere, months and years away from all touch with modern civilization, must be far from pleasant. For months, thru sequence of rain-drenched weeks, he might never see another white man. There would be no equal cheery companionship at end of a day's work; no antidotes to sufferings and maladies of jungle life; discomforts, itch of prickly heat, leeches, mosquitoes and mud-sores, sandflies that no netting can keep out; red ants that night after night make sleep impossible; talking back and forth of chee-chars in rooms; lizards coming in and possibly trying to get in bed with him; long period of rains when bedding and everything else is soaked and for days it is impossible to wear dry clothing; fever that takes its mental and physical toll of vitality and courage.



It is in places such as Siam that question of brown woman is insistent to white man. Siam is a hard country for white woman to live in. In earlier days white men coming to this country were not encouraged to bring wives with them. They were told they could get a local brown woman with whom there would be no obligations. Later years have brot about improvement to point where modern girl can come, knowing she is not running as great a risk as then. Even tho this be true, not many white girls care to and have courage to face this loneliness and monotony of station life. It depends upon type of woman one attracts and is attracted by. As one man said, "The only type of woman that I'd care to marry would go mad in five weeks in a place like this."

Alternative of a brown woman is difficult to avoid. It is not so much actual physical necessity as it is need of friendly and familiar atmosphere. White man pictures himself seated on his open porch with some woman to prepare his foods, wait on him and cater to his wishes of affection. It is an issue to which no moral principles are attached. There is no loss of his caste. It is a matter of practical management of one's life. To a Lao mere fact of living together constitutes marriage. Such relationships are decently and honorably lived. Very often when children are born white man marries brown woman. At any rate, he leaves his brown woman properly provided for when he goes back to his white country. Question for him to decide is whether by such a simple arrangement life is going to be made simpler and happier for him while here. Meanwhile, brown woman is not worrying over arrangements as simple as they are. He knows what he is in for and she knows full well what to expect. They make their choice open-eyed. Some decide one way, some another. Either way, it is not a problem in white man's eyes. He soon acquires Oriental attitude of man towards woman. In America where life in films, plays, novels and books is highly advertised and enticingly voluptuous thing, life centers around woman. In Far East woman is the side-show.

That is the big surprise that awaits every white woman who marries a white man in Far East. At first she fancies she has come to a woman's paradise. From a position of probably no importance at home, from a small house among many small houses, she is transported to a comparatively large house for this country, given a dignified position, and has before her ample and leisure life with many brown servants to do every turn, for to do anything for herself is to lower her standing. In America average person is a cog in a great big machine; out here the mere

fact that you are white gives you outstanding position of prominence. Young girl who is a mere bride at home finds herself out here one of the aristocracy and of the ruling class. At home she was but one of many; out here she is one amongst many.

She has a large house with porches all around it. She has a full staff of servants to do everything, outside house and inside. She need not fear servants. She can fire them all before breakfast and re-staff her household before "tiffin." She does no work. She hardly gives orders because servants run her home. She can bring in guests unexpectedly and her cook will be prepared. All servants from all homes work in cahoots with all other servants. Kitchen of one house is common kitchen of all houses. Servant knows all back-yard kitchen gossip of all homes. He knows what is in ice-box of every white house in town. He can make a scouting tour and instantly borrow anything from here and there; thus one family, via servant, borrows from another and vice versa. He borrows silver, china, or linens same way. It is common to be invited out and find your own silver, china, or linens on table of another home. This makes living simple over here.

It can be said a white woman has nothing to do and lots of time on her hands in which to do it. With white men outnumbering white women ten to one, she is surrounded with invitations to dance, play tennis, golf, motor and swim. Married or single, she need never be lonely, for want of beaux, nor are there any competing beauties to be jealous of, for there are more than enough men to go around. In no other place could she be so completely satisfied and showered with attention as here. In America a woman's men friends lead a private and personal life which she herself never sees unless she is the principal. In Siam there is no such life.

The Orient is a man's country and white woman counts but little. White man lives as a sturdy pioneer, building a new country. Woman is an incidental necessity and a brown will do as well without putting his loved white wife to necessity of coming out here and bearing nothing but hardships, privation and isolation.

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### SIAMESE VILLAGE

A rice-growing village in Siam stands out among padi fields, especially during dry season, like an oasis in desert. It appears from a distance to be a mass of trees surrounded by fence, but

compounds are contiguous, and each compound builds its own bamboo fence to define its area and as a measure of self-protection. Entrance to village is by a narrow lane which winds in all directions in and out among compounds. Once you are in a village, you seem to be in a kind of maze. A village of this nature will consist of anything from twenty to fifty houses, and is usually without market-place. There are, of course, larger villages of a hundred houses and more, each with its market-place, but such villages will usually be found on banks of rivers and canals, or nowadays near railway line. In larger villages people are fast becoming sophisticated, and in these a school will usually be found in temple grounds, where children are taught to read and write, whose fathers and mothers could not.

But picture we draw is one of small villages in heart of padi fields, where life is largely communal, and "arcadian simplicity vies with rustic kindliness." House is usually in middle of compound, which is enclosed by a fence of stout bamboo. It is raised above ground, and rests on piles or posts made of hard wood as a protection against water, thieves, and animals. There is a narrow path up to steps, which are often detachable and can be pulled up when family retire at night. There is an outside veranda running length of house, and two or three rooms inside slightly raised above veranda, number of rooms varying according to size of family or dignity of owner. Framework of house is made of bamboo, with hard wood posts for tie-beams, and roof is made of attap, which is dried leaf of Nipa palm.

Each village has a "Pu Yai Ban," or village headman, for every ten houses, and these form village council to settle its affairs as far as possible. A number of villages close together will be under charge of a "Kamman." Duties of the "Pu Yai Ban" are to instruct people how to pay taxes, and generally to act in loco parentis to families under his care. If they are lazy in field duty, a good "Pu Yai Ban" will stir them to work; and one particular duty may be mentioned of beating a gong at cry of thief to summon all villagers to help catch him. In such villages as these there is no temple; this will usually be found in some isolated spot some distance away. In old days a secluded and far-away spot was always chosen for site of a temple, so priests might be able to meditate in peace and quiet. In course of time a number of villages would spring up at a distance all around it. This distance may vary from a quarter of a mile to over a mile in cases where country-side is sparsely populated, but it must not be too far from village for priests to make daily visits to receive their food. This is first act of day. As soon as people have

risen and cooked their food, priests arrive with beggar-bowls. Priests rise at four o'clock. A gong is rung, which is signal for priests to don yellow robe and say their prayers. Then they set out early and reach village between six and seven. An early riser can see them wending their way slowly and separately over fields toward village. They will visit houses in turn, and are not allowed to refuse any food offered; but once bowls are full, villagers will offer no more. They then return to temple, in single file, as they came. Buddhist etiquette demands priest should not speak or show sign of emotion. He gives no thanks. Indeed, giving of food to priests confers a blessing on giver, and thanks are rather due to priest for coming. Food given is always rice with eggs, fish, meat (as a luxury), curry, and a vegetable salad. Only rice and eggs and such objects will be put in the bowl. Curries or salads will be put in dishes and carried separately. If more than one priest come to same village, they approach and enter in single file and none will speak to other. They come, receive food, and go in silence. When one priest has gone, another may come to same house, and if family has a plentiful supply, they will fill his bowl too; if they have not, they will retire, and priest, as a rule, will realize he must go elsewhere. Giver, who is usually head of family, will show respect by sitting on ground in Siamese fashion and offer food to priest standing before him, who will then bend to receive it. Priests make only one collection, but take two meals daily, one at eight o'clock and the other at eleven o'clock in morning. Once they have gone, family have their own meal, consisting of same fare as they have given to priest. It is a strict custom they must not eat out of main pot or dish until they have given their food to priests. They sit round in a circle, with a large flat tray in middle, containing different foods to be eaten, each in separate dish. Rice is brought to meal in main pot from kitchen, and each of family takes his share of rice with a large spoon which goes the round. Each dish has also its own spoon, in old days made of brass, but now usually of porcelain, with which eater helps himself. He will then mix curry with rice in his bowl and eat it with his fingers. Very often family take their meal in kitchen; if not, then usually on veranda. Water is sometimes taken direct as needed from large porous jars on veranda, and at others is put in small brass bowls beside each member of family. If fruits or cakes are at hand, they are eaten after rice and curry. This custom of eating with fingers must have come from India, and not from China, where chop-sticks are always used. As a rule, peasants take three meals a day—in early morning, at noon, and at four o'clock in afternoon.



After eating, tray of betel-nut with accessories and spittoon appear, indispensable articles in every household.

When they have had their early and noontide meals, they go out to work. In planting season men plough and women sow, or if rice is to be transplanted, both sexes will work. Children look after cattle and scare birds away while rice is growing. Later in season, in middle of fields, is a little watch-tower high above padi. This is erected for men to watch whole night thru as harvest time approaches, to prevent thieves from reaping padi while owners sleep.

When family go to bed, they sleep on rush mats, with oblong pillow stuffed with kapok until it is very hard. Whole family sleep together in same room, until children reach a certain age, when they sleep apart. Under house buffaloes, cattle, and horses are kept, and if women weave cloth in dry season, looms are kept under house as well; but in Central Siam not very much weaving is done nowadays, and cloth is nearly all imported. In compound there is a granary for storing padi, a huge round bamboo tub with a roof-shed over it. There will be banana-trees, and sometimes fruit trees, such as mango or jack-fruit, in compound, shading house, and one or two pariah dogs will always be at hand.

There we have a Siamese peasant family at home.

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Commonly, wandering priests sleep in large white umbrella-tents which they carry and stick in ground, in a field, or on bank of a river, or anywhere convenient. But if they find a deserted temple, they might equally well camp there. There is a difference, though, between wandering and resident priests. First, they are often thought to be more holy and righteous than local priests, on analogy of old proverb that "no prophet is without honor save in his own country." Secondly, they do not go round begging food from villagers. Wandering priests never carry food with them, and if peasants bring them food, well and good; if they do not, they go without and strive to emulate that band of pilgrims who set out to catch the weasel asleep.

Their object is to seek quiet and meditation or to do penance, and thereby to make merit; but it is also to preach doctrine, Buddha, Law, and Order, Holy Triple Gems. They are found all over Siam, and usually travel in twos and threes at a time; but if they carry their own tents with them, they must pitch them far apart at night, so as to be free to pray and fast, safe from

temptation to talk and allow their minds to dwell on worldly things. Most of wandering priests have remained in priesthood for many years before they start to travel.

Both temples and the priests are held in great veneration all over the country.

Temple land is sacred wherever it lies, and by a very ancient law it is laid down that "once temple land, always temple land." People themselves would never dream of erecting a house or building on or next to temple site, however ruined and deserted, and it is a superstition strongly held that anyone who did so would inevitably meet with disaster. There are said to be many notable instances of this. We have, however, reasons for thinking that in respect of very ancient temples this rule is becoming somewhat relaxed.

Mothers always try to persuade sons to enter priesthood if only for a short time. Buddhist priesthood is not like Christian, an ordination for life, and a priest can always retire into secular life again at will. But by entering priesthood man brings merit not only to himself, but vicariously to his parents as well, especially to mother who bore him.

On other hand, nuns are not held in respect or considered on same plane as priests. A daughter can become a nun, but she is little better than a lay-woman, and rules of conduct are not strict, as they are for priests. For example, a nun might make a loud noise in eating, without offence, but for a priest to do so would be a grave breach of etiquette. He must eat quietly and not open his mouth. Also, he must not get up noisily or suddenly from his seat, but quietly and gently move away.

### THE CHINESE IN SIAM

To some European minds it may seem far fetched that a Chinaman can live, as ordinary indigent Chinaman does, upon a daily, monotonous fare of rice and salt fish. Not only is this true, but we have heard of cases where luxury of salt fish has been foregone, and Chinese coolies working on railway construction have actually seasoned bowl of rice by cooking stones in salt, and then sucking stones for what nourishment they extract. This is not getting "blood out of a stone," but it is about as near to it as man will ever get! There is probably no race in the world so imbued with necessity for hard work and for putting by every cent that remains from bare cost of keeping their bodies alive. Were they not possessed at same time with wild love of gambling in any and every form, they would be greatest misers the

world has ever seen. It is curious to see how Providence redresses balance in man's nature and does not allow one characteristic to hold full sway over his mind or senses. In not distant past, public gambling-houses and lotteries were an important feature of life in Bangkok. Chinese could be seen at all hours going to consult oracle to discover lucky number for the day. But public gambling is now forbidden by law, and outlets for indulging in this pastime are necessarily subterranean, so it is not easy to know to what extent gambling still exists. Even in old days, Chinese in Siam never allowed gambling instinct to override passion for making money, and by industry, ability, and honesty they gradually managed to make practically a corner in all trade of Siam, both internal and external, which was not in hands of European, or, to a smaller degree, Indian merchant houses.

Rice-grower has always remained Siamese, and Chinese have not as yet made any attempt to oust him from that basic position. But rice-dealer is Chinese. So are rice-millers and their coolies. So is boat-builder, an important handicraft in a country where rivers and canals form high roads. So are pawn-broker, tailor, boot-maker, dyer of cloth, furniture-maker, iron-smith, market gardener, fish-dealer, old tin-can collector and hawker. One could go on adding to list, almost *ad infinitum*, but we have no wish to weary you with a recitation of every craft known to man. Suffice to say, in practically every form of manual labor, the Chinese hold the field, and Siamese sit by, watching all requisite services of life being performed by uniformly impersonal, very vociferous, but intensely industrious Celestial.

Even up to recent years need to work did not stand out prominently and was not in any way forced upon attention of Siamese. All Chinese coming to Siam were treated as Siamese, as long as they stayed in the country. They intermarried freely with Siamese women, and children were brought up as loyal Siamese citizens, with little thought of going back to ancestral home in China.

Twenty years ago you could, figuratively speaking, count on fingers of two hands number of Chinese women in Bangkok. They were one of the rarest sights. Today it is a different story. Immigration figures for seven months from December, 1927, to June, 1928, since Immigration Bureau was established, show number of Chinese women and female children who entered and remained in Siam during that period was over twenty thousand. Position has thus radically changed, and for origin of this change we have not far to seek. Revolution in China in 1911

and establishment of Chinese Republic, by introducing and fostering germ of patriotism and a national spirit, has in short space of nineteen years already brought an entirely different outlook in minds and hearts of Chinese abroad.

That Chinese immigrants are beginning to bring wives and families with them to Siam is not, of course, entirely, or even perhaps mainly, due to this spirit of nationalism which has suddenly developed. Economic causes are probably playing a greater part, and scarcity and poverty (which is never far away from peasants' life in Southern China), caused by upheaval of social life in Canton and Swatow, not to speak of arson, rape, and pillage in which Chinese troops of every brand appear to indulge whenever opportunity offers, is making it almost impossible for Chinese coming to Siam to leave wives and children behind, as they formerly did.

Whatever cause of their coming, result is the same. It means that all or most Chinese in Siam from henceforward will remain Chinese in thought and spirit. Their children will be taught in Chinese schools, which are springing up all over the country, wives will talk to them always in Chinsee, they will care less and less even to learn Siamese, and they are not likely to be allowed to forget their national spirit or their duties towards their homeland.

Thus in course of time Chinese in Siam, of whom there must be at least a million, will become as much foreigners as any European race in country, and those million foreigners will have practically entire trade of country in their hands.

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## RELIGION

In his discussion in *The Golden Bough* Sir James Frazer makes his own position as clear as possible. After saying that "To frame a definition of religion which would satisfy everyone would obviously be impossible," he gives his definition, which he employs consistently throughout the work, as follows:

"By religion, then, I understand 'a propitiation or conciliation of powers superior to man, which are believed to direct and control the course of nature and human life.' Thus defined, religion consists of two elements, a theoretical and a practical, namely, a belief in powers higher than man, and an attempt to propitiate or please them. Of the two, belief clearly comes first, since we must believe in the existence of a divine being before we can attempt to please him. But unless the belief leads to a corre-



sponding practice, it is not a religion but merely a theology; in the language of St. James, 'Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone'."

Sir James then goes on to demonstrate the above definition. Religion is fundamentally opposed to magic and science, both of which assume the course of nature is governed, not by caprices and whims of divine beings, but by operation of immutable laws acting mechanically, only difference being that in magic assumption is implicit, while in science it is explicit, and magic often deals with "spirits" which are personal agents of kind assumed by religion. But, whenever it does so, it treats them exactly in same way as it treats inanimate agents, that is, it coerces instead of propitiating them as religion would do.

After giving examples of how magic and religion became confused in early days, especially in Ancient India and Egypt, he says that "though magic was thus found to amalgamate with religion in many ages and lands, there are grounds for believing that the fusion was not primitive, and that there was a time when man trusted to magic alone to satisfy his other than animal desires. A consideration of the fundamental notions of magic and religion may incline us to surmise that magic is older than religion in the history of humanity, seeing that magic is only a mistaken application of the most elementary processes of the mind, while religion assumes the operation of conscious, personal agents, superior to man, behind the visible screen, obviously a more complex conception."

"If, therefore," he continues, "an Age of Religion has been preceded everywhere by an Age of Magic, we must naturally inquire what causes have led a portion of mankind to abandon magic in favour of religion," and he suggests that the obvious reason lies in the fact that, as man became intelligent, he gradually came to realize the inefficacy of magic to produce the results designed, and this discovery must have wrought a radical though slow revolution in the minds of those who had the sagacity to make it. Having lost one anchorage, mankind must needs seek another, and from a belief in his own power to control nature the deeper mind came to acknowledge powers superior to man, and finally in some cases to absolute dependence on the divine. Sir James adds: "Small minds cannot grasp great ideas: to their narrow vision nothing seems important except themselves. Such minds hardly rise into religion at all. They are indeed drilled by their betters into an outward conformity with its precepts, but at heart they cling to their old magical superstitions, which may be forbidden, but cannot be eradicated by religion."

Having thus dealt with relationship between magic and religion, and, even in his abridged work, devoted seven hundred pages to a survey of magical practices and myths of the world, he concludes his work with following statement of belief:—

“On consideration of all the circumstances we shall be disposed to conclude that the movement of the higher thought has on the whole been from magic through religion to science. In magic man depends on his own strength to meet the difficulties and dangers that beset him. When he recognized that his control over the forces of nature was purely imaginary, he ceased to rely on his own intelligence, and humbly threw himself on the mercy of certain invisible beings behind the veil of nature, to whom he ascribed all the powers once taken upon himself. Thus magic gave way to religion, but, as time goes on, this explanation in its turn proves to be unsatisfactory. For it assumes that the succession of natural events is not determined by immutable laws, but is variable and irregular, and this assumption is not borne out by closer observation. Thus the keener minds, still pressing forward to a deeper solution of the mysteries of the universe, come to reject the religious theory of nature as inadequate, and revert in a measure to the older standpoint of magic, by postulating explicitly, what in magic was only implicit, an inflexible regularity in the order of natural events, which if carefully observed enables us to foresee their course with certainty and to act accordingly. In short, religion regarded as an explanation of nature is displaced by science. Here, at last, after groping about in the dark for countless ages, man has hit upon a clue to the labyrinth, a golden key that opens many locks in the treasury of nature. It is probably not too much to say that the hope of progress—moral and intellectual as well as material—in the future is bound up with the fortunes of science, and that every obstacle placed in the way of scientific discovery is a wrong to humanity.”

However, Sir James by no means is dogmatic in his claims for science, for he adds that “in the last analysis magic, religion, and science are nothing but theories of thought; and as science has supplanted its predecessors, so it may itself hereafter be superseded by some other more perfect hypothesis, perhaps by some totally different way of looking at the phenomena of which we in this generation can form no idea, for the advance of knowledge is an infinite progression towards a goal that forever recedes.”

We have given at some length what we think to be substance of Sir James Frazer's views because it will be of interest to compare them with the present moral and ethical conditions of Siam at present time; but before doing so we would like, if with

some temerity, to break a friendly lance with Sir James on general principles underlying his several propositions.

In so far as he holds up before us an Age of Magic as preceding one of Religion, we seem to stand on firm and common ground. It is when he comes to define religion, and to postulate relation between science and religion, one feels disposed to disagree. As far as it goes, Sir James's definition appears irrefutable, but it by no means goes far enough to satisfy us, when we consider religion or faith of this country. We would rather a wider sweep, and define religion as "a conception formed by man of the nature of the Universe of which he is part, of the Power responsible for and governing it, and of his relation towards that Power." This statement contains, we think, all that is implied in Sir James's definition, but it includes more besides. In his definition Sir James seems to imply something static in form of religion as adopted by mankind, but, as History teaches us, this is not so, and definition given above would not in any sense imply such a state; on contrary, it would make of religion a dynamic force, one of which the conception varied from age to age and among all types of men, according to their stage of development, moral and intellectual. Moreover, it would at once place relation of science to religion upon a different plane. Sir James writes as if he considers Science an end in itself, but we cannot look upon it as such. He speaks of science assuming that course of nature is governed by operation of immutable laws acting mechanically. So is working of an engine. Even so, no one, scientist or layman, would assume that engine made itself, or just happened. Somebody must have made engine, before it could be governed by any laws. In same way we hold it to be an entirely rational view, from a scientific standpoint, to assume that some Power which, for argument's sake, we call God, made the Universe before it could be governed by any laws, whether immutable or variable; and that Power that made the Universe probably made laws as well. Scientists themselves have to assume hypotheses, and if this view were only acceptable to scientists, it would help to clear the somewhat heated and cloudy atmosphere which still hides religion and science from one another, and raise work of science, as we have said, to a much more lofty plane without in any way impairing its value. We hold that science, which seeks truth in Nature, and religion, which seeks truth in God, cannot conflict, since Nature is the work of God, and therefore more we learn of Nature, nearer we approach God. Science can never be an end in itself—it must be a means to an end, and highest imaginable; and scientists, who

kept this end in view and never allowed their work to obscure it from vision, would not become, as some still do, so lost to real meaning of life, and so remote from hearts and yearnings of men. Science is, indeed, Handmaid of Religion.

We feel the difficulty between Science and Religion rests upon fallacious conception that Religion must necessarily be static. True religion is nothing of the kind, and one of greatest stumbling-blocks of this age, this highly intellectual and pragmatic age, is to think religion still rests either upon forms, or dogmas, or even upon names and Persons. Buddhism is 2,500 years old; Christianity is 1,900; and Mohammedanism is 1,300. What are these spans of years in life of man? Gautama, the Buddha, calculated 5,000 years as limit of duration of his religion. He was wise. There is a popular saying in Siam that at the end of the 5,000 years the Buddhist priest will have left to him only a small piece of yellow cloth resting on his ear!

Who can imagine or conjure beliefs of man in another 2,500 years? Religion was made for man, not man for religion; and man conceives his religion in accordance with his stage of development. It is a common saying that "God made man in His Own Image." A friend once put forward the converse, "Man made God in his own image," as probably more correct, since idea itself is, must be, entirely man's. But in 2,500 years this Universe will still be here and Power governing it, and in all probability man will still be here. Let him then, with reverence, continue to probe marvellous mysteries before and around him in Nature, and keep steadfastly his aim in view, to approach nearer to the Power.

We come to second reason why Sir James's definition of religion seems inadequate; namely, that, if we accepted it, it would mean that Buddhism is not a religion at all, for it in no way demands a propitiation or conciliation of powers superior to man.

We know it is popular theory that Buddhism is a system of ethics and not a religion, and colour is lent to this theory by fact that Buddha declined to give any explanation of origin of life or to expound any theory of Creator in it. But no such teaching as that of Gautama could have permeated hearts and minds of people in such an extensive area of the globe, as Ceylon, Java, Burma, Siam, China, and Japan, not to speak of its original home in India, from which it is now cast out; nor endured for such a long period of time without having something more than a system of ethics behind it. Nor would a Buddhist in any of countries mentioned agree with popular dictum. In East it is always called Buddhist Religion, or Buddhist Faith, of which King of



Siam is now Head; and, in widest sense, it does come within scope of the definition which we just propounded.

We hope to make this more apparent. Meanwhile, having broken friendly lance with Sir James Frazer, we would make an attempt to apply his propositions to this country, and see how social, moral, and intellectual conditions of Siam fit in with his general scheme.

Ever since Buddhism was introduced into this country, first in early centuries of Christian era by Indian colonists (a number of images of Buddha of Gupta period and possibly of earlier schools have been dug up in many parts of interior in recent years), and again in seventh and eighth centuries from Mon kingdom of lower Burma, magic and superstition have been assailed by established and orthodox religion. As may be expected, magical practices, which include exorcising of legions of "phi" or spirits, are at this time rife among Lao in north and northeast, in more primitive regions of the Kingdom, and become less and less an outstanding feature of daily life as we come down towards capital, Bangkok. Difficulty of eradicating these practices is that, while in theory Buddhism frowns upon them and expressly forbids worship of spirits as vain, in practice no organized attempt has been made by priests to eradicate them from minds of people. Buddhist practice is so tolerant, one might almost say, so easy-going in attitude towards magic and superstition, many priests may still be found who, thru a desire for popularity or veneration among people, not only do not discourage superstitious practices, but directly countenance them by blessing amulets and by reciting Buddhist forms of invocation in doing so. It is interesting and illuminating that only recently Supreme Patriarch of the Kingdom had to issue an order forbidding Buddhist priests to mix themselves with anything to do with "phi" or occult powers.

The position in Siam is further complicated by immense influence that Cambodian Empire has left behind as her contribution to people of Siam, not only social influence but religious one as well, which in itself was directly borrowed from Brahman India and which embraced whole of Hindu Pantheon. Actually this Cambodian influence, with belief in gods and guardian angels, helps to fill a gap in people's minds, altho these minds are now confused as to its significance.

It cannot be said there is any real conception of God, as Supreme Creator, in minds of Siamese. According to Siamese idea, this world has no beginning and no ending; but great Hindu Trinity, Brahma Creator, Vishnu Preserver, and Siva Destroyer, are

still known to people, relics not of Chinese days but of Cambodian memories, although to ordinary "man in the street," they are shadowy figures. There is also another powerful God, much nearer to Earth, in whom people generally believe, and that is Indra, who is looked upon as guardian of earth and all that is in it.

Indra, whose worship goes back to early Vedic times before rise of Hinduism in India, and who is Indian personification of Jupiter (and Thor), plays important part in Siam. In Central Siam he is called Phra In, in Northern Siam Phya In. It may be that Indra is a memory of earliest days of Thai race, for he is still known in China, under a different name. In any case Indra was a very popular god at time of the rise of Buddhism, and was adopted by Cambodia along with Hindu Trinity, when Brahmanism with Buddhism came to Angkor Thom. He thus became perpetuated in Siam in later times.

You will often see in Siamese mural paintings a figure in green representing a Deva, in close proximity to Buddha. This is Indra, whose duty it is to keep guard and watch over him. Also Indra, who inhabits Trai Treungsa, second Heaven, rather near to earth, is always on look out to see where trouble is occurring among Kings, Princes, and Peoples to be able to put matters right. Some say he has a soft seat, which suddenly becomes hard; others his seat is cold, and becomes hot; and there is a stanza from a well-known poem called "Sang Thong," or "the golden conch-shell" of Second Reign of this Dynasty, which impressed this belief on minds of people:—

As the god with the thousand eyes  
was musing in the second Heaven,  
the divine throne, which afore was soft,  
became as hard as marble stone;  
and casting his eyes below him  
Indra became alarmed to see  
that somewhere on the throbbing earth  
discord and strife had raised their heads.

This is a rough translation, but it conveys meaning of the passage. Curiously enough, Indra, with his god-like powers, is regarded as an inferior being to Buddha, who, altho he made no such claim for himself, is looked upon as far superior to all other beings, whether human or divine.

You will see how all but impossible it is to account for or to unravel the tangled skein of ordinary man's beliefs; and yet reason for such seeming contradiction is not far to seek.

Beliefs of the "man in the street" (whether here or elsewhere) are naturally outcome of a very slow growth, and are based on long ingrained customs and traditions, handed down and accepted blindly without question. Average man could not coherently account for beliefs, but in many cases he would fight for them; and we are inclined to think that, in essence, he is fighting not for beliefs themselves, but to uphold faith of his fathers and to maintain status quo. Man is at heart intensely conservative.

Yet Buddhism, tolerant as it is, has had a profound influence upon this people, and, to understand nature of its influence, we cannot avoid looking somewhat closely at what Buddhism is, its form and substance, and principles on which it rests. Buddhism goes far deeper down into peoples' lives than mere processions and ceremonies, however solemn and gorgeous, would lead us to believe. Altho we may be expressing what has already been expounded many times, we would like, without attempting to cover the whole ground, to indicate some idea of doctrine which Buddhism sets to teach its adherents.

According to Rhys Davids, well-known Pali scholar, main principle of Buddha's teaching—one on which he dwells with peculiar force and emphasis—was rejection of Brahmanical doctrine of existence of individual soul. And here we must remember Gautama, the Buddha, was of Kshatriya or Warrior caste, second only to Brahman caste itself, and that he must have been imbued from childhood with Brahmanical doctrine, which still, even now, in many Buddhist centers, clings to newer Faith. Put briefly, main conception of Universe, as taught by Brahmins, is one in which Brahma, Father Almighty, represents "Universal Soul," from whom each individual soul emanates, and into which, after all its sailings thru calm and tempestuous seas, will be eventually reabsorbed again.

The pagan teaching of "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die," and Brahmanical teaching of the soul and a life hereafter, Buddha held to contain equally false hopes. So he taught middle path: impermanence of all things, and eventual complete dissolution of the being, escape thru Nirvana from all forms of sensation and consciousness which go to make life and suffering; and this by means of Four Great Truths, which a man must recognize before he sets out on his journey, and Eight-fold Noble Path by which he will attain Nirvana.

That theory rests upon this. A being is formed of an aggregate of different properties, none of which corresponds to the Christian or Brahman idea of a "Soul," namely, twenty-seven Material Attributes, three classes of Feeling, six classes of Perception,

fifty-two Elements of Consciousness, and eighty-nine classes of Cognition, together called Five Skandas, which are developed in minutest detail in exposition of the doctrine.

These properties, which are sum of all bodily and mental powers and parts of man, are impermanent and constantly changing, and when a being dies, they are dissolved and nothing remains of him. But his "karma" remains, that is, aggregate result of all his actions on earth, and as soon as one being is dissolved, a new sentient being is formed; and this being will enter upon a material state, commensurate with merit or demerit of being who has gone.

This doctrine, it must be admitted, rests, as in other religions, not upon foundation of reason, but on a purely arbitrary notion, beyond realm almost of speculation, much less of proof.

To make doctrine clearer, theory of Four Great Truths must be given, and, shortly, it is this:

- (1) All life is suffering;
- (2) Suffering is caused by desire (a grasping after material things);
- (3) Kill desire, and you kill suffering; by following
- (4) The Eightfold Noble Path, and thereby attaining Nirvana.

It may be said Rhys Davids exposes a fallacy, which has long been abroad, regarding nature of "Nirvana." It does not signify, as so many people suppose, total extinction, for simple reason its attainment is reached on earth. As soon as one has grasped Four Great Truths, one enters upon Eightfold Noble Path of (1) Right Views; (2) Right Aims; (3) Right Words; (4) Right Behaviour; (5) Right Mode of Livelihood; (6) Right Exertion; (7) Right Mindfulness; and (8) Right Meditation; and when a being has reached perfection in all these forms of discipline and control, he has attained Nirvana, and is free from Maha-maya, "the delusion of self." He is in fact "enlightened," and has reached a state of blessed peace, above earthly sensations, desires, sins, and passions. Thus, when such a being dies, all properties which go to form him are dissolved, and there is no "karma," no merit or demerit, to hand on to a new sentient being. He has attained Pari-Nirvana, and aim of his being is achieved. He goes out "like the flame of a lamp."

In connection with Buddha's teaching, two incidental results of his state of mind should be noticed:

(1) The abolition of all caste, which naturally gave rise to much discontent; and (2) Contempt for all ritual, rites, and ceremonies.



Question of caste was probably one of chief ultimate causes of exclusion of Buddhism from India, since it touched Brahman in his weakest spot; but obviously, from Gautama's point of view, if it was possible for any being to attain Nirvana, such a system as caste was impossible. Also, if everything on earth was involved in Maya, or delusion, of what possible value were rites and ceremonies?

Ethics of Buddhism show little difference from those of Christianity, and what differences there may be are due in main to different conditions of life. Here are the first five Commandments:

- (1) Do not kill.
- (2) Do not steal.
- (3) Do not bear false witness.
- (4) Do not commit adultery.
- (5) Do not drink intoxicating liquor.

This last commandment is only binding on priests, and not, as in Mohammedanism, on all. From ethical point of view, these are surely most binding Commandments on every Christian, too, in conduct of his daily life.

Attractiveness of Buddhist doctrine, as Rhys Davids says, lies in idea of "karma," which represents for each one a balance-sheet, and therein lies one of its fundamental differences from Christianity. Christ taught existence of God the Father, the Creator of the world, and thru redemption by His own sacrifice held out a hope of immortal life for the soul of each individual man. But Buddha gave no account of creation of the world or life, and God is conceived, if at all, in terms of mind, not matter (i.e. not as a Being). He accepted life as he found it, and taught non-existence of soul, and Ways of Escape from an impermanent, sorrowful life.

We have given what we understand to be fundamental doctrines of Buddhism as expounded by a great scholar. In 19th century there seem, however, to have been ideas abroad in Europe that soul of man was involved in teaching. Amiel, for instance, who toys a good deal with Buddhism in his *Journal Intime*, appears to think that devout Buddhist is eagerly looking forward to "dissolution" or "annihilation" of soul itself. We confess we have often wondered whether Gautama's teaching has been misunderstood, or, if that is not possible and it is certain that denial of a soul was part of original teaching, whether this teaching has been able to survive the test of 2,500 years.

In Siam, at least, Buddhist doctrine as taught by Thammayut Sect does not exclude idea of a soul in man, teaches transmigration of souls. By this teaching we mean that same "ego" or conscious

personality of a being goes from life to life, on a higher or lower plane according to nature of his "karma," and this personality does not become extinct with death of a being. It is easy to understand why doctrine of soul-negation finds it difficult to survive. It is too abstract a theme for ordinary mortals to grasp; it could only be addressed to a highly developed and intellectual society. It means you must embrace Four Great Truths and follow Eightfold Noble Path for their sakes, and not because of any reward or punishment you may receive hereafter in another life. You live and act worthily during this life so that, altho you are removed forever from the stage, impression, remembrance, example of your high moral standards may remain as a definite and permanent influence upon those that come after. But this is too much to ask, and so, in human relations, whether of religious nature or not, average human being must be offered a certain reward for being "a good boy," and threatened with dire consequences for being a "bad boy," in this life. It is the old picture of Heaven and Hell—rewards and punishments—which our teachers never seem to be able to rid themselves in their desire to make us good. We are all children, very young children, and fear is still, it seems, only stimulus to our better nature; a sugar-plum if we behave ourselves, but a big stick if we are naughty.

There is no gainsaying the implied aim of Eightfold Noble Path to perfect oneself in this life in same way as Christ taught his world to aim at perfection, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." It is true Gautama taught renunciation, self-denial, withdrawal from world, in short, monastic life, as surest means of overcoming sin and sorrow, and of escaping from relentless wheel of life; whereas Christ taught a life of action and service to one's fellow-men as a means of perfection. But word "perfect" itself is another word for "divine," and one cannot escape feeling that end of a life spent in attaining Nirvana thru agency of Eightfold Noble Path would be a state of Perfect Blessedness, where the being became one with source from which he came, and was absorbed back into the Universal Soul, as taught by Brahmans.

Havell, in his *Indian Art*, seems to give expression to a similar thot when he speaks of Buddha, having attained Maha Pari Nirvana at death, passing into boundless Ocean of Eternity, and reaching a state of Perfect Blessedness, free forever from sufferings of body and great illusion of senses, the Maha-Maya.

There is, among scientists today, and among disciples, a considerable school of materialists who are seeking to reduce, and believe they can succeed in reducing to physics, everything in life

and nature, and who strenuously oppose the idea of an immaterial, intangible soul in man.

It is a bold school, and one which is sure to attract adherents; but even if life and nature could be dissected like an insect into its component parts and atoms (as I daresay it will be), what then? Dissectors would be no nearer to proof that there was no soul, but would only demonstrate they in their turn had missed it. No dissection of physical properties will give an adequate explanation of why we are urged to write as we do, or why we see beauty in a rainbow-crowned sky. We cannot explain ourself, but we feel and know some active personal agent prompts us to do so, and the measure of words or of sense of beauty will be governed by state of development of our soul, how far we peer into the dim hall of Truth, or what glimpse we catch of the Goddess Beauty enthroned on high.

We are becoming too sophisticated. Scientists, grave, practical men of fixed aims, have no compunction nowadays in tearing all romances to shreds, leaving us nothing but bare facts of life, as they see them, on which to feed. Yet, if they knew, they might deal more kindly with us, for at present capacity of highest human intellect is still infinitesimally small, and truths learned one finds are relative. May it be millenniums to come will marvel at abysmal ignorance of this age, and be faintly amused at dogmatic assertions of the "truth"?

This is why it always gives us joy to turn, whenever we can, from this matter-of-fact world and from icy land of science, and wander among warm life-giving air of fairyland, to feel pulse quicken and spirit enriched by a thousand echoes, memories, and voices which come and go, borne on fairy wings, conjuring up past, and sometimes even giving, perhaps, shadowy glimpses of future. As long as a fairy-tale remains, we will never agree to man being reduced to a question of physics, to a conglomeration of formulae. The inflexible scientist will warn us that, whether we oppose him or not, we cannot escape the inevitable conclusion of his relentless hunt; but we snap fingers at him, for we know that we are "such stuff as dreams are made on," and that there is in man something which will always elude wretch's grasp, however hard he may search. We can hide in fairyland, where no man of science is allowed to enter, and where we spend our time in capturing gossamer threads and dreams. But to do this we must throw off matter-of-fact, every-day dress, and clothe ourself in imagination's garb, or we shall never be allowed to enter the gate.

And yet to all these folk Buddhism is real. Wherever there is

a village there is a temple not far off, with image of Buddha sitting in serene contemplation on altar. It may be an elaborate brick structure with white-washed walls set in a garden of leafy trees, fig and tamarind; or it may be formed of pillars supporting a shingle roof without walls at all; or it may be just a wooden shanty with an attap roof and a mud floor. Still, it is their temple, and there they will be found at all times paying devotions to the greatest Being they know. There are computed to be over seventeen thousand temples actually in use in this land, excluding those of ancient days that have fallen to ruin, and this is one to every six hundred people, a brave average for folk who are not in any way blessed with riches of this world. The humble peasant has no idea whether he possesses a soul or not, and would scarcely understand if we asked him. But they know doctrine of "karma," and that, if they do not wish to be born again as a serpent or a rat, they must take care to leave a balance on credit side of their account. So we understand how Buddhism is peculiarly suited to this and other Far Eastern lands, with its calm and peaceful meditation thru heat of tropic day.

We wonder sometimes whether it is realized how much choice of a religion by a nation is due to its climatic as well as to its social conditions. How easy it is to see that Buddhism can make little appeal in a northern clime, where untiring energy and ceaseless activity is necessary to maintain vitality and keep blood from congealing in our bodies, to say nothing of earning our living. Calm contemplation in New York thruout winter would hardly conduce to a subdual of bodily passions, or to freedom from illusion of self, except in form of voluntary suicide.

But these primitive, arcadian conditions in Siam are going to change, and with them lives of people. Railway is forging ahead, and with it will go many accompaniments of modern Western civilization. Roads are springing up on all sides, hundreds of Fords and Chevrolets and trucks are pouring into the country to serve up-country districts. The movie hall, put up in a day with tin roof and bamboo sides, is early in the field, cheap American cigarettes soon begin to oust native-made tobacco. Townlets arise, seemingly from nowhere as in pantomime, conjured up out of brain of ubiquitous Chinaman, who is prepared to buy and sell anything that will bring grist to his mill. What of our arcadian peasant, after a few years' mingling with rogues and vagrants of the place, irresistibly drawn by thought of sheep to be fleeced? We have heard that when emigrants now return yearly from their work in Ayudhya plains, they have to be guarded to their homes by gendarmerie, or they would lose their



little all at hands of pack of wolves that stand hungrily round station of Korat with protruding tongues, waiting for sheep to arrive.

We cannot stop march of progress if we would. World is growing smaller and smaller every year, and scarcely any action of importance can take place nowadays in one country without echoes reverberating thruout others in a short time. Altho we can within a few years develop a country materially by introducing all most modern inventions, we cannot automatically, by pressing a button, develop moral and spiritual nature of people of that country, to enable them to appraise material changes at proper value. We know how much more pleasure is to be obtained from a walk thru beautiful surroundings, costing nothing but effort, than from most lavish theatrical or cinematograph display. How are they to know it? The future must be faced with confidence, and present looked upon as a transitional period from which people will in time emerge with a higher standard of living and better equipped to maintain themselves against all comers.

### SIAMESE ARCHITECTURE

Siamese architecture finds its highest and finest expression in many beautiful temples which this country, and especially City of Bangkok, abounds. Siamese temple in itself comprises all there is to be said about architecture of this country—which, by the way, is not little—because in Siam, as in neighboring countries, genius of its architects has centered in construction of the great and imposing buildings consecrated for religious purposes. Further, while these buildings were made of solid materials such as stone or bricks which have helped them to withstand decay down to our time, besides giving builders such rich opportunities for displaying art, houses of people, up to those of nobility, were built only of more perishable and flimsy materials, wood and straw—even Royal Palaces often being constructed of wood only—and therefore have not been able to withstand wear of time.

A few stone-built palaces resemble the temples in style, in fact are often identical, a fact really not so astonishing when almost divine cult and honours were given to supreme rulers of this kingdom. Temple are chief attraction of Siam, and especially of Bangkok, and with their dazzling walls, glittering tiled roofs, gilt carvings and flashing spires they leave an impression of beauty and colour which never fades. Siamese temple—properly called a Wat—consists generally of several temple buildings together with a convent or cloister in which yellow robed monks

spend lives in quiet study and meditation. Buildings used for religious purposes are mainly of two kinds, i.e., ubosoth or bôt, chapel in which laymen are ordained as monks, and vihar (pronounced as vihān) or preaching hall. These principal buildings of temple may contain one or several Chetiya (pronounced as chedi) or relic shrines; prangs, i.e., modified Cambodian tower, belfry, library and smaller buildings such as those for sheltering images of Buddha and resthouses for visitors or faithful who come to perform devotions. Principal building is the bôt, in which laymen may be ordained and admitted into Holy Brotherhood of Yellow Robe—the Sangka. This building is surrounded by eight boundary stones planted in eight chief directions of compass; these stones are called "Patta sema" and resemble leaves of bodhi tree, sacred fig tree under whose shade Gautama obtained Buddhahood. The bôt is rectangular in shape and generally opens to east, its lofty walls being pierced by rows of windows. Colonnades of tall square-formed pillars, sometimes terminating in capitals shaped as lotus flowers, often surround building and support projecting eaves of roof. This latter is most characteristic portion of Siamese temple and forms chief attraction, being of a particularly graceful and picturesque design. It is constructed of heavy timber covered with varnished tiles of red, blue or green arranged in various handsome patterns and built in several tiers like so many superimposed roofs, a manner of construction which powerfully adds to heaven-aspiring aspects of these roofs. Ends of roofs are framed with long carved and inlaid rafters, called cho fā, shaped as crested bodies of naga or serpents, heads turning towards lower part of roof and tails ending at ridge of roof in characteristic form of a Siamese horn. The cho fā are encrusted with mosaics of gilt glass which, when struck by rays of sun, sparkle and emit flashes like lightning when seen from far away.

Upper and lower gables are generally ornamented with figures from Brahmanical pantheon, such as Indra mounted on three headed elephant, or Vishnu sitting on Garuda, fabulous birdmen, a kind of Indian roc. These figures are carved wood, set on background of inlaid glass patterns and their effect is striking. Doors, generally made of one huge slab of teakwood, are richly carved and gilt or inlaid with beautiful designs in mother of pearl, representing mythological beings or scenes from famous epic of Ramayana, Indian Iliad. Window shutters are richly carved and gilt, inner sides sometimes decorated with paintings of Indian gods or angels. Interior of bot forms a vast and lofty hall, divided into central nave and two smaller side aisles by

two rows of square pillars which support red painted and gilt ceiling. In background of nave, facing east, there sits on a tall altar a huge gilt statue of Buddha, sometimes surrounded by images of several of his chief disciples. In front of altars, which are often richly decorated and in some cases contain bones of kings or venerated religious teachers, are placed gilt candlesticks and flower vases; in middle of floor stands low chair in which abbot sits when preaching to people. These chairs are beautiful pieces of art and are adorned with carved ivory. In many principal temples—such as instance, the Temple of the Emerald Buddha, Wat Po, Wat Sudat, Wat Arun and Wat Sraket—walls are decorated with elaborate paintings illustrating life of Gautama Buddha or his former existences, scenes from Brahmanical heavens or torments in hell or other subjects belonging to Buddhist cosmology or theology. After bôt and vihara the most dominating features of Siamese temple are stupa or chedi and prang. Phra chedi, or relic shrine, was originally a monument raised over relics of Buddha and some of his most important disciples. Some of present monuments of this type are now used for resting place of ashes or bones of deceased venerated persons. Majority, do not contain anything at all but are erected as memorials of Buddha and his teachings. In original form this chedi or stupa affected round shape somewhat like a reversed alms bowl and was often crowned with five or seven tiered umbrella. Sometimes chedis are provided with small niches in sides in which sit or stand images of Buddha; in some cases, bell shaped part is raised on a terrace or a square substructure. Many of chedis attain considerable size as one in Nakon Patom which rises to a height of 383 feet, being biggest of its kind in Siam. Chedi found in Bangkok are not of great dimensions, biggest being the golden chedi inside Temple of Emerald Buddha precincts in grand palace. In some cases they are surrounded by circular galleries interrupted by vihar in four chief directions; examples of this are seen in Bangkok at Wat Rajabopit and in great chedi at Nakon Patom. The prang is entirely different from phra chedi, being a Siamese adaptation of Cambodian tower, its top crowned like latter with trident of Shiva. Most of these monuments are of massive construction, having niches on four sides where images of Buddha or devatas (angels) are placed. In some of them there is found a narrow chamber, generally placed at considerable height, and approached by a tall and steep staircase. Finest example of this type of monument is represented by Wat Arun on west bank. Other prangs of importance are eight placed in front of Temple of Emerald Buddha, as well as

one which crowns Phra Debbidorn or pantheon in same temple. Also in Wat Lieb and in Wat Pijaiyat are found fine monuments of this style. Belfries are built in same style of architecture which is inseparable from that of temple construction, but they seldom attain large or fine proportions; in Bangkok most remarkable one is fine pointed belfry standing to south of bôt in Temple of Emerald Buddha. Library buildings are generally not conspicuous with exception of single fine example to be seen in Temple of Emerald Buddha where it stands on terrace between golden chedi and pantheon. All above-mentioned buildings which go to make up a wat are enclosed in a common brick wall which is called kambaeng keo, i.e., wall of crystal, pierced by several gates which can generally be closed by tall and heavy doors of teakwood, painted red. In modern temples these wooden doors are often replaced by beautiful wrought iron grated gates. Gate buildings may be surmounted by spires in shape of small stupa or chedi and in some cases, as at Wat Po, gates are guarded by huge stone figure of Chinese design. Kuti or dwellings of monks, may be within precincts of temple itself but in case of big temples monks live in special quarters enclosed by walls and separated from temple proper; such extensive monks quarters are found at Wat Sraket, Wat Sudat, Wat Po, Wat Mahathad, Wat BenjamaBopitr, Wat Arun and many less important monasteries. In most cases cloisters consist of rows of white-washed, one-story brick houses. Authority over cloisters, as well as over temples, is wielded by abbots. Ground occupied by temples in Bangkok covers about one fifth of area of city.

### SIAMESE FESTIVALS AND CEREMONIES

We are told of the many religious and national festivals that take place annually in Siam. Many festivals are both picturesque and quaint and appeal strongly to those who love pageantry and vivid colors. We shall describe only a few of them.

First of April, being New Year's Day, old guns are fired from palace while monks from several of most important temples offer exorcisms, a practice which has for its object chasing away of evil spirits from capital. On following days religious services are held in Wat Phra Keo, national sanctuary, and His Majesty receives a ceremonial bath. New Year's ceremonies end with important state function called Tue Nam, ceremony of drinking water of allegiance which takes place on same day over whole kingdom, and all civil and military officials, from Cabinet Ministers down to humble village elders, common soldiers, marines, policemen



and gendarmes all renew their oath of allegiance to the sovereign, drinking consecrated water as token of their loyalty.

Shortly after New Year's festival, is held a big fair in Wat Po for benefit and upkeep of this grand temple.

Early in April is also observed rite of "Ko phra sai," i.e., building of sand chedi which is done inside temple enclosures. Meaning of this rite is for each grain of sand carried to temple place one of smaller sins is atoned for—and incidentally temple ground is provided with a fresh layer of sand. During month of May, Raek Na or ploughing ceremony takes place; and in addition to rite in capital, this rite is also performed in several of more important provincial towns. It is very ancient and was already in existence in Buddha's time two and a half thousand years ago, and is of Brahmanical origin. It is always witnessed by His Majesty the King and court who are accommodated in small picturesque pavilion which is seen standing on a field not far from Phya Thai Palace. Idea of ceremony is to inaugurate ploughing and planting season and to that end a few furrows are ploughed by a high state official deputed by the King, now generally the Minister of Agriculture.

In month of May is celebrated the Wisaka Buja Festival which commemorates triple episode of birth, enlightenment and passing into Nirvana of Buddha. During three days that feast lasts people flock to temples to listen to reading of holy scriptures and by night most temples are illuminated with paper lanterns. Pu Khao Thong looks particularly pretty with string of lighted lanterns encircling its phra chedi.

In July begins Buddhist Lent which lasts three months. During that time brethren of yellow robe are not allowed to pass night outside cloister to which they belong. In middle of October Lent expires—Ok Parnsa—and festival of "sart" is celebrated. Good friends present each other with cakes and sweets. Ok Parnsa" is followed by canoe racing on river and canals where teams of young men and girls compete, with much merriment and good natured chaff.

End of October is also time for "Tot Kathin," annual offering of gifts, mainly in form of new yellow robes, to monks, a custom adhered to all over the country. His Majesty the King, himself a pious Buddhist, gives magnificent gifts to a great number of temples, both in capital and outside, and his people follow august example. During this time processions of feast-clad people carrying gifts for monks may frequently be seen on way to different temples. These processions always present a gay and vivid spectacle of joy and gaudy colors. There are not many

occasions in which Siamese delight more than in a real grand "Tot Kathin." On river may be seen tugs towing whole rows of gaily beflagged boats from which music and joyous laughter are heard over the water.

Several feasts take place towards end of October and during first days of November. Among these are annual boat races and pilgrimage to idyllic Phra-chedi Klang Nam, a temple island in the Menam almost opposite town of Paknam or Samud Prakara, which attracts big crowds of gaily dressed people who come by boat or rail from capital and neighboring land districts. About same time there is held a big popular fair at Phu Khao Thong which lasts three days and during that time base of chedi, crowning tree-clad brick mountain, is wrapped in a broad piece of red cloth. Thousands of pilgrims climb stairs leading up to chedi to worship true relics of Buddha enshrined there. At foot of mount and in adjoining streets are hundreds of temporary booths where all sorts of toys, sweets and cakes are sold and where shows of different kinds are going on.

One of year's biggest feasts is, of course, His Majesty's Birthday. Ceremonies and state functions occupy five days. There are religious ceremonies, a reception of diplomatic corps which presents congratulations, a grand gathering of princes and high officials in Grand Palace.

During this time whole town is gaily beflagged and houses decorated, the royal monogram in red and white being conspicuous together with device "Song Phra Charoen"—Long Live the King—while at night magnificent illuminations transform palaces and whole town into some fairy place; most picturesque is perhaps the river, where Siamese men-of-war are illuminated from deck to masthead reflecting myriads of lights in dark waters of the river.

In December or January the Swinging Feast, called Tri Yambhava or Loh Ching Cha, is celebrated. It is a harvest festival and of purely Brahmanic origin and takes place on square of Sao Ching Cha in front of Wat Sudat in capital. This feast lasts two days, tho not in succession. A mock king, generally a high official appointed by the King, presides at ceremony and is borne on palanquin, escorted by court Brahmans, in a great procession to Square where actual ceremony is performed. When procession has arrived at Swing Brahmans invoke Hindu gods and swinging then starts. In center of square stands a gigantic kind of gallows made of two colossal red painted teak pillars joined together at top by carved cross piece from which swing is hung. Three men standing in swing now swing to and fro, from east

towards west, until one of men with his mouth succeeds in seizing a purse with money fixed to a bamboo stuck in ground at a distance to west of swing. During all this time mock king is supposed to stand on one leg. Swinging being over, Brahmans sprinkle crowd with consecrated water out of cow horns and picturesque procession returns to starting point.

In February occurs Chinese New Year and for three days the ever-toiling Chinese ceases work and enjoys life by firing off crackers, feasting, and visiting friends.

Besides fixed annual feasts and ceremonies there are many others at which Brahmans or Buddhist monks officiate.

"Buat Nak," or admission to Monkhood may take place any time of year with exception of Varsa or Lent. It is an old established rule in Siam that every young Thai man ought to enter Monkhood, even if only for a short time and majority adhere to this rule. On day appointed for admission, a big procession, consisting of his family and friends, is formed. At head marches a band playing lively marches followed by a group of dancing and grotesquely masked young fellows who represent demons, ogres or wild animals. Next comes candidate who may be mounted on a pony; he is dressed in white over which he wears a mantle of gauze adorned with gold and silver spangles, his head is crowned with tall pointed hat and over him is carried umbrella. After candidate follow family and friends dressed in best clothes, female members carrying yellow robe he is shortly to don, besides gifts and all other paraphernalia necessary for a monk's modest existence. This procession symbolizes and represents life of Buddha, masked dancers are Mara, tempter and his host, and dress worn by candidate is Prince Siddharta's royal robe. Arrived at temple candidate presents himself humbly to abbot and chapter of monks and after due examination is shaved and clothed in yellow robe and admitted into Sangkha or holy brotherhood.

Cremation is practised by majority of population of Siam. When death has taken place body is seldom cremated at once but may be kept for months in coffin either at home or in a temple nearby. Actual cremation is preceded by religious service and after having been carried three times around pyre, coffin containing mortal remains is placed upon this, which more often is itself placed inside a catafalque standing under a tall spired roof. Pyre is lighted and all present add to fire by putting scented wood and tapers on it. Cremations are generally commenced towards sunset and fire is kept burning during night. Next morning few scarred bones left together with ashes are collected and

placed in urn which may be kept at home or deposited in a temple. In case of death of sovereign or princes of high rank cremation rites become a State function of highest rank, performed with splendour and elaborate ritual. For that purpose a grand and beautiful Phra Meru or Royal catafalque is built of teak wood on Royal plaza. In case of a sovereign there may be as many as five fine pavilions constructed in so-called *prasad* style. Central *prasad* is used for cremation of august remains, others being occupied by monks reading holy scriptures. These pavilions are richly decorated and gilt, with glittering pointed roofs, and present real visions of architectural beauty and elegance. A spacious court with red-painted galleries and *salas* for accommodation of court and guests surround Phra Meru.

On day of cremation, golden bejewelled urn in which remains have been preserved is placed on a tall juggernaut-like state funeral car, under-body of which is shaped like an ancient vessel with superstructure recalling that of a *prasad*. According to Hindu beliefs, this car may be preceded by two similar cars. In foremost sits a prince who strews ground with roasted rice, an offering to spirit of dead; in second follows a high ecclesiastical person who reads stanzas of holy scriptures. A broad ribbon of white silken cloth connects this latter car with funeral car in order to enable deceased to profit by prayers offered up by holy man. Hundreds of red-clad men propel cars, pulling them by long stout ropes. Detachments of troops in full dress uniforms, colors and bands playing a mournful dirge, precede procession, funeral car itself being preceded by a band of red-clad musicians beating ancient drums and blowing shrill trumpets. On both sides of funeral car walk military and civil dignitaries of realm of highest rank. Arrived at Phra Meru, urn is taken down and borne thrice round, whereafter it is placed on pyre. His Majesty then ascends Phra Meru and to accompaniment of a thundering gun salute, he lights pyre. Princes, princesses, and noblemen follow example; and thus ends a ceremony of unsurpassing solemnity and grandeur never to be forgotten by those who have been privileged to witness it.

Next day bones and ashes are carefully collected and placed in urns and in case of King or Queen—borne in procession to Grand Palace where they are kept in a special apartment. Ashes, however, are generally deposited in one of chief temples of Bangkok.

#### THE GRAND PALACE

The Grand Palace is a walled town in itself covering an area of over one square mile. During period when Dhonburi was



capital, before 1782, site of present palace was occupied by settlement of Chinese traders, afterwards removed to quarter now called Sampeng, which lies to south of palace. Among earlier palaces which were constructed by King Rama I, only "Dusit Maha Prasad" and "Phra Tinang Amarindr" remain in good condition. Latter stands close to Wat Phra Keo.

With white-washed, castellated walls, tall gate buildings, cluster of many tiered colored roofs, flashing spires and golden phra chedi, grand palace always presents a picturesque and charming view, seen best either in early morning or at sunset from river, for then rising or sinking rays of sun transform spires of palaces and temples into flames of molten gold, while inlaid gables flash and glitter as tho encrusted with choicest diamonds.

Grand palace may be divided roughly into three portions . . . northern, central and southern. Northern part contains Wat Phra Keo, golden chedi and adjacent buildings surrounded by galleries, and a group of Ministerial and Department buildings. Central portion contains a row of palaces. In southern portion are a number of buildings mostly occupied by household of the late King Chulalongkorn. To west, Grand Palace faces river and here there is a fine esplanade with green lawns and shady trees. Close to river stands a beautiful sala or reception room, small carved and gilt palace in itself, which is used for purposes of audience when His Majesty the King departs or arrives by water; handsome three-masted Royal Yacht "Maha Chakri" may often be seen moored in front of this pavilion.

To north, palace faces Na Phra Lan Road and large Royal Plaza, called Sanam Phra Meru. To east it faces from north to south Ministry of War, a huge square of three-storied buildings in front of which is a collection of old and very interesting guns; next comes Saranrom Palace now occupied by Ministry of Foreign Affairs and its beautiful park; finally, to south, palace faces extensive group of temples called Wat Phra Jetubon or Wat Po. Tourists having obtained necessary permission to visit Grand Palace and Wat Phra Keo, are admitted by gate called Pratu Vises Jaisri (Gate of Supreme Victory). They then follow a broad stone paved road leading to inner palace gate; on right are Ministry of Finance and His Majesty's Secretarial Department; on left lie barracks of Palace Guards; then one passes a lawn surrounded by curiously shorn trees beyond which looms in background picturesque Wat Phra Keo, golden chedi, Maha Mandapa (Mondhop) and pantheon.

Big yellow building next passed is Sala Sahadai where on special occasion, state balls and receptions are given. Now we

pass under arch of Pratu Piman Jaisri, "the Gate of the Abode of Victory," and enter inner courtyard in front of Chakri Palace. On both sides of this gate stretch long buildings in which Ministry of Royal Household is lodged. There are reception rooms in latter in which foreign diplomatic representatives and visitors are received.



One of the guardians in the Palace Grounds of  
The King of Siam.

Chakri Palace is an imposing building constructed after plans of a British architect in style of Italian Renaissance but covered with roofs of pure Siamese style. Palace has three stories and is approached by monumental staircase with flights on both sides. In front of palace is a fine lawn adorned with many fantastically pruned dwarf trees. Having ascended staircases we find ourselves in a big hall, walls of which are decked with a

collection of ancient fire and hand arms. To right and left, there are flights of marble steps leading up to big saloons which we visit presently. In meantime, let us enter throne room in front of us. This is a large room with glass ceiling. At end stands old fashioned throne under white nine-tiered Royal Umbrella. From center of roof is suspended a huge crystal chandelier, and



If this were China, we would call this a Foo Dog to drive away evil spirits. It is in the Palace Grounds of the King of Siam.

on walls, between collections of old arms, hang paintings representing historical events, such as reception of King Phra Narai's ambassador by King Louis XIV in Versailles, Queen Victoria receiving Siamese Embassy sent by King Mongkut, and European Ambassadors being received by late King Chulalongkorn.

Next we visit saloons lying to left of ante-chamber. First sa-



loon is partitioned into two parts by a row of fine marble columns, walls being covered with big paintings of Royal Family. Below these pictures is placed a row of busts of European monarchs and chiefs of state who reigned during seventies of last century. A silver equestrian statue of late King and a beautiful model of Albert Memorial, also of silver, are placed on floor, while between windows facing courtyard a row of bronze statues clad in armour and uniforms of 17th century act as torch bearers. Beyond this saloon lies so-called green saloon, southern wall of which is entirely covered by a huge painting of King Chulalongkorn and Queen Saovabha Bhongsri surrounded by children. Other walls are covered with paintings of other members of the Royal Family or deceased statesmen of note. Among latter one notices characteristic features of Somdech Chao Phraya Suriwongse, who was Regent during minority of King Chulalongkorn.

We finally visit saloon lying to right of entrance hall. This last saloon with marble colonnade and portraits of members of Royal Family resembles first saloon visited. Ceilings in three saloons are richly adorned and on festive occasions these present at night a superb spectacle, especially when thronged with grand dignitaries of Kingdom arrayed in sumptuous uniforms. Third story, to which visitors are not admitted, contains among other rooms, a kind of Royal mausoleum where are placed Golden Urns, in which are deposited bones of His Majesty's August Predecessors. To west of Chakri Palace lies Dusit Maha Prasad. This palace is separated from first by a low wall on top of which is a small, beautifully gilt pavilion in Siamese style in which His Majesty sits on occasion of certain state ceremonies. Dusit Maha Prasad is commonly considered to be finest building inside palace and is certainly one of jewels of more recent Siamese architecture. It was built for ceremonial purposes by King Rama I, and has since been used both for the coronation of some Kings and for lying in state of Royal Remains. Building has the form of a blunt cross, four wings being covered with five-tiered roofs, from center of which (where ridges of roofs meet) rises a beautiful nine-tiered prasad spire, its base supported by four enormous Garudas. In middle of its only chamber is an interesting relic from early history of Siam, a big stone slab with carved edges now used as seat of a throne. This stone was hewn in 1292 by King Rama Kamhaeng, of Sukhodai, son of that Phra Sri Indratitya who liberated Thai from yoke of Cambodians. Stone was, in days when Sukhodai was a capital, used by King who sat on it when he gave audience or instructed his people and at other times by Buddhist priests. His Majesty's Grandfather,



learned King Mongkut, when a monk himself, discovered this stone among ruins of old capital and had it brought down to Bangkok. To north of Dusit Maha Prasad lies a building which formerly housed Ministry of the Privy Seal.

To east of Chakri Palace stands Phra Tinang Amarindra Vinichai (Phra Tinang, literally, where the god or king sits, stands for Royal Palace; Amarinda being one of Indian God Indra's many names, Amarinda Vinichai is audience hall of Indra). This palace is anterior part of a system of halls of which last is called Chakra Bati Taksin, i.e., southern hall where Sovereign King presents offerings to monks. Middle hall is called Baisal Taksin, "the vast southern hall of offerings," and here important ceremonies take place, such as coronation or solemn audience. In background of this last hall is seen a gorgeously gilt throne on which King appears on such occasions. To west of Amarindra Palace is a small sala closely curtained. This seemingly unimportant looking structure is, however, of great historical interest because it was in this sala that King Rama I, sat when he was offered the Crown by the people in 1782; it is, therefore, much revered by all.

On right side of Amarindra Palace stands a small gilt pavilion with marble floor; in this pavilion the King receives a ceremonial bath thrice a year. This latter ceremony is purely Brahmanical and has as such been handed down from time when Cambodians still were masters of Siam. On east side of Amarindra Palace, between this and palace wall, is a garden called Shivalai, that is, Shiva's abode. In middle of this garden stands a bot built of grey marble and called Phra Buddha Ratana (the jewel of Buddha), while in south-eastern corner, rises an old palace crowned by same kind of spire as that of Dusit Maha Prasad and bearing same name as garden. To east, on top of palace wall, there is a construction called Phra Tinang Suddhaisvariya, a small palace in itself. From this building their Majesties and court watch the various processions, which come along Sanam Chai Road. Finally at northern end of this garden lies Borom Piman Palace which is built in modern European style. Behind these palaces visited lies quarter inhabited by household of King Chulalongkorn.

### THE TEMPLE OF THE EMERALD BUDDHA

To visit the Temple of the Emerald Buddha or Wat Phra Keo we leave inner palace court thru Pratu Piman Jaisri, turn right, following passage between Sala Sahadai and offices of Privy

Purse until we arrive at a door in the galleries which enclose the temple and adjacent buildings.

We now enter the holy of holies of the kingdom, and come into presence of the venerated jasper image of Buddha, known as the Phra Keo Morakot. There in background in mysterious half-light it sits enthroned under a golden canopy high up on top of a most gorgeously decorated and gilt altar which rises tier upon tier. At base of this altar are arrayed gold and silver trees which were formerly sent in token of tribute by the Lao vassal princes and from Malay Rajahs to their overlord in Bangkok. At two foremost corners of altar stand life sized golden statues holding nine tiered gilt umbrellas in clasped hands. These figures represent Gautama in his princely dress, they were made in 1842 by order of King Phra Nang Klao (Rama III) in memory of Kings Rama I and Rama II, and are said to personify these two monarchs.

The image, which is cut out of a single piece of clear transparent jasper of greenish color, is 60 cms. high and as such is unique. The image is provided with three changes of vestments, consisting of head dresses and clothes of pure gold studded with jewels; these vestments are worn respectively during rainy, cold and hot seasons. According to tradition, this image of Buddha was made by the king of the gods for Nagasena, a famous religious teacher in India; from Ceylon it came to Nakon Sridharmaraj, from which place, after many wanderings, it came to Chiengrai; (that present image was in that town in year 1436 is at least certain). From Chiengrai it next went to Nakon Lampang where it was kept for some years in the Wat Phra Keo and in 1468 it was placed in the temple of the Chedi Luang in Chiengmai. From there image went to Luang Prabang and thereafter to Vieng Chiang (capitals of north-eastern Thai Kingdoms of same names) and finally, when these kingdoms were brought under influence of Siam, the first king of the present dynasty brought the image down to Bangkok where he had it placed in the present Wat Phra Keo.

This sacred image has, in process of time, come to be considered as the palladium of dynasty and of the State of Siam. Its history has been intimately linked with most of principal peoples who make the widespread Thai Race. Ceiling of the bot with its solid cross-beams is decorated in red and gold, and walls are decked with interesting frescoes representing important events of the life of Buddha.

Originally this building was destined to shelter the image of the Emerald Buddha, but owing to the lack of space in the interior

chamber for big state ceremonies, it was altered for its present use. Here the statues of His Majesty's ancestors are kept. The pantheon is opened to the public only once a year when the populace of all classes attired in their best holiday dresses throng in front of the broad staircase with tapers and incense, ready to worship. This event forms a picture full of vivid color which can hardly be surpassed anywhere else in the world.

CHAPTER 35  
SOME SIAMESE TALES  
THE FOUR RIDDLES  
Another Siamese Story

"An old slave and a loving wife—  
put not your trust in these."  
—Old Siamese Proverb.

In the golden days of long ago there was a youthful, handsome King who was inordinately fond of women, and spent almost all his hours in the company of his palace ladies. But, let it be said, it was not only their beauty of grace and form that held his senses in captivity and bound them with silken cords; these, indeed, he worshipped, as do all proper men. But he put all his trust in woman's good faith, and woe betide the evil tongue that so much as whispered one word against them in his presence!

Now it happened one day that, attended by a company of beautiful ladies, the King rode out to a forest not far distant from his capital, and while galloping along a path saw by chance a man and his comely young wife cutting firewood in a copse adjoining the glade. It occurred to him that it would be entertaining to inquire into the joys and sorrows of their lives, so he stopped the cavalcade and, dismounting near a shady tree, gave orders for the couple to be brought before him. When they arrived and had prostrated themselves before him, the King asked the husband what his means of livelihood was, to which the peasant replied that, as the court saw, he and his wife gained their simple living by cutting and selling firewood.

"And do you earn a sufficient living by this means?" asked the King.

"Yes, Your Majesty," replied the husband.

"And are you able to save any money?"

"A certain amount, Your Majesty."

"And what do you do with the money you save?"

At this the husband thought a while, and then gave the following answer:

"Your Majesty, all the money I am able to save, after paying the expenses of our frugal household, I divide into four parts. The first part I bury in the ground; the second part I use to pay



my creditors; the third part I fling into the river; and the fourth and last part I give to my enemy."

At this unexpected reply the King looked keenly at the man, who crouched motionless before him, and guessed at once that he was speaking in riddles, and excellent ones at that; so he ordered him to tell him the answer to the riddles, as he had a mind to use them. The husband agreed to do so, if the King would send his courtiers away, and when they had gone, he spoke as follows:

"The money I bury in the ground is the money I spend on alms and in making merit.

"The money I give to my creditors is what it costs me to keep my father and mother, to whom I owe everything that I have.

"The money that I fling into the river is the money I spend on gambling and drink and opium; and

"The money I give to my enemy is the money I give to my wife."

Having written the answers down, the King read them carefully through, and then spoke to the husband thus:

"The first three answers please my mind, and I agree with them, but the fourth I condemn utterly, for I will not hear a word spoken against a woman. You are wrong to speak, or even to think, such evil thoughts."

Then he summoned the woman as well, and in her presence he spoke to the husband again:

"These four riddles must be kept secret—on no account tell the answers. If you breathe them to a living soul, I will have you arrested and shut up in prison for the rest of your life."

With these words the King left his seat beneath the tree and, gathering up the cavalcade, rode back to the capital, pondering on the strange riddles which had been given him by the woodcutter. Reaching the palace, he caused them to be inscribed on parchment scrolls and issued a proclamation broadcast that whoever should guess the correct answers to all four riddles would be rewarded with a nugget of gold as large as a melon. For he wished to test the intelligence and minds of his people.

The months went by, and still no one could guess the answers to the riddles, until at length one day the royal messengers happened to pass in front of the woodman's house, and called out the King's proclamation. As soon as the wife heard it, she recognized at once that the riddles asked were those propounded by her husband. She knew, too, that her husband had given the answers to the King, and she thought within her heart:

"Tonight I will ask my husband for the answer, and if he will

give them to me, tomorrow I will go straight to the King and claim the reward of gold. If I can only get a nugget of gold as large as a melon, no longer need I share the hardships of wood-cutting with this miserable husband of mine. No. I'll hide the nugget in the ground and say nothing to him; and if the King inquires afterwards how I came to know the answers to the riddles, I shall speak the truth at once and say that my husband told me. Then the King will certainly have my husband arrested and put in prison for the rest of his life; but I shall be wealthy and able to find a new husband, much nicer than the poor creature I live with now."

With these thoughts in her mind, when her husband came home from work that evening, she told him what had happened, and begged him to tell her the answers, in order that she might claim the reward of gold. But he, fearing the royal wrath, would not tell her, and reminded her of the King's command. So she kept silent; but as soon as bedtime came, she pretended to cry and to sob bitterly; and when her husband asked her the cause, she refused to answer. Then the woodcutter's heart began to melt, for his wife was young and beautiful, and they had not long been married. So he took her in his arms and, embracing her, said, "What is the matter, sweetheart? Are you angry with me, or is there anything in the world you want me to do? However difficult it may be, I will try my utmost to do what you wish, only tell me what is troubling your mind."

This was her opportunity and, looking up at him, she said through her tears:

"All my love and gratitude is yours, my darling. Ever since we have been married I have worked with you and played with you, and shared your joys and sorrows, your troubles and hardships. You know that I regard myself as your child, and only look to our life together until the day we die. But it hurts me sorely that you cannot see into my heart and will not trust me. You will not even tell me the answers to your stupid riddles, as if we were not man and wife and true lovers. What sort of man can it be who will think such evil of his wife?"

Hearing his wife appeal to him to put his whole trust in her, the husband's heart became as velvet and he believed her words, for he loved her dearly, and she fondled him as only a wife can. So he told her the answers that night, and they slept in each other's arms.

But when the morning came, and the woodman had taken a loving farewell of his wife and gone to his work, then off she sped to the capital and, entering the palace gate, told the officer

on guard that she had come to answer the King's riddles. She was duly led into the King's presence and, as each riddle was put to her, she gave the correct answer just as her husband had told it. Then the King acclaimed her as the winner of the prize, and ordered that the nugget of gold should be given to her. But, as she was about to leave the palace, the King was fired by a sudden suspicion, and he ordered the woman to be brought again before him.

"Who are you? Have I not seen you somewhere before?" asked the King.

"Yes, Your Majesty, I am the woodcutter's wife," answered the woman.

"And how did you discover the answer to the riddles?"

"My husband told me them, Your Majesty," replied the wife.

At this the King frowned in anger, but he had given his royal word, so he dismissed the woman with her prize. Then he at once ordered guards to be sent out to arrest the husband and bring him to the palace. As the woodcutter lay bound before the King with guards on either side of him, the King questioned him, saying: "We warned you clearly of the punishment awaiting you if you gave to anyone the answers to the riddles. You knew you would be put in prison for life. Why did you tell them to your wife in defiance of the royal order, and thus bring down our wrath upon you?"

The woodcutter at once acknowledged his fault and his disobedience to the King's command, but pleaded that he had done it because he loved his wife, and laid before the King all that had happened from the time when the royal messengers had read the proclamation by trumpet, and his wife had heard it outside their home. But the King was wroth and would not listen, and ordered the guards to take the woodcutter and cast him into prison, for he had disobeyed the royal command. As the guards stepped forward to seize him, the woodcutter gazed firmly at the King, and spoke as follows:

"Your Majesty, as I have said, the reason why I told my wife the answers to the riddles was because I loved her and trusted her. I believed that she would keep the secret even as I. But my wife has not acted faithfully towards me. She has betrayed me, and has thus borne out the answer to the fourth riddle with which Your Majesty would not agree. You will remember, 'The money I give to my enemy is the money I give to my wife.' What view does Your Majesty hold of it now?"

At the woodcutter's words the King's mind went back at once to the riddles, and he saw that all the answers were true, even

as the man had said. So he was graciously pleased to pardon the woodcutter, and in place of punishment loaded him with fortune and honor in accordance with his due.

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## THE SNARE

### Another Siamese Story

"Three days' absence from your wife,  
and her heart is another's."

—Old Siamese Proverb.

Some years ago there lived in Lopburi, hard by the Old Palace wall, a couple who had been married some four or five years. The husband was a man of forty-five, but the wife was still a comely young woman of twenty-four, and, as sometimes happens in such marriages, she presently began to tire of the addresses of her middle-aged spouse, and to look round for a more ardent lover, nearer to her own age and liking. Nor was it long before she was successful in her search.

Now this couple kept an open shop which fronted the road to the market, the house itself standing a little way back in a garden. And as the husband was a stout, lazy fellow who loved his bed, on the nights when her lover came to visit her, which was pretty often, she used to lie awake until her husband was fast asleep and snoring, and then softly glide down from the house and slip gently into the arms of her lover, who was awaiting for her in the shop. The boards were hard, but glowing love takes little heed of boards.

It happened one night, when so they lay in one another's arms, that sleep, which drives away all fear, overcame them. Unfortunately, that same night the father of the husband, who lived close by and who was now advanced in years, found sleep impossible, and at length rose up and went out into the road to take the air. As he walked slowly along, leaning on his stick, he passed by the open shop, and was astonished to see two human forms lying on the floor some little way inside. Shedding his heel-less slippers, with stealthily, soundless steps he crept towards the sleeping couple, and, bending down to examine their faces, recognized at once the form of his daughter-in-law lying in the arms of a man who was certainly not his son. "Ah!" said he to himself, "so my daughter-in-law has taken a lover, has she? I have long suspected this from her manner towards my son, and now it is sure beyond all doubt." Shaking his finger



at the sleeping girl, he murmured: "Little wanton creature, take heed. Tomorrow I shall tell your husband, and you will be beaten sore." And then to himself: "But it is no use my telling him in words alone, for a woman is far too clever not to outwit me there. I must take some tangible evidence of her misdoing."

As softly as he could, he leant down to remove a bracelet from her wrist; but even so he was not quick or gentle enough, for at the very moment that he touched her arm his daughter-in-law awoke, and realized that something was happening; and although she could not see the robber clearly, she was conscious that it was an elderly man, and guessed that it must be her father-in-law. So she made no sign or sound, but pretended to be fast asleep, for to her swift, feminine mind an idea had already occurred of how to escape the old gentleman's snare.

As soon as her father-in-law had taken the bracelet and was gone, she woke up her lover and sent him off in exactly the opposite direction, and then she herself glided back to the house and lay down by her husband's side once more. But a short while after, as he still lay peacefully snoring, she woke him up and said in a tired voice: "It's dreadfully hot in the house tonight. I cannot sleep at all. Let us go out into the open shop, it will be much cooler there." Her husband replied that he himself could sleep very well, but presently, seeing his wife's distress, and not wishing her to go alone, at length agreed to accompany her, and they both rose and went down into the shop. It was not long before the husband was fast asleep again, but the wife kept careful vigil, and at the end of a long and anxious hour woke him up again suddenly, as if in a state of great agitation, and cried: "Get up quickly. While we have been asleep a thief has been in and stolen my bracelet. What shall we do? It's no use trying to follow him now in the middle of the night. But we can't stay here any longer, let us go back into the house. I am sorry now that I suggested the idea." So back they went into the house again, the husband, simple, sleepy wretch, suspecting nothing.

On the following morning, as the husband was just finishing his meal, his father arrived, and, after the usual greeting, took him aside and said: "I have something very serious to tell you. Your wife is betraying you and has taken a lover. I found it out by chance last night. While taking a walk at a very late hour, I happened to pass by the front of your shop, and there I saw your wife in the arms of a strange man. I examined them closely, and I recognized her at once, but it certainly was not you who were with her. But I don't want you to trust to my words alone. I have brought this bracelet with me which I took

myself from her wrist last night. Look at it, and you will recognize it as one that you gave her yourself." So saying, he handed the bracelet to his son.

But his son just laughed a happy laugh and replied: "Dear father, it is kind of you to take so much care for me and my honour, but I am glad to think that this time you have made a mistake. It was no lover that you saw with my wife in the shop, but I myself. My wife found it so hot in the house last night, that she persuaded me to go and sleep in the front of the shop. We were both fast asleep there when you came and took the bracelet from her wrist. She woke me up and told me that someone had taken her bracelet, but, of course, she thought, and I too, that it was a thief who had stolen it. How happy I am to think that it was just you, and that the bracelet is not lost after all. She was very upset about its loss, because she knew it was a present from me."

The old man, on hearing this, could scarcely contain himself for anger, both at his son's credulity and the wife's duplicity, and cried out: "You foolish fellow, it is not so. It's not true, my boy. I examined the man face to face, and I am sure it was not you. I should recognize him whenever I saw him again, although I do not know his name and have never seen him before. Do you think I am talking nonsense?"

But the son laughed all the more and said: "No, dear father, I am certain that you mean what you say, but you know that the shop must have been very dark, and, after all, you're an old man now, and your eyes are not what they were. Of course, I know that your intention is good, but honestly you must be mistaken, for it was I myself and not a lover. How could it be otherwise? I know I was there!"

The old man began to argue again, but the more vehement he became, the less his son believed him, and finally, when he saw that he was not making the slightest impression upon his son, he gave up the unequal task and sorrowfully hied himself home.

But the wife heard all that passed between them, and at their next meeting she and her lover laughed heartily at the success of her trick.

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## THE SKULLS' INTRIGUE

### Another Siamese Story

About the year 1450 of the Christian era, or a hundred years after Ayudhya had become the Capital City of Siam, there were

three young men of good family living in the town of Kampengpet who, being solemnly linked together in the bond of friendship, came down to the Capital and presented themselves at the Palace for admission into the King's service. Of these three young men, one announced that he was skilled in the art of eating, the second in that of sleeping, and the third in the gentle art of love-making.

The King ordered each to be put to the proof of his skill, and those who had boasted of their prowess in the arts of eating and sleeping passed the tests provided without difficulty, but it was not so easy to find a suitable test for Nai Chao Choo, the young man who wished to be known as a successful love-maker. At length the King discovered that living in Ayudhya was a young lady, the widow of a prosperous citizen, who had the reputation of being very careful of her name and honour. Her late husband had always gone in fear of her virtue, and had submitted himself to her will. Never had he thought of taking any lesser wives, and in the end he had his reward, for his wife came to love him deeply, and even after his death still firmly believed that his astral body haunted the house. So much so that, although he had been dead for three years, and although she was still young and passing fair, she refused to consider the idea of marrying again, and went about her house as if her husband were still alive and communing with her. So jealously did she guard her name and reputation that she would never allow any man of her own station in life to cross her threshold, and this in spite of the fact that many a King's officer and many a wealthy man presented himself for her hand. They were one and all chased from her door with scant ceremony.

Having made this discovery, the King sent for Chao Choo and command him to lay siege to this lady's heart, and endeavour to win her for his wife. Chao Choo received the Royal Command with due obeisance and undertook to submit himself to the test.

His first step was to make, by instituting secret inquiries, a discreet and careful reconnaissance as to the lady's conduct and habits of life, not only while her late lamented husband was still alive, but also since she had been left his inconsolable widow. When he had satisfied himself that he was fully equipped with the knowledge necessary for his task, his next step was to obtain the skull of a woman which he placed in a small lacquered basket, together with an old "panung" and "pahom," the customary clothes which a wife would wear. Then, having been granted by the King the sum of eighty ticals and an old dilapi-

dated sampan with a single paddle, he set out to procure all the goods and provisions he required for the purpose which he had in view: cooking-pots for his curry and rice, a charcoal stove, a frying-pan, with husked rice, fresh and salted fish, vegetables and betel-nut. These he placed in a second large basket, and having put both the baskets in his sampan, he started off down the river for the house of adventure. He himself was dressed in much-worn, tattered clothes, with an old palm-hat on his head. By chance, when he reached the lady's house, which bordered the river's bank and was built in the ancient style with a small roofed verandah overhanging the water, a heavy shower of rain began to fall, and Chao Choo took shelter in his boat beneath the verandah. At this moment the lady happened to come out of the house on to the verandah, and observing Chao Choo, asked him what he was doing there. Chao Choo thereupon held up his hands in dutiful greeting, and asked permission to take shelter until the storm had ceased. Seeing that he appeared to be merely a humble pedlar with no possible pretensions to becoming a suitor for her hand, the lady took pity upon Chao Choo, and graciously allowed him to rest beneath the verandah. As dusk drew on and the rain continued, Chao Choo began to make preparations in his boat for his evening meal, but all the time he was keeping a careful eye on the house above him through a wide crack in the floor. Presently the lady, who had withdrawn, came back on to the verandah to enjoy the cool air, and was immediately aware of Chao Choo cooking his rice and curry. Looking through the hole in the floor, to her astonishment she saw that he was preparing food for two persons and laying out two bowls for his rice. At the same time she heard him muttering and whispering to himself. Straining her ears, she caught a few words which came floating up, and distinctly heard him say: "My dear one, you are always with me. In the old days we used to take our food together, and now, whenever I sit down to eat, I never cease to think of you." As he spoke to himself, he took the rice out of the pot, and put a portion into each of the two bowls he had set before him.

The lady was mystified beyond measure, and, knowing that Chao Choo had come in his boat alone, wondered whom on earth he could be addressing. Looking more closely, she suddenly saw Chao Choo lift a skull out of the basket beside him and set it gently down by the bowl which he had placed immediately opposite to his own, and, as he did so, speak to it in endearing terms: "Come, dear heart, come and take your food with me, and let us be together even as in the old days when you were



still alive." When she saw Chao Choo communing with the skull in front of him, the lady's quick mind at once grasped the fact that it must be his dead wife to whom he was speaking, and at her own sad thoughts her throat was caught with sobs. She thought to herself: "How he must have loved her. That is what I call a true husband, one after my own heart. For, wherever he goes, he takes the skull of his wife with him, just as I keep my husband's skull in my own house, to live and eat with me."

Now all the time that Chao Choo was going through this performance he was peeping at the lady out of the corner of his eye, for he knew that she was watching him. When he had finished his meal, he gathered up the skull and the clothes with it and put them away in the basket again, so that the skull could not be seen. Then he placed the basket by his side and lay down and groaned, sticking some betel-leaves on his temples as if he had a violent headache.

Thus for some time he lay, but at night-fall he rose up and called out to the lady of the house that he was not feeling very well, and asked her permission to stay under the verandah for that night, to which the lady in her compassion readily agreed.

When morning came, Chao Choo arose very shakily, with dull movements, as if he were still feeling unwell. Overcome by her curiosity, the lady stole out again in her bare feet to watch him through the hole in the verandah floor, and, knowing that she was there, Chao Choo brought out the skull from the basket and went through exactly the same performance as on the previous evening. As she watched, her compassion increased all the more, and thinking that he was really indisposed, she allowed Chao Choo to remain until he should be fully recovered. Every time he took his meals, she came out to watch and spy upon him, until at length, when two full days had gone by, she put her head over the balcony of the verandah and said to Chao Choo: "If you are still feeling ill and not able to travel, please come up and rest in a little room I can give you close to the verandah. You will be much more comfortable there than in your boat."

With many protestations of thanks, Chao Choo accepted the offer gratefully, and carried all his belongings with the basket containing the skull up into the room near the verandah. Once installed, Chao Choo made great play in pretending to hide the basket containing the skull, and behaved himself with such gentleness, and acted the part of a sick man so well, that the lady was completely deceived, and thought he must be genuinely ill.

Indeed, the mere fact that he was carrying the skull of his

dead wife about with him, which, as the lady said to herself, no other man in the world but her own husband would have done, made a great impression upon her stony but feminine heart, and she became very concerned about Chao Choo's condition. Softly she asked him: "What is actually the matter with you?" to which Chao Choo as softly replied: "Oh, it is an old ailment of mine. It always lasts for some time, but eventually I shall recover." On hearing this, the lady offered Chao Choo all kinds of medicine to drink, which he accepted with a seemingly grateful heart. In the meantime he still continued to bring out the skull secretly to share his meals with him, knowing well that the lady was as secretly watching him, and addressed it with such endearing words as he knew would appeal to the lady's heart.

In the course of a few days he arranged his affairs so well and so cunningly, and behaved with such uncommon respect and good sense, that he began to excite not only curiosity and compassion, but a more lively regard in the lady's bosom, almost, as it might be said, against her will and desire; proving clearly what the ancients say, that the more you pretend to hide something from the eyes of others, the more you excite their curiosity to see it. The consequence was that he received many attentions and comforts from the lady herself in the shape of medicine, food, and clothes, and all the servants, who were of course female, used to come and converse with him, whenever they found the opportunity. In this way Chao Choo was soon on the friendliest terms with all the inmates of the house, and in the course of time he became on particularly good terms with one of the girls who was her mistress's favorite servant and enjoyed all her confidences. One day, when he saw a favourable chance, he opened his heart to this girl and promised to reward her with the sum of eighty ticals if she would only purloin the skull which her mistress kept so carefully and secretly in her bedroom and hand it over to him. He guaranteed that, whatever the outcome of the affair, he would shield her from all punishment. On this condition the girl promised to obey his wishes, and that same night, while her mistress was asleep, she carried off the skull of the lady's husband from her bedroom and gave it into Chao Choo's keeping. As soon as he received it, Chao Choo put it carefully away in the same basket with the other skull and went to sleep again.

The next morning he rose up early and began to prepare his curry and rice, and, when his meal was ready, he set out two bowls for his wife and himself as usual, at the same time summoning her in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard by the eavesdropper outside: "Come, my dear, your food is ready, come and take

your meal with me, just as you used to do when you were alive." With this he stretched out his hand to lift out the skull, but as he was feeling about in the basket he suddenly cried out: "What is this!" Rising up with a gesture expressive of great surprise, he bent over the basket and examined it carefully, and then angrily exclaimed: "So this is what you have been doing, is it? I thought I heard a noise in the night; it must have been you rolling about. This is too much. It's scandalous, and I will not endure it."

Hearing Chao Choo talking in this strange, excitable fashion, the lady of the house crept closer to the partition of the room where Chao Choo was and looked through a chink in the wall. As she did so she heard Chao Choo say: "It's been four years now since you died, and all that time I have been faithful to you and never thought of taking another wife. Whatever difficulties I have had to encounter, I have never failed to carry you about with me, and we have eaten and lived and slept together just the same as when you were still alive. Indeed, I have never considered myself a widower, and now what have you done? Here we have been only seven day in this house, and you must go and seduce the skull of this good lady's husband. Is that a small thing to do? How can I forgive you? This is clearly the end of our common merit together. From this hour we must each pursue our own 'karma' alone. Take your lover and go, you are henceforth no wife of mine."

As he spoke he lifted both the skulls out of the basket and placed them on the ground. Glaring at them with a terrible mien, he held a bowl of water before him, and as he poured the water drop by drop, he called upon the gods and angels to witness that his wife had been faithless to him, and prayed that, in whatever future state he might find himself, he might be granted a wife as faithful to him as he had been to his, and that he might never again encounter such a treacherous mate as his late one had been. His prayer completed, he searched for a knife in the basket holding his cooking-pots, delaying his search long enough for the lady to recognize clearly the skull of her husband, and then, finding the knife he sought, he lifted it above his head and smashed both the skulls in pieces. Having finished his gruesome task to his satisfaction, he gathered up the pieces in one of the baskets and flung the whole into the river.

Now, as related above, the lady of the house was watching closely all that Chao Choo was doing. She saw him take both the skulls out of the basket, and, recognizing that one of them was her late husband, at once firmly believed that the latter's

spirit had deceived her and had been making love to the spirit of Chao Choo's dead wife. Woman-like, she went hot all over with rage at the thought that she had been betrayed by one whom she had loved so jealously and long, and her eyes were filled with angry tears. All her love for her late husband vanished, and at the bottom of her heart she felt happy and glad that Chao Choo had smashed his skull and pitched it into the river. Such was her faith that she believed that her husband and Chao Choo's wife would one day be born again and come together as husband and wife, thus making an end of her own love for her husband, and leaving her free to marry again if she so would wish.

Going stealthily back to her own bedroom, she tore down all the hangings, the pillows, the little shrine—everything in fact that she had kept sacred to the memory of her late husband, and cast them all away. And as she lay down on her own bed, she could not dismiss the thoughts that kept crowding into her active, busy mind, thoughts that constantly brought before her a comparison of her late husband and the poor fellow who was sleeping in the room near by, much to the former's disparagement.

It was clear to her that, although she had preserved her love for her husband's spirit with as great care and devotion as when he himself was alive, the latter had taken the first opportunity offered him to leave her and make love to the spirit of another man's wife, not like the poor man who had come to stay with her and who had kept his faith towards his wife intact, even though the latter had been dead for four years. As for that husband of hers—there was not the slightest doubt that, if she had died before him, the wretch would have had a score of new wives by this time; but that dear fellow next door, there was no thought in his mind of taking another wife.

And this was naturally followed by another thought. Now that Chao Choo had parted company with his wife's spirit, and she with her husband's, where could she find a truer and more faithful spouse than this one who had proved his worth so clearly, that is, of course, if she really wanted to marry again. If he could be so faithful to his late wife's memory, would he not be even more faithful to her, who was equally true to her late husband, and who was still young and beautiful? As for his poverty and his condition, was that not an advantage in disguise? Was it not a fact that most wealthy men always took a number of lesser wives in addition to their principal one, and that it did not bring the latter any greater happiness on earth? It was the nature of human beings to try and seek happiness in this



life. Some people thought that happiness depended entirely on wealth; others saw happiness in independence of mind and body. But she herself had abundance of property and wealth. She had no desire or need of a wealthy husband. What she wanted more than anything else was a man of the same disposition and feelings as herself, one who would be faithful and incline to her wishes, and such a man was far harder to find than one with mere riches.

Thus she lay with her thoughts till dawn, when she made up her mind that she must have the man next door to be her husband, and, the circumstances being propitious, the matter was as easy to arrange as paddling a canoe downstream. It did not take very long before Chao Choo realized the emotions he had roused in the lady's breast, and their friendship gradually and daily grew to intimacy, just as the magnet attracts the steel. As soon as he thought the time was ripe, Chao Choo declared his love, and the lady responding without demur, the two became husband and wife.

Thus Chao Choo achieved his aim and carried out the King's command, but whether the couple found happiness or sorrow in their conjugal life together is beyond the province of this tale, and must be left to the reader's imagination. We can only offer them our hopes and prayers.

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## THE LOVE LESSON

### Another Siamese Story

"As swift as a crow, as bold as a woman."

—Old Siamese Proverb.

Not far from the town of Petchaburi there once lived a young man named Nai Samret, who had reached the age when curiosity began to stir in him a desire to study and learn the wiles and devices of womankind. So, taking a notebook in his hand, he set out, after the manner of his countrymen, to find a counsellor and guide, who might expound to him the many traps and pitfalls which the fair sex lays for the unwary man.

One afternoon, while on his quest, Nai Samret was passing by a certain garden, when he happened to espy the wife of the owner, a comely young woman of twenty-five, pulling up vegetables in a plot of ground which stood at some distance from the house.

Nang Lambert, for such was the lady's name, was quick to

notice Nai Samret coming along the path outside the garden fence, and called out to him in a casual but friendly manner: "Where are you going, young man, and what are you looking for?"

Nai Samret looked up, and, seeing an attractive girl in the garden, called back, "If you wish to know, I have a keen desire to learn the wiles of women, and I am searching for a 'Kru' who can teach me their artful ways."

Now Nai Samret, who was a fine, upstanding young man, found favour in Nang Lamert's eyes, and she saucily replied:

"If that's the case, you have no need to go any further. I know a good deal more about my own sex than any of your old 'Kru.' Why not take a few lessons from me?"

As he gazed at her face and form, Nai Samret agreed with a cheerful heart and begged to become her pupil.

"Then," said Nang Lamert, "why not begin now? Come inside and let us find a shady corner of the garden, where no one will disturb us at our lessons."

Nothing loth, Nai Samret entered the garden, and together they found a hidden nook, safe from prying eyes. And such was the mutual attraction between the two of them that in one lesson he learnt more of the ways of women than all the "Kru" in the world could have taught him in a score of years.

In her eagerness to teach and his to learn the hours slipped all too quickly by, and suddenly Nang Lamert cried: "Good gracious, the sun is going down; I must fly, or my husband will miss me. But if you like, little man, I will show you presently a trick worth knowing. Do you know what I will do? I will introduce you to my husband, and tonight we will occupy the same room together, with my husband in the room next to us, and without his knowing who we are. So stay here until I come and fetch you."

With this Nang Lamert jumped up and ran back to the house. Finding her husband at home, she went up to him with a smile on her face, and when he asked her what the joke was, said: "Oh, it's nothing much—only when I was pulling up some vegetables in the garden just now, I gave one of the roots too sudden a jerk and overbalanced and fell on my back. Just look at me, I'm covered with dirt. Do be a dear and dust me down."

The husband, poor simple soul, burst out laughing, and getting a cloth carefully dusted his wife's back, for which she thanked him prettily and went off to her housework.

A little later on Nang Lamert sought out her husband again, and, appearing to recollect something she had forgotten, said:

"Oh, by the way, I quite forgot to tell you, while I was in the garden this afternoon, Nang Chuang, my niece, called to tell me that my mother was not very well and wanted me to go and see her. If you don't mind, I think I'll go along now; but if it's nothing really serious, I'll come back this evening as early as I can. Mind you look after the baby while I'm away."

Her husband raised no objection, only telling her not to be too late; so Nang Lamert handed over the baby to his care and went off to find Nai Samret, who was still hiding all this time in the shady corner.

She explained to him exactly what she was going to do and the part he had to play, and then, when an hour or two had passed in converse on the pleasant theme of love, and it had grown quite dark, they went back to the house together. Just before they arrived Nang Lamert took a "pahom" and covered up her head and face so that no one could see who she was, and made Nai Samret walk in front. At the foot of the steps leading up to the house Nai Samret called out to the husband who was inside, and then the latter came out to see who was there, asked him: "Is Nang Lamert at home?"

The husband replied shortly: "No, she is out," and was about to retire, but before he could do so Nai Samret continued quickly: "I am a cousin of Nang Lamert's, you know; her mother, Nang Cheua, is my aunt. This morning Nang Chuang came and told us that Nang Cheua was ill, and asked us to go and see her. We were on our way to visit her now, but I thought I would give Nang Lamert the news as I passed, and ask her to come with us, if she liked, so that we could all go together."

Hearing Nai Samret speak so trippingly of Nang Lamert and her relations, and refer to Nang Chuang, who he supposed had just visited his wife as well, the husband believed that Nai Samret actually was a cousin of Nang Lamert's, and, inviting him to enter the house, ran off to fetch a lamp to light the way. But when he came back, Nai Samret, who had entered the house with Nang Lamert, said: "Oh, please don't light a lamp. My wife, who is with me here, has inflammation of the eyes and is almost blind. She has only come with me because she believes that Aunt Cheua is seriously ill. She cannot bear a light, it hurts her eyes so much."

The husband did not doubt him for a moment, so he put out the lamp, and for some little time they sat and talked in the dark. Nang Lamert took good care to hide herself as much as possible behind Nai Samret, and sat on the floor with her head bent and well covered up; and as her husband had no suspicion of her in

his mind, he did not look at her at all carefully to see what she was like.

When he learnt from the husband that Nang Lamert had already gone to visit her mother, Nai Samret became rather uncertain as to what they should do, and eventually the husband invited them both to stay the night and go on their visit in the morning. "After all," he said, "Nang Lamert is with her mother, and it's rather late for you to go now." After some hesitation and reluctance, Nai Samret and his "wife" agreed to stay, and the husband arranged the outer room for them to sleep in, while he himself occupied the inner room with the baby. And presently they all went quietly to bed, and Nang Lamert gave another lesson in woman's wiles to her not unwilling pupil. But in the middle of the night the baby awoke and began to cry. This woke up its mother in the next room at once, and in her anxiety she aroused the young man sleeping by her. After a few minutes whispering together Nai Samret called out to the husband in the inner room: "My wife has an infant child as well just now, and if you would care for her to do so, she says that she will gladly come in and nurse the baby." The husband expressed his pleasure at hearing this, and so Nang Lamert rose up and went into her husband's room and soon comforted the baby and put it to sleep again. She spoke no word, but as she was leaving the room she purposely passed close by her husband and brushed against him. This was too much for the husband, who grasped her by the wrist and tried to pull her towards him. But Nang Lamert at once gave him a push, and, wrenching herself free, ran back into the outer room. There she sank down by Nai Samret's side and began to whisper to him in such an audible tone that her husband could not help hearing all that she said. Realizing to the full what he had done, the wretched fellow spent the rest of the night wide awake, torn between desire and shame.

Towards the dawn Nang Lamert and Nai Samret rose and called out to the husband that they ought to be going and begged him to excuse them. This came as a great relief to the husband, as he had no desire to wait until daylight and meet them face to face after the little affair of the previous night; so he called out good-bye from the inside room and excused himself for not coming out to see them off for fear of waking the baby.

The pair of them then left the house, and when they reached the garden, Nang Lamert shyly went up to Nai Samret, and looking up at him, said: "Well now, is that not a good trick that I showed you last night, and have I not taught you a great deal about women in a very short time? Perhaps, if you are a good



boy, I will give you another lesson a little later on. But you must go now, or we shall be caught. Good-bye till the next time."

With that she dismissed Nai Samret, but she herself waited in the garden until daylight, and then went back to her husband. At the sight of his anxious, shameful face she could scarcely restrain herself from laughing, but, true to her part, she sprang at him, pretending to be furious with rage, and reviled him, saying: "You wretch! I've heard all about you. Don't you believe you can cover it up. Just because I happen to be away for a night, and my cousin and his wife come and stay here, you must needs go and try to assault her. Oh, you beast! and especially when she was helping to nurse our baby, thinking no possible harm could come to her as one of the family. You're not fit to live with; but you men are all the same where a woman is concerned. I hate you!"

The poor husband did not know what to say or do. He could not deny the accusation, because he knew it to be true, and he felt sure that Nai Samret and his wife had told Nang Lamert all about it. So he could only look very sheepish and, with much contrition, beg his wife to forgive him. Which, after a certain interval and with much condescension, she graciously consented to do.

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## THE FOUR JOLLY ROBBERS, OR THE PEPPER CURE

### Another Siamese Story

"A little water will not extinguish a great fire."

—Old Siamese Proverb.

In our grandfathers' time, so the story runs, there were four noted convicts who were serving heavy sentences for gang-robbery, but who managed to escape from prison and cleverly shook off all pursuit by donning the yellow robe in a country district in the heart of Siam, far away from the scene of their crime, having "gone to the Bodhi tree" for their initiation into the Order. They pretended to be travelling priests seeking quiet and meditation in the jungle, and wandered about from one village to another. One day in the course of their travels they reached a deserted temple on the outskirts of a village, and finding the hall of worship still in pretty good repair, they adopted it as their place of refuge and entered in and lived there. They conducted themselves in such an orderly manner that the people of the village accepted them without demur as genuine priests, and soon came

to have implicit trust in them. It pleased the simple folk to make merit by bringing them food and filling their bowls every morning.

Now one of this company of false priests was a good deal older than the others and was possessed of much wisdom and cunning, whereby he quickly assumed the position of spiritual teacher to all the people round about, and displayed considerable knowledge of the Mantras, as well as of the doctrines of the Buddhist religion. By this means he succeeded in deceiving the innocent peasantry so thoroughly that they came to regard him with great veneration and respect. In time he was regularly called upon to prepare holy water for them to sprinkle upon themselves and their houses, or else to bless the amulets which they concealed on their bodies to save them from pressing harms and dangers, and the old rogue never failed them. But he was not yet satisfied and wished to gain even greater respect, so he gave orders to the other three rascals to be ever on the watch for any of the villagers' animals that might go astray, whether horses, cattle, or buffaloes, and whenever they found one, to tie it up in a secret hiding-place in the jungle. Then, when the owner, having searched in vain, came to him for aid, and asked him to divine where his animal was, the old teacher would receive him in state, and, closing his eyes as if in the act of contemplation, would utter the following words: "Your animal still lives, and I know where it is hidden. Follow my directions closely, and you will surely find it again." With this he would give the villager minute directions as to the path he must follow, and in due course the latter would come to the place where the animal was hidden. He performed this miracle so many times that the villagers came to love him deeply and to pin their whole faith upon him. First they built him and his companions cells to live in; then they erected a substantial assembly hall; and finally they repaired the deserted temple and cleared and swept its precincts, so that, as you might say, it breathed out life again. But the four robber priests still conducted themselves in secret entirely contrary to the laws of the Order. They established an illicit still for making liquor, and showed little compunction in killing and eating by night the chickens, ducks, or pigs which the people set free in the temple grounds.

The villagers' kindness did not stop at building and repairing, but they brought presents of all the necessities that a priest must have, fruit, betel, candles, pillows, and engaged themselves to be always at their command. Whatever the rascals demanded, whether goods or deeds, was at once supplied or performed by

the villagers without delay. They did not know the evil characters of the guests they entertained so well.

In this way time slipped quickly by, until one day a thought occurred to the leader of the gang, and, calling his friends in secret council, he addressed them thus: "From the day we escaped from prison we have not enjoyed a single feast; what do you think of the idea of having a grand affair one evening?" And when the others had agreed with glistening eyes, he added: "But let us wait until a Holy Day occurs, and the villagers all come to make merit in the temple, and then leave it in my hands." To this the others willingly consented, and when the Holy Day arrived and the whole village was collected in the temple before him, the Head "Priest" addressed them thus:

" 'The Reflection of the soul' has recently made profound studies in astrology and divination, and from these studies it is clear that in seven days' time the 'spirit' of a deadly plague, accompanied by a swarm of satellites, is coming to visit this village. They will attack you in their hundreds. None of you will be able to stand up against them, and you will all be overwhelmed and die like rats caught in a trap. 'The reflection of the soul' would have no difficulty in escaping from the evil spirit's fatal clutch if he so wished, but his heart goes out to all you poor folk who will thus be left to die. You have been so kind and given such help to us that the 'reflection of the soul' has resolved to remain at his post and stand by you, and, if possible, to help you to escape from this awful calamity which is hanging over your heads."

When the villagers heard these words, young and old, men and maidens, one and all were stricken with panic and dismay. Many of them fell on their faces in the hall, and, crawling on their hands and feet towards the teacher, implored him to save their lives. Then the teacher comforted them and told them to be of good cheer. "I have a plan in my head," said he, "and if you will do as I tell you, I can save you. We must prepare a feast for the reception of this demon and his company of devils, and when we have lured them to eat the offerings inside the sacred thread, then they will be in my power, and I will bind them fast and destroy them. First, we must have a solemn ceremony in the Hall of Worship, and then I will enclose the boundaries of the temple grounds with the lines of sacred thread. For the offerings to be made, we must prepare two whole pigs' heads, and we must boil the bodies of fowls and ducks, ten of each. Next we must offer four sets of curry and rice with salad and all complete; then a huge jar of arrack, and not forget the tiers of banana leaves set to left and right. Last, sweetmeats and fruits there must be in pro-

fusion. When these have all been set in place, and the devils arrive at the appointed time, they will smell the feast prepared for them, and, urged on by greed, will enter within the sacred thread. Once within, they cannot escape and will be at my mercy. Thus you will escape the calamity which awaits you, and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I have been able to give you, in all humility of spirit, some genuine return for the many kindnesses you have showered upon us."

Then the villagers gathered their courage together, and, taking heart, promised to make all things ready as the Head "Priest" commanded them; and when the day of prophecy arrived, faithful to their promise, they came to the temple laden with curry and rice, fowls and ducks, the heads of pigs, sweetmeats and fruits, jars of arrack, and tiers of banana leaf to garnish the feast. Then the Head "Priest" told the elders of the village to summon all the people to the Temple Hall to hear his further commands, and when the villagers were assembled, he addressed them again: "Kind friends all, listen to my words. Tonight is the fateful night, when the King of the Plague and his company of demons will come to attack you. I and my fellow priests will now place the sacred thread round the temple precincts, and for three full days we must pray and fast before we can overcome and destroy these devils. You must all go back to your homes and shut yourselves in, and offer up constant prayers to be protected from all evil. Until we have subdued them, the power of these devils is still very strong, and if any of you so much as dares to enter within the sacred thread during these three days, he will assuredly become stark, raving mad. Therefore beware, my brethren, and take heed. Bitter is the battle we have to fight; we need all your faith and obedience."

Then the Head "Priest," aided by his fellows, with solemn rites set the feast in place, and encircled the temple's limits with the sacred thread; and, having done so, dismissed the village folk to their homes with his blessing. No sooner had they all departed, than the Head "Priest" called the other three, and, going once more into the Hall of Worship, gave forth peal after peal of shouts. As the noise of the shouts echoed and re-echoed through the silent hall, it reached the villagers' ears, and struck their fear-ridden hearts as the cries of a hundred demons. They were sure that the devils had arrived, and, closing their ears with their hands, feverishly hurried back to their homes.

When they arrived, so thoroughly imbued were they all with trust in the "priest" and fear of the devils, that they hastily pulled up the outer steps of their houses, closed and bolted the doors



and windows, put out all their lights, and sank on their knees in prayer, even as their teacher had commanded them. Once entrenched, not a living soul dared to set his foot outside his own threshold.

When the "priests" were satisfied that they were absolutely alone, with laughs and quips they hungrily sat themselves down to the feast, and in a short space of time were enjoying the delights of roasted duck and pig's head, boiled chicken and rice and curry of fresh prawns, with chillies and all kinds of salads, washed down with draughts of fermented liquor. As the feast progressed, they began to shout and sing. One of them rose and danced to the lilt of a song; the others recounted with mock seriousness the stories of their past crimes, and laughed to themselves at the easy way in which they had fooled the villagers—all in the cherished belief that they were completely safe from prying eyes.

Now it so happened that, some time before the week of warning and preparation, one of the villagers, named Nai Wang Dee, who was more or less a new-comer, had gone on a visit to his relatives in another village some distance away, and had not yet returned. Thus he knew nothing of the "priests'" prophecy, or of the trick that had been played upon his fellow-villagers. But Nai Wang Dee chose the very night of the feast to return home, and his easiest path, as he neared the village, led him through the grounds of the robbers' temple. As he approached, completely unaware of the lines of sacred thread, he just passed underneath them and went on his way through the garden. But when Nai Wang Dee came opposite the Hall of Worship, he at once became aware of a noise proceeding from it, and one can imagine his surprise and fright when he heard the shouts and ribald laughter of drunken men. Turning round to look at the new quarters which had been built for the "priests," he saw that they were all in darkness, and, his suspicions being slightly aroused, he went up close to the entrance to the Hall and peered through a chink in the door. There he saw a dreadful sight. All the four "priests," their robes thrown aside, sitting, lying, dancing, eating, and drinking in every kind of drunken pose. As he listened intently, he could hear them telling in detail, with all their rascally zest, how they had spent their early years in robbing, raping, and every kind of crime, and cracking their sides with laughter at the thought of how they had fooled the simple villagers. At first he stood aghast, dumbfounded, unable to think or act. But when it dawned upon him fully that these four drunken ruffians were the saintly "priests" they had housed and clothed and fed,

his gorge rose within him, and, collecting his scattered senses, he thought hard of what might best be done. Unarmed as he was, it was useless for him to attempt to deal with them alone, and if he raised the alarm then and there, he was certain they would not scruple to attack him at once. He made up his mind that the only thing to do was to rouse the whole village, and, when they understood how they had been tricked, he felt sure they would join him in a concerted attack upon the robbers. So, stepping gently down the steps of the Assembly Hall, Nai Wang Dee sped away home as fast as he could go. When he arrived, he saw, to his astonishment, that not only his own but all the doors around were shut, the steps drawn up, and the lights extinguished, and he could hear the sound of people praying hard. As he could think of no possible reason to account for this, he called out in a loud voice: "Ho! Ho! What is the meaning of this? Why are you praying behind closed doors with all the lights out? You know those four 'priests' we have fed and housed so long. Well, I have just found out that they are now at this moment having a feast in the temple, singing, dancing, and drinking away to their hearts' content. Come out, all of you, and help me attack them, and when we have captured them, we'll march them off to the Governor of the Province."

At first, when the villagers heard Nai Wang Dee's cries, they thought the demons had escaped from the temple and had come to devour them. In their fear they fell flat on their faces and lay absolutely still, listening to every sound. But in a short time they recognized Nai Wang Dee's voice, and this gave them a start, for most of them had entirely forgotten his very existence. From his words it was clear that, on his way back from his own village, he must have taken the path through the temple grounds, and, all unwittingly, gone inside the sacred thread. There was no doubt about it, he must be mad. So his wife, with her father and mother and relatives, opened the door, and, rushing down the steps, which they hastily replaced in a panic, seized hold of Nai Wang Dee. But the more they held him, the more angry he became, and he kept shouting out: "I am not mad, but in perfect possession of all my senses. But I have seen those four rascals, whom we thought were priests, eating and drinking at this very moment in the temple, and they're all hopelessly drunk. I tell you I peeped through a chink in the door and saw them all clearly. If you don't believe me, come with me and see for yourselves."

But it was no use; not a soul would listen to him. The more he shouted and the more excited he became, the more they thought he was beside himself and mad. So they all rushed at him, and,

seizing him violently, bound him with ropes and locked him up in a room in his house. Left to himself, Nai Wang Dee's heart began to fail him, as he thought: "What's the use of anything? I come home and tell them the truth, and all I receive in return is that they lock me up and say I am mad."

At a later hour the elders of the house visited him, and, seeing him now quite quiet, said to one another: "This is the man we used to know, honest and straight-speaking as he always was." But as soon as he began to repeat to them the same story and to demand of them to accompany him to the scene as witnesses, they regretfully shook their heads and agreed that he must be mad. The fact was that the whole village was in such a state of terror that he could never have found a single person to believe him, however hard he had tried. So they shut him up and kept him behind locked doors until the full three days were up. On the morning following the third day a council of the chief villagers was called at Nai Wang Dee's house, and after an earnest consultation, it was finally decided that the best thing to do was to take Nai Wang Dee in a body to the temple and ask the priests to cure him. They would explain what had happened, and how Nai Wang Dee had come by chance within the sacred thread, entirely in ignorance and without any intent to disobey the Head "Priest." No sooner decided, than done. Along they went, with the whole village behind them, and with Nai Wang Dee still bound in their midst, and when they reached the temple, they found the four "priests" at their work as usual, the Head "Priest" studiously reading, with another by his side, another mending the spokes of his umbrella and another sweeping the floor, for they had no acolytes to help them.

The Head "Priest" received them kindly, and, having heard the cause of their visit and the explanation they gave of Nai Wang Dee's conduct, gravely said: "A cure must be found, if it can, for to cast aside a man who is mad is to lose a living soul. I have a remedy at hand, and will do my best to help both him and you. But it is a powerful remedy, and first of all I require six strong young men to hold the patient down on his back."

At these words Nai Wang Dee's anger knew no bounds, and, lifting up his voice and pointing at the "priests," he cried: "There they are, the damnable villains, setting themselves up as priests, but eating and drinking in the temple like the rogues and ruffians they are, and now pretending to cure me of madness!" But the Head "Priest" appeared to take no notice, beyond a smile at the villagers, and picked out six strong young men, who at once came forward, seized hold of Nai Wang Dee and laid him down

on the ground on the flat of his back. Then the Head "Priest" went into his cell and prepared two doses of pepper in two short bamboo tubes. With one in each hand he approached the patient, and saying, "This is splendid stuff for a violent gall," he blew the pepper up his nose, one up each nostril. When he received the full force of the pepper, Nai Wang Dee nearly went off his head. He struggled and shouted, and went on exhausting himself until he nearly fainted with anger and pepper. Meanwhile the Head "Priest" quietly left the assembly and went and prepared two more tubes of pepper; and, coming forth again, said: "This remedy of mine, is, as I have said, a very strong one, and as a rule one dose suffices. If it doesn't cure him soon, I will try another dose; but if that fails too, it will be a sure sign that he cannot be cured at all." He spoke this quietly, and yet so clearly and firmly that it took hold of the mind of Nai Wang Dee; and when he saw the Head "Priest" advancing with another dose of pepper in each hand, he realized that the game was up, and that it was useless for him to try and fight the rascals single-handed, with all his own folk against him. The only result, if he continued the fight, would be another dose of pepper, and possibly death at the end, and he could not see himself becoming a martyr for a thousand such rogues as these. So he made up his mind to give in, and, suddenly rising up as if out of sleep, said, as he looked around him: "What is all this? Why am I lying here bound with ropes? Why do you all stare at me so?" And when he saw the Head "Priest," he made obeisance and offered him every mark of respect, and said to him: "It is a strange thing, you know. I feel as if I had been asleep and had a very singular dream. I dreamt that I was passing a temple door, and looking inside I saw a company of devils dressed as priests eating and drinking and making merry. As I stood horror-struck at the sight, I suddenly lost my senses and I knew no more. I thank the Lord Buddha that I have now regained my senses and can shake off the effects of this evil dream." Then his family and all the folk gathered round him and patted him on the back and said: "Now you're much better, but what a lucky escape you have had, and how kind the Head 'Priest' has been to cure you; you must thank him properly, for it is entirely due to him that you are not still a madman." So the wretched fellow, having thanked the Head "Priest" (not without gnashing of teeth), was led away home by his folk. But when he found himself in his wife's home once more, all his anger rose up within him again as he thought of how he had been treated by the robbers, and how his wife and her family all put their implicit trust in the



four rascals, and had refused to believe him, even going to the length of putting ropes upon him and locking him up in his own house. The thought that he had been forced to tell lies for seemingly no reason at all made him very sore at heart, and he said to himself: "If all the others disbelieve me, I am sure my wife loves me and will listen to what I have to say." So when they went to bed that night he began to whisper earnestly to his wife: "Sweetheart, I only told you the truth about those priests. I saw them with my own eyes having a drunken orgy in the temple, and I heard them with my own ears recounting the story of their crimes and of how they had escaped from prison. I honestly saw them, and if you don't believe me when I tell you now, when will you ever do so?"

But when this wife heard Nai Wang Dee talking in this manner, she thought to herself: "By the Lord of Buddha, he is going mad again, what on earth shall I do?" So she jumped out of bed and rushed off to her father and mother, bursting in upon them, saying: "My husband has gone raving mad again, you must come and help me with him!" Then Nai Wang Dee realized that even his wife had no faith in him, and his heart sank to its lowest depths, the more so as he saw in his imagination the pepper cure applied again. He thought to himself: "This is no place for me—as long as I live among these idiotic folk I shall be the only one to suffer." So he too leapt up from the bed and ran out of the house, and shaking its dust from off his feet, made straight for his own village and home.

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## THE EFFECT OF TRUTH OR THE FARMER'S DILEMMA

### Another Siamese Story

Some twenty or thirty years ago there were living on the bank of a "klong" near Supanburi a young Siamese and his wife, who were farmers. They had been eagerly awaiting the arrival of a child for some little time, when suddenly in the middle of the night, a short while before it was due, the wife was seized with violent pains, and they knew that the hour had come.

As the nearest midwife lived in the village two or three miles away, the husband became very alarmed in his mind. There were only two or three other families living near by, and all he could think of was to call in their women-folk to help. They came at once at his request and did all that they could to ease the wife's travail, and eventually the child was safely delivered, to the hus-

band's great joy and pride. But, unfortunately, the wife still continued in great pain, and, in spite of all their united efforts, not only by giving her holy water to drink but also by pressing and squeezing her violently, they could not bring her relief. At last her condition became critical and she gradually began to sink. There was no trained nurse among them, and all that those present could do was to sit and dumbly watch the patient's eyes, fearing the worst, but hoping for the best. At length the husband could bear the strain and anxiety no longer in silence, and, casting round in his mind for other possible means of help, he thought him of a priest who some days before had moored his boat to the landing place in front of his house. He said to the others, who also knew of the priest's presence: "I have filled his bowl for three days running; I will go and ask him to come and have a look at my wife. He might be able to do something for her. After all, he's a priest, and even if he only pronounces two or three magic words over her, that will be worth more than all we farmers can do put together." So off he went down to the priest's boat and begged him to come and help his wife. But the priest shook his head and said: "I'm afraid it's no good asking me, I have no charms or incantations to fit such a case as this." The husband wrung his hands in despair, and cried: "There is literally nobody else who can help her. By all the spirits of Heaven and Earth, come before it is too late and befriend us now in our time of need." The priest could resist his entreaties no longer, and, remembering how the husband had daily filled his bowl, finally consented to go with him. Seeing the woman in a sinking condition, he thought of all the charms and incantations of which he had ever heard and repeated them over her. He gave her holy water to drink, while the husband shook her head violently to and fro. Still there was no change in the wife's condition, and in the end he also could do nothing but, like the rest, sit and watch her slowly fading away. Realizing at length that the woman would probably die if nothing further was done, the priest reflected for a few moments, and then, turning suddenly to the husband, said: "An end to charms and sprinklings! Of what possible use are they at a time like this? No, we must try other and better means. We three, I and you and your wife, must each earnestly resolve to confess, now and openly to one another, the most heinous sin that we have ever committed and have kept secret from one another, and, having done so, we must all solemnly promise that never again will we commit this sin, calling upon the Three Gems and our Guardian Spirits to protect us and keep us true to our promise given. One cannot say, but perhaps

the force of the truth we utter may be strong enough to bring your wife relief."

Being at the end of their resources, and seeing no other help at hand, the husband and wife somewhat falteringly agreed. First of all, the husband asked all the neighbors present to leave the house. When they had gone, the priest placed a bowl of holy water between them and stuck a lighted candle on the rim of the bowl; and then, all things being ready, the three of them began to call on the Buddha, the Law, and the Order, and to pray to all their Guardian Spirits, down to the Spirit of the House, to aid them in their task.

As the priest had been the originator of the idea, the husband suggested that he should be the first to begin. Whereupon the priest opened his heart and confessed: "I am no true priest, but a robber, who have many times suffered imprisonment. But I escaped and stole these yellow robes, and the reason of my coming here was to rob you all when you had gone to sleep. I solemnly swear that I will never commit a robbery again."

Next the husband, with nervous eyes upon his wife, said as firmly as he could: "For the last three months that my wife has been expecting a child I have been committing adultery with her younger sister, and I actually had made up my mind to elope with her. I solemnly swear that I will commit adultery no more."

This roused the wife as perhaps nothing else could have done, and, raising herself on her elbow, she cried at him. "You vile wretch! so that's what you've been doing these last three months. Well, learn now from your wife's lips that this is no child of yours!" Then, sinking back on to her mat once again, she repeated the formula: "I solemnly swear that I will commit adultery no more."

As soon as the three had confessed their sins and had taken their solemn oaths to commit them no more, the robber-priest took the candle and dropped it into the bowl of holy water, and as he did so he raised his folded hands and cried: "May the strength of the truth we have spoken and of the oaths we have taken, in confessing our sins and in solemnly promising to commit them no more, give to this holy water in the bowl the magic power to bring this woman relief from her labour now and at once."

Then he took the bowl of water and, sprinkling some of it on her head and stomach, gave her the rest to drink; and such was the virtue of their united power that the wife's pains ceased from that hour.

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## CHAPTER 36

### FRENCH INDO-CHINA

#### GEOGRAPHY

Peninsula of Indo-China is situated in southeast part of Asia, between India, China and Islands of Indian Ocean. In shape of a promontory, it dominates the sea routes that lead to Upper Pacific and towards passes of Malay Straits.

This peninsula contains several states or governments: Burma, in west; British Malaya, in south; Siam, in center; French Indo-China, in east.

In French Indo-China there have joined up civilizations of two Asiatic worlds, that of Chinese, and that of Hindu culture.

French Indo-China is comprised in Tropic of Cancer, between 8 30 and 23 20 N. lat. and 100 and 109 30 E. long.

Politically, Indo-China is a federation of five countries and three dominant races, which constitute Indo-Chinese Union. France here assumes political and economic direction.

Five governments of Union are: Cochinchina (Colony), Annam, Tonkin, Cambodia and Laos (Protectorates). First three are mostly inhabited by Annamese, fourth by Cambodians (Khmer), last by Lao.

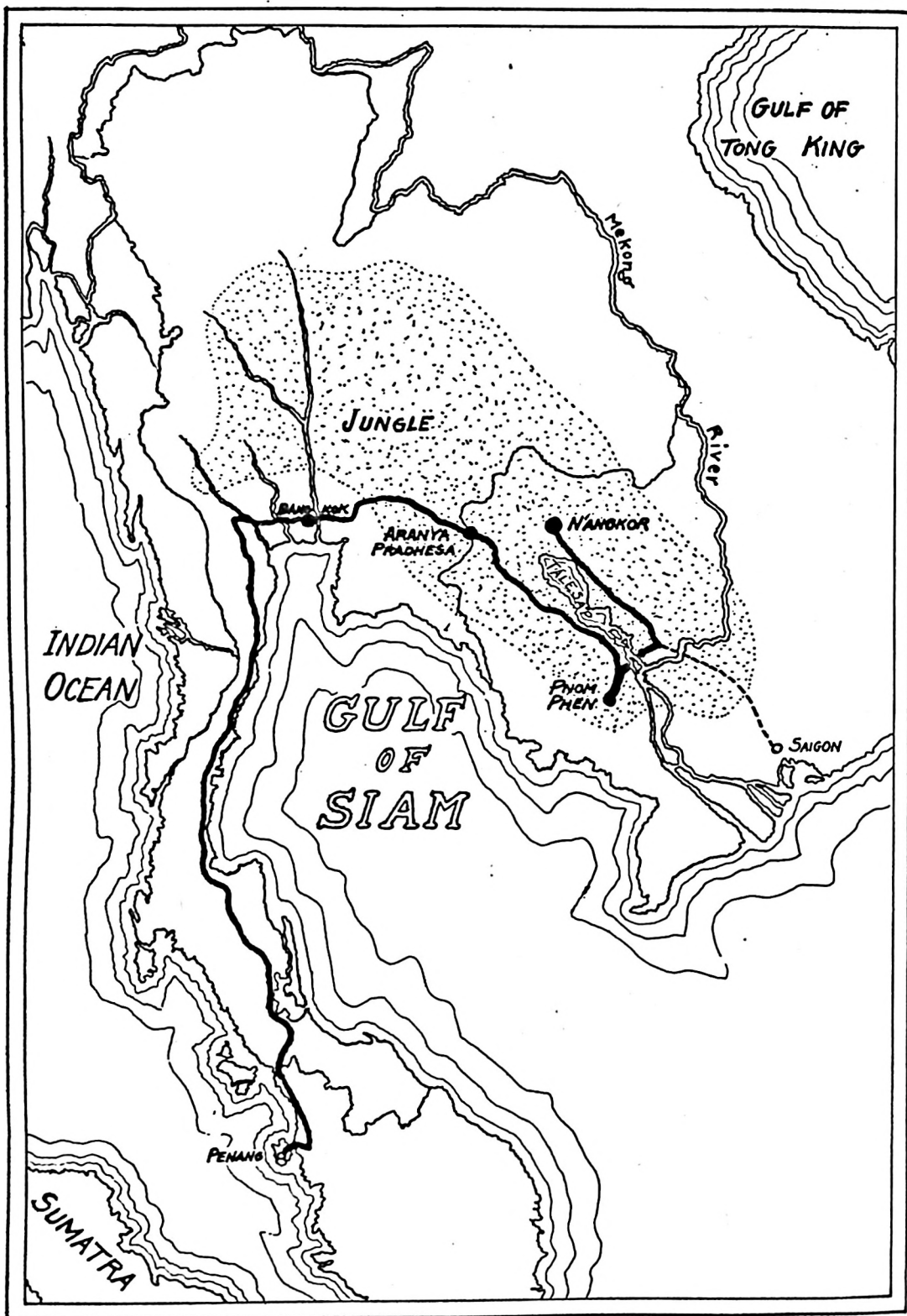
French Indo-China covers an area of 710,000 sq. k. Its population of 20,000,000 inhabitants represents 28.1 inhabitants per square k.

#### OROGRAPHY

Indo-Chinese orographic system, influenced by various seismic movements, is, in general lines, result of a period of crisis which brought about heaving up of Himalaya, then that which, later on, led to dislocation of Islands of Indian Ocean.

The peninsula is traversed by ridges of mountains, which seem to have their origin on plateau of Thibet, and which branch off towards south. Valleys are narrow and deep in upper portions; they open out gradually as they extend towards the sea, where they often terminate in deltas. These valleys are, from west to east, those of Irawaddy, Saluen, Me-nam, Me-khong and Red River. French Indo-China contains only easternmost of these mountain chains and of these valleys, depressions or deltas.





## MODERN HISTORY

## The Relations of Europe with Indo-China

Ancient Europe became acquainted with Eastern Asia thru travellers, merchants and mariners, who proceeded by land or sea to that distant region. Greek authors have left us traces of first accounts of land of silk. Envoys of Marcus Aurelius landed in Tonkin in A.D. 166, and Ptolemy recorded first geographical information regarding Indo-Chinese Peninsula.

In Middle Ages, Arabic and Persian travellers gave more extensive accounts, and Marco Polo wrote notices on Caugigu (Chiao-chou-kuo), or Tonkin and Cyamba (Champa, nos S. Annam). But regular contact between Europe and southeast Asia only began when Portuguese, under Vasco da Gama, sailing round southern extremity of Africa (Nov. 22, 1497), sighted Calicut (India, May 1498), occupied Malacca (Aug. 1511) and reached Canton in 1514.

In 16th century, political condition of peninsula was as follows: on east, Annamese constituted two governments, that of Tonkin (with the Le) and that of Cochinchina (today Annam, with Nguyen); to south, Cambodian Kingdom possessed mouths of Mekhong; in center, Lao Kingdom of Lan-xang occupied middle basin of great river; on west, Siamese Kingdom ruled Thai of Me-nam.

After taking Malacca, Portuguese envoys repaired to Court of Siam; thence missionaries penetrated into Indo-China. As from 1550, latter set about preaching Catholic faith to Buddhist Cambodians. First apostles (among them Father da Cruz) were Portuguese Dominicans of Malacca, then Spaniards of Manila. One of these, Father Diego Aduarte, landed at Faifo to evangelize (1593 to 1596) Animist Cochinchinese.

Tonkin attracted Jesuits, who remained there for more than 150 years. Father Baldinotti (an Italian) went there in 1626 and Father Alexandre de Rhodes (a Frenchman) in following year. About same time Societe des Missions Etrangeres was

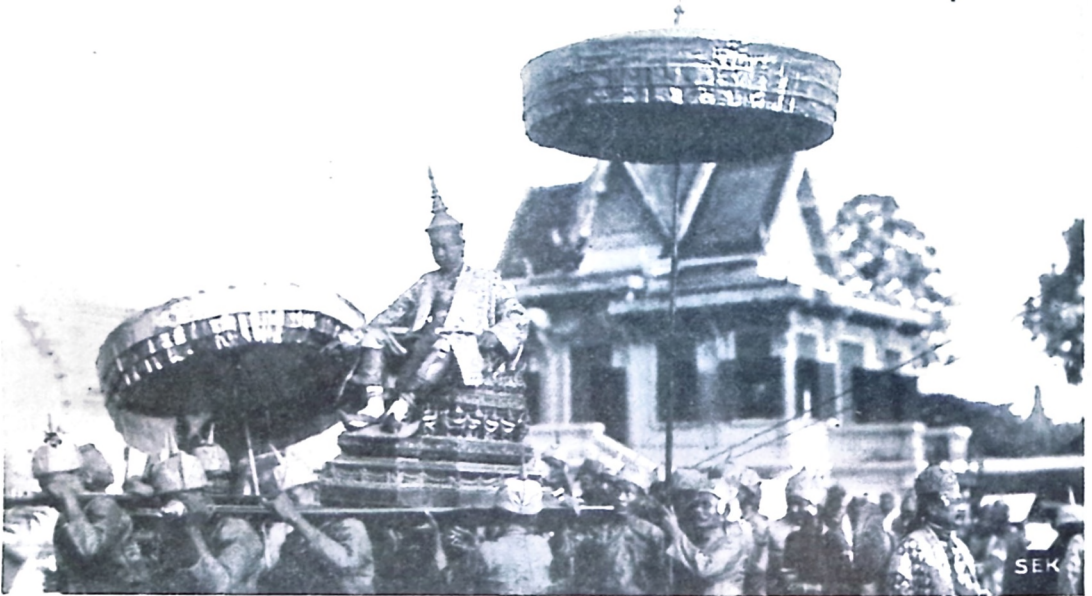
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When telling this story, many people wonder where Old Cambodia, Angkor-Thom, is. Study the map. Penang was our port of entry from Sumatra. Then by rail North to Bangkok, Siam. Then by automobile from Bangkok to Aranya which is the border hamlet between Siam and Old Cambodia. We then travel South by East thru the jungle as the dotted portion of the map shows, to Pnom-Phen. Close by, we crossed the Mekong River and then travelled North by East until we reached N'Angkor. Later our port of exit was Saigon Indo-China, shown in the right lower corner of this map.

founded in Paris, and its members went to Indo-China and China, in spite of hostility of Portuguese. European merchants, for their part, had set up trade relations with different States of peninsula.

Missionaries and navigators brought back to Europe hitherto unknown geographical notions. Map of Jacopo Gastaldi (1561)

S. Phnom - Penh - Sa Majesté MONIVONG-SISOWATH  
sur le palanquin d'un le jour de son couronnement .



His Majesty is carried on his palanquin chair. Umbrellas signify his rank.

mentions Ha-noi, under popular name of Ke-cho (Cachu); later on Father de Rhodes drew up a map of Annamese Kingdom (1650).

In 1641, an envoy of Dutch Company of East Indies sailed up Mekhong, and reached Vieng Chan, capital of the Lao State. From 1685 to 1687, military embassies were sent out by King Louis XIV to King of Siam, Phra Narai, whose capital was Ayuthya.

Commercial exchanges developed between Europe and Indo-China. In connection with trade, Portuguese, Dutch, English and French formed chartered companies, and frequently sent vessels to open ports, where factories were sometimes established, and where they met Japanese, Arabic, and Chinese crews and mer-



The former Capital of Old Cambodia was Phnom-Penh. This shows the home of the King.



The King's home in rear. Soldiers training in foreground. Phnom-Penh, Old Cambodia.



chants who were in much greater numbers, and had been established in country for a long time.

Geographical knowledge concerning Indo-China, or at least its coasts and deltas, gradually increased.

## GOVERNMENT

Government General of Indo-China was instituted in 1887 to unite, under same political direction, colony of Cochinchina and protectorates of Cambodia and Annam-Tonkin. To this Government were added: in 1893, Laos, and in 1900, Chinese concession of Kuang-chou Wan. However, Indo-Chinese Union proper was only achieved in 1898 when a "general budget" was instituted and "local budgets" reorganized. "Five countries" have since formed a political entity, enjoying judicial personality.

A Governor-General, invested with powers of French Government, centralizes under his authority services of collective interest, while supervising administration of "local" interests.

He is represented in each of countries of "Union" by a high official, styled the Governor (Cochinchina) or "Resident Supérieur" (Annam, Tonkin, Cambodia, Laos). He is assisted by a Secretary-General and by Directors-General for technical services.

Each year, Governor-General calls together Grand Council, consisting mostly of elected members (Europeans and Indo-Chinese), to take its advice and to enquire into different Indo-Chinese budgets.

"Five countries" of Indo-Chinese Union, composed of diverse ethnical elements, have preserved their own administrations and their own budgets.

French Indo-China contains three monarchical states, of very long standing: those of Annam, of Cambodia, of Lan-xang of Luang Phra-bang, whose sovereigns, respectively, bear ritual titles of Hoang-de, Samdech, and Somdet.

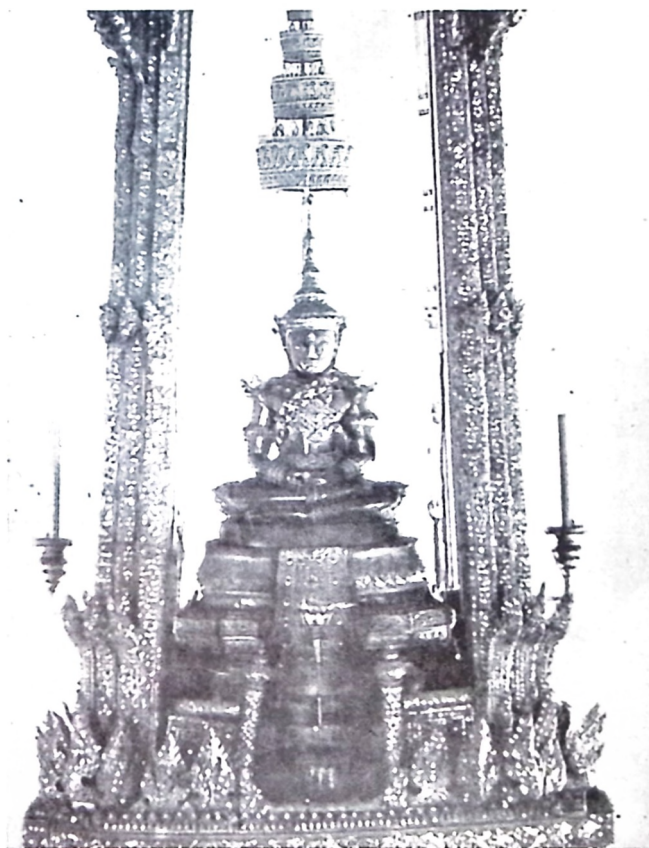
## RELIGIONS

History teaches that cults and religious philosophies which formerly enjoyed favor of powerful dynasties of India and China, were also favored by sovereigns and cultivated populations of Indo-China. These religious conceptions, both Hindu and Chinese, are still adhered to among Cambodians and the Thai, among Annamese.

Populations of basin of Me-khong were formerly converted

to Brahmanism (chiefly in its Sivaite and Vishnuite forms) and to Buddhism (of the Mahayana or the Hina-yana). These spiritual and moral creeds were taught in monasteries of Cambodia, Siam and Laos.

Population of basin of Red River, brought, as from third century B.C., under political and cultural influence of China, placed



The Jade Buddha, in the temple at Phnom-Penh, Old Cambodia. The number of umbrellas above indicate rank. More umbrellas, greater rank.

their hopes in forces of Nature, which led them at an early date to meteorological and siderological observations. Naturism was spiritual cult of State of Tonkin-Annam, while Confucianism was recognized as basis of moral teaching.

In spite of these forms of worship, dogmas and philosophies, imported from abroad, imposed or taught freely, most of Indo-Chinese people have preserved their old Animist groundwork.

Later on, Mohammedanism gained adepts among Malaysians. Catholicism has been taught since 16th century, and has spread, more particularly, among Annamese populations.

## TONKIN-ANNAM

### ANIMISM

Religious instinct is common to all human races. Basis of Indo-Chinese creeds is found in Animism, that is to say, in belief that every single body that moves or seems to move on earth, in ground, in air or space, is endowed with a spirit which causes it to act.

Physiological system, admitting a vital principle for all organized matter, or matter held to be such, seems to have been born with Asiatic man. As to origin of supernatural help, it may be sought for in constant struggle of mankind for existence, and especially in terror, in presence of natural forces.

In eyes of Indo-Chinese, world is crowded with powerful spirits, watching slightest gestures of living people, of elves, possessing secrets of earth and animating plants and beasts, of demons, representing active will of cosmic phenomena. Thus all intellectual effort of Asiatic has been directed not only to finding means to avoid displeasing these formidable masters, but to propitiating them. Indo-Chinese flatters these spirits, offering them prayers, sacrifices and ceremonies. On other occasions, he has recourse to soothsayer who consults fates, and to sorcerer, who employs incantations, and practices appropriate exorcisms.

At different degrees of comprehension, all Indo-Chinese are, above all, animists, but their conceptions vary from tribe to tribe, and from one ethnical group to another. Among more backward communities, primitives, ceaselessly tormented by mysterious beings, "integral animism," i.e., that of first Asiatic ages, is still current; while among more civilized peoples, such as have reached a more advanced stage and are directed by an efficient central power, "speculative animism," unified and dogmatised, is prevalent. With these latter, worship is addressed to higher beings, or deities, for greater benefit of community, whether in case of religious acts of head of family or those of Sovereign.

### THE SIDERO-NATURIST WORSHIP

Worship which each adult individual may offer for benefit of his own small community has been appropriated by the Sovereign for benefit of the Empire he rules over. Moreover, power of his

intervention with Sidero-Naturist elements is in proportion to worldly omnipotence conferred upon him by celestial Spirit he incarnates.

In Annam, the King (the One and Only Man; the Son of Heaven) is thru etymology of character employed (Vu'o'ng, and



Like Jerusalem with its jewels, gold, precious stones, so do we find the same here on this Buddha. Phnom-Penh, Old Cambodia.

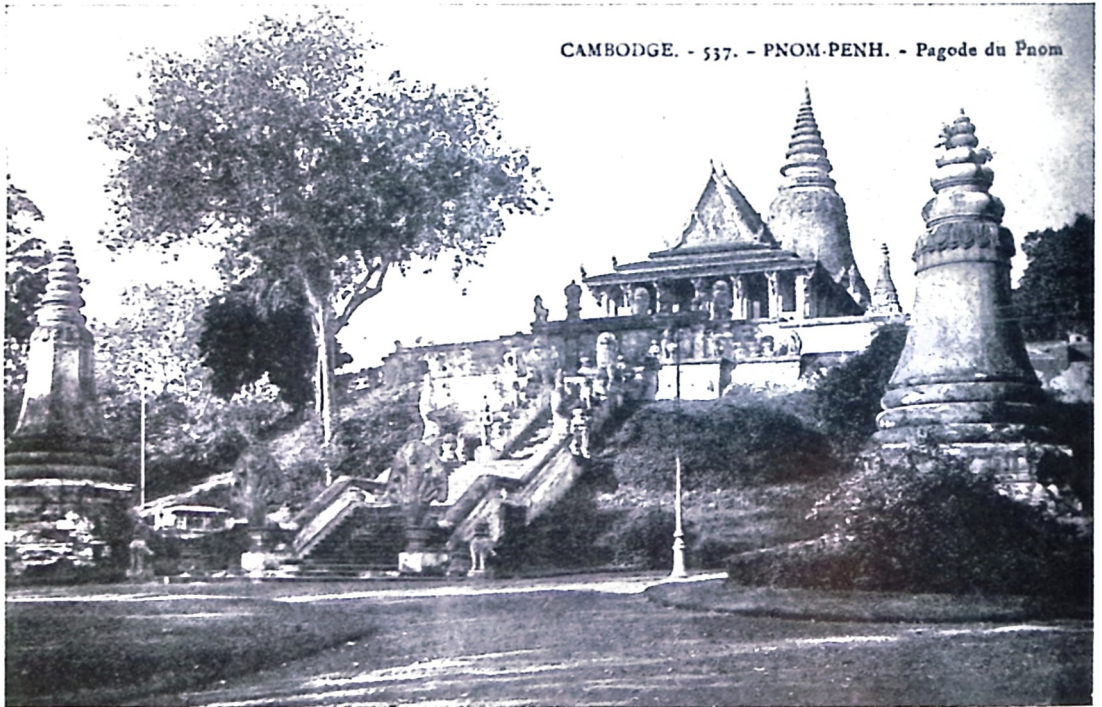
Hoang-de), human intermediary binding together Heaven, Earth and Mankind. He renders account of his terrestrial mandate direct to Celestial Sovereign (the One and Only of Heaven; the High Emperor of the august Heaven), and offers up to him sacrifice called Nam-giao, "Face to the South," hieratic position recalling that of Polar star, seat of Celestial Spirit, in relation to Solar Power, the active principle, source of heat, energy and wealth.



Ritual practised in Annam is archaic and of Chinese origin; it is known that a complicated ceremonial existed in China as far back as the dynasty of the Yin (1390 to 1127 B.C.).

### THE GOD OF THE SOIL

Worship offered to god of Soil is as ancient in rural districts as that rendered to manes of ancestors. God of Soil is symbol of



Pagode du Pnom, Phnom-Penh, in Old Cambodia.

element Earth. This cult requires an earthen mound, a tree (whichever the country is suitable for) and a wooden tablet, material seat in which spirit of divinity resides. Sacrifice is carried out by one of notables of commune or by an official in administrative centers. It is offered twice a year, and also on occasion of a public calamity, too long a period of drought, or again, a superabundant rainfall.

### ANCESTOR WORSHIP

Religions ideal, with certain peoples, finds chief expression in worship of Ancestors. Asiatic acts on principle that, to emerge

triumphant from its transmigration, the soul, surviving death, has need of homage, prayers, and sacrifices of survivors, and these latter will find in protection of these ancestral souls a necessary and powerful aid for prosperity of family hearth, and by extension, of group of homes, the village.



One of the Royal dancing girls of the King of Phnom-Penh in Old Cambodia. They always have staid, stiff faces; never smile while dancing.

This "Ancestor Worship" is mainly of "private" character, being celebrated by head of family in chief room of dwelling, before an altar which is its principal ornament, and manifesting itself more particularly in pomp and elaborate rites of funeral ceremonies. Moreover, this "Ancestor Worship," like that practiced at Rome, is not bound with blood relationship, but with religious affiliation.

For the village, there exists a "public worship" for purpose of fighting malevolent spirits. To this end, commune erects tem-



ples to higher and benevolent spirits, ascribing this quality and power proceeding therefrom to men who have made a name for themselves by knowledge, high deeds, or services they rendered. And thus it is that every village in Annam honors and venerates a man so judged, who is expected to protect its particular group of families, watch over material interest, fight against evil spirits,



Two Cambodian Dancers. One female. Male is impersonated by a female.

and ensure constant happiness of community. Sovereign rewards such spirits for beneficent deeds by conferring upon them letters patent recording their rank and successive promotions, as well as successful interventions in favor of village in which they were born.

#### BRAHMANISM

Brahmanism is an evolution of Vedism, supplanted in India between 12th and 13th centuries B.C.

Supreme deity seems to have been Indra, then Brahma, and finally Siva for the Sivaite sects, among whom he became the Subhapati, "president of the assembly" of gods. It is in this form Brahmanism appears to us in Champa and in ancient Cambodia.

This religion was introduced into Khmer kingdom at least as



Cambodian dancer. They never smile in costume or dancing. Old Cambodia.

far back as beginning of the Christian era, since Chinese mission of K'ang T'ai in this country, towards A.D. 245-250 records a legend of Hindooisation. According to tradition, Brahmanism imported into Cambodia (2,000 years ago) was that practiced at some distant period in one of Malay States, tho it is not known in what great Kingdom on Ganges or South India, or under what political and religious influence this original cult of Siva penetrated into Malay Peninsula, or Sumatra.



It should be noted that, according to Asiatic notions, ruler enthroned by will of gods receives their gifts and spirit. In turn, sovereign King gives worship to his protecting deity, and is at liberty to alter ceremonies and even to create a ritual—as history records in case of Jaya-varman II.



As is the custom thruout the East, all dancers are young girls. Old Cambodia.

It follows that a change of reign or dynasty may bring about celebration of other worships, secularisation or destruction of sanctuaries, erasure or suppression of carvings and inscriptions to fallen kings or gods. Here, as elsewhere, political and religious passions have been at work.

Mythological symbol of Brahmanism is the Timurti, the trinity. This expresses three active states of universal soul and three eternal energies of Nature: Brahma, activity, is creator; Vishnu,

goodness, preserver; Siva, obscurity, is destroyer. Of this trinity, Siva and Vishnu were particularly in honor and many Khmer monuments recall their exploits and benefactions. These gods are adored in their emblems, incarnations (avatara), spouses (sakti).



Costumes are heavy, cumbersome and seemingly clumsy. Old Cambodia.

Siva is devouring fire, devastating storm; he punishes; destroys, but only from necessity; also, he fertilizes. A generating deity, he is represented in the form of a phallus (linga); humanized, he is invoked in female personifications of his energy.

Spouse of Siva has four arms: Gauri, Uma, Parvati in peace, Durga in combat, Kali in fury.

In iconography, Siva has one or several faces, with a third eye in middle of forehead. He is girt with Brahmanical girdle, a serpent or a string of deaths' heads. Siva is also represented danc-

ing, waving six arms: thus is symbolized instability which causes universe to collapse during periodical destructions of the world. Antithetically, he rides on a white bull (Nandin), symbol of rural fruitfulness. His attribute is the trident.

Siva is the supreme god, omniscient and compassionate. All other gods are but reflection of his power.



Hand gestures play a very important part in  
Old Cambodian dancing.

Vishnu is protector of universe and of gods. Ten incarnations of him are known. In imagery, Vishnu wears on his head a circular mitre and has four arms holding attributes, position of which characterise diverse aspects of the god; discus, conch, club and ball. He is seen riding on fantastic bird Garuda, or reclining on polycephalic Naga. His spouses are Lakshmi or Sri, and Prithivi.

His avatars are not all represented in Indochina, yet one comes across the following: Krishna, upholding Mount Govardhana,



and the same with Rama in scenes of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata.

Vishnu has numerous sanctuaries in Cambodia and Champa; most grandiose of his temples is Angkor Wat. Among Vishnuite scenes best known to Khmer is "Churning of the Sea."

These two celestial powers are sometimes combined in Hari-



Note position of flexible fingers of both hands.  
Old Cambodia dancing girl.

hara, a mixed deity whose right side has features and attributes of Siva, while left presents those of Vishnu. This god seems to have been greatly in honor in primitive Cambodia, and fine images of him have been found there.

Brahma is creator of world. In iconography Brahma has four faces, four arms having as attributes ewer, rosary, alms box, sacrificial spoon. He has as his mount the gilded goose Hamsa; or is seated on a lotus flower rising from navel of Vishnu. His sakti



(spouse) is Sarasvati. He appears to have only a few rare temples in Indo-China, but representations of him adorn pediments of false doors of one of sides of many pre-Angkorian shrines.

To this trinity is added a fourth deity, Indra, first god of Vedic period. He becomes the Mahendra and first of secondary deities (Raja of the Deva). He is sovereign of sky and is enthroned in paradise, situated on summit of Mount Meru. His sakti is Saci. In sculpture he is armed with thunderbolt and club; he is mounted on three-headed elephant Airavata, or else he is borne along in his chariot, driven by Matali.

In Cambodia, Indra often appears on lintch of shrines belonging to primitive art.

Brahmanical Olympus also has secondary gods:

Skanda, son of Siva, god of War. He holds thunderbolts, a spear and club. His mount is the peacock or a rhinoceros. In the Champa, Skanda accompanies Siva and Uma.

Ganesa, son of Siva and Parvati, god of Knowledge. He is represented seated, with an elephant's head, trunk reposing in a basin held in left hand; round his chest is wound Brahmanical cord in form of a serpent. Ganesa was greatly honored in Champa.

Kama, (Eros), the god of Love. His features are those of a youth. He is armed with sugar-cane bow, and arrows made of lotus buds, and rides on a parrot. He is invoked as dispenser of conjugal bliss. Bas-reliefs of Angkor Wat record anger of Siva against Kama. His sakti is Rati, the Hindu Venus.

Kubera, god of Wealth. A dwarf, and deformed, he commands the Yaksha.

Among images of deities or forces of Nature:

The linga is symbol of Siva and is placed on a pedestal. With Khmer it consists of a column square at base, octagonal in central portion and cylindrical at summit. With the Cham it is cylindrical from top to bottom. The linga stands in center of a basin for ablutions. This cult was dominant in Cambodia and Champa.

This presentment of creative nature is explained by importance which antique civilizations attached to perpetuation of the family. The phallus has been found in Brittany, Rome, Greece, Mexico, Tahiti and Easter Island, Korea, Indies, and Ethiopia. It becomes an obelisk with four sides facing cardinal points.

Forces of Earth, Waters and Air are symbolized by heraldic animals. These form a procession along sacred roads that lead to temples and royal routes leading to palaces of sovereign; Simha guards roads, Naga borders river crossings; Garuda watches cardinal points of atmosphere.

Simha, or lion, is considered as "King of animals" here below.

Naga is a remnant of an ancient cult of serpents. Type most frequent in art of Cambodia and Laos is many-headed serpent; but Naga is also found with a human body and a serpent's head.

The Garuda, Vahana of Vishnu, is opposite to Naga. Bird represents forces of Air, as against those of Waters, symbolized



Slow movement, never moving about much. Literally, they dance on a dime. Old Cambodia.

by snake. Garuda is frequently represented in Cambodia and Champa. It is figured as a winged lion with a bird's head, crowned, or a human face with an eagle's beak.

### BUDDHISM

Buddhism had its birth in India between 6th and 5th centuries B.C. Its origin, rather than foundation, must be sought for in a semi-historical, semi-mythical personage, known by name of Sakya-muni, a humanitarian philosopher, tinged with atheism,

much more than prophet and pontiff of a new religion. His disciples divinized him under the name of BUDDHA, which he had himself adopted, a term denoting condition of one "enlightened" by Bodhi, the "Supreme Knowledge."

Sakya-muni, or Siddharta Gautama, his real name, was born at Nigliva in Tarai of Nepal (a jungle country at foot of Himalaya); he was son of a Thakur (a noble of the Rajput tribe); his mother was Maya Devi.

Legend surrounded birth of future Buddha with marvellous circumstances. He left Tushita heaven to become incarnated as son of Maya, spouse of Suddodana, King of Kapilavastu. He was born into world in park of Lumbini, where he sprang from right side of his mother in presence of gods and goddesses (of the Brahmanical Pantheon) who had come down from heaven. As soon as he was born, he took seven steps in direction of each of four cardinal points, uttering mysterious words by which he took possession of the universe.

When about 29 years old, Sakya-muni, struck with miserable condition of lower castes, was pervaded by a feeling but little taught or thought at that time, love of others, which is always dominated by selfish care of personal salvation. Blessed One quitted his princely home and retired into jungle, where he spent six years in meditating on means of helping suffering humanity. He first of all followed teachings of famous Brahmins, but having realized sterility of asceticism, he endeavored himself to find true Knowledge. He abandoned masters and their methods, and retired to woods near Gaya. There, the Sage suffered attacks of Mara, demon of passion, and emerged victorious from these seductions thru invoking goddess of Earth. It was under sacred fig-tree that the Master attained to omniscience, the Mahabodhi, or "Great Enlightenment."

Result of his meditations was a pessimistic doctrine based upon belief that life is evil and consequently seeking the remedy, salvation, in exemption from successive transmigrations and rebirths of Brahmanism and ending in annihilation in Nirvana. But Nirvana is a reward, and this exquisite happiness of eternal rest is only price of knowledge acquired by study and meditation, renunciation of world and abnegation of self.

Having elaborated his creed, Sakya-muni emerged from his retreat, declaring himself Buddha, travelled in India to preach his doctrine, especially in Mrigadava, "Park of the Gazelles," at Benares. There he began, as Buddhists say, to "revolve the Wheel of Doctrine." He delivered his first sermon on theory of four truths: evil, origin of evil, end of evil, "Middle Path." Dur-



ing 45 years this preaching lasted, he saw number of his disciples increase in considerable proportions, and on these he imposed chastity, humility, fraternity, and mendicancy.

Buddha expired, between sala trees, at age of 80 years, in park of the Sal, near Kusinagara, in year 488 B.C., according to Paramartha. Having attained Nirvana, he passed from the peace



Note gestures of hands and fingers. Never crack a smile. Old Cambodia.

which follows extinction of passions, to Parinirvana, or supreme happiness, resulting from liberation of Samsara.

After death of the master, there sprang a worship of veneration, shortly followed by an outward worship paid his relics, for preservation of which hemispherical monuments, called stupa, were erected. His philosophy was transformed into a religion, and as it extolled renunciation of the world, meditation, in a word, monastic life, it naturally gave birth to religious order of



monks, and on all sides there raised vihara (monasteries) for numerous bhikshu, or priests of new cult. Temples were built to protect divine images, and worship, which at first consisted only of offerings of flowers, fruit, and lights, soon assumed an extraordinary pomp.

Sakaya-muni left no writing, but his disciples, who met at a Council at Rajagriha, after his death, unified and condified his teachings. Result was the Buddhist Canon, called Tripitaka, "the three Flower-beds," because it consisted of three books: Vinaya, or discipline (the rules of the monks); Dharma, the dogmas and the law contained in the Sutra ("Innocence, numerous good works, compassion, charity, sincerity, purity"); and Abhidharma, the moral and philosophical precepts.

A second Council, held at Vaisali, 100 or 110 years after death of Buddha, led to schism of the Mahasanghika.

Buddhism, under high protection of powerful Hindu sovereigns, rapidly assumed a huge development, and in 3rd century B.C., we find new worship becoming State religion of a portion of India thru edicts of King Asoka, who convened third council in 246 B.C., at Pataliputra, his capital; and built numerous religious edifices, one of which was a chapel at Buddha-Gaya, a place of pilgrimage of Buddhists, where Sakya-muni reached the condition of Buddha at foot of tree Bo.

Towards A.D. 130, King Kanishka, most powerful of Indo-Scythian rulers, erected a gigantic temple in his capital, Peshawar; and at fourth Council at Jalandhara he sought to reunite different sects and stabilize the dogma; but these are not easy matters to carry out by decree, and he met with strong resistance from Buddhists of South.

From these struggles and divisions finally resulted separation of Buddhism into two big schools:

The "school of the South," which abides by letter of writings. Its worship is addressed solely to Buddha. Its canon was fixed in Pali language and it took name of Hinayana, "Little Vehicle; Little Course." It now predominates in Ceylon, Burma, Siam and Cambodia.

The "school of the North," which seeks and claims to have found an esoteric meaning in most insignificant words of Master, acknowledges a great number of deities. At Council of Jalandhara, it adopted Sanskrit and became Mahayana, "Great Vehicle; Great Course."

The Mahayana, founded by Nagarjuna, and implanted in Kashmir, spread to Burma, Cambodia, Java, but was compelled, later on, to give way to Hinayana in Southern countries of Asia.

It is the school recognized in Thibet, Mongolia, China, Korea, Japan and Annam.

Buddhistic schools of Vinaya are grouped in four divisions: Sarvastivadin use sanskrit in their liturgy; Mahasanghika, a corrupt form of sanskrit; Theravadin or Sthavira (monks of the pali Church), paisaci; Mahasmmatiya or apabhramsa.

Dogmas of Buddhism are partly derived from Brahmanical philosophy. They are contained in the Tripitaka.

Among their fundamental truths, we mention following principles: "To treat men, whoever they may be, with tolerance, kindness, and brotherly love. To feel pity and compassion for creatures of all kinds.—The world was not created, but was born of itself and develops according to known laws.—Buddhas ('Enlightened Ones') have shown themselves a number of times on earth, in the course of several periods of time to preach here below.—In the present period, a fourth master is acknowledged: Sakya-muni (Gautama Buddha).—Sakya-muni taught that ignorance is the source of desire. Unsatisfied desire is the cause of a new life, and this is the source of suffering. To avoid suffering, it is necessary to avoid being reborn; in order not to be reborn, we must curb desire in our own hearts. After overcoming and quieting our rebellious spirit, we attain to perfect knowledge.—Belief in the impossibility of avoiding the transmigration of souls is accounted for by the narrowness of our spiritual outlook. As soon as this is widened, we become convinced of the nothingness of every further life, and the necessity of living in such a way as to have no need to live again. Ignorance it is that inspires the deceptive and ill-founded notions, that after death there is nothing, or that eternal bliss or endless damnation awaits us after de-cease.—We cease to be hampered by errors, if our endeavor is to be of service to every living being, if we develop our understanding, hew out for ourselves a path to wisdom, and destroy within us every prompting to satisfy base and selfish passions.—The desire to live again being the cause of reincarnation, it must be satisfied. Thus we shall cease to be reborn. Man is capable, by means of contemplative meditation, to reach to the supreme degree of repose, called Nirvana.—Sakya-muni teaches that it is possible to destroy ignorance—and with it, suffering—if we recognize four fundamental truths: the misery of life (suffering); the cause of life (that is to say, the insatiable urge to satisfy our selfish tendencies and the impossibility of satisfying it) (production); the destruction of this urge, or, better still, deliverance from all desire (cessation); the possibility of attaining to this moral liberty (the road).—There are eight fundamental truths

leading to as many paths of virtue; knowledge, which shows the vanity, emptiness, instability, and irreality of the external world, of objects composed of perishable elements, of the 'ego,' and the folly of attaching oneself thereto.—This state of mind (the state of perfect repose) leads to a state of higher knowledge and is capable of developing in every man the characteristic qualities of a Buddha that are contained in every one of us.—Tathagata (Buddha) 'who came and went like his predecessors,' has taught in a general way that we should abstain from sin, become virtuous, and keep our hearts pure from all and every defilement.—The events of the world are regulated by the Karma, 'laws of good and evil works.' Each of us creates for himself a new existence, which will correspond to the deeds committed by us in our former existences. Thus, we have ourselves, by our own will, caused all the suffering which we now have to bear.—The virtuous life, the success of the Karma, consists in abstention from the 'ten sins': murder, theft, fornication, falsehood, slander, insult, gossip, envy, hatred, dogmatic error. The duty of parents is to see to the education of their children. Buddhism is the enemy of superstition and error. The Tathagata admits only what is reasonable; nor should we, on the strength of any authority whatever, preserve anything that is foolish, for instance by trusting to the obscure sentences of great sages, or to the voice of tradition. Buddha Gaya will one day act as a magnet, attract to himself the faithful of Sakya-muni scattered thruout the world."

That all conditions may be favorable and every difficulty overcome, we still have to be born in the condition of man, during life-time of a Buddha, in the Madhyadesa, and this final deliverance can only be hoped for at advent of the "future Buddha," Maitreya.

The state of Buddha is thus result of long practice of good deeds and works of charity along known path of former existences. During preparatory stage, between being who has become superior to Deva (gods) and him who has obtained qualification of Bodhisattva, ranks "he whose essential character (sattva) is knowledge (bodhi)."

The "Enlightened One" manifests existence in three forms (Trikaya): Dharmakaya, Sambhogakaya, Nirmanakaya.

The historical Buddha Gautama himself underwent 550 regenerations, as a man, god and animal, before his last human life. These existences are chronicled in canonical literature under name of jataka.

Among Buddhistic divinities are five dhyani-buddha (Buddha of contemplation or meditation): Vairocana (white), in center;

Akshobhya (blue), in east; Ratnasambhava (yellow) to south; Amitabha (red) to west; Amoghasiddhi (green) to north.

Their Manushibuddha (humans in phase of Buddha) are respectively: Krabucchanda, Kanakamuni, Kasyapa, Saky-muni and Maitreya.



Two female-male, two female dancers on Palace step. Old Cambodia.

Finally, still corresponding to above series, are five dhyani-bodhisattva (Bodhisattva of contemplation).

### BUDDHISM OF THE MAHAYANA

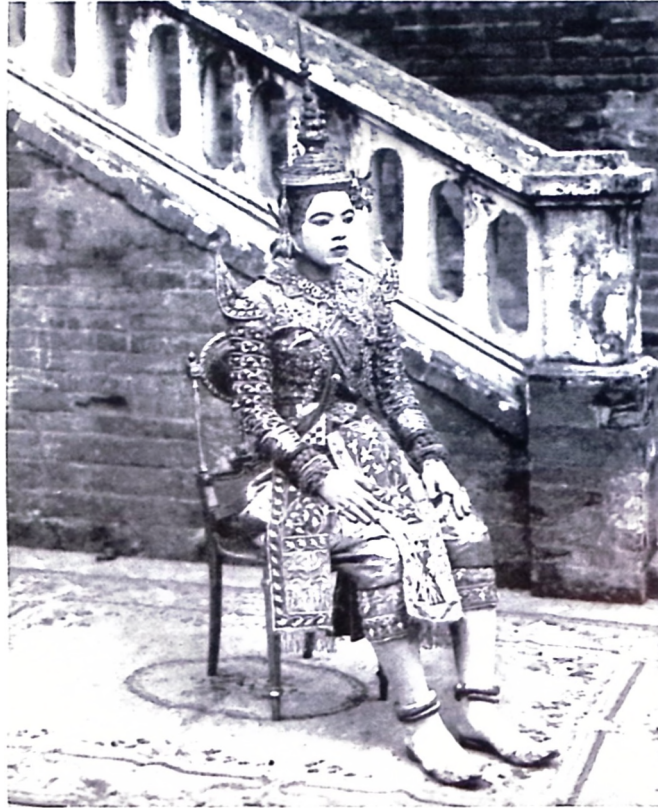
Buddhism officially recognized by old Khmer sovereigns is that of church of Mahayana.

In pagodas, Buddhist statues and scenes shared pride of place in mural iconography with divinities of Brahmanism, and their Mahayanist presentments appropriated Brahmanical functions and attributes. It would seem these chapels and cult of Buddha



have sometimes been placed under high protection of gods of the Royal cult.

Edifices of Buddhism of "Grand Vehicle" are fairly numerous; they include terraces with vihara containing altars on which stand statues of Sakya-muni, shrines and large temples to hold images of Mahayanist Pantheon, among them the Triad Buddha, Lokesvara, Prajnaparamita.



So many clothes, they are bundled from top of head down to middle calves. Clothes are heavy in weight.  
Old Cambodia.

This form of Buddhism was in high favor at certain periods, in Cambodia, which country had several rulers who were fervent adherents of this worship, such as Surya-varman I, Jaya-varman VII. These sovereigns assumed a posthumous Buddhist title, while nevertheless continuing to render homage to Siva.

Worship of Madonna is likewise very ancient. In iconography, goddess is represented either alone, or with a child in her arms.

Among religious sects of "Grand Vehicle," "Clan of the Lotus" held attention of the faithful by its doctrine of god of Mercy, he "who looks down with compassion" or "Lord of the World," Avalokitesvara or Lokeshvara, whose worship was most prevalent in Cambodia and the Champa.

This bodhisattva was endowed with a great power of transformation, and is known to have had 33 "bodies," among them those of Isvara, Maheshvara, Damahesvara (Siva), Brahma, and even that of a woman, of Madonna (Tara), to approach and save living beings. In forms of Padmapani and Amoghapaśa, he is provided with Sivaistic attributes.

He labours zealously for salvation of mankind. "He is merciful above all. His power for doing good is unbounded; the damned in Hell have but to invoke his name to be delivered forthwith." On other hand, "such bases as instable earth has found in mountains which hold it fast, the Champa itself will find, thanks to Siva and Lokeshvara."

Lokeshvara appeared among the Khmer before Angkorian period, as witness the statue, in primitive art, of Rach-gia; inscription of prasat Ta-kam (A.D. 791) near Angkor. Text of the "Lotus of the Good Law" was translated into Chinese in A.D. 255.

The bodhisattva is represented in images having attributes of Brahma (especially in India) or those presenting attributes of Siva (in Indo-China); frontal eye or small figure of Amitabha (on the front of the headdress); in hands, when they are not making a ritual gesture: lotus, flask, book, rosary, disk, sword, vajra, elephant goad.

With Lokeshvara, merciful and healing god (Neak-Pean), should be mentioned a very popular Buddha, Bhaishajyaguru, whose special gift is healing sick. This god forms a triad with Suryavairocana and Caudravairocana. King Jayavarman VII dedicated 102 hospices and charitable establishments of Cambodia to Bhaishajyaguru.

#### BUDDHISM OF THE HINA-YANA.

Buddhism of the Church of the Hina-yana received a fresh impetus, when Singalese Buddhists, having regained possession of Ceylon under Brahmanic Tamils (1071), were free to spread their dogmas of the "Little Vehicle" in Southern Asia. A religious movement then took place towards Buddhist sites of Ceylon, and foreign missions even came there from Far East. A Chinese text of 12th century mentions imprint of foot of Buddha on Adam's Peak. Pilgrimages arrived there from Indo-China, more particularly from Pagan, Ching-mai, and Ayuthya.

In 1423, eight monks of Cambodia, led by Mahananasiddhi, repaired to Holy places and were ordained afresh (1424) on river Kelani. It was this sect of Sihlabhikkhu, "monks of Ceylon," that diffused holy writings and gradually reformed religion practiced in the Khmer country. Nor was it long before the church of Hinayana (from Southern India) here supplanted that of Mahayana (from Northern India), and sacred writing of pali took place of sanskrit texts in general use long before Angkorian period.

Religion taught in Cambodia today is that of Singalese Buddhism, discipline of which has been stiffened in many a council.

### ICONOGRAPHY

In iconography, Buddha is represented according to various scenes of his life, as carried down by tradition, but ideal forms of Blessed One are modified by national motives, peculiar to different countries.

Among most celebrated attitudes of Master, are to be noted following presentments, carried out in painting, sculpture, or in votive tablets:

1. Birth of the future Buddha in the garden of Lumbini, near Kapilavastu: (a) familiar scene of Maya; two springs issue for first bath of Bodhisattva (School of the Gandhara), or two Naga sprinkle Royal Prince (School of Mathura); (b), Saky-muni "walking," taking seven steps towards each of four cardinal points in order to take possession of the Earth.

2. Illumination (Maha-bodhi), at Bodh-Gaya: the Blessed One attains to omniscience at the foot of the tree of the Bodhi; the sacred evergreen fig-tree. The right hand of Buddha touches the earth, taking it to witness, while an army of demons (Gandhara) appears, or Mara calls voluptuous girls to his aid against the Sage of the Sakya (Mathura).

3. Sermon of Benares, in the Park of the Gazelles, where for the first time the Master preached the Doctrine, a scene consecrated by the "turning of the Wheel of the Law" (Dharma-cakra).

4. Death (Nirvana) of the perfectly accomplished Saint, at Kusinagara. The Master lies upon his death-bed between two sala trees, with his head turned towards the North.

5. Descent of the Buddha from Heaven to the Earth of the Faithful.

In order to perpetuate the sight of these sacred events, the religious artists sometimes recall them by a typical figure: the Illumination by a fig-tree, the Sermon by two gazelles, the Death by a stupa, the Descent by the foot-print.

To these primordial scenes are added those of famous miracles in Buddhist legend:

The Stay in the Jetavana, at Sravasti (The Master throws into disorder his heterodox contradictors and converts an immense crowd);—the Offering of the Monkey, at Vaisali,—the Submission of the Elephant, at Rajagriha;—the Descent from Heaven of the Trayayastrimsas gods, at Sangkasya, etc.

In presentments of him, Buddha is seen alone or in the center of a Triad (frequently attended by Lokeshvara and Prajnaparamita).

### ASANA-MUDRA

One of the chief characteristics of the presentment of Buddha, as of the Bodhisattva, Gods and Goddesses, consists in the attitude of the body (Asana) and the position of the hands (Mudra).

Buddha is figured in poses and gestures recalling the great episodes of his terrestrial life, walking or recumbent, standing or seated (Indian or European fashion) on a pedestal (lotus or naga). The artists also reproduce the most celebrated images of the Blessed One, presumed to be iconic, like the statues of Kausambi (or of Sravasti) and Mahabodhi, near Gaya.

The ritual positions of Buddha are figured on stone, stuff, clay, wood, ivory or metal. They are distinguished according to:

(a) the Asana, or attitude of the body in:

1. Vajrasana or Vajraparyanka; a seated position, legs crossed, the right foot forward, with the points of both feet turned upwards.
2. Paryanka; a seated position, legs, one over the other, but not crossed.
3. Ardhaparyanka, with two varieties:  
Maharajalila, the left leg being in the ordinary seated position, the right slightly raised;—Ardhaparyankatandava, or Nathyasana, attitude of the dance, with foot raised.
4. Lalitaksepasana, or Lalitasana; left leg in the ordinary seated position, the right one hanging down.
5. Bhadrasana, or Sattvasana; both legs hanging down, European-wise.
6. Alidhasana and Pratyalidhasana (attitudes of an archer); in the first, the body leaning forward over the right leg bent, the left extended;—reverse position in the second.

(b) the Mudra, or positions of the hands, during meditation or



when expounding a fact; these figurations are very diverse.

1. *Bhumisparsa*, gesture of touching the Earth; taking the Earth to witness; bearing witness. The left hand reposing in the lap, the right hand pendant, palm downwards, and fingers stretched towards the ground.
2. *Vara*, Charity, Gift. As above, but the palm of the right hand turned outwards.
3. *Dhyana*, Meditation. Both hands reposing in the lap, one against the other, sometimes wrapped in the garment, eyes lowered.
4. *Abhaya*, Protection, Consolation, Absence of fear. The left hand in the lap; the right one raised with the palm turned outward, and fingers stretched out.
5. *Vitarka*, Argumentation. The elbows held away from the body, the forearms horizontal, the palms of the hands turned outwards, the thumb and forefinger joined, the other fingers extended in the right hand, closed in the left hand.
6. *Dharma cakra*, turning the "Wheel of the Doctrine"; Teaching. The hands are held before the chest, the tips of the fingers touching; the right hand is open in front, the left inside.

## ARCHITECTURE

Monuments, Origins, Design, Building, Decoration.

*Cambodia.* Architecture in Cambodia is of Hindu origin, and originates almost exclusively in religious art. This art was not the product of spontaneous generation, but that of progressive evolution, influenced, as elsewhere, by intellectual, religious, or political movements. Among Khmer, King is Sovereign: he receives celestial afflatus, and owes it to himself to secure for his deified soul a place of rest in keeping with his high personality. Greater temples are thus work of kings, and for rest consecration can only be conferred by a sovereign ordinance.

Number of edifices raised to Khmer divinities is considerable. More than a thousand sites have already been noted, and others are being found, buried in tropical forest.

In constant intercourse with Malaysia, then with India, Cambodia was impregnated at an early period with civilizations of those countries, whence it follows that some of its dynastic chiefs may have come there.

Having adopted Hindu religious images, it is logical to suppose that artists from Fu-nan, and then from Chen-la, also derived inspiration from architecture of edifices that shelter those idols. But to discover points of contact between Cambodian forms and those of Hindu or Hinduized countries, it is necessary to



Ruth St. Denis, whom the author knew well and entertained in his home, travelled in this country, studied these dances and brot them to America.  
Old Cambodia.

study ancient art, not only in Deccan, Bengal, Indus, Ceylon, etc., but also at Ligor, Palembang, Java, and perhaps in other regions as well.

One point can be taken for granted, and that is so-called Hindu architecture has evolved on Cambodian soil, and it has been transformed by genius of Khmer race into an architecture quite Cambodian.

Artistic productions of Cambodia are divided into—1, primitive pre-Angkorian Khmer art of Fu-nan, then of Chen-la and, 2, classic (Angkorian) Khmer art with two designs: a, so-called Indra-varman, b, that known as Surya-varman.

1. Primitive type of sacred edifice seems to have been more especially the small isolated chapel, square or rectangular, made of layers of bricks, facing east and surmounted by several stories. Bays, true or false, have a doorway between big slabs adorned with small columns, or a lintel. Facades are more or less ornamented and lintel is shaped like a makara, so closely related to the tiruaci Pallava (S. India). Choir, 8 to 10 feet broad, is dark, and deity reposed on a pedestal in center.

Nevertheless art of this first period admits of addition of a gallery, as in North temple of Sambor-Prei-kuk.

2. In classical type, Khmer mark the Earth, or favorable sites, with cruciform edifices, built so as to be in harmony with cardinal astrology. Usually ritual entrance is on east, sometimes on west, sometimes it is open to north, more rarely to south.

During this phase, sanctuaries are designed after two plans: a, towers are isolated; b, prasats are surrounded, or linked up, by a series of galleries.

(a) Former design comprises two categories: 1, the prasats are built in threes, or separately, on a terrace (Bakhong, A.D. 879); 2, the terraces and the prasat, isolated, or disposed quincuna fashion, rise up in the shape of pyramids (Pre Rup, Ta Keo).

Thus built in tiers, these temples recall those of Ceylon, e.g., the Sat Mahal Prasada of Polonnaruwa.

(b) In second design, chief sanctuary is the point at which the galleries extending towards the cardinal points converge, intersected crosswise (or simply joined at right angles) by other surrounding galleries. In these temples the galleries and the prasats are placed either (1) on an equal level (Beng Mealea), or (2) above each other (Angkor Wat).

The complete temples consist of six parts—the sanctuaries, single or numerous; the sacristies, treasuries, or libraries; the dwelling premises; the pools (sra, lobo'k, barai); the avenues, the enclosure.

These edifices are built: the main part, of laterite, sandstone or bricks; the framework of the bays, of sandstone; the leaves of the doors and the ceilings hiding the roofs, of hard wood. The blocks of laterite or sandstone are cut regularly on their six surfaces and set side by side without mortar; some are joined together by means of cramp-irons, in the shape of double T's. The vaults and galleries are built by the process of blocks or slabs

set corbelwise, which does not permit of giving them great breadth; nevertheless their domes are very graceful.

As decorators, the Cambodians have proved themselves incomparable artists, as witness the bas-reliefs representing scenes of daily life or episodes taken from the Brahmanical legends.

Among the Hindu elements of sculptural decoration rendered by the Khmer designers, we may note: statues of gods, some of which, ancient and artistic, have given birth to the idea of a Greco-Hindu influence; the Asura, with wide-opened eyes; the undulating Naga, which is substituted for the makara in the pediment, and borders the sacred paths; the winged Garuda and guardian lions of the temples; the dvarapala; the festooned capitals and friezes; in the vegetable kingdom, the stalk, the petal and leaf of the lotus.

It is in the north of the Tonle Sap, "Fresh Water Sea" (Great Lake) that the ancient Kings of Cambodia left the most magnificent traces of their splendour and power. The archaeological vestiges are scattered all around this region and extend to the north in the bend of the Me-khong, at least as far as Vieng Chan; to the west, in the basin of the Me-nam, to Lopburi and Petchaburi; to the south, to Bien-hoa.

With the change of dynasty at the beginning of the 11th century, a perfect renaissance took place due to the new cultural spirit which, by its sudden blossoming, recalls the growth of religious edifices of Gothic art, with which the French soil was covered in the 12th and 13th centuries. The sovereigns raised shrines to the Mahayanist or Brahmanical deities, and hospitable monuments, on which are found inscriptions in Sanskrit verse, celebrating their praises, or in the vulgar tongue, indicating their pious objects.

These monuments and others, erected in hundreds, include temples, palaces, bridges, basins, roads which are the admiration of travellers and modern connoisseurs. It may be said that neither India nor Java can show so considerable and so perfect an archaeological collection.

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## L'ANNAM

The Empire of Annam, now a French Protectorate, occupies an area of about 50,000 square miles and has a population of six millions of inhabitants, of which 2,325 are Europeans. Supported by the mountain chain of Annam, this country extends along



the Indo-Chinese coast for nearly a thousand miles, between the Tonkin, to the north and Cochinchina to the south.

The characteristics of the territory are varied: to the west mountain succeeds mountain as far as the eye can see. To the east the coast is sometimes low-lying and sandy, sometimes sprinkled with lagoons and bays, with, here and there, like oases, clusters of green tropical vegetation, the abundance of which recalls legendary oceanic countries. The golden sands, their shade continually changing according to the light, contrast with the intense, vivid green of the shrubs and trees, and make possible a comparison between the Annamite coast and a necklace of amber and jade.

Between the mountain and the coast, the plains, broad and narrow in turn, are furrowed with numerous rivers. These plateaux are divided by the slopes of the Annam chain into several districts, between which there is no means of communication except by crossing the high rocky passes.

The center of French Asia, Annam provides visitors with a profusion of historic wealth, imposing and beautiful buildings, and marvellous views, in addition to extraordinarily exotic and vivid impressions of the Orient.

From north to south, in the mountains, on the plains and at the edge of the sea, road and rail alike both give to visitors an opportunity of admiring the unending succession of beautiful views, traces of ancient civilizations, culture and industries of the most remote as well as the most modern times.

The Annamite religion is based on a very distorted type of Buddhism, and, above all, on ancestor worship. It is rather a collection of superstitions than a real religion, particularly with the Moi peoples. Generally speaking, the Buddhism of Annam, from the point of view of dogma, approaches the Buddhism of the Chinese. Every important center possesses a Catholic Church.

As regards the climate, the year can be divided into three seasons: 1, from September to December, or the season of the great rains; 2, December to March, light rains; 3, April to September, the dry season. The most delightful time for an enjoyable visit to Annam is from the middle of February to the beginning of June.

The principal agricultural products of the country are rice and tea. The cultivation of cocoa palms, coffee, rubber and aloes must likewise be mentioned. There is a certain amount of stock raising, and the duck is perhaps the most plentiful among birds. Annam has, above all, a large trade in dried eggs. Another great source of wealth of the country is the trade in, and the export of,

dried fish; thruout the whole length of the coast fishing is one of the most productive and important industries.

The trade in wood, manufacture of matches, of hydraulic limestone, silk and the coal mines must also be mentioned.

Archeology is chiefly represented by traces of the Khan civilization, which has left many ruins scattered thruout the territory, in particular in the neighborhood of Tourane (Khan Museum). The Imperial Palace at Hue and the tombs of the Emperors of Annam are among the most important and most remarkable historical buildings representative of Annamite art. In the provinces, the many ancient citadels, pagodas and various buildings deservedly attract the attention of visitors.

The intense exotic atmosphere which is a characteristic thruout the length and breadth of Annam has remained, in spite of the influence of European civilization. The well known costume of the people—a conical hat, floating pantaloons and a wide tunic,—still persists everywhere, and adds to the natural peaceful characteristics of the Annamite people. Their customs and beliefs, curious and often touching, which they have preserved thruout the centuries, lends to Annam that attraction and charm which enslaved the “colonials” and which at the present day conquers and draws the tourist. The simplicity of the costumes of the masses, in contrast with the wealth and color of the apparel of the Mandarins and great dignitaries, the Court fetes, and, every four years, the sacrifice of Nam-Giau, celebrated by the Emperor himself, at Hue, presents a marvellous and altogether picturesque ensemble.

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## LE CAMBODGE

The Kingdom of Cambodge, which is a French Protectorate, has a superficial area of 58,000 square miles, and a population of 2,535,178, of which 1,979 are Europeans. It is a country which consists for the greater part of plains, which continue into Cochin-China, and which is watered by the Mekong river. These plains are nearly all covered either by plantations (rice in particular), or by virgin forest. Numerous localities are to be found with an infinite variety of views, from the almost unending flat fields of rice plantations and the impenetrable forest, to the slopes of the hills and the marvellous view points of the mountains of the southwest.

The Cambodgians are descendants of the Khmer race, whose origin is lost in the mists of time. Beside them one finds certain



Every dance is a story. Each actor acts his or her part. Old Cambodia.

Khan elements, also Chinese, who cultivate pepper and carry on trade in rice and live stock, and finally a few aborigines, similar to the Mois of Annam.

Their dwellings are composed mainly of straw huts erected on piles. It is these straw dwellings, emerging from the great sheet of water when the Mekong annually overflows its banks, which give the greater part of the plain the characteristic appearance so peculiarly its own. This overflowing of the Mekong occurs very regularly; it subsides very slowly and the rich alluvial deposits which it leaves behind fertilize the entire plain, in a similar way to the Nile in Egypt.

The Khmer civilization has left thruout the country an influence and relics which neither the centuries nor the plundering of man can entirely efface. The most marvellous and striking testimony to the power of this people is constituted by the fan-

tastic collection of the ruins of Angkor which represent, not only an effort and architectural skill almost unparalleled in history, but a perfect sense of decoration and an artistic perfection of marvellous delicacy.

The close proximity of the Hindu civilization greatly influenced Khmer art, which was always inspired by Brahman mythology. This influence manifests itself thruout the entire Khan spirit, and particularly in the religious observances and customs.

The National Cambodian costume is the celebrated sampot, and a piece of silk or cotton tied round the loins, after having been passed between the legs, which they cover. In contrast to this very elementary and simple form of clothing the ceremonial robes are very rich and ornamented.

The quaint customs and Buddhist ceremonies, also the great popular fetes, such as the Fete des Eaux and the Fetes du Tang-Tok, make subjects of absorbing interest and study. Among the ceremonies, mention must be made of the cremations, also of the ceremonies at the Royal Palace. The classic performances by famous Cambodian dancers are also very curious and interesting.

The Cambodian climate is extremely uniform. The temperature differs little between the summer and the winter. The most delightful periods are the months of December and January; the period from November to May, or the dry season, is the time of greatest heat.

The principal products of Cambodia are rice, maize, and pepper. With regard to pepper, the production is greater than the amount that France is able to consume. The country raises a considerable number of cattle which are exported, chiefly, to the Philippines, and buffaloes, principally exported to Cochinchina. The most important and richest export from Cambodia is fish, and the trade in dried and salt fish exceeds 25,000 tons annually, which is exported to Hong-Kong and Singapore. Jet and precious stones are also to be found in this country, whose forest covers an area of more than 10,000,000 acres.

Sport can be enjoyed under the same conditions as in the neighboring region of Indo-China and deer are particularly plentiful in the heart of the virgin forest. Shooting is possible almost everywhere, even in the very midst of the Ruins of Angkor. Arrangements can also be made for elephant hunting.

Very good roads connect Phnom-Penh to Saigon, to Chandoh, to the Gulf of Siam, to Angkor and to the Siamese frontier, via Battambang. Numerous secondary roads also exist in the territory. The Mekong and Lac Tonle-Sap can be comfortably navi-



gated by chaloupe operating between Angkor and Saigon and which travels upstream in the direction of Laos.

All the Cambodge centers possess very comfortable bungalows. At Phnom-Penh there are several excellent hotels, of which one is a hotel de luxe, built by the Administration, while at Angkor there is a bungalow containing 40 rooms, providing genuine comfort, electric light and ventilation, etc. Finally, Kompong-Thom and the hill station of Bokor both possess a well-managed hotel.

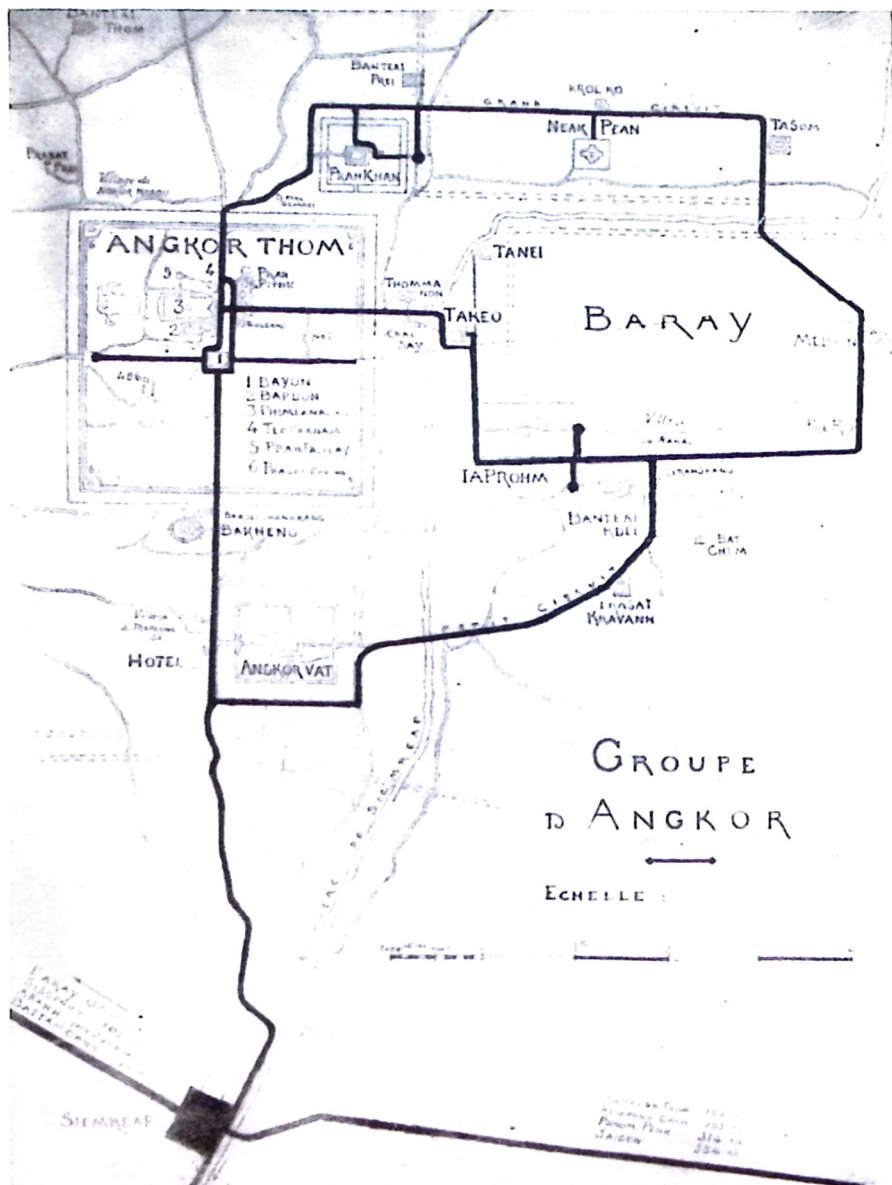
To recapitulate, Cambodge is at the present day a most accessible and delightful country, to which tourists return year by year in increasing numbers.

# THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF HISTORY

## PRELIMINARY EXPLANATION

Readers, much like writers, travellers and globe-trotters, have different depths and lengths of seeking information for understanding that which they seek to know more about. When we approach a problem and seek solution, we want to know everything about it, inside and outside, top and bottom; whence, wheres, whys and what-nots; beginnings and endings. We pursue a relentless search for every and all data we can secure.

In approaching this problem of THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF HISTORY and seeking a solution therefor, it would not have been sufficient to go, today, look, see ruined buildings and begin there. We studied everything ancient about the peoples, their activities, comings and goings, lives, habits, religions, etc., all of which we have added in this book. Probabilities are, much of this will be tiresome and boresome to majority of readers. Here and there, however, will be a student who will want to know what we wanted to know. In our humble opinion, backgrounds are necessary to know to understand all facets of those Khmer people today.



We now approach ANGKOR-THOM, presenting THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF HISTORY. ANGKOR-THOM was the name of the City. Angkor-Wat is the name of one temple in Angkor-Thom. "W" is always pronounced as our "V." The black line shows the general course of our explorations, altho we did make many off-shoots too numerous to be drawn. Old Cambodia.

## CHAPTER 37

### CAMBODIA

One of the great objectives of this entire trip is N'ANGKOR. We leave Bangkok for the jungle, eventually to arrive.

#### THE CITY OF PHNOM-PENH

Phnom-penh is capital of Cambodia, situated on right bank of Mekong river at its confluence with the Tonlesap. The river soon divides into two branches, thus situated near four branches of river, is sometimes called "the city of four rivers." Its population is 74,000 (33,000 Cambodians, 21,000 Chinese, 18,000 Annamese, and 700 Europeans). Located between Cochin-China and north district (including Cambodia, Laos, Burma, and a part of Siam), it draws and exports to Saigon all products of these regions, such as fish, cotton, indigo, cardamon, rattan, lumber, lacquer, tobacco, sugar, leather, etc.

The city extends in a north to south direction along river and is divided into three districts: (1) European, which is thoroly European in style, having several large buildings, among which are office of French resident and other French official and mercantile houses, (2) natives' district, filled with small houses inhabited by natives and Chinese, (3) citadel district, which is central part of city and contains palace of king and many official and residential buildings. Each district is separated from others by a ditch across which are six bridges. Whole city is surrounded by a canal, and beyond canal are four large villages inhabited by natives: to north is Village Catholique de Rosseykeo and has a cathedral; to south is Village de Takeo and has a slaughter house; to east, on other side of Tonlesap, is a great market place called Chrui-changva, where there are an electric and a water company; to west is Village Bac-tu, and from here greatest road of Cambodia runs to Kampot.

Until twenty yeas ago, Phnom-penh was a narrow and dirty city, but since French government began to control it, it has been greatly improved. A French engineer, Febre, was appointed for task of remodelling it. Under his efficient supervision, streets were widened, planted with trees, and provided with separate ways for vehicles and pedestrians; most of small, unsanitary houses were torn down, and electric and water services were systematically installed. During rainy season, from May to October.



city was frequently flooded, and sometimes flood was so deep as to immerse whole city except tops of hills. Thanks to efforts of French government, flood disasters are now greatly reduced.

Phnom-penh became capital of Cambodia about 1860, in time of King Norodom, who came to throne first at Oudong and later removed his capital to this city.

### THE PEOPLE

Cambodians are direct descendants of Khmer race whose origin seems very difficult to trace. From language, folklore, instruments of music, names, as well as style and design in mythological art, altho majority of population profess Buddhist faith, it is more evident, perhaps almost certain, that they owe their origin to conquering hordes from southern India who settled in this country and by degrees formed great Khmer Kingdom that was in those days three times size of the present Kingdom of Cambodia and included a large portion of Siam and Laos. It must be remembered recent discoveries made both in Malay Peninsula, as well as in islands of Dutch East Indies, prove that population of those countries equally owe their origin to same early invaders from southern India.

Today we find side by side in Cambodia, various other races that have lived and prospered in peace since ages, such as Chams who are of Islam faith and Chinese who are Buddhists, as well as "moi" who are worshippers of Great Unknown thru mystic symbols and elements that hold sway over all Creation.

Cambodians generally live in picturesque thatched huts built upon piles owing to periodical floods that take place during rainy season.

There is hardly a village in Cambodia, Siam or Laos that does not possess its "Wat" or temple, be it a humble one or a profusely ornamented shrine with gilded telescopic roofs set off at every corner by a quaint hooked symbol representing tail of "Naga," or sacred serpent. Habitations of ordinary people are not entitled to be adorned by similar "tails of the Naga" but that of Kings, Princes or descendants of Royal Family and temples are permitted to display this symbol which in some cases is represented by single, double and even triple curved tongues of flame meant either to signify purity or a split tongue of fire. This striking feature of Cambodian style lends a distinct charm to physiognomy of the country which in itself is eminently suited to touristic researches into the past.

Khmer civilization has left upon whole of Cambodia its indeli-

ble imprint which neither ravaging hand of Man nor of Time has been able to destroy. Most amazing testimony of past grandeur of race is undoubtedly marvellous group of Ruins at Angkor.

#### WATS OR TEMPLES WITHIN THE CITY OF PHNOM-PENH ARE WORTH VISITING

*Wat Preah Keo*, known as Silver Pagoda or Pagode d'Argent, is situated within walls around King's Palace. It has recently been constructed (1902) and contains many sacred effigies in green jade, alabaster, and pure gold, one of which is said to have cost over 600,000 piastres and is studded with large-sized real diamonds. Its silver flooring in itself enhances coloring lent to this marvellous shrine by mural paintings that decorate four sides of this huge pagoda that contains so valuable a collection of rich offerings. On walls may be seen various episodes of life of Buddha, as well as Buddhistic conception of Heaven and of Hell.

*Wat Ounalom* dates back to 15th century. It is residence of Head of the Buddhist Church in Cambodia and is situated near the river and its main gateway is on rue du Palais.

*Wat Saravean* is situated on rue Paul Bert.

*Wat Botum Vodei* is on road bearing same name, near rue Okhna Chhun. Opposite Sacred Tank, known as Mare Sacree, grows a huge sacred tree. It is here that bodies of the populace are cremated.

*Wat Svai Poper* and *Wat Takeo* are in suburbs of Phnom-Penh at a place called Petit Takeo which is beautifully situated on banks of river Bassac amid shady groves. These two temples are richly decorated and are surrounded by extremely artistic and picturesque "Chedeis."

*The Phnom.*—Phnom-Penh owes its name to following genesis from a legendary chronicle in which it is stated that, in 1372, at a time when country around was inundated, a Cambodian lady named Penh whose abode had been built on flanks of a hillock perceived one evening in waters at her feet trunk and branches of a huge Sao or Koki tree with all its foliage. She and her neighbors dragged it ashore so that, when dry, its wood might be made use of, and discovered within a hollow of tree-trunk, four bronze effigies of Buddha and another of Vishnu (Prah Nor Kai).

This was taken to signify that even the gods had decided to leave Angkor which had been devastated and ransacked by Siamese invaders on several occasions. Fact of images of Buddha having been conveyed by tree-trunk to place where she resided

was convincing proof to her that this spot must have been chosen by deities for their new abode. It was then publicly decided to build with wood of the tree a sanctuary to receive four images of Buddha at summit of hillock and another lower down for that of Vishnu.

This site has ever since been called Phnom Don Penh or Hill of Lady Penh. Around it was built new Capital of Cambodia and sixty years later King Ponhea Yat, also called Srei Suryapur, transferred his seat of Government to Phnom-Penh from Angkor which, from that time, was gradually abandoned to its fate and to ravages of Time and of Nature.

In 1434 aforesaid King decided to rebuild sanctuary and it then consisted of two floors each containing a shrine, lower one having four doorways facing north, south, east and west. Later in 1806 this sanctuary was again reconstructed to celebrate coming of age of young King Ang Chan. It was, however, destroyed by fire in 1881, and rebuilt in present shape during years 1890 to 1894. Its completion was celebrated by a great festival.

### THE KING'S PALACE GROUNDS

A permit is necessary to visit grounds and various buildings and shrines within walls around King's Palace. This permit is delivered free on application to Delege du Gouvernement Francais aupres du Gouvernement Cambodgien. His offices are situated opposite Palace grounds. To obtain permit it is necessary to produce one's passport; this is returned immediately after having been registered. Visits generally take place from 3 to 5 p.m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, provided these days are neither French nor Cambodian official holidays or days of religious ceremonies. Special permits for other days may be granted if applied for in advance. All permits must be returned thru Official Palace Guides who conduct visitors around. His Majesty's Palace itself is not open to visitors.

From roadway we could see Salle des Danses with its highly decorated ceiling where are painted scenes representing dance of Apsaras. Here receptions are held in great pomp on His Majesty's birthday when King's Royal Dancers in classic attire execute special ceremonial dances accompanied by full company of Royal Cambodian Orchestra and chorus.

On entering main gateway called Porte de la Victoire which is guarded, we turn to right and walk up to office of Palace Guides which is on ground floor of a building whose upper story at present is occupied by King's Private Museum.

Here permit must be handed over to French-speaking Official Palace Guide who is designated to take visitors around. First thing one is shown is King's Private Museum which contains Crown Jewels, Ensignia, Ceremonial Robes, gold and silver arms, ornaments and jewelled souvenirs presented to past monarchs.



Girls range between 6 and 18 to be expert dancers.  
Old Cambodia.

There are hundreds of precious heirlooms too numerous to be described. On walls can be seen tusks of several domestic elephants that have belonged to past sovereigns, one pair measuring about seven feet, having belonged to an elephant that had lived to ripe age of 110 years.

Next is Salle du Trone. This is comparatively a new building, having been completed in 1919 to replace former wooden structure constructed in 1869 by King Norodom. General Hall measures about 334 feet by 100 feet. Here is seen Throne surmounted by Royal Umbrella consisting of nine tiers. On left of Throne is a life size statue of His Late Majesty Sisowath in full Royal Robes. Behind King's Throne is that of Queen around which is a Private Chamber of Audience. In front of King's Throne is



Royal Couch. Right wing of hall contains funeral urns in which are preserved ashes of His Late Majesty Sisowath, as well as those of other Royal personages. Left wing is reserved for various offerings that have been made by present and past monarchs as well as by members of Royal Family.

Before leaving Throne Hall one should examine the beautifully painted ceiling which in itself is a masterpiece of Cambodian Art. At other end of Hall are kept musical instruments of His Majesty's Cambodian Orchestra.

On leaving Throne Hall, one is shown a pavilion wherein is kept and guarded day and night by "Bakous," or clergy of Brahmanical faith, Sacred Sword of Preah Khan, Royal Palladium and Talisman of Kingdom of Cambodia. According to legend attached to this priceless heirloom it was given to first King who established himself at Angkor by god Indra himself. This sword is permitted to be drawn completely from its sheath on only two occasions each year and it rests with its case on a cushion surrounded by figures of various Brahmanical deities on an altar.

There is, moreover, in this pavilion Sacred Lance as well as various crowns worn by His Majesty when on horseback, borne on an elephant or seated on the Throne.

Next comes Salle des Fetes or Banqueting Hall where His Majesty entertains distinguished guests at dinner.

Beyond grounds of Palace and within another walled enclosure lies Wat Preah Keo known as Royal Pagoda or Silver Pagoda. Its hall is entirely paved with silver slabs which are said to have cost fifteen piastres each. When lit by electricity the hall presents a dazzling spectacle. On a high altar is placed a priceless green jade statue of Buddha behind which is another in alabaster. In front row are a number of gold and silver effigies of Buddha among which is one that is almost life size and made of pure gold by Court Jeweller at Palace. It is ornamented with many large sized real diamonds and is said to have cost over 600,000 piastres. Walls of hall are covered with mural paintings which represent various episodes in life of Buddha as well as Buddhist conception of Heaven and of Hell.

In courtyard outside are two huge Kaityas erected to memory of King Ang Duong and Queen Penh. Nearby is an equestrian statue of King Norodom who died in 1904. Beyond, in an elevated and shady rockery, is a replica of imprint of foot of Buddha brought from Adam's Peak in Ceylon.

Leaving walled enclosure by side door, we are taken to Elephants' Kraal which houses Sacred White Elephant. Remain-



The King of Old Cambodia, with his Court and visiting Ambassadors.

der of King's elephants are kept in various places in forest districts around Phnom-Penh where they find their own food amid appropriate surroundings. They are herded together and brought to capital on occasions when there are State ceremonies. Sacred White Elephant belonging to His Majesty the King of Cambodia is a female and is about thirty years old. She is venerated as one of the incarnations of Buddha before attaining "Nirvana" or last stage of existence.

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We turn next to His Majesty's floating pontoon-house moored alongside Royal Yacht almost opposite the Palace.

*The Royal Library.*—This elegantly-shaped Cambodian structure between Palace and river contains many rare and very ancient manuscripts written in Pali upon curious lengths of dried palm leaf strung together like books. In the hall may be seen carved wooden Thrones of past and present Buddhist High-Priests, Prayer-Screens and various other relics.

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*The Musee Albert Sarraut or Musee Du Cambodge and The School of Cambodian Arts of Ecole Des Arts Cambodgiens* may be reckoned as most interesting for tourists possessed of an investigating turn of mind.

All round and within are exhibited ancient, medieval and modern archeological relics of Khmer art, catalogued, numbered and grouped by period of age and of style.



Elephants are common thruout this country.

Structure was completed in 1920 and its architecture is of pure Cambodian style. It possesses most complete collection of every description of primitive Angkorean art (3rd to the 8th centuries, as well as that of Angkorean Period (9th to 14th centuries).

In a great showcase in center of main hall will be found a very valuable collection belonging to His Majesty the King. It consists of ceremonial and ritual jewels, "mokots" (spiral crowns) and gorgeous golden head-dresses worn at festivals by King's Dancing Girls. There are also gold and silver harness-ware for horses and magnificent accoutrements for Royal Elephants.

In various wings are found splendid art-ware of bronze, brass

and silver, various kinds of most beautiful "sampots," or loin cloths, marvellously designed articles of ceramic-ware, some of which belong to Angkorean Period, wonderful wood carvings, statues and statuettes of all sizes, brass and silver carvings



This foto does not show it but thruout this region all women are betel nut chewers. It swells the lips. Old Cambodia.

executed with a masterful taste and innate artistic composition, besides miniature as well as gigantic stone slabs and carvings which compel the most casual visitor to linger long among these dumb witnesses of the artistic soul and mind of a race that can pride itself on being descendants of the ancient Khmers.

On one side of building there is a library open to visitors which



contains numerous extremely interesting volumes collected from various sources and from which much information can be gathered on Cambodia and its people from an archeological and historical point of view.

School of Cambodian Arts (*Ecole des Arts Cambodgiens*) is in an adjoining building reserved for training students of both sexes in arts and crafts of the country, such as moulding, carving, chiselling, gilding, drawing, painting, enamelling, lacquering, embroidering and weaving. Many beautiful articles produced here may be bought as souvenirs or ordered from Sales Department who are prepared to submit drawings and estimates for approval. School of Arts and Crafts is attended by about 150 students of both sexes, many of whom have produced work that has been awarded highest prizes at various exhibitions in France and elsewhere.

#### GENERAL INFORMATION

India's past civilization has had a great influence over Cambodian art which even today is inspired by subjects of Brahmanical mythology. This influence seems deeply rooted and manifests itself in the very souls of present-day Khmers and in particular in customs and even in religion which altho Buddhistic seems in many respects to run parallel with Brahmanism in its outward form.

National costume consists of the well-known "sampot," or loin-cloth which is made either of cotton, silk or gold and silver thread. It is fastened around waist after having been tucked up between legs. Worn by both men and women, some of them are very costly and take months to weave. Side by side with this rudimentary costume it is interesting to note at festivals or on state occasions costume worn is of most elaborate type and of richest materials.

Quaint customs, as well as ceremonial rites, at Buddhist festivals, particularly those observed at Tang Toc (King's Birthday) in January and at Feast of Waters when whole population rejoices at gradual retreat of flood waters of Mekong and of Tonle Sap in November are sufficient to provide subject matter for a most interesting volume on these and on classical dances, ritual ceremonies, offerings of new robes and food to monks, and last but not least cremation of bodies after death.

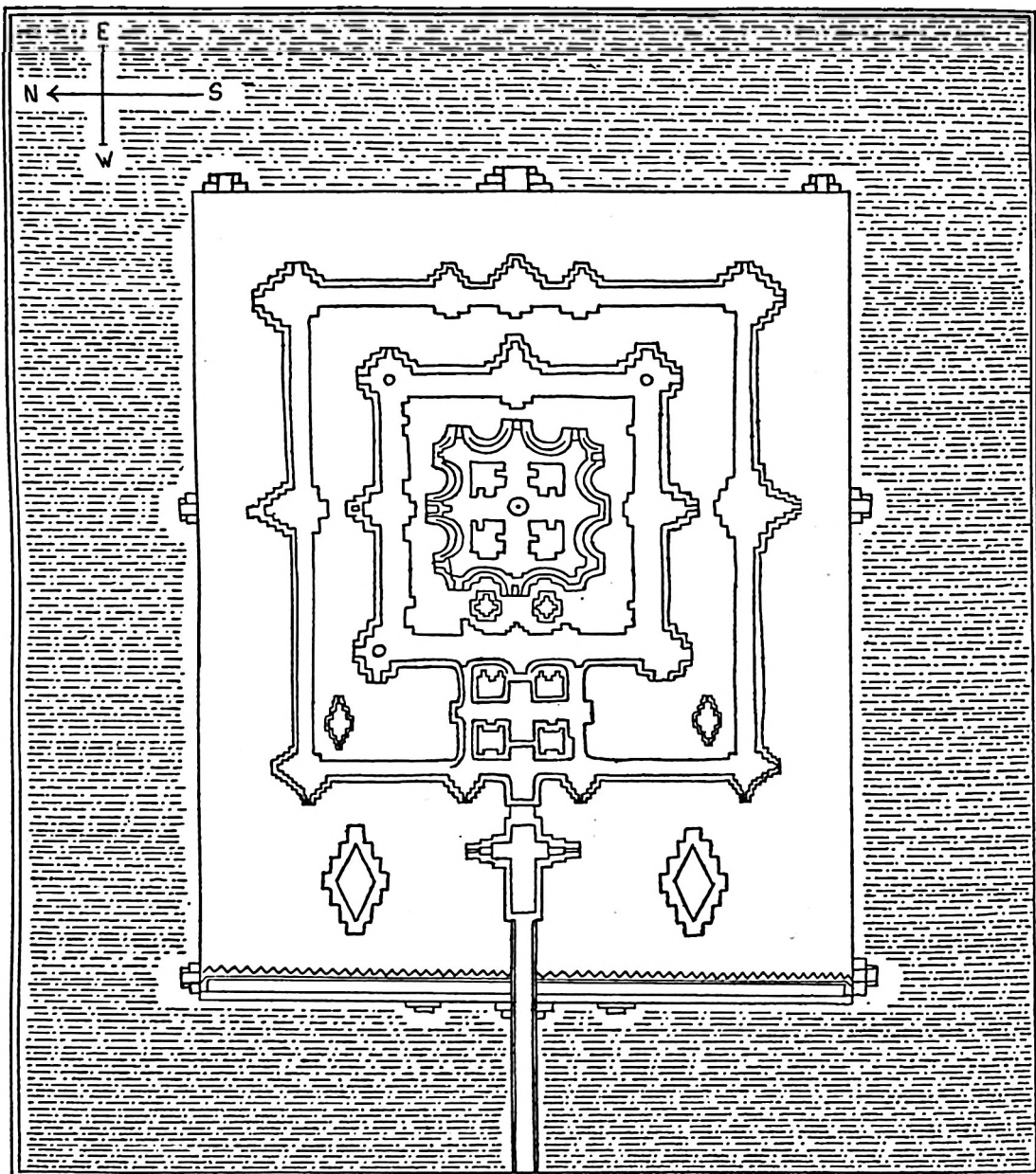
Climate of Cambodia is extremely healthy and beneficent altho summer months are very trying during day. As a rule, nights throughout year are refreshing. Most agreeable months of year

are November, December, and January. Heat begins to make itself felt from month of February to May. Rainy season generally starts in June and lasts till September or October.

Two most important products of soil of Cambodia are rice and pepper. Total production of pepper each year exceeds total yearly consumption of this spice in whole of France. Most important exports are dried fish and fish-brine, as well as rice. Cattle breeding is carried on considerably in many parts of Cambodia and provides a regular trade between this country and the Philippines.

Jade and precious stones are found at Pailin, in neighborhood of Battambang, near Siamese frontier.

There is a network of excellent roads over Cambodia and with advent of railway under construction touring is bound to increase by leaps a few years hence when better travelling conditions and excellent hotels all along line will bring celebrated Ruins of Angkor within easy reach of globe trotters.



## ANGKOR-VAT

Here is as near a general floor plan of this gigantic building as it is possible to execute. The shaded area surrounding the building is a huge water moat, 700 feet wide and entirely surrounding the building. Note, by the compass in upper left corner, the building sits exactly square with the compass.

## CHAPTER 38

### PRELIMINARY NOTES ON THE RUINS AT ANGKOR

Until 1850 these celebrated Ruins were practically unknown to Europeans and it was in 1902 that first authentic translation into French was made by Pelliot of a very ancient manuscript said to have been written about 1295 by Chew Ta Kwan who was sent to Cambodia as Envoy of Chinese Emperor Cheng Song (known as Timoor Khan).

Angkor was then known to Chinese as Founan or Panan and sometimes referred to as Chenla. Siamese called it Nokor Luong, whereas Cambodians named it Kambupuri.

Until 1907 three provinces of Battambang, Sisophon and Siem-reap belonged to Siam, that kingdom having annexed them in 18th century.

Oldest of all monuments found hitherto within Angkor group is said to be Preah Khan which was constructed by Jayavarman the Second who established himself as King and ruled there from 802 to 869.

The real founder of Royal City, Angkor Thom, was Sri Yasovarman who reigned within it from 880 to 908. He originally gave it the name of Yasodharapura and had a monumental edifice built in the center of the Royal City. This he named Yasodharagiri and it was later called the Bayon. He is also said to have begun construction of the Royal Aerial Abode or Palace now known as Pimeanakas, which was completed during reign of his son Harshavarman the First in the year 910.

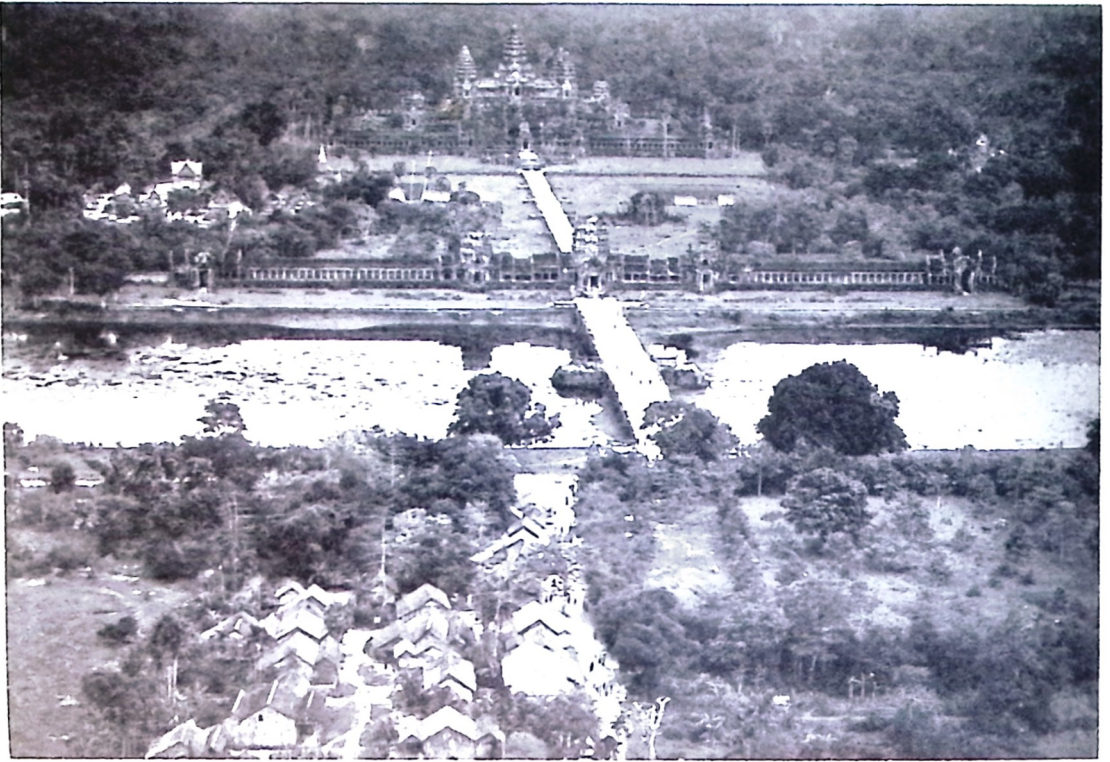
The following are also said to owe their origin to King Sri Yasovarman:

The little temple called Tep Pranam, formerly known as Sugutashrama, situated near the Terrace of the Leper King.

The huge artificial lake known as Thnal Barai (east) which was connected by a roadway to Gate of Victory (Porte de la Victoire) and led to Palace.

Earliest existing annals of monuments and temples at Angkor was compiled by a French missionary, Reverend Bouillevaux in 1850 and his work was soon after followed by several others written by distinguished savants such as Mauhot, Bastian, Thomson, Doudart de Lagree and Francis Garnier, until by 1884 a great number of inscriptions found at Angkor and in its neighborhood had successfully been deciphered by Kern and Aymonier.



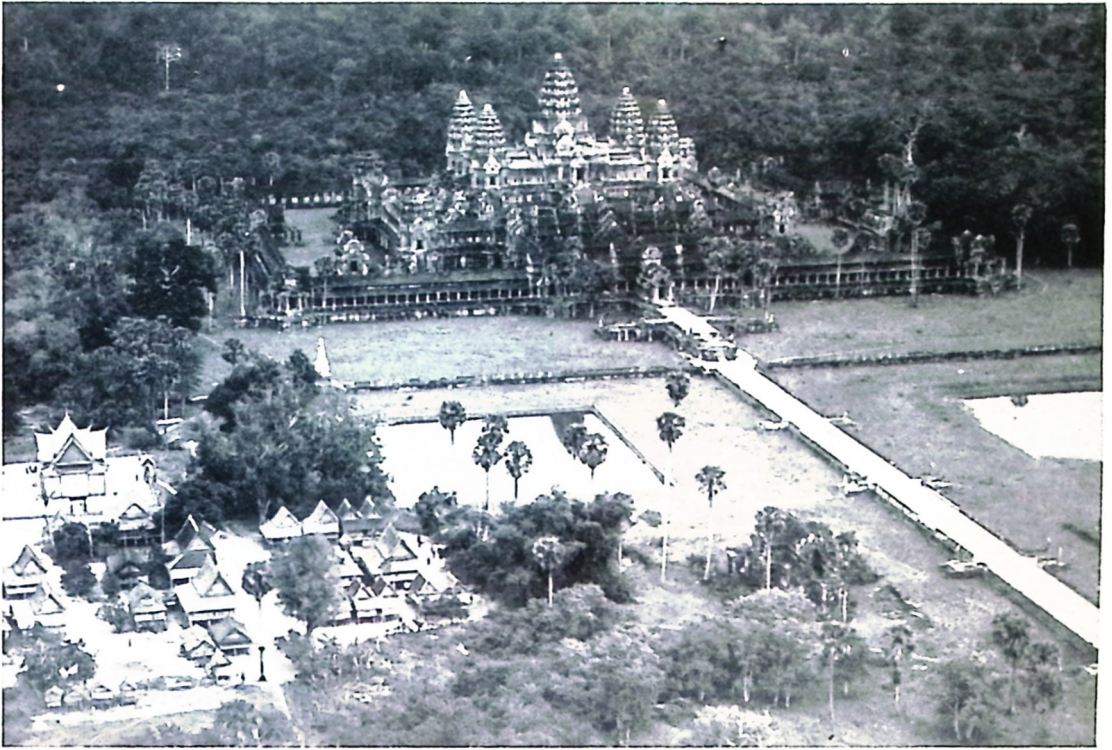


As we approach Angkor-Wat we cross a water moat 700 feet long on each side.

With help of these very first authentic history of Cambodia and its glorious past was compiled.

In later years several other works dealing extensively with Angkor have been added to already long list, chief among them being those written by Barth, Coedes, Finot, Parmentier, Commaile, Lunet de Lajonquiere, Pavie, Moura, Groslier, Maspero and Marchal, who have devoted years of study and labor in achievement of so gigantic a task. Their intimate knowledge of these and other ruins in Indo-China render their works eminently interesting. They are, moreover, very reliable sources of information on Khmer history and art, past and present.

During reign of Jayavarman the Fifth and of Harshavarman the Second the capital was removed from Angkor to Chok Garjiar (now known as Koh Kor), but their successor, Rajendravarmarman (944 to 968) transferred his seat of government back to Angkor. He is said to have added the Palace of Mahendra dedicated to god Indra, Banteay Keday, Mebon, Sra Srang



The white streak is the roadway that leads into Angkor-Wat. Remember that Angkor-Wat is but one of hundreds of these buildings.

(artificial lake), Baksei Changkrang and Pnom Bakheng, to existing edifices of the Royal City.

Baupon and Takeo are said to have been built during reign of Jayavarman the Fifth who ruled from 968 to 1002.

Angkor Wat was begun by Suryavarman the Second (1112 to 1162) and was completed by his successor Jayavarman the Seventh who later constructed Ta Prohm.

The Bayon which for so long was believed to have been built in 8th century is now said to have been constructed in 13th century.

Most of remaining edifices at Angkor are said to have been erected at a later date. They are too numerous to be named, as there are approximately six hundred of them, big and small, in the vicinity of the main group.

Altho the general style of architecture adopted in construction of almost all temples and monuments at Angkor was undoubtedly derived from Southern India, neither India nor even Java, parts



of which were also colonized by invading Indians between 8th and 10th centuries, can boast of so imposing a number of shrines, temples and palaces as the group of Angkor, which will ever remain a relic of the most stupendous work of man, from a touristic as well as from an historical point of view.

Taking Angkor Wat by itself it may truly be said that this huge and bewildering temple which was originally dedicated to the Brahmanical Deity Vishnu, bears no comparison with other massive relics of the past such as the Pyramids built by the ancient Egyptians or the wonderful Cave Temples found in India and elsewhere, or again the beautiful palaces and gardens of old met with in so many ancient cities in Northern India. The immensity of this work undertaken by the ancient Khmer rulers of Angkor and the inspired beauty of the religious art they strived, and so well succeeded to impart to each of their imposing structures, temple or palace, renders the visitor speechless as he picks his way thru the endless halls, corridors and shrines on every floor of these vast and marvellous ruins which are impregnated with the mystery of so many centuries that have passed over them.

It is generally believed that Angkor Wat (the Temple) was constructed during the 12th century and was erected by means of forced labor and by prisoners of war (of the Cham and Thai races) besides levies made on the Cambodian (Khmer) population and an army of expert sculptors specialized in mythological art. It is said that the monarchs who ruled at Angkor had over a hundred feudal princes under their sway and that they had power to raise an army of 15,000,000 armed men from their own and from neighboring vassal states.

The wealth and prosperity of the rulers of Angkor had long been the envy of their neighbors, the Siamese, who at last, during the 15th century, waged a relentless war against the last of its sovereigns. After a fierce struggle the king and his court were surrounded and overpowered when in the act of praying at the great temple, Angkor Wat. The king then withdrew to the innermost sanctuary within the "Prasat" of the central tower and ordered his faithful followers to wall up the entrance so as to be able to die alone among his gods. At the end of the siege which lasted many months, the Siamese destroyed and laid waste each palace and temple they came across, taking away with them an enormous booty in the shape of gold and silver images, arches, balustrades, windows, mirrors, candelabras, urns and precious stones.

Angkor, the magnificent capital of the Khmer Kings, basked

in all its glory during six centuries (9th to the 15th). It was thereafter deserted and abandoned. The forest grew up around it and entirely hid it from the rest of the world during five centuries that followed. Giant trees spread their foliage over the wonder city of the Khmers and flung their roots by degrees



Another aerial view of another building.

in all directions over gate and wall, over tower and battlement. Even now gigantic forest trees still hold in their mighty embrace a wall, an archway or a completely dilapidated shrine which otherwise would have fallen to the ground ages ago.

### RELIGIONS AND CULTS

It is stated that most of the temples, shrines and monuments found in the Angkor group and elsewhere in Cambodia are of Buddhistic origin and that at some later date they were adapted to the requirements of Brahmanism and then once again to those of the Buddhistic faith.

To those who have lived in India or even sojourned there for a while, the remarkable group of temples at Angkor, tho far

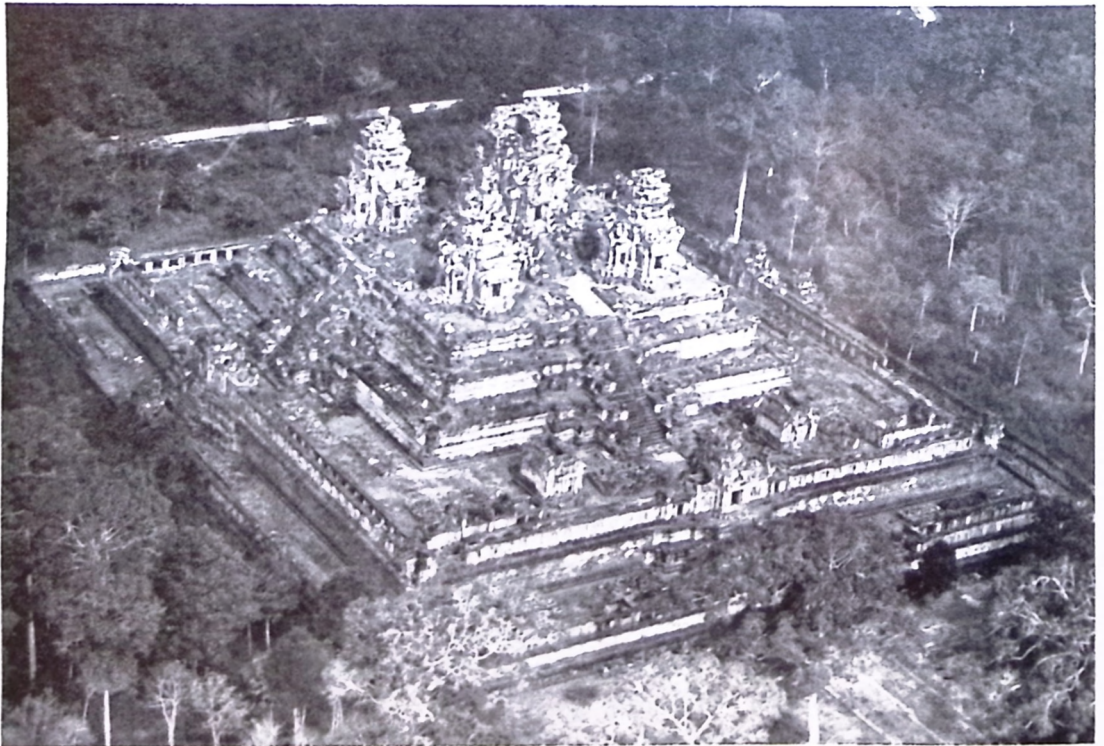


greater in size, bear a striking resemblance to the hundreds of Brahmanical shrines found over India.

This will probably meet with opposition from many, yet it cannot be contested that the architecture, design, style, decorations and carvings of mythological subjects, as well as various deities to which temples were invariably dedicated are in themselves proof that they were erected by people who professed faith of Brahmans.

Being open to controversy this theory, tho not conclusive, is as logical, if not more so, than that which is generally upheld, for we find, especially in Cambodia, both cults: Buddhism and Brahmanism go hand in hand and seem to enter into everyday lives and religious beliefs of the population which almost without exception now professes the Buddhistic faith.

We may state a few facts to illustrate this statement. Cambodians, the Buddhists, still cremate bodies of their dead as they did in days of Angkor and as is still custom of those who profess Brahmanical faith in India. On other hand, Buddhists of Cochinchina, Annam, Tonkin, China, Thibet and Japan bury their



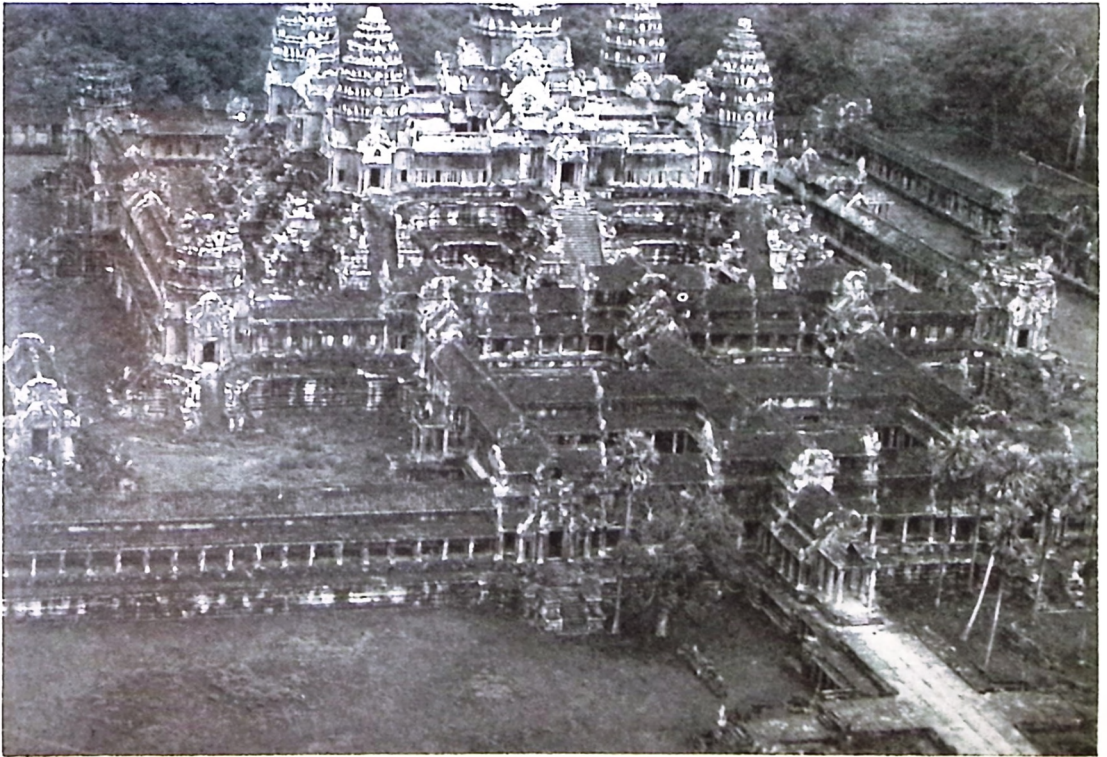
Another aerial view of another building.

dead. Then again side by side with effigies of Buddha, Cambodians still retain images of various Brahmanical deities which are enshrined by them on altars with as much ritual ceremony as in Hindu temples.

Their New Year Day differs from that of Buddhists of Cochin-China, Annam, Tonkin, China, Thibet, and Japan, but corresponds with that of Buddhists in Ceylon and in several centers of Buddhism in India. Moreover, Brahman priests or "Bakous" take a prominent part in their ceremonies and are, moreover, guardians of the Sacred Sword and Lance, which are said to have been given by God Indra to Khmer ancestors of present dynasty.

It is easy to realize that age-old customs and beliefs still linger in the hearts and minds of a people whose ancestors undoubtedly must have once professed the faith of the Brahmans and originally came from India.

It can, therefore, be assumed that at time various temples at Angkor were constructed by Khmer Kings these must have professed Brahmanism, and that it was only much later, or even perhaps after the destruction of the Royal City of Angkor Thom

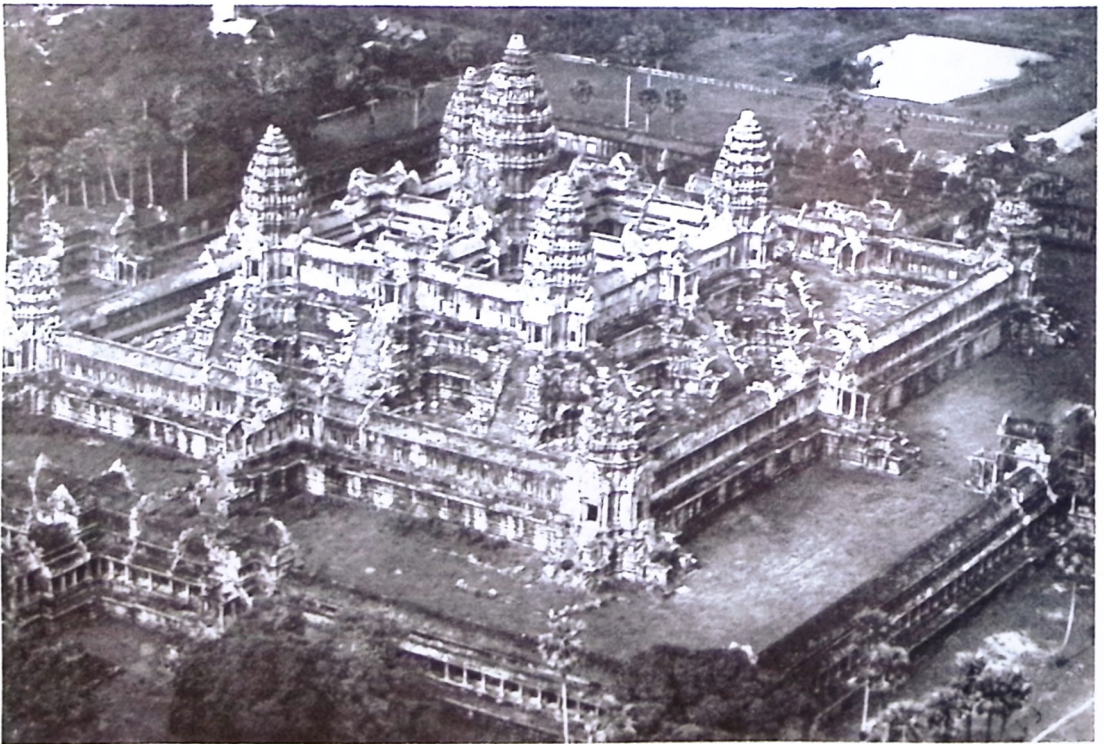


A little closer aerial view of Angkor-Wat.



and of its temple that the Buddhist element was introduced, for if closely observed many of the carvings and symbolical figures in most of the temples show signs of having been obliterated but never replaced. Then must have been erected and placed the countless statues of the Buddha which are found in almost all the sanctuaries and galleries of the various shrines at Angkor. It is important to note that a large number of effigies of Brahmanical deities now in ruins bear witness to wholesale mutilation or destruction.

As has been said in the preceding paragraphs, altho the religion of the people of Cambodia today is Buddhism (Hinayana) they do not appear to have as yet thrown over the ancient rites and traditions of the faith of their Indian forefathers. A close parallel can be drawn between Brahmanism and Buddhism as is practised in Cambodia by studying attentively their customs, ceremonies, attire, names, language, music and musical instruments, their lunar calendar, their mythological art and last, but not least, their psychological superstitions which, among many other attributes, include those of lucky and unlucky days.



We are getting closer. An aerial view of Angkor-Wat.



We are now down on the ground again, on the road-way leading to Angkor-Wat.

One cannot, under the circumstances, know exactly where to draw a line between the two parallel creeds which, altho in theory are distinct from each other, are both practised thruout Cambodia under the unilateral guise of Buddhism (Hinayana).

Reverting once more to the question of the original form of worship practiced in the temples at Angkor in the days of the Khmer Kings, there appear to be unrefutable proofs, from an architectural and mythological point of view, that those magnificent and bewildering monuments must have been constructed by a people who professed the faith of the Brahmans of India. This seems to be testified by the very style of the edifices as well as the metaphysics of their mythological art depicted in the mural carvings and bas-reliefs representing personified deities and spirits of the air, statues and images of Brahmanical divinities, both male and female, of human and animal form, and in some cases in the shape of demons, showing the various attributes of each in ritual attitudes or in ceremonial attire.



It would, perhaps, be both appropriate and helpful to mention here but a few of the various types of personified deities of the Brahmanical faith that are met with when visiting the temples and other monuments at Angkor, and even in and around several other shrines of minor importance in Cambodia:

**BRAHMA**, who is easily discerned by his four faces, only three being shown in the bas-reliefs, the fourth naturally being supposed to be hidden from view by the central one. He is represented with four arms and is generally shown riding the sacred goose "Hamsa."

**SARASVATI**, the spouse of Brahma.

**VISHNU**, in an upright posture, is represented with four arms, holding in each a sword, a club, a disc and a conch. He was worshipped as the Protector of the Universe. He is also represented at times as a lion, a tortoise, or a wild boar, and at others astride on the shoulders of Garouda, a monster bird of formidable strength, with an eagle's beak, a human body and lion's paws. Vishnu is also represented asleep, reposing upon the body of the sacred serpent "Sesha." In the latter case a lotus flower is shown growing out of his navel with Brahma upon it.

**LAKSHMI**, the spouse of Vishnu. She was worshipped as the goddess of Beauty and of Wealth, and was supposed to have been born out of the Ocean of Milk. She is nearly always represented holding a lotus flower in her hand.

**RAMA**, the hero and central figure of the celebrated historical and epic poem called the Ramayana known all over India, Siam and Cambodia. This allegorical theme is said to have been written by Valmiki and is based on historical facts that took nearly a century to be written. It relates the battles of Rama in the forests of the Deccan (India) against Ravana, the demon king who ruled over the island of Lanka (Ceylon) and had carried away the beautiful Sita, the spouse of Rama. Aided by his brother Lakshmana and by Hanuman, the monkey-god and king who was in command of the simian army, Rama finally slew Ravana and vanquished his army of demons. He then returned triumphantly to his native land with his young and faithful Sita. The whole of this narration is represented in the bas-reliefs at Angkor-Wat.

**SITA**, the spouse of Rama (see preceding paragraph).

**SIVA**, the "terrible." The god who created and who destroyed. He is represented sometimes alone, but at other times riding on the sacred bull "Nandi." Very often he is also represented by his symbol the "linga" or phallic emblem. In other cases, he is shown in royal attire, seated on a throne, and in some instances

as having several arms and five heads, one above the other. Then again he is, moreover, represented as an ascetic wearing the sacred Brahmanical cord, his hair done up in a topknot. In many cases he is shown with an eye in the center of his forehead and a trident in his hand. In India he is generally represented in a dancing attitude and this is also met with in Cambodian shrines.

PARVATI, the spouse of Siva. She is also known as Ooma and in India as Durga.

GANESHA, son of Siva (also known in India as Ganapati). He is represented mostly as a human being with four arms but with an elephant's head possessing but one tusk.

KRISHNA, the saviour of mankind. He is shown as a handsome and charming young man lifting a mountain with one hand.

DEVATAS or DEVIS, female goddesses, who are represented decked in rich garments with hair beautifully done up in classic style. They are generally shown within a framework or ornamental niches.

APSARAS, heavenly nymphs or dancers, generally represented as flying over the earth strewing flowers or in a dancing attitude.

DVARAPALAS, sentinels placed to guard an entrance, gateway or flight of steps. They invariably carry a club.

GAROUDA, a monster bird possessing formidable strength. It is shown in human form with a beak and a lion's paws. It is said to have been the mortal enemy of all serpents and in many cases is represented in a struggle with the Naga.

NAGA, the multi-headed sacred snake (5, 7, 9 and even 11 heads).

### EARLY HISTORY OF CAMBODIA

Prior to the 3rd century nothing definite is known of the history of Cambodia, then called Founan or Panan and later Chenla. The word Cambodia has been derived from "Kambuja" which means son of Kambu. According to tradition and to ancient legends, the earliest lineage known of the race that came over from India and established itself in the country of the Khmers with whom many of them intermarried, is that of the dynasty of the Brahman Kavatilia (4th century) who espoused the Nagi Soma, descended from the Moon, and of the Maharashi Kambu Svaya Mabava whose spiritual spouse was the Apsara named Mera, descended from the Sun. These astral and spiritual alliances of royal personages with supposed deities are also found in the Vedic creed of the Brahmans in India, from which country they were undoubtedly derived.

At that time (4th century) Cambodia was but a small vassal

state subordinated to the kingdom of Founan. Many years later the throne of Founan was acquired as a heritage by the reigning dynasty of the prince who then ruled over the destinies of the State of Cambodia.

Then followed a strong current of immigration from India, as well as China. This brought civilization and commerce in its trail. It is interesting to note that the Khmer race, even today, derives its religious notions from India and its notions of commerce and of industry from China.

### THE PRE-ANGKOREAN PERIOD

This period extended from the 4th to the 9th centuries. Already in the third century the Kingdom of Founan comprised more than ten different vassal states which extended from Siam in the west, overlooking the Bay of Bengal, to the mouth of the Mekong in the south. From Siam their missions crossed over in sailing vessels to India where they paid homage to the Court of Murunda with which they established business connections.

Towards the middle of the 6th century one of the vassal states in the neighborhood of the Rapids of Khone on the Mekong, near the frontier of Laos, declared its independence. At that time its ruler was named Sreshta, descended from the Solar race. The name of its capital was Sresthapura. After him an usurper named Bavavarman the First, of the Lunar Race, extended the power of this state then called Chenla. Later the son of Bavavarman, named Mahendravarman added further territory to his kingdom.

Then from 610 to 635, when Ishanavarman was on the throne of Chenla, he succeeded in overthrowing the kingdom of Founan. The capital was then at Sambur Prei Kuk. After him came Bavavarman the Second (639) and he was later followed by Jayavarman the First (657-665).

Many years later the Kingdom of Chenla was split in two and the Khmer Empire was divided (705-706) into Chenla of the earth and Chenla of the water, with the Dangrek range of mountains as their respective boundaries.

At that time (8th century) Tonkin and the north of Annam were both under Chinese domination, whereas the kingdom of Chenla was beginning to experience foreign intervention and the pressure of a fresh rival: the kingdom of Palembang (Sri Vijaya of Sumatra) that had by then invaded and occupied the whole of the Malay Peninsula.

It was at this period and during the 9th century that the great

kingdom of Chenla was reorganized and reconstituted as the Khmer Empire by Jayavarman the Second who came from Java and who was one of the greatest of the sovereigns that have ruled over the Khmers.

### THE ANGKOREAN PERIOD

This period extends from the 9th to the 14th century and comprises the reign of the following kings during whose sway Angkor reached the pinnacle of its glory and grandeur until at last it was abandoned and relegated to the past and became but a memory.

Jayavarman the Second (802-869) came from Sumatra and descended from the family of Srivijaya of Solar lineage. He named his capital Indrapura, claiming to be the grand nephew of Pushkaraksha, Rajah of Kambupura (Cambodia). During his long reign he united the Khmer Empire into one State and constructed several temples dedicated to Devaraja, a new cult which he inaugurated with the help of a Brahman named Hiranyadana deeply versed in magic and whose symbol was the linga or phallic emblem. Among the numerous edifices constructed during his reign, the Prah Khan was the most important.

Jayavarman the Third (869-877), son of the preceding sovereign. His capital was at Hariharalaya.

Indravarman the First (877-889), the cousin of the preceding King. It is said that when he ascended the throne the diadems fell of themselves from the heads of all the princes around like stars at his feet. He constructed Prah Keo (889) and Ba Kong. He, too, ruled at Hariharalaya.

Yasovarman (889-910), son of Indravarman the First. He founded the Royal City Angkor Thom (Yasodharapura) and made it his capital. In its center he constructed the Bayon (Central Mountain, also known as Kamrateng-Jagata-Raja or Yasodharagiri).

Harshavarman the First, from the year 910 to ?. He was the son of Yasovarman. It is said that his glory eclipsed that of all other kings and that he was moreover expert in the use of weapons. He erected Baksei Chakrang, and resided at Angkor.

Ishanavarman the Second, from ? to 928. Younger brother of the preceding monarch. Capital Angkor.

Jayavarman the Fourth (928-942), uncle of the last mentioned king, seized the reins of Government and removed the Capital to Chok Garjiar, known as Koh Kor or Linga pura.

Harshavarman the Second (942-944), second son of the pre-



ceding sovereign, resigned for a short while over a very powerful realm which he had defended with his own hands in battle against his enemies. He resided at Koh Kor.

Rajendravarman (944-968), elder brother of the predecessor. He transferred the Capital back to Angkor which had long been abandoned. During his reign several temples were added around the Royal City: Mebon (east), Ta Prohm, Ta Keo, Banteay Keday and Bachum.

Jayavarman the Fifth (968-1001), son of the preceding king. It was he who erected the Bapuon.

Udayadityavarman the First (1001-1002), nephew of the preceding monarch. Resided at Angkor.

Suriyavarman the First, known originally as Jayavarman during the first five years of his reign, ruled from 1002 to 1049. He resided at Angkor and erected Prah Vihear, Prah Khan of Prohm Tep and Phnom Chisor.

Udayadityavarman the Second (1049-1065).

Harshavarman the Third (1065-1090).

Jayavarman the Sixth (1090-1108), defeated during his reign a mass of enemies and raised stone pillars to commemorate the glory of his race whose abode he fixed at Mahidharapura.

Dharanindravarman the First (1108-1112), nephew of his predecessor, is said to have been as resplendent with beauty as the Moon, and as impetuous as the Garouda, but filled with respect towards religion and the Brahmans. He perfumed the four corners of the earth with his piety and his glory.

Suriyavarman the Second (1112-1152), son of the latter, wrenched away the Throne from the two princes who disputed it on the death of his father. He placed an inscribed tablet and added many fresh bas-reliefs found at Angkor Wat.

Harshavarman the Fourth (from 1152 to ?).

Dharanindravarman the Second ( ? -1182), the latter's nephew. During his reign the Chams pillaged the Capital which was taken by surprise, in the year 1177.

Jayavarman the Seventh (1182-1201), son of Dharanindravarman the Second. He waged war against the Chams and placed a Cambodian prince on the Throne of Champa, in the year 1199.

Indravarman the Second ruled from 1201 to 1221.

Sriindravarman (?)	} Reigning during the 13th and 14th centuries.
Sriindrajayavarman (?)	
Jayavarmaparnesvara (?)	

From the middle of the 14th to the end of the 15th century, the Khmer sovereigns continued to reside at Angkor but no

inscriptions or authentic records have been found, the sole source of information being that found in annals written by various persons at various times.

## CHRONOLOGICAL CLASSIFICATION OF THE VARIOUS MONUMENTS AT ANGKOR AND ELSEWHERE.

### *1 Indo-Khmer or Pre-Angkorean Period.*

6th and 7th centuries:

Sambor Prei Kuk (north of Kompong Thom)

Prasat Damrei Krap (near the Koulen range mountains).

### *2 Angkorean Period.*

9th century.

Prah Khan

The Royal City of Angkor Thom with its wall and moat, its five monumental gateways and its four Prasat Chrung at each angle of the four corners of the city wall.

Ta Prohm

Banteay Keday

Neak Pean

Krol Ko

Ta Som

Banteay Prei

Ta Nei

End of 9th and beginning of 10th century.

Pre Rup

Lo Lei

Phnom Krom

Phnom Bakheng

Baksei Chakrang

Mebon (east)

Bat Chum

Prah Ko

Ba Kong

Prasat Kravan

Leak Neang

Thnal Barai

Tep Pranam

10th and 11th Centuries.

Bapuon

Pimeanakas (Royal Aerial Palace)

Khleang (north and south)

Ta Keo

Prah Pithu

Thommanon

Chau Say

Mebon (west)

Prah Palilay

12th and 13th Centuries.

Bayon

Angkor Wat

Banteay Samre

Beng Mealea

Athvea

### VISITING THE RUINS AT ANGKOR

The only three monuments that are within easy walking distance at Angkor are: Angkor Wat, Phnom Bakheng and Baksei Changkrang. The distance to the others being much greater, some of them being several miles away, it is advisable to drive round the Big and Small circuits in a motorcar, stopping at each monument in order. The ascent to the summit of Phnom Bakheng being very steep it is generally undertaken riding on an elephant.

The best time for visiting Angkor Wat is the morning, and Phnom-Bakheng towards evening just before sundown.

The marvellous view obtained from these two temples will amply justify the exertion they necessitate.

The most appropriate hour to start on a visit to the ruins is 7 a.m. before the tropical heat makes itself felt. This leaves ample time to investigate everything thoroly before returning to the hotel at 11 for lunch and rest.

The afternoon visit need not begin until 3:30 or 4 p.m., as the sun's rays are particularly harmful until that hour. From 3:30 p.m. to 5:30 or 6 p.m. is the best time for a ramble thru the various ruins. Just before sunset one can see from the hotel clouds of bats that leave the towers of Angkor Wat by millions in the cool of the evening, circling around them and finally dispersing in all directions in search of food and water.

In the grey of the dawn the colossal temple which lies almost right in front of the hotel at Angkor rises above the mists in all its majesty against the pale morning sky and is a picture of weird and mystic beauty which will long be remembered by those who have seen it. Under the noonday sun its huge proportions are clearly defined against the tropical sky. It is, however, on a moonlight night that one can appreciate the magic charm of the gigantic grey mass that lies before you in its ethereal beauty, bathed in the glorious moonlight and enshrouded in mystery. No more appropriate surroundings could inspire the indescribable feelings and thots that awaken at every step in the presence of this awe-inspiring relic of the past, and one is lost in conjectures and in dreams that stir the imagination and bewilder the soul.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH

Angkor is the old capital of the Khmer Dynasty. It was founded in the first century of the Christian era by the immigrants from northeast Burma, who conquered the whole region and became the ancestors of the present Cambodians. Their military influence dominated the surrounding countries for several centuries. While their native country, India, was suffering both from internal disruption and foreign attack, this new colony of theirs was enjoying a glorious peace of military achievement. Indian civilization transplanted into this new kingdom, flourished in all its luxurious splendor, and, after several centuries of nurture, developed the art of Khmer. The monuments of Khmer, now in a state of ruin, are the crystallization of this splendid art.

The building of these monuments seems to have been begun as far back as the 9th century. During that century, Jayavarman II built the temple of Prah-Khan, which became the source of inspiration of all his successors, who followed his worthy example and vied with one another in clearing forests and building in their stead palaces and temples and decorating them with the best religious art the genius of the time could execute. By the 14th century, when, driven out by their strong western neighbor, Siam, they were compelled to remove their capital to the south, the whole of the forests of Khmer had been converted into a vast area of temples, the grandeur of which, even now in their sad state of ruin, commands the admiration of visitors. Indeed, the art of Cambodia, embodied here in these monuments, deserves a unique place in the history of the art of the world. These monuments we will describe below in the order of the periods of their building.

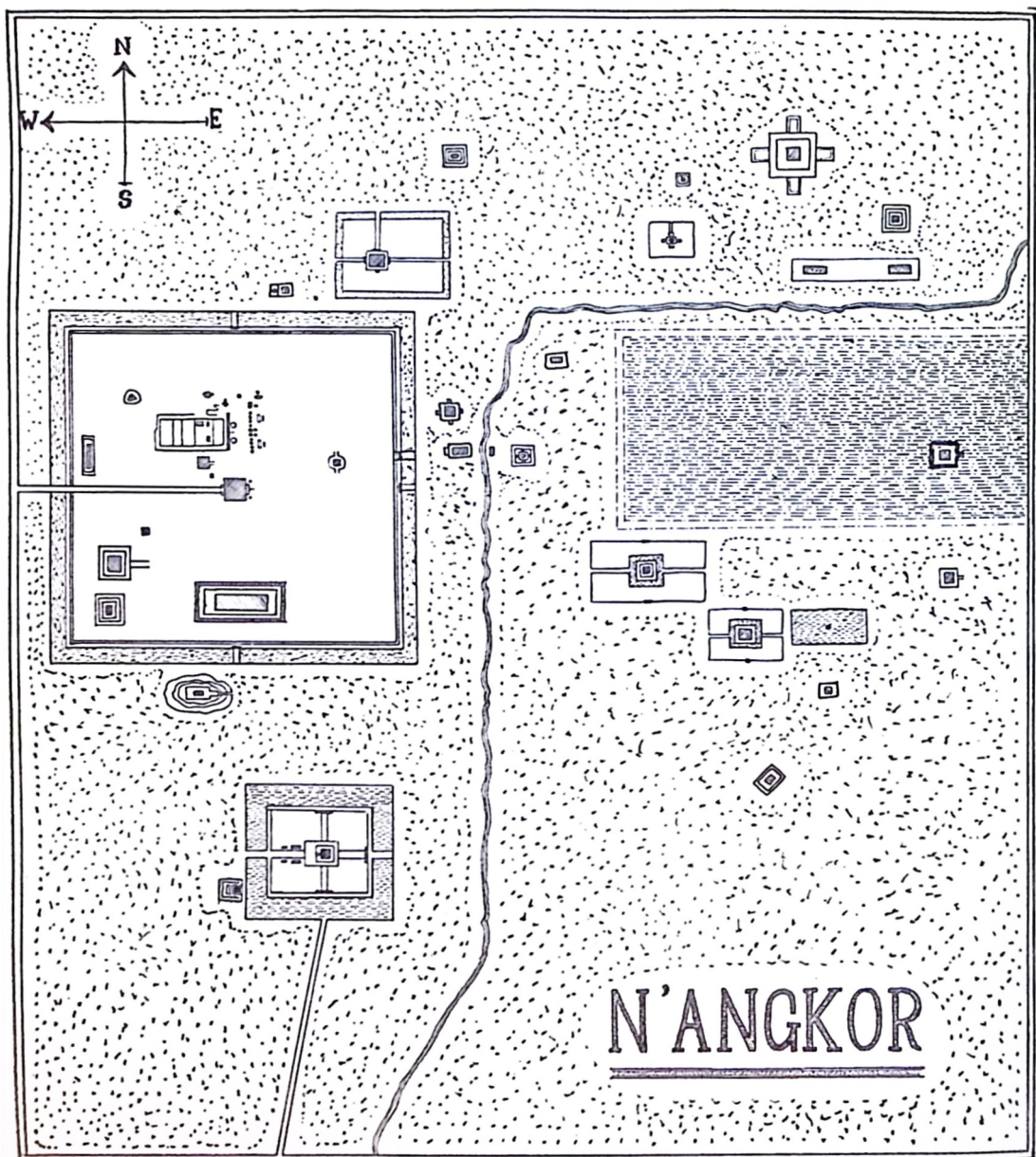
As stated above, the first building undertaken was that of Prah-Khan, built by Jayavarman II (802-869 A.D.) but the beginning of the building of the great capital on a grand scale was in the time of Cri Yacovarman (880-908 A.D.), who was called the King of Kings and who undertook the building of Angkor-Thom. Ten square miles of forests were cleared, and a plan of a great royal city capable of holding a million of his subjects was drawn out. It was surrounded by a moat designed to draw and hold river water, and again it was enclosed by a wall, which was pierced by five gates and four highways that led to the interior of the city. In the center of it rose the tower of Bayon high in the sky. Its walls and pillars were richly decorated with the best religious art of the time. The monument stood and still stands, tho in a state of half ruin, as the greatest symbol of the



art and the luxury of the Khmer Dynasty. The king called it Yacodharapura, or the town of Yacodhara, and boasted that it was impregnable and indestructible. His ambition was not satisfied with Bayon and he undertook many other constructions, the most notable of which was a great pond at the east of the city. This pond was filled with water drawn from the Siem-reap and beautifully planted with lotus. No doubt it was once a great sight, but now it is dried up and overgrown with weeds, presenting a sad scene of desolation. Even so, the road that ran along its bank still remains, marking the bounds of its ancient glory. By its side the king set up a monument, on which is inscribed in Sanskrit a long eulogy of his deeds. He also started the building of Phimeanakas; but his life was cut short, and his successors carried on his work, merely adding many edifices to beautify the city. The name of King Cri Yacovarman will remain in the history of ancient art as long as Angkor stands.

Jayavarman V, his brother, was obliged to abandon this magnificent city, and he established his capital at Chok Gargyar. In the time of Rajendravarman (944-968 A.D.), the city was restored and the king was able to return to Angkor, which he further beautified with houses and palaces decorated with gold and precious stones. In the time of Jayavarman V (968-1002), the son of Rajendravarman, Baphuon was built. The king also began the building of the temple of Takeo, which he left unfinished. His successor, Suryavarman, carried on the work and completed it. Of all the magnificent edifices that turned the forests of Angkor into a brilliant city, the greatest is the temple of Angkor-Vat. The honour of its construction is largely due to King Suryavarman II (1112-1152 A.D.), who designed its plan and most of its decorations. It was, however, too big an undertaking to be completed in the lifetime of one king. More detailed decorations of its various parts were left to his successor, Jayavarman VII. Even this king could not complete it all, and many bas-reliefs of its walls are left unfinished. Jayavarman VII, also undertook the building on the temple of Ta-Prom, which together with two small monuments of its triumphal gate, represents one of the latest buildings of Angkor. With him closed the brilliant age of the Khmer Dynasty. The later kings seem to have been satisfied with the mere repairing of these great monuments. They showed none of the creative energy of their predecessors, but that they were diligently engaged in the work of renovation is shown by the memorandum of a Chinese minister, who visited this place in 1283 and was pleasantly impressed by the clean and systematic upkeep of all these buildings.

With the closing of the age of the architectural glory of the Khmer Dynasty came also the beginning of the decline of its political power. The army of its western neighbor, Siam, was already pressing near the walls of Angkor. At last the Siamese succeeded in driving out its inhabitants and occupied the city, installing a king of their own race, and renaming it Nokor Luong. Later it was once more restored to the Khmers, only to be wrested from them permanently about the end of the 14th century. Since then all these magnificent monuments have been left to the mercy of the elements and trodden under the feet of wild beasts.



Angkor Thom is also frequently referred to as "N'Angkor." This drawing shows the layout of some of the other buildings in the city.



## CHAPTER 39

### N'ANGKOR

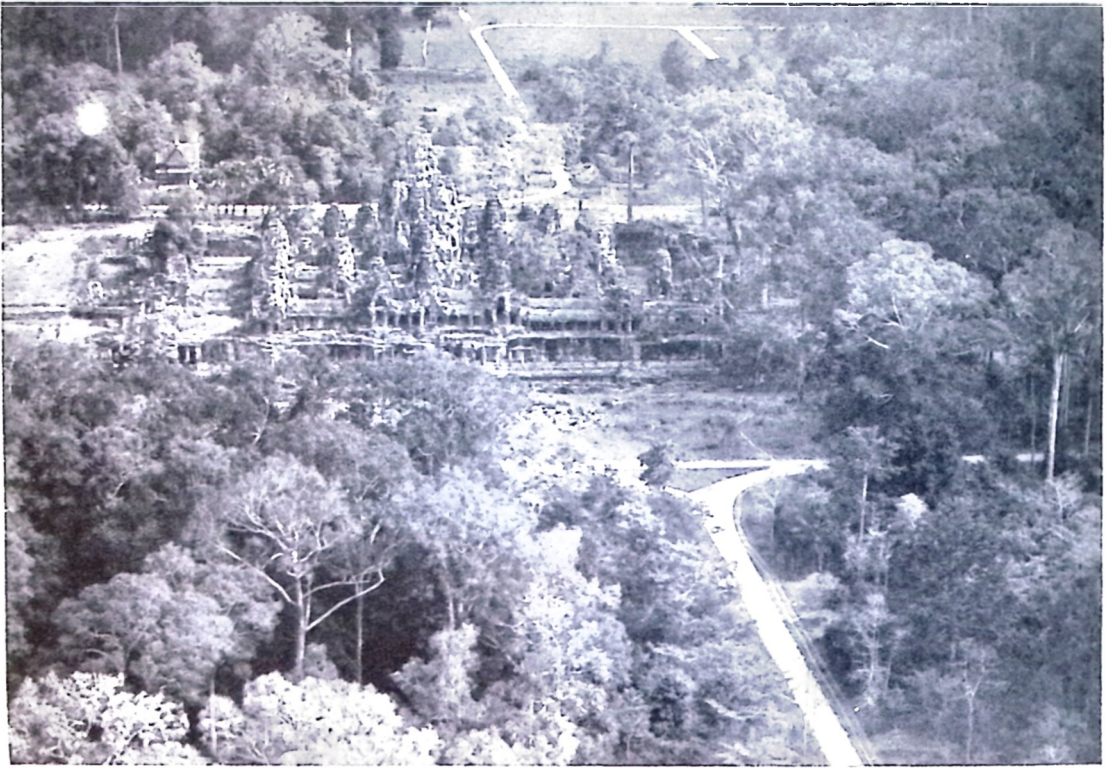
If we could go direct from Aranya, border town of Siam-Cambodia, to Angkor, it would be a matter of four hours' motor-ing, but there is no such road. As is, we motor down to Pnom-Penh, about 250 miles, stay here over night, then go back by another road, across the Mekong river and go right back up to and almost across from same place we left (Aranya) except it is on opposite side of lake and river and we couldn't get around any other way. Then we have to come back almost to Pnom-Penh to get out of these jungles to get down to Saigon where we again touch French civilization.

This country of Cambodia is a big desolate waste of impenetrable wild animal jungle land. Regardless of tastes or feelings,



AERIAL view, looking down on Angkor-Wat nestled in the midst of an impenetrable jungle.





There lies Angkor-Wat, this gigantic building beneath us.

we came here to see Angkor and see it we will, even tho we have to go thru all this.

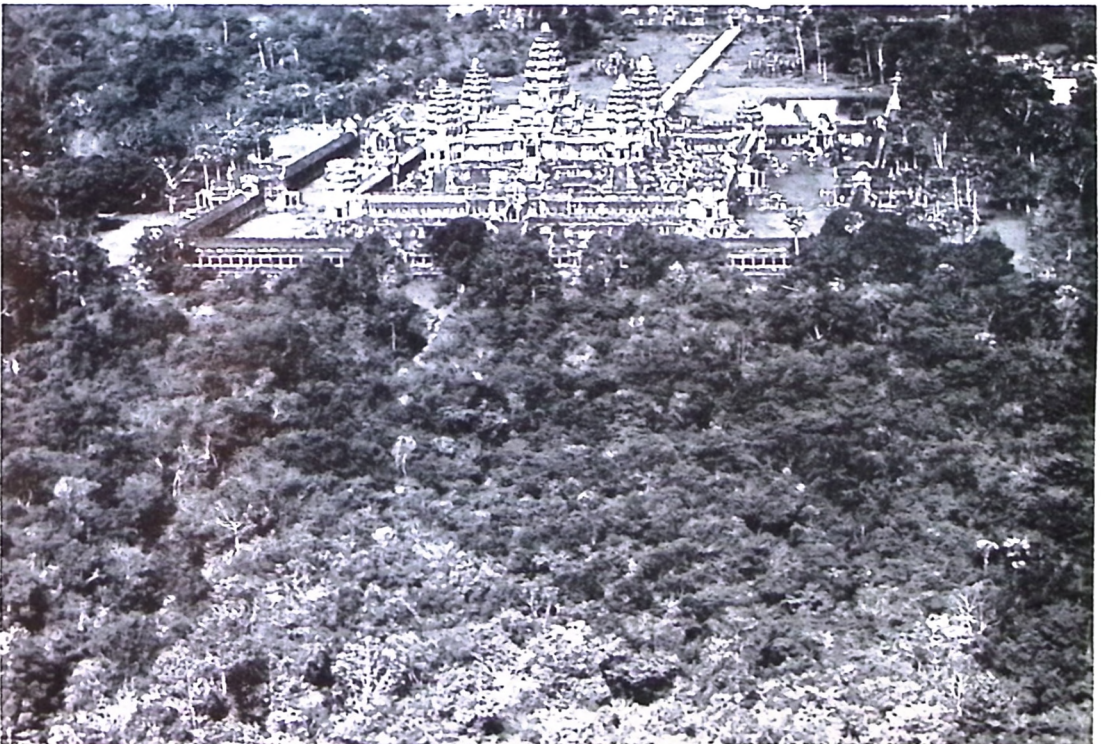
### The Dead Lost City of Mystery in History

Seek and ye shall find! There has run thru our make-up, ever since we were a boy, a delight in the odd, peculiar, different and unique things of life. We are in our seventh heaven when we are in a cave, down in crater of a volcano, lost in jungle, or studying some old hidden ruins in some distant country. We think that from some former incarnations there is a combination of various travellers, hunters, and students of the odd and occult. So, it is not unusual that we should learn about and desire to see and study N'ANGKOR.

Six years ago we were down in this country of Malaya Peninsula. We then heard for first time about these ruins up in the almost impossible jungle. Ever since, we have read every bit of literature recommended, told about, or that could be secured.

We have had Brentano's (Chicago's best book store) constantly on lookout for anything and everything, be it book or magazine, that might describe this place. We have pictures, fotografs, circulars, leaflets, books, and magazines. You would think we were seeking thru the printed page for the key to the location of the burial of Captain Kidd's Treasure; seeking the island where the gold was hidden. There has been a certain something that has been intriguing that focalized our attention to these ruins. Till we came and saw, we were not certain that we could point out just what it was. Now that we have come and seen, we are not just certain that we can point out just what it is.

Six years ago we came down eastern coast of Malaya Peninsula. On the boat between Hong Kong and Saigon we met folks who were coming in here to see N'Angkor. They had pictures that stirred our enthusiasm and made us want to start on an immediate pilgrimage. But we knew enuf about this place to know this one spot demanded study and needed work to grasp, and



One will wonder why we show so many fotos of Angkor-Thom. It is because in our humble opinion, as a globe-trotter, it is THE one most outstanding sight in the world to see.



then we wanted to bring it home with us in motion pictures for which we were not then prepared.

When discovered, this country of old Cambodia was Siamese territory until 1907, when French Government took it over. In 1884, French Government secured a protectorate over the territory. It was in 1908 the French Government began to clear out the jungle. They have done considerable work; there is much yet to be done; there are other cities yet to be reached. Because of being impoverished as a result of the late war, little is being done except to keep down some weeds in some parts. It can be rightly said it was the French Government which cut out jungles and restored some ruins and lost beauties of what are perhaps the most imposing, largest, and greatest ruins now known.

In spite of all we had read, now that we are here, we find we had a very inadequate understanding of it all. We expected to see and study "ruins," which term had a limited meaning to us before coming here. We think we expected to see one tumbled down old building, a "wat," which we knew meant some sort of a temple, but we certainly had no conception whatever of the extent of these "ruins." We came expecting to see old fallen ruins of a temple. We come away with a complete understanding of a city of 1,000,000 population, knowing how that city was builded; how it was laid out; how it was made into a "city beautiful"; its life and customs of people; its municipal water supply, etc.

Backing up into period of about first to sixth century A.D. (as we reckon time), over here south of China, east of what is now Siam, north of what is now Indo-China, and west of what is now Laos, all this territory was one tremendously big country, governed by a monarch as kingdoms are now, except he was absolute in government and was the head of the religion of his people. He was feared as the monarch; he was revered as the head of the church of state. His territory was almost unlimited; his people were reckoned in millions; his slaves countless; the wealth his to control. His accomplishments were such that they were limited to his ambitions, whatever those were, or to what he could be influenced to try.

People then, like now, centered every activity, movement and thot around their religion. That was their alpha and omega; the central idea, and the central figure was their king. Their fears and attainments; pasts, presents and futures; superstitions and home life; plantings and reapings were timed and executed according to religious ritual. As the king was the central figure of their religion, so did he centralize everything around and in his temples for the glorification of himself and his people.

Out of this vast territory, he focalized thot, labor, and money in N'Angkor, as the Roman Catholics do today in Rome, Moham-medans in Mecca, and Mormons in Salt Lake City. Essence of their existences, generation after generation, was personified in that which they constructed which idealized that which they hoped would be the means of giving them blessings while alive and saving them from hell when they died and putting them in heaven forever more.

These people, by million, with their millions, sacrificed penny by penny, hour by hour, struggled, life after life, family after family, and generation after generation, century after century, to produce something that would last eternally and to exalt themselves and their race in the eyes of that Great Supreme Being they believed in.

If possible to draw a picture in words, we would like to re-construct the picture from today, looking forward about 13 centuries, and then look backward from 13 centuries hence and see if we can make a modern comparison.

Roman Catholics believe in the religion of Christ and base their faith upon the Divinity of Christ; therefore, they constructed a Christian religion wrapped around what occurred 2,000 years ago. For 2,000 years millions of followers of this faith have poured millions of dollars into chapels and churches scattered here and there over the world; but, all this is little as compared to the almost fabulous sums they poured into the lap of Rome and into its St. Peter's where sits the Pope to whom they do reverence as the physical representative of Christ on earth.

Suppose, to present the picture, that without rhyme or reason or knowledge of how or why, everybody in Rome were to be suddenly, **WITHIN A FEW DAYS**, completely passed out of the picture. Where they went, how they went, or why, will be unknown in centuries to come. Suppose further, that Rome was originally set down into a country that is jungle land. Nobody being present, now, to keep and preserve the Rome that was, the jungle begins to grow in, its roots crowd into every crack and cranny of the glories that once were Rome's.

Let the picture pass on for 13 centuries. Let the jungle keep on doing its natural duty; trees coming, trees going; roots eternally permeating and splitting walls.

Thirteen centuries have gone by. We come upon the scene. Where is the Rome of then, now? Buried in the jungle. The monster roots have split temples asunder; torn down columns; overthrown entire structures; forced roofs to cave in; destroyed beautiful mosaics made by loving hands 13 centuries before. Built



by man to last forever, Mother Nature has destroyed to again prove that nothing man can do can stand everlastingly against her.

One day, 13 centuries hence, a curious traveller from some foreign land, running wild, hunting for what he may find, possibly big game, will suddenly come across these ruins of a city that once was Rome. Imagine his astonishment, surprise and interest, and his desire to try and figure out what it was all about.

Later, a large government will come in and begin digging out the city, restoring it, only to find that smaller and less significant buildings have rotted away. Things that were a part of the city, 13 centuries ago, that could not stand ravages of time, no longer exist. Only that remains which Nature herself built to stand time—rock and stone.

Homes are gone. Streets no longer exist. Only big temples, large buildings, constructed of stone, remain, and even these are in a tumbled down condition. As large as was the city of Rome, the temples are now found scattered over territory that seemingly is disconnected. On one hill, one building; in a valley, miles away, another, seemingly having no direct connection. Imagine Rome with great gaps of jungle forests interspersed between one building and another. Then reconstruct the picture once more. The people who once lived in that city, left no records. Who they were, whence they came, how, or why, or where they went, is the great problem now in darkness. They just went suddenly.

But then, is it necessary to imagine such a picture? Must we take modern Rome and destroy it 13 centuries hence to get this picture? Is there not now existing a Rome of that very kind? Was not the Rome of pagan days, 2,000 years ago, in like condition? Did it not fall? Was it not buried? Is not Italy today uncovering, restoring, and reconstructing it as they believe it once was? Are we not today studying the people of Rome of 2,000 years ago, via its ruins, pictures on the walls, its architecture, etc.?

This, then, perhaps gives you some fair conception of N'Angkor. We came, expecting to see an "Angkor Wat," a single temple in ruins, which might give us some conception of what they builded in former days. We have seen the temple of Angkor Wat but we have found more than that—a city that contained over 1,000,000 souls within its walls; which contained over 30,000,000 within its suburbs; a city that was the religious center of a kingdom so huge that it could raise a fighting army of 1,500,000 men if necessary.

How feeble are words when you stand in the presence of this intriguing country. You think of words that attempt to describe. You use all superlatives, and then somehow there is a some-

thing you still cannot convey. As well try to put into crude, feeble words the majesty and beauty of Taj Mahal, as to try to tell of the impressive, gigantic features of these ruins. Temple after temple; shrine after shrine; sanctuary after sanctuary—in the city of Angkor Thom, outside of the city of Angkor Thom—and still you keep on discovering them—848 of them are at present known and numbered. You wander miles away and run into lakes and more lakes, more temples and jungle everywhere.

And then comes evening, and you sit on the front porch of the dak-bungalow of the government rest house as sun begins to set, and you find yourself unable to speak. Others sit close by and gradually conversation of outside world eases off, and silence creeps into your very soul, for your mind gazes, as splendour of Angkor Wat ahead of you blazes forth with that beautiful coral pink of setting sun, casting reflections upon buildings over the moat. The mystery of it all overpowers one.

This religious city—N'Angkor—that Rome of its day, went thru at least three great religious upheavals. Just as Rome was once the world's seat of its pagan faith in the occidental world, went through a conflict and became the seat of the Christian faith, so did N'Angkor go thru three such conflicts in the oriental world. First, Brahmans held sway. A great battle ensued and it changed hands and passed into control of Hindus; only to have another great religious war, and pass into hands of Buddhists. Records carved in stone on these temples, builded at different periods of conflicts; destructions on older temples by later people, all tell this story.

As Karnak records faiths of its differing ownerships, so does N'Angkor. For, remember, N'Angkor was not all builded in one century. Each people, as they came, builded their own, and destroyed that which was the loot of war. They glorified their deeds in bas-relief carvings for us to study.

In the days of the Kmer people, elephants were the means of transportation of kings as well as hauling freight. Buildings had high side walls so people could dismount from high backs of elephants. Even in modern days, elephants are still the means of travel from Pnom-Penh to Angkor-Thom. When the French took over Cambodia as a protectorate state, rough road ways were cut thru jungle and now one can take auto from Bangkok east to the border, then south along western bank of Mekong river, cross the river, and then go north on eastern bank of the Mekong river, to Angkor-Thom passing thru Pnom-Penh enroute. Modern travel is comparatively easy.

Out here in the jungle, driving in the first day, you get a

glimpse of N'Angkor Wat which sets immediately in front of dak bungalow which French Government has erected for travellers who brave distance, dirt, jungle, and time to come and see. Look at the cause-way with its first oriental entrance and facade, you think that is what you came all this distance to see. Time, however, will take you over many miles of territory, only to find, here and there, scattered about, seemingly without order, in these jungles—some close in, some miles away—buildings of diverse characters by the hundreds, 848 of which have been definitely cited, listed, and numbered. These are only those that still exist in some definite form and which have stood ravages of this Shiva-like jungle that so positively destroys everything that cannot withstand its squeezing pressures. If you have months to spend, you can see them all. If you have weeks, you can see most important ones. If you have a day or two, you can get a glimpse of one or two. Any one would require a week of study to even begin to grasp. Thirteen centuries back, hundreds of more or less important buildings also stood here; thousands of minor consequence also existed; and undoubtedly millions of native homes of wicker work existed, but today have disintegrated back to mother earth from which they came, and now stand buried. No vestige of their existence is to be found in this buried dead city of mystery now.

We doubt if there is in the world any other structure that man so marvels at as Angkor Wat, yet it is but one of 848 buildings, temples, and palaces that lie sprawled over an area of many miles, away up in this jungle land. Tremendous in size, of superb dignity, silent as the sphinx, its conception and execution is superb in detail and decoration. Surrounded by its immense moat, the sun shining down thru its courts, its dark and dingy galleries smelling of myriads of bats, great open spaces between various buildings, rising terrace after terrace, and all surmounted with five towering towers, capped with the central tower, all of which, we are told, once glittered with beaten gold—each speaks of vast and immeasurable thousands who dragged and hauled rocks into place, hundreds of years in the making. Somewhere in and behind was a genius of inspiration and imagination of architects and designers.

Given a religious enthusiast and fervor, with fanatic of his gods, and you create the greatest works of our world. Angkor Wat was no exception. The creation was conceived in perfect order, executed with marvellous spendor. 1100 years ago these Khmer people executed their faiths and religious glories to Vishnu and Siva in stone, all existing even today in a wonderful state of preservation.

One can only grasp the immensity of this one created stone temple by comparative figures. The moat is 700 feet in width, surrounding the temple itself. Terrace at base of central pile of temple proper covers ten acres of land and many of its galleries are over 200 yards in length, and this is but a part of a side. All this stone was dragged from a distance of between 20 and 35 miles for the construction of this one temple alone. It is estimated there are over 660,000 cubic feet of stone in its construction.

So, what we have before us, that we have come to see, is a vast torrid, tropical jungle, covering hundreds of miles in every direction; up here in a country that is as wild as imagination could desire; filled with jungle animal life, including rhinoceros, tiger, elephant, etc., and which is now one of the two remaining last strongholds for big game hunters. Monkeys in endless number surround us. Snakes of huge sizes abound. In the center of all this, buried and unknown for 13 centuries, scattered here and there, are buildings of rock that have more or less withstood time and the jungle. Some have been cleared of the jungle by the French Government. Some have been restored to their former glory, such as Angkor Wat. Others have been cleared out, but not restored. Many others are as they were, except for paths cut through the jungle to permit visitors to get in. Others, by hundreds, are still buried, surrounded by relentless jungle. Paths between trees let us in and out, and that's about all.

That jungle, that all-enveloping jungle that struggles to maintain its supremacy; that eternal fight of man to keep that jungle cut down and burned out; that jungle that keeps coming back fighting man, to back man off the map; the struggle between overwhelming nature and encroaching man, is not yet ended. If man were to desert, the jungle would win. The ruins, today, are accessible; some lying out in the open, some semi-open, others accessible thru jungle, some still beyond reach of man's eye.

The oppressive jungle. Still as death, except for a breeze which might rustle the leaves. Still as death, except for twitter of birds that refuse to let heat quiet them. Still as death, except for monkeys which continue their chatter when disturbed by the presence of visitors in human form. Still as death, except now and then for a guide who quietly slips up on you, watching to see that you do not deface any of the gorgeous carved bas-relief work. Mile after mile this oppressive jungle crowds in on you until you feel that you are caught in a gigantic jungle vise that is ready to close down on you. And here you are, feeble man, wandering thru miles of it, running into hidden edifices, castles, temples, here and there, now and then, back there in those woods. Massive piles of ma-



sonry suddenly loom right ahead, unexpectedly. Everything is still, buildings are abandoned, trees growing in them, into them, thru them.

Even in our day, buildings in our modern American cities were limited as to height because of our inability to carry tremendous weights beyond certain heights. Aside, then, from our modern steel reinforced concrete skyscrapers, these buildings represent as great a height, larger in size, heavier in weight construction, as fine an architecture and personify greater mechanical engineering skill as anything we know of in America. These buildings rise to heights equal to a nine and ten story building. They cover areas equal to square miles. All this called for all the skill of moving great rocks, great lengths, great heights. They represent construction demanding sustaining of great weights. They rise tier after tier, story after story. They spread out over acres. Some contain great bathing pools, several floors high. Thousands of single rocks, weighing many tons, are to be found at great heights.

No one engineer constructed this city. Various buildings were constructed in various centuries, yet there is a harmoniousness about them all, as a group, that makes us wonder. Would that our modern city builders could build our modern cities to an ideal. Whoever these city engineers were, there was an underlying fundamental concept of the necessity of a sufficient water supply to take care of the entire city. Outside of the original city was dug a great artificial city reservoir, miles in length and breadth and quite deep. This caught river streams and gathered torrential rains of rainy season and stored them for yearly consumption during dry season. From the lake, in underground tunnels, ran canals to various intra-city reservoirs, all of which were so laid out they performed a city-beautiful effect as well as a tri-economic usefulness: swimming tanks were supplied from them; healing pools, guarded by various gods, were supplied from them; and huge moats surrounding many buildings were filled in same way; in this way they not only served as an inside city reservoir but beautified landscape and served as a means of protecting those who lived within the walls from attack of enemies who might wish to sack the city.

Regardless of the period of construction, the rock content of buildings clearly consists of two kinds. The filler was a volcanic rock, porous as such rock always is. Somewhere away back is a background of volcanic activity close by. For remember, in construction of these huge monolithic buildings, they had no methods of reinforcing or bridging except for arches which would be comparatively limited in size. Therefore, there are very few, if

any basements to be found in any building yet unearthed, altho in fairness we must say that so far uncovering has only been done to earth's level and few if any diggings have been made underneath. If they wished to raise a building, story after story, they undoubtedly began working from the center out, filling every height with softer and lighter in weight volcanic rock. Facing rock was always a gray sandstone which lent itself, as soft as it was, to excellent carving purposes by which means they have recorded their life's comings, goings and doings. As near as is now known, filling volcanic rock came from the bed of a river approximately 20 miles from N'Angkor. Facing sandstone came from quarries in same direction, about same distance. We have a theory that away back in history lava poured forth from some mountain—and there are many within a distance of 40 or 50 miles—and ran down what was then deep bed of the river. It was there they found rock they needed for filler. Sandstone surrounded river bed, for undoubtedly this entire territory was once the bed of either a great lake or the ocean itself.

Angkor Thom at time Khmer people went out of it into the blue, or wherever they went, was the biggest city in the world. Angkor Wat today is probably the finest monument that remains extant to mark the handiwork of man. But that is not the principal attraction of the ruins. We have always looked beyond buildings and have seen people who erected them—a people who founded the finest civilization of their time and then disappeared because they went far afield and meddled with Thais; in other words, because they stuck their noses into things that did not concern them.

We wish we could stand by when the visitor looks upon Angkor Wat for the first time. It is an experience which this world does not offer twice. We had seen pictures of it, of course. That is why we are here. We are sure there are no such monuments anywhere else on the face of the earth, at least we have not seen such. No pictures can tell the story of Angkor—not even moving pictures show the plodding water-buffalo, romping monkeys and clouds of white herons.

People are lured to Angkor by pictures of buildings. Afterward, when they are away, they remember buildings as incidental parts of a great, incomprehensible picture. Angkor has always seemed to us—from the very first—the setting of a tremendous detective story. People built it—a temple which man has never surpassed, and a town that contained a million inhabitants—largest city on the face of the earth at time of its collapse. And then at the moment of their glory, these great builders dis-

appeared. Who were they? Where did they go? Nobody has ever given a satisfactory explanation.

Huge step pyramids of rock covered from bottom to top with a lacy needle-work of sculpturing—walls in which stone elephants, natural size, guarded by squatting giants in endless parade—causeways guarded by seven-headed cobras—tall gates from which four faces of Siva, god of destruction, grinned in satisfaction at a tribute of ruin—broad stone avenues over which glittering hosts of Khmers had marched out to conquer and had slunk away to die—terraces where on a moonlight night ghosts of a lost civilization were said to congregate—the warriors and kings and the little weeping queens. Those are things that lure one to Angkor.

Thru one's eyes one sees hoary cities stirring gaunt shoulders above greenery of jungles. You see elephant cavalry ride out thru vaulted gates from whose summits leered the god of destruction. You see kings of Angkor and their silken concubines spreading crimson parasols over a splendid pageant, as they moved in slow pomp to the steps of vast temples. And you see torrents of people flowing into white roads thru paddy fields, no longer lords of Asia, but weeping children and panic-stricken mothers, and fighting men who would presently be dead and disappear, never to be heard from again.

This Malaya Peninsula can be likened very much to Florida. None of it is even now high above ocean level, except for mountain peaks—none of which are very high.

When one conceived of these Khmer people (and this is a generic title to differentiate them from all others) bringing all these two kinds of rock, a distance of approximately 20 miles, with feeble methods at their command in those days, working with slaves much like concepts we have of how Pyramid of Gezeh was builded, it takes upon itself a job of herculean proportions. It is safe to say there is more rock to be found in buildings of N'Angkor today that would be contained in all pyramids of Egypt, including Great Pyramid Gezeh.

Bas-reliefs again tell us the story of how it was done. Slaves were used in countless thousands. Bullock carts dragged rock mile after mile. Elephants struggled to get them up high. King after king, century after century, building after building. It must have been an eternal struggle with no let-up. There must have existed several countless streams—human, pony, bullock, elephant; one going from quarries and river beds; another coming back to get more; and this went on for centuries to build this one city of N'Angkor, that these people might personify the

last word in their religious concepts and duties to glorify themselves in Nirvana.

The scenes which the bas-reliefs on Bayon describe are of extraordinary interest and cover a multitude of the then-present conditions and subjects of people of that day. War methods and implements travel in many forms over both land and sea; royalty as they conducted their hunts; royal life is depicted and even to most minute domestic situations are carved. Now comes an entire procession of elephants, king and soldiers; an army moving forward and meeting the common enemy; two wheeled gigs, buggies, elephants, boats, and other means of conveyance are carved, clearly depicting methods of transportation of then. Gods and goddesses of various characters and attributes; prisoners with chains; Cambodian dancers. Walk as you will, thousands of feet, a constant running panorama of men, beasts, processions, gods, dancers—a veritable moving picture—with you moving rather than the picture—of everything that constituted the then East.

Miles and miles of square miles of the jungle have yet refused to give up what it contains. We speak here only of the known. How much is still hidden in the fastnesses? No man knows yet. Would that we could return 50 years from now to see how much more of this city beautiful has been unearthed and restored. We say "unearthed" because this territory clearly proves that earth has accumulated upon itself, inch by inch, year after year, century after century, until it has buried lower levels of the former city. Suppose it were possible to take a piece of land of an exactly known surveyed height. Place this land over here in this torrid zone where winter heat is about 120 F. in the day, and exceeding this in summer. Plant on this all that grows in needless profusion in the jungle. Let all this keep on keeping on for 13 centuries unmolested, and you will actually bury under earth any formerly known level to extent of many feet higher. Where does it all come from? That is what happened here.

A good example of this exists on the Elephant or Royal Terrace. Surface rock that has been exposed has deteriorated on its surface. Carvings have somewhat lost their sharpness of detail, either from effect of weather or by destruction at hands of the swaying mobs as they fanatically changed from one god to another in centuries past. But right back of this terrace was a depressed holeway about 8' x 20' and about 10' deep, inside of which and on walls of which were garuda carvings. Time, however, filled this hole with dirt. Only recently was it even known a hole existed there at all. This dust-dirt of centuries has now



been removed. As that hole filled, so has this entire city been filled, rising earth level until city was buried. Much still remains buried in places in the jungle in the same way.

(If, as we write this, now, on the ground, you find our mind seemingly wandering, in our descriptions, it is because the job we set for ourself is so huge and presents so many angles we find ourself bewildered to know where and what to record first or last.)

We referred to this place in comparison with Rome, suggesting that these people disappeared in ONE DAY. It may not be safe to suggest by "one day," meaning thereby twenty-four hours, any more than it is safe to suggest that the world was created in "six days," but it is nevertheless true that thirteen centuries ago N'Angkor was one hustling, bustling metropolis, both as a city and as a country. What is it now? All this territory of the Malaya Peninsula, including what is now Siam, Malaya, Taos, Tonkin, Cambodia, and Indo-China amounts to nothing in population as



Southern end of Royal Terrace which we named The Terrace of Elephants, of the Palace of The Leper King. Elephants' heads and trunks are recognizable.



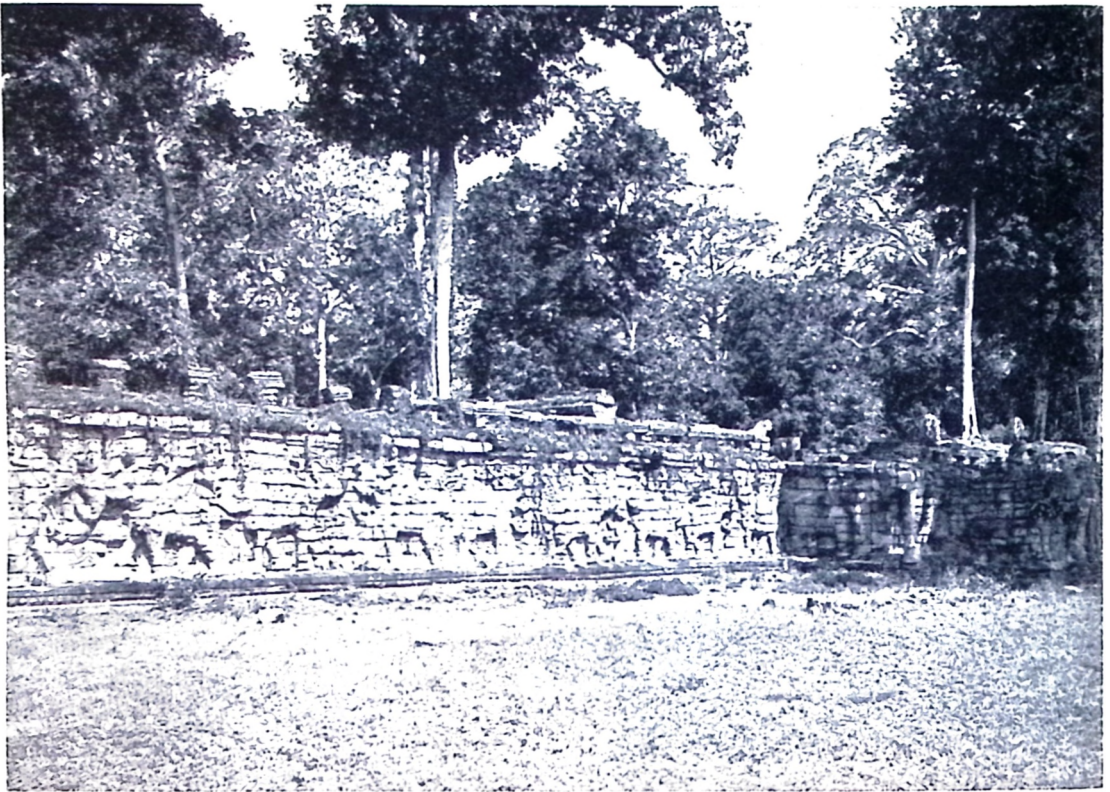
A close-up of three elephants with what appears to be some sort of head-dress on top of each.

compared to those days. Its largest cities today, including Singapore, Bangkok, Phnom Penh and Saigon, are mere villages compared to what N'Angkor was in its glory. Then, where are all these people? Where have they gone? Why did they so suddenly disappear? When the end came, why did they leave so suddenly as in one day? Did they migrate? If so, where? What became of them? A city of 1,000,000 people, with a suburban population of 30,000,000, doesn't pass out without a reason. Certainly they left progeny. The unknown answer to THAT question is what makes this the greatest dead city of mystery the world now knows. We offer the following theories all of which end in a blind alley.

In all our reading we have yet to find a writer who dares to suggest an answer. Have they given it up as a hopeless and helpless task? Is the enigma so deep that its solution still lies buried? Is its fathoming beyond mental conjecture?

Perhaps a FLOOD or tidal wave took them off. Even today





Southern wing of Terrace of Elephants. Instead of facing front, you get side view of many, heads to left, as tho walking forward.

this entire territory is almost impossible to reach in rainy season. Territory that begins at Cambodian border near Poipet, thru to Saigon, and spreading hundreds of miles either way, is completely inundated. Even present two roads over which cars drive are washed away and need rebuilding in places year after year. What is now dry land, over millions of square miles, then becomes a tremendous lake. Every little deep pool, still containing water from last rainy season a month or two ago, altho many miles now from lake or river, still contains fish, proving overflow from lakes and rivers that eventually carry surplus water down to ocean about 250 miles away. Did a great flood come that buried everything for period of several years? Did that drive them away?

Assume there was a flood. The buildings even tho built of stone, show no evidence of water damage as a gigantic flood would have caused. Assume there was a tidal wave, it would unquestionably have damaged even stone buildings, and there is no



such evidence. We must remember, the Malaya peninsula, of which Cambodia is a part, is much like our Florida peninsula, all low country.

Even yet you hear the legend that the great Mekong river once flowed into Grand Lake and thence down to Pnom Penh and to ocean, even tho now it is many miles away. Can it be that some volcanic disturbance diverted this great source of water supply to this city and thus caused them to move? If so, to where did they move?

Or did there come a period of its opposite, DROUGHT, which took away all water supply, which made it impossible to grow food and thus they were starved out of the country? Even today crops are raised only during that period of year that immediately follows rainy season when there is ENOUGH water on their soil to produce rice and yet not too much to drown it out and before terrific heat has baked and caked soil to where



Central stairs of Royal Terrace leading to the principal entrance to the Royal Palace of The Leper King. Seven-headed naga cobra on each pier.





Royal Terrace of Elephants. Detail of bas-relief which ornaments this terrace and represents a chase with elephants.

it is hard enuf to be broken in rock-like formation and used to surface hard roads. Did such a period exist for several years and thus force them away from here? Did famine stare them in the face? This also could have happened then even as it could happen now. If so, then where did they go?

Assume there was a drought. 30,000,000 million people had to die. Their remains, or evidence of such, would be indicated some place in some way. There is no such evidence anywhere.

According to this Chinese Ambassador's report, it was told that the towers of Angkor-Wat, five of them—center one 150 feet high, four corner ones 100 feet high, each of huge size—were covered with beaten gold. It also said the many towers of Le Bayon were covered with beaten gold. It is also told that the eyes of multitudinous idols found in temples were diamonds, noses were pierced with diamonds, and tremendous quantities of rubies, pearls and other precious and semi-precious stone covered bodies

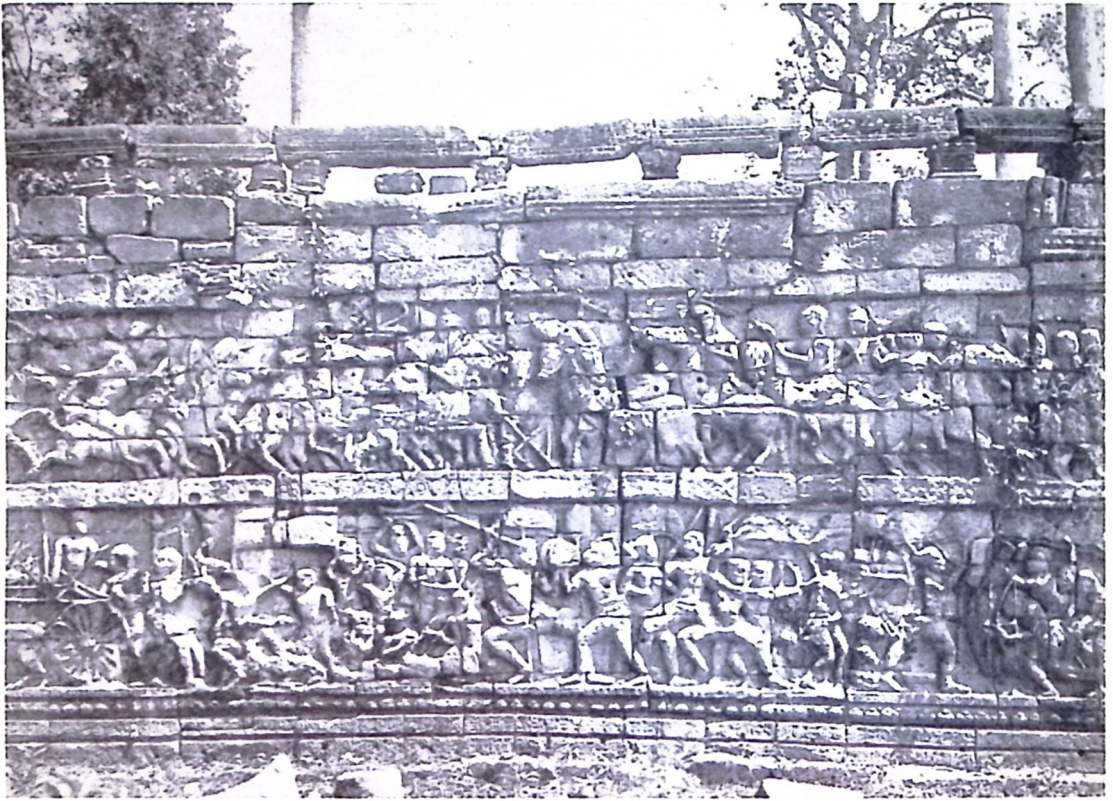




Another view of section of Royal Terrace of elephants.

of their gods, both Buddhist and Hindu. The report also said, when he returned to the Court of Cambodia, from the Court of China, after an absence of "six weeks of time" all this tremendous wealth was gone. Where to? Who knows? Is it buried, locally, somewhere? Was it removed to some other country? If so, by whom? These and many more questions could be asked. Your guess is as good as ours. We conjectured there was one beautiful temple on top of one hill which was hollow. As elephants carried us up its steep hill, it sounded hollow and was reputed to be hollow. For two days we sought an entrance into that hollow hill. We searched amongst pillars, solid rocks, sealed doorways, for a hidden spring that would open leading to a stairway leading downward inside. We found nothing. The nearest we came to solving this one angle of this mystery was, under the main floor of the ruins of "The Leper King's Palace," was a tunnel that angled off to the direction of this hill. We penetrated about 200





Bas-relief decorating Terrace of elephants. Horses in upper panel. Chariot in left panel. Hundreds of figures on this wall, this being but a small section.

feet where it grew dark beyond which we could not see. Not knowing what to expect, or anticipate, we did not come to Angkor-Thom prepared with lanterns, etc., to go further. And anyhow, we ran into hundreds of white cobra, coiling, hissing, where the stench was impossible. We did not pursue in further.

If this immense wealth is not in this hollow hill, it might possibly be sealed in the top last room of the central tower of LeBayon, which was sealed and so far as we know today, is still sealed with monolithic rocks. To the best of our research, we don't believe it has ever been opened. Is that where this great wealth is buried? Your guess is as good as ours! At any rate, to this date, this **GREATEST MYSTERY OF HISTORY** of where this gigantic fortune is, is still a mystery.

The complete disappearance of three million people in these three cities, and the further absence of twenty-seven more millions in the surrounding country, is reliably reported to have occurred

"within six weeks of time." Whether "six weeks" meant "six weeks" of seven lunar days each, twenty-four hours a day, as we reckon time today, is not actually known. How time was reckoned at the end of the eighth century A.D. might have been and could have been different.

"Six weeks of time" might actually have been six months, or perhaps six years. It is a realistic conjecture that, in those days and those modes of transportation travel, no Chinese Ambassador who travelled with great pomp and ceremony befitting his high rank, with his retinue, could have made such a long distance trip, one way, much less round trip, in that time. Regardless, even tho it be six months or six years, as we reckon time today, it still leaves this as THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF HISTORY—where, how, why, when did 30,000,000 people go?

That "six weeks of time" could hardly be computed as "six weeks of time" as we know it today, is consistent. In those days, travel in Siam, Burmah and Cambodia was by elephant. In China it was by Peking pony or bullock-cart. Distance from Peking to Pnom-Penh, then the Capital of Cambodia, is not less than 1500 to 2000 miles. Imagine, if you can, a distinguished Ambassador of China, travelling with his entourage of hundreds of servants, equipment galore, with bullock-carts, ponies, but a few miles a day at best. It would be difficult to imagine "six weeks of time" meant forty-two days to go this distance in his style and manner.

The nearest reliable source of accuracy to this statement of time, is a Chinese written report made by the Ambassador of the Court of China to the Court of Cambodia, who left the Court of Cambodia with these three cities and surrounding country, as living, thriving, prosperous, going and growing populations then returning to the Court of China; was gone "six weeks of time," returned to the Court of Cambodia, only to find all peoples, three millions in the three cities and 27,000,000 in the surrounding territory, completely disappeared. Finding this, the Ambassador returned to the Court of China and made a report which we saw on our last trip to China, in the Imperial Museum, in the Forbidden City, in what was then Peking, which is now Peiping. We also saw an English translation of the Chinese report.

Whether or not, this English and Chinese report are still in the Imperial Museum, is problematical. Since the Communist invasion and the formation of the Chinese Nationalist Government, much could have been destroyed or stolen. So, the accuracy and authentication of much that history would like to know and verify has suffered at the hands of its ravages. It



may never be known and thus THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF HISTORY may continue to be shrouded in mystery for all time.

If these be not the explanations, was there a war, such as the miles of bas-reliefs clearly portray did take place in heydays of this city? That wars were a reality is evidenced now by seemingly endless miles of perfect warfare pictorially illustrated on walls of these various buildings built during various reigns in various centuries. Did hordes make a drive from China on north? Was there an army that swooped down upon this city and in spite of their defense, their huge walls surrounding city and buildings, get in and kill them off? There is a legend still being told that when the city fell, the King sealed up an underground dungeon of Le Bayon containing gold, silver, and precious jewels and that they are there yet but exact whereabouts remain a secret. This much can be said here, if such a sealed-up dungeon is ever found, it will contain tremendous wealth, for even the towers of Angkor Wat, as large as they still are, were said to have been covered with gold; many Buddhas were solid gold, etc. That such warfare did take place is evidenced by destruction that stands as mute evidence in figures where faces of one kind of god have been chiselled off and another replaced in its stead. War could have cleaned them off quickly. Conquerors could have stripped these temples and left the dead behind to bury the dead and left the deserted city to become the possession of this relentless jungle. Who knows, maybe Genghis Khan or Kubla Khan made one of their excursions down this way, even as they waded thru Siberia, Turkey, and Europe?

Assume there were international wars, could that account for 30,000,000 million people being taken as slaves? And, if such were migrated from this country to some other, how could some other country care for that multitude of people? There are evidences of wars but there is no evidence, knowledge or history from any other countries that such a vast number of people were captured. So, the mystery continues.

Was there a PLAGUE of some sort? Did cholera, tropical dysentery or small pox sweep thru and take lives by millions, from king to coolie? That, too, could be possible for the jungle that surrounded them then and swamps that were present everywhere made the city filthy beyond description, for even today there is no evidence of sewerage. If such were true, thirteen centuries would so completely disintegrate bone and body that there would be no evidence left now. There are no cemeteries for it must be remembered these people believed in cremating

their dead. Is not the Pre Rup a temple builded for that purpose? Even today the depression where bodies were burned is in evidence. If they died of pestilence would there not be found golden trinkets? Time does not destroy these. Did people possess wealth at all, or did it all belong to king and church? If it be true that it may have been burned, there are no museums which show any trinkets as having been dug up here. But then, this is a young discovery and time may reveal much. This may be a possible explanation but evidence does not seem to sustain it.

Assume there was a plague of some sort, or an epidemic of some tropical disease, they had to die—30,000,000 of them—and if they died they had to be buried according to Buddhistic beliefs, or burned in burning ghats according to Hindu beliefs. If they were buried, or burned, there would be some remains of some sort in ashes to be found here or there some place. There is no such evidence.

Was there a plague of grasshoppers? Did they come in clouds and eat everything? But, it would seem that a people who had the men and minds to build such temples and a city such as this could have battled an army of grasshoppers. Most any sort of plague can be expected down here, tho, for the air seems filled with miasma, especially in late evening and early morning, these moats filled with water giving it off.

Assume there was a plague from which this populace starved to death. There would still necessarily be some evidence of remains in some form. There is none such.

Was there civil war? Was there strife existing between factional camps of religious followers? Did they divide into issues and did one side form an army and attack its opponents? That wars existed is again shown in bas-reliefs; but was this civil war or was it between king of one country against king from another? Or, as has been suggested, was there internal rebellion of coolies who worked for nothing against their king who suppressed them? Was there a social upheaval of slaves against rulers? Answers to these questions are not found in bas-reliefs on walls. These people, much like Egyptians, wrote only with pictures. They had no written language and yet even this statement is contradicted by one tablet in one building (Pre Rup), found in its ruins which tells in Sanskrit what a wonderful king their ruler was. Pictures run into miles. Language on one tablet was incidental and isolated. Civil war could have caused disappearance of these people. If so, why is there no evidence left to prove it? Maybe time will dig it up.

Could there be a war so great, so devastating, that 1,000,000

people of one city, or 3,000,000 people of three cities as existed there then, or 30,000,000 people who lived in that country—that all these people could have been decimated so quickly as time indicates? Knowing the methods of warfare of those days, as indicated by bas-reliefs on their buildings, certainly no methods of warfare could have been so great. If this had happened today with our A or H bombs, that would be different. Such could happen now.

And there is still one more possible explanation. In India is an example that it has happened. The Maharajah of Jaipur builded himself a city. It was called Amber. The astrologer predicted he would die and a pestilence would kill all in his city unless he moved from that city and built another. He moved, deserting his palaces and city builded to last for centuries. It exists today in perfect condition, not a soul living in it—all because of prediction of an astrologer. Did N'Angkor have an astrologer? Did he predict its king would die and a pestilence come upon his people unless they moved away? Did the king move, taking everything and all with him? Who knows? If they moved, pray tell, where did they go, for nowhere here do any such numbers live now as lived then. Bas-reliefs tell us they were a superstitious people. What became of them? A mere handful today as against millions then.

Grant this possible explanation might have been foretold, can it be imagined that any prophesy could cause this number of people to commit wholesale suicides to this extent? It hardly seems possible.

Today, in this vast area, in this impenetrable jungle, there are very few Polynesians living; a family or two, here or there, scattered in the wilds. Outside of one city, small as it is, there seemingly are on descendents of the Khmer people.

Seek the explanation as you will, you run into the blind alley that once they were here, now they are gone, nobody knows where or how or why. We assume to be so bold as to offer these theories, something no writer has yet done, to our knowledge. Any of them could be right, all of them could be wrong, but regardless of right or wrong, fact remains they ARE NOT HERE; they SUDDENLY left N'Angkor and deserted the city.

Unless something unexpected is found, yet to be dug out of forest somewhere, Angkor Wat will always remain the King of Ruins. It is ANGKOR THE MAGNIFICENT, greater than all others, much better preserved, restored to almost a completeness. This comparison is unfair for each building was builded for a purpose, each constructed to its purpose, each entirely

different from all others for its use, no two edifices alike. Angkor Wat was the Temple of worship for king, priests, and coolies. Phnom Bakheng was Temple to Linga, for ancients in the Orient, while holding to one general religion, had many phallic and yoni gods much as pagans of ancient Rome. Baksei Changkrang was a temple for Sleeping Buddha. Even four gates



Le-Bayon is often referred to as THE FOUR FACES OF SHIVA. Shiva is spelled several different ways, such as Siva, Shiva, Sheva, etc. Notice carefully and you will see on each side of each tower a huge carved face of Shiva who was the Hindu God of life and the killer.

entering and leaving the city of Angkor-Thom had significance. One was The Gate of Victory; another Gate of the Spirit; a third Gate of the Dead; and last the Gate of Kao and Nok, who were buried alive in bases.

The Bayon is generally known as the Temple of Shiva; the Four Faces of Shiva; or the Shiva That Smiles. Bapuon was devoted to another god. Pimeanakas was Royal Palace where lived the king. Palace of the Leper King designates its purpose. Tep Pranam was Terrace for the Great Buddhas. Prah Palilay was a temple used by a cross-breed religious sect between Buddhism and Brahmanism. Prah Pithu was a sanctuary. Prasat



Suor Prat and two Kleangs were storehouses for king's supplies. Four Prasat Chrung were small sanctuaries. Chowsaii Tevada was a library. Prasat Takeo was a sanctuary devoted to worship of Siva. Ta Prohm was a cloister for monks. Banteay Keday was also a cloister or monastery for monks. Pre Rup was the crema-



Study carefully that huge face on tower on right.  
Bayon.

torium. East Mebon and East Barai were artificial water lakes. Ta Som was a temple devoted to worship of ancestral god Soma. Neak Pean was healing bathing pools. Prasat Krol Ko was temple devoted to cattle worship. Prasat Banteay Preii was temple devoted to worship of forest. Prah Khan was supposed to have been an earlier capitol building. Generally speaking, all buildings paled into insignificance alongside of those erected for the

king and the gods. These have stood time; all others have been destroyed by time and elements of weather and forest.

Perhaps our readers are disappointed at seeming meagerness of the description of N'Angkor. Probabilities are you expected to find chapters devoted to an elaborate description of each and



Closer view of towers of Bayon with Four Faces of Siva. Trees can be seen growing in between rocks, which eventually split them apart.

every building and detail, etc. Imagine, if you can, that you are asked to put into words principal buildings of any city that would have had 1,000,000 population; then magnify those possibilities by making that city 1,300 years ahead of our present time with everything different, and you have the problem we find ourself against. We have tried to give you general essentials, printing a few essential pictures which give the reader some sort



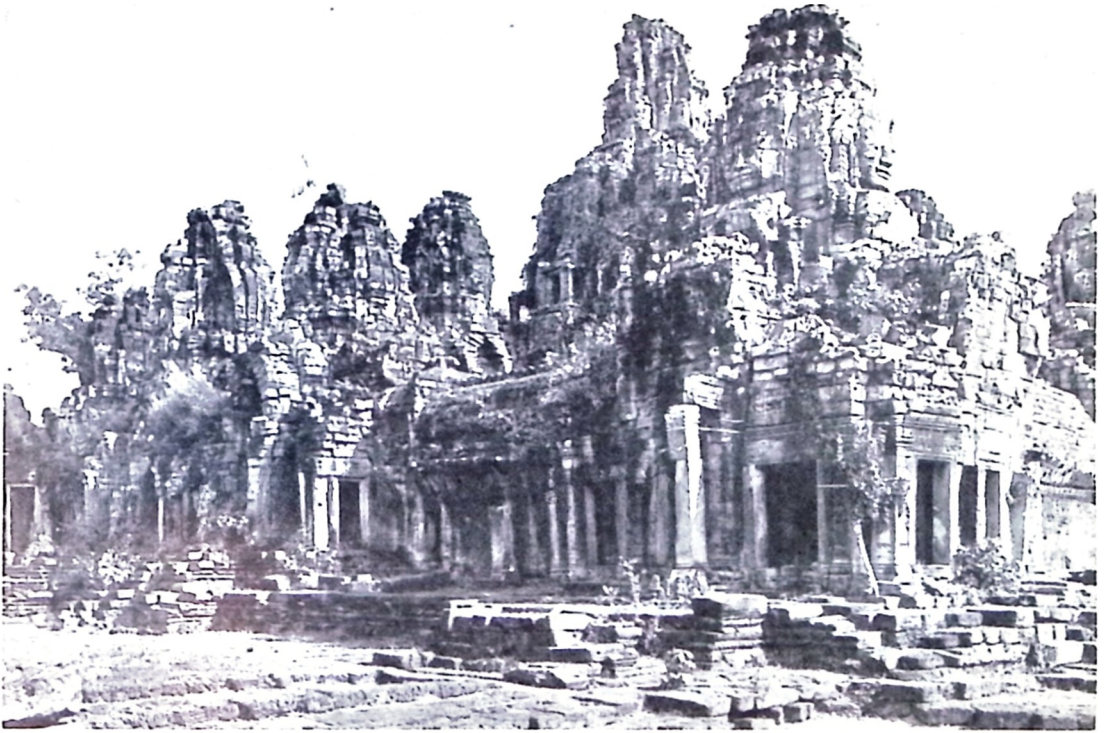


The Bayon. Northern entrance of exterior galleries.

of an idea of this town of N'Angkor. We mentioned main buildings, some sort of an idea of their sizes, what is found in them and where. These are cold brutual facts. When it comes to reminiscence and presentation of sentimental side of the past, we could fill books and yet give little more than we have here.

Under the headings of Angkor Wat, The Bayon, etc., we have given a rough and crude idea of bas-reliefs on walls. It is safe to say that every great smooth wall, in any of essential buildings, has on it a continuous running picture, all carved in bas-reliefs; not crude, rough work you might anticipate but finished artistic work that our best artists of today would be proud to do. Even after some 1300 years in which it has been more or less exposed to elements, buried in jungle, it is in excellent condition, generally speaking. Those bas-relief panels which are in cloisters and porticoes, which run for miles, are in perfect condition, practically as good today as when carved. Other surfaces exposed to open weather are in good condition and stand forth plainly.

There is only one way any person can appreciate this work and that is to come and study them. The next best way is to see them photographically. Altho we have exposed over 15,000 feet of motion picture film since here, we could but touch a bas-relief here and there which barely hit a spot or two. To even attempt to picture a small portion of them would require more than



On every tower, on every side, is a huge face of Shiva.

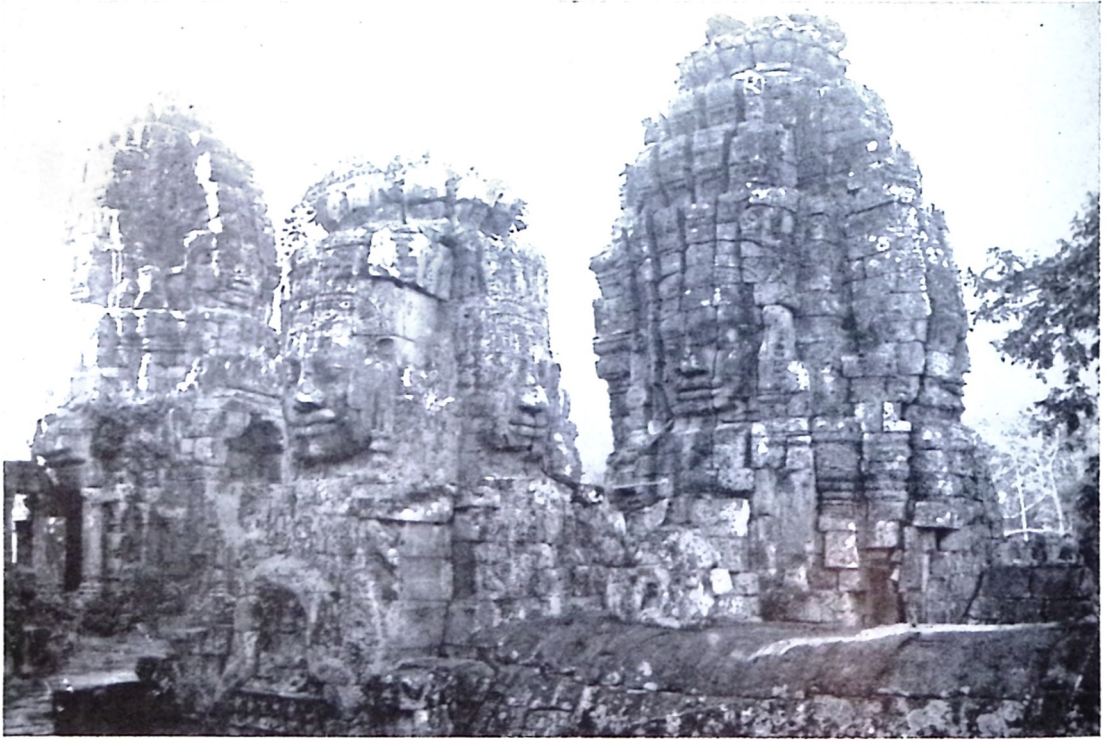
100,000 feet and then it would be impossible without kleig lights for which there is no electric plant. There are approximately 6,500 running feet of bas-relief panels, approximately 6 to 8 feet high, in Angkor Wat alone. This will give some idea how huge would be the undertaking to describe them, much less photograph them.

Every square foot; yea, every square inch, of several of these temples are carved. Much is in bas-relief, much in flower and geometric designs. Pillars, columns, bases, side panels, ceilings, floors, fluted columns, even in cracks, balustrades, down below water's edge; in fact, in many cases floors themselves—all have been carved in their day, much of it still showing. From very



peaks of towers to ground rock, all has its carvings. To take the question of carvings alone as a study would require weeks.

Shiva, the protector and destroyer, is elsewhere in these temples. First in one form, then another. And how like Shiva are trees of the jungle. They have destroyed much in these temples, and yet, had it not been for roots of trees which bound



A closeup of some of the towers of Bayon. See the faces?

and held together much more would have gone. When they wrapped around an edifice, they held it together with bands of steel, more lasting than steel, more firmly grasped than steel could have done. When those roots grew between rocks, they burst them asunder more certain than gunpowder, more thoroly than any other force could have done it, more relentlessly than any other destruction. The trees personify Siva—they preserve and they destroy.

In former pages we touched upon phallic worship, here and there mentioning symbolic findings. To one who studies phallic worship, here at N'Angkor is his last word. Here you find entire temples devoted to the subject. Sanctuaries were erected with

linga as the central objective. You will find linga surrounding walls; erected in separate shrines; worked out in many forms, in many ways, and in many places. People worshipped the generative spirit as personified and deified in the linga. It was in



Sculptures decorating pillars of exterior galleries of Bayon.

no sense a shame to them; they glorified it. In discussing this subject the other day, one man aptly put the whole question, saying: "One thing the Christian religion has done, it has made the naked body a thing of shame and in so doing has made sex





Bayon. Eastern wing of northern exterior gallery. Banyan trees grow their massive roots everywhere destroying much.

a crime." If that is what we have done, these Khmer people at N'Angkor did the very opposite. They glorified the naked body and deified sex and worshipped it.

If we have one regret in leaving here, after having studied N'Angkor years in advance of coming, gaining much preliminary knowledge, and spending time we did going from one building to another, studying it on the ground, photographing it as we went, it is that we would still like to spend two weeks more studying these bas-reliefs. And even then we would wish that we had more time. It is one exhaustless subject. On the last day we were here, we could not trust ourself to go over once more, for we would want our trusty Victor and more film because we would see much we would want to take.

One popular concept here is that these buildings are all temples, or places of worship. As is true now in modern buildings, we spend our greatest money and time in glorifying churches and cathedrals, so was it true in days of N'Angkor. Naturally,

as time goes on more common buildings fall into disuse and fade away while temples stand. This was true of N'Angkor and would be true of any modern city if it were to get lost in the jungle, then discovered 1300 years hence. Buildings then standing would more than likely be state capitol, county courthouse, city hall, jail, warehouses, etc. As is to be expected of a city of the size of N'Angkor of that time, it was a municipality of the king, therefore it had temples of greater and lesser importance; monasteries for priests; pavilions for king's dancing girls; king had a stable for horses and another for elephants; king had his palace and his harem; there was a crematorium; there was a sports forum and a royal terrace where the king and his courtiers and royal family sat while such were going on, etc. A student of N'Angkor must reconstruct the former city to understand its ruins.

N'Angkor had its bright lights and tragedies. You have seen reference made to the leper terrace, secret alley to leper's palace, etc. One king was a leper. He was incarcerated in his palace. His four wives, all of whom were sisters, dug a secret passage which permitted them to enter and live with him. This is one of the tragedies.

But, as buildings now exist, king building, if you can so liken buildings by comparison, is and always will be ANGKOR WAT, finest temple of group which was undoubtedly finest that existed in N'Angkor at any time. It is the largest, finest, has most excellent workmanship, most gorgeous setting, carvings, bas-reliefs, etc. It is this building that is best known outside by its pictures; most visited by tourists who come here; and it is even now in best state of excavation and restoration by French Government. They have done a fine and noble work in doing what they have to excavate, preserve, and restore this one series of buildings. At present time, practically all work on excavating and restoring other buildings is at a standstill. Tourist business has been light since the war, hence little income from that source. Each tourist is taxed French piastre—(40 cents our money) to stop at this dak-bungalow. Such money is used for excavating and restoring. Here and there, amongst buildings, you will come across a guard who is doing his best to patrol buildings against vandals who want to chip off a flower, face, or chop off a head and sneak it home. You will also find a mere handful of coolies cutting weeds that seemingly grow overnight and which would soon be trees if not kept cut down; but, aside from this, there is practically nothing else being done. Competent engineers, with modern machinery, able assistants and gangs of laborers, and a big fund



behind them, should be turned loose in here and even then it would take 50 years to even begin to replace this city in former splendor. Our guide who has been here several times, at periods of several years apart, says he can see each time he comes where something has been forced down by strangling, choking trees. We have made comparison between older photographs and present conditions and we note portions that then stood up are now down. If we Americans had this, we would make it a business venture and soon have it paying for itself by influx of tourists.

The other day, we heard one tourist say: "Well, ruins are ruins. They are just a mass of tumbled down rocks. I have seen one, therefore what's the use of running around looking at the rest?" After he had seen Angkor Wat, he thinks he has seen N'Angkor. We have ridden many miles, walked many more, spent from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. day after day, week after week, and we have yet to find one building that looked like another. Each presented an entirely different style of architecture and rendered a different function in the set-up of the city.

As we write this in our room in the dak-bungalow at N'Angkor, we pause to reflect upon various types of people who come here hoping to intelligently see, mentally understand and go away with comprehension of what N'Angkor means. Out of group here, 50 per cent are Americans, rest being scattered amongst other nationalities. Altho a French possession, there are few of them here. Average tourist organization routing tourists this way allows one to two days to "see" N'Angkor. Average world-traveller has heard something about Angkor Wat; he has heard it is a hard and difficult place to get to; that it is off the beaten path of wandering hordes; that it takes time to get into this jungle and time to get away; that it is the greatest ruins in the world and has been but recently discovered and is even now in the process of being excavated and the endless and unrelenting jungle is being cut away; therefore, it ought to be just another good place worthwhile seeing. So, tourist bureaus grab them as they land at Saigon, whisk them up here by motor, give them a day in here, two at the most, whisk them back and dump them on the next boat that goes around the world. They go away saying they have seen Angkor Wat. Or, perhaps, they are pushed in at the port of Penang, come up by way of Bangkok, allow two days there, and then shove them on over highways into Angkor and allow a couple of days before they pass on down and out at Saigon.

We have seen them come here in groups of one, two, or four. They arrive late in afternoon. Next morning they start out at 7.

They ride or walk from one building to another, seeing as much as they can from the auto. They are raced from one building to another like mad, for there is just so much to be seen that is mapped for them that they must rush to get thru. They return for dejeuner at 11, rest until about 4, then out again in cool of evening to "do" some more and back for dinner at 7:30. Two days of that and they are dead tired; mentally bewildered; don't know where they have been; can't tell you names of temples; have no realization that they are wandering thru a city, etc.

Here is advice we would be so bold as to offer visitors. Know topography, geography, and history of this country before coming. Study movements of early races of this country. Read up well on history of Buddhist and Hindu, as well as Brahman faiths. Get as thoro a knowledge of phallic worship as you can. All this will give you an understanding background of why this city ever was; then you will see what you see with understanding mind, for everything here is depicting some one or another of all subjects mentioned. Everything is symbolic of some phase of them. Without this mental preparation it amounts to another tumbled mass of rocks seen in a hurried trip around the world. Secure all reliable information you can regarding these ruins; study them; get the plan of each building; read about what you expect to find in and on each story; secure picture books that outline what is going to be seen; get a well fixed knowledge of dimensions of ground plans, floors one by one, heights, etc. In other words, build up in your mind an advance study of the general, as well as detailed information. This will unquestionably spoil all elements of surprise when you arrive but you will come prepared to grasp what you have previously understood.

Could you have seen us studying this place, you would have seen five people in our party. A car, a chauffeur, a camera bearer, a guide, and ourselves. The guide was giving of his knowledge. He carried all our essential books to which we were constantly referring. We had ground plans of the city; ground plans of each building; picture books of special items we sought.

And yet we have known people to come here who practically preferred to sit on the front porch rather than to walk in sun and climb rough, high and uneven steps. We have seen people come here with no books of any kind, not even circulars, and refuse to buy them because they cost money, or because it was too much work and required extra effort they did not think worth injecting into an understanding of the place. We have heard others do nothing but grumble because they found cockroaches, bugs, mosquitoes, cheechars, lizards, monkeys and other

unpleasant jungle wildlife in their rooms, and wish they had never come. They came a long way to get and then refuse to get it after they are here and so go away with little more than what they came with. They spend months saving dollars at home, weeks to get here, and then refuse to spend a dollar or an hour to get it once they arrive. Is human nature any different here than elsewhere? The few of us who do know something about it are always being sought after to tell others. And we, who know human nature, know we get more out of telling than we do in keeping, so we continue to keep on giving.

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO SEE N'ANGKOR? That depends. We knew one man who drove up at 4:30 and left next morning at 4:00 a.m. But he had to make a steamer connection. He vowed he was coming back. They all do! We have talked with others who live here, studying it year after year, always finding new fascinations and constructions of thot and study. A casual tourist will find two days sufficient. An ordinary student would want a week. One who thinks beyond surface could use a month, judiciously. But we can easily imagine six months would be a proper amount of time to do this country justice. Every road contains mysteries; every mile contains new temples; every twist of the body brings forth new things; every turn of the head discovers something unseen before. You can come again and again and still find new things worthwhile.

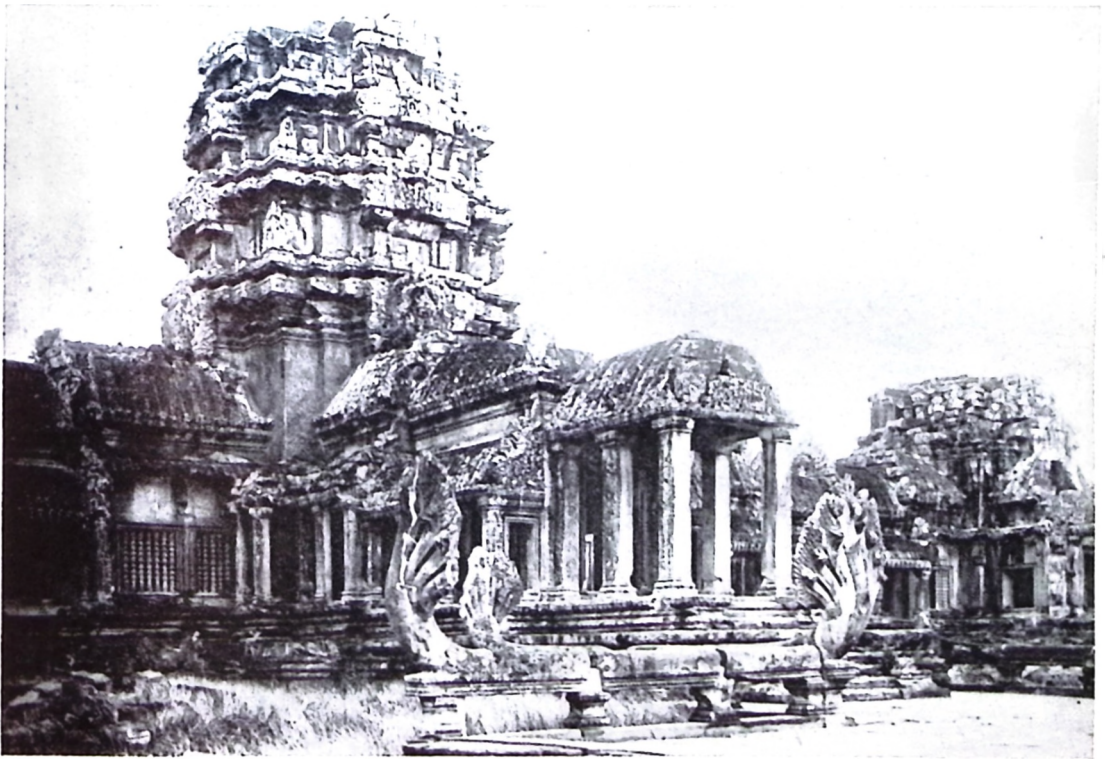
One could spend weeks studying bas-reliefs on Angkor Wat or Bayon alone. Detail by detail causes wonderment and new understandings of people of long ago. Galleries after galleries, miles long, cause you to pause and wonder. There is no end, for you are studying the work of centuries, of thousands of men, of millions of cubic feet of stone work. No one feeble mind today can grasp the work of thousands of minds of hundreds of years ago in just a few days. Centuries ago, kings and priests spent their all in creating these edifices. Between 1100 and 1500 years have passed since they did their work, but it's still there, in all its grandeur, and exquisite detail. What magnificence, what valor; with what zeal these workers spent their time. Indeed the mighty have fallen but they have left behind much that records what they thot and did and how they did it. 100,000 feet of motion picture film could be "shot" in and about these jungles and still record but a small portion of what could be photographed. You must stop somewhere; for if you keep on, there'll be no stopping, for there is no end in sight of what you want to take. The more you see, the more "shots" you take. You just break off—you must!

CHAPTER 40  
ANGKOR WAT  
(The Temple of Angkor)

DETAILED DESCRIPTION

Picture to yourself the finest productions, perhaps, of the architecture of all ages dumped down in the depths of these forests, in one of the remotest countries of the world, a wild, unknown, deserted tract, where the tracks of wild beasts have blotted out those of man and the silence is broken only by the roaring of the tiger, the harsh trumpeting of the elephant and the call of the stag to its mate. We spent a whole day exploring the place, and still one marvel after another met our enchanted gaze.

As we draw nearer our admiration and pleasure grows



Central Porch of the occidental entrances of the temple.



deeper. In the first place, there are beautiful and lofty square pillars, all in one piece; porticoes, capitals, roofs rounded off into domes; the whole built of big blocks, admirably polished, hewn out and carved. At sight of this temple, the mind feels

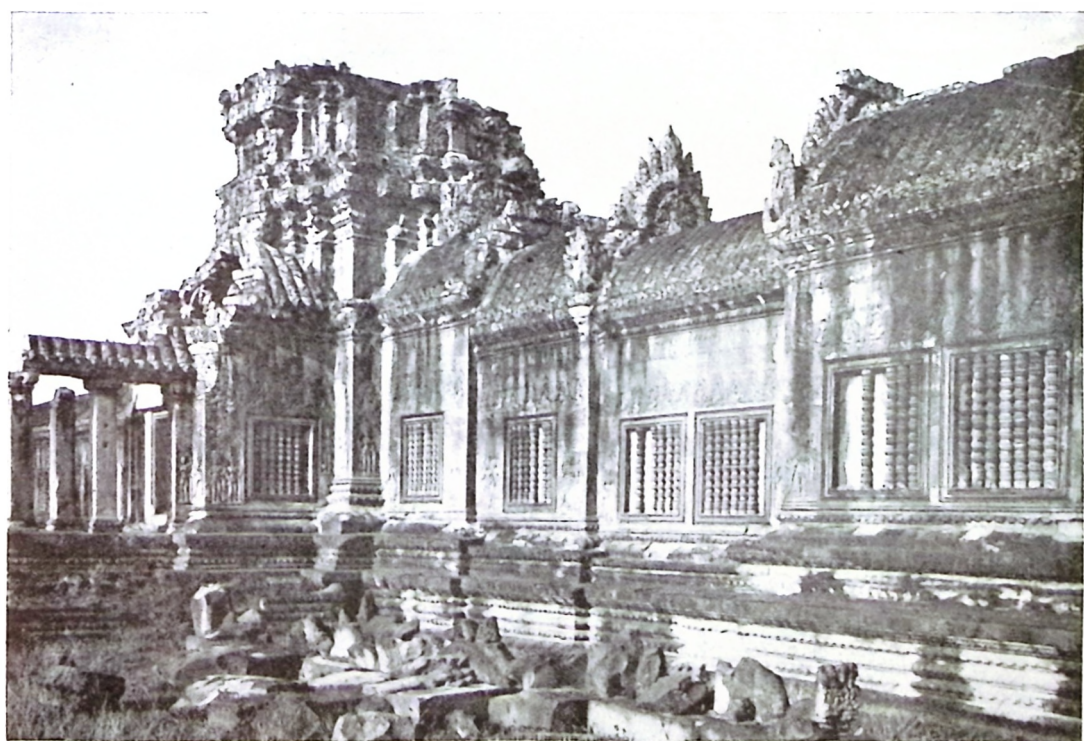


The 7-headed cobra, Naga. Balustrade before the central porch of the temple. All the buildings we depict are of massive stone.

crushed, the imagination staggered; one can but gaze admiringly and in respectful silence, for where, indeed, are words to be found to praise a marvel of architecture that has perhaps never been equalled in the whole world? True, the gilding, the

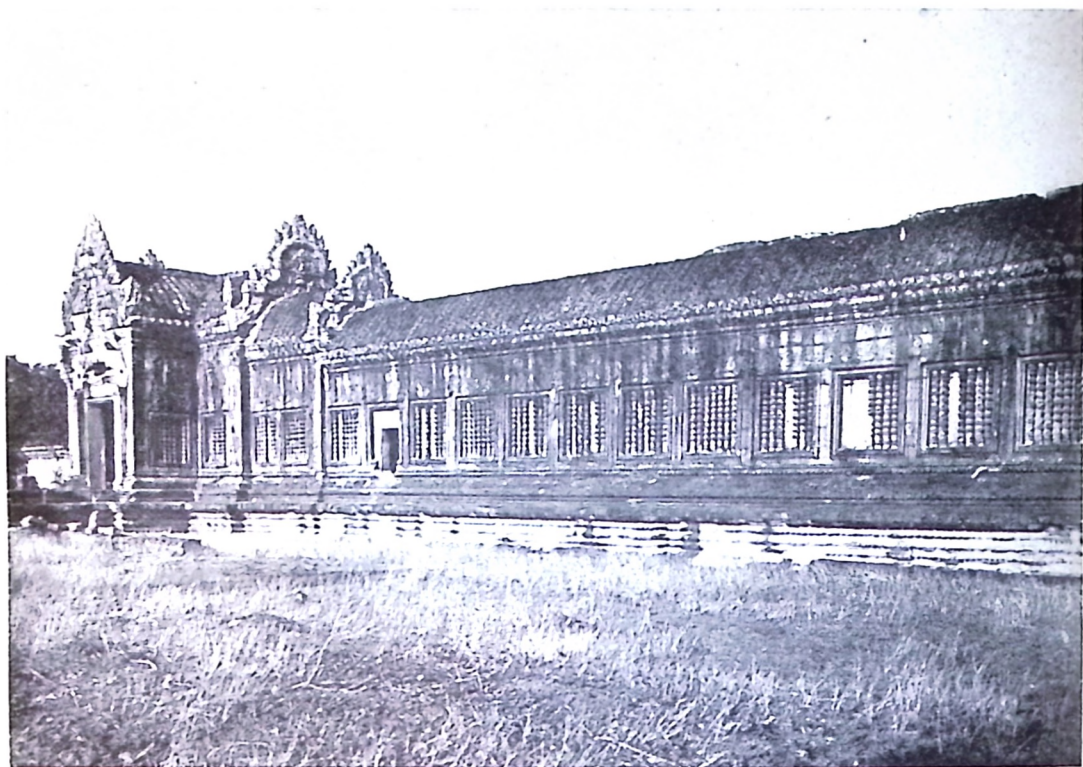


Southern wing of the occidental entrances of the temple.



Porch of the occidental entrances of the temple. Keep always in mind as much of a study as you can from this cut, the magnificent bas-relief carvings.



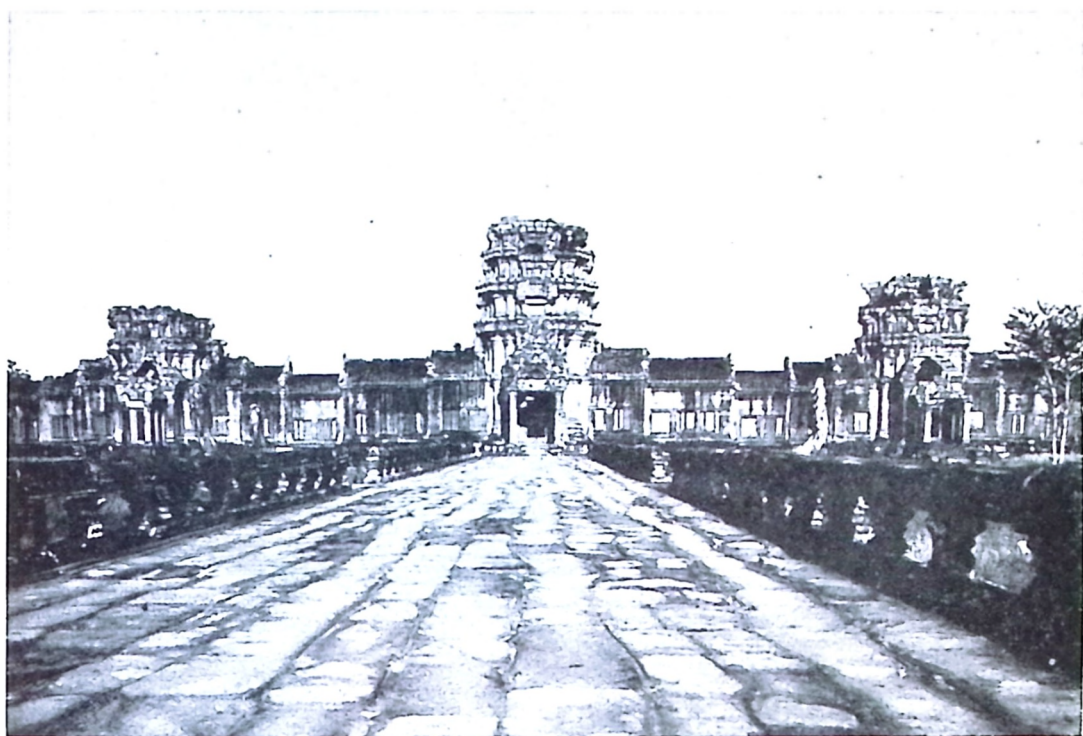


Exterior porch of the oriental entrance.

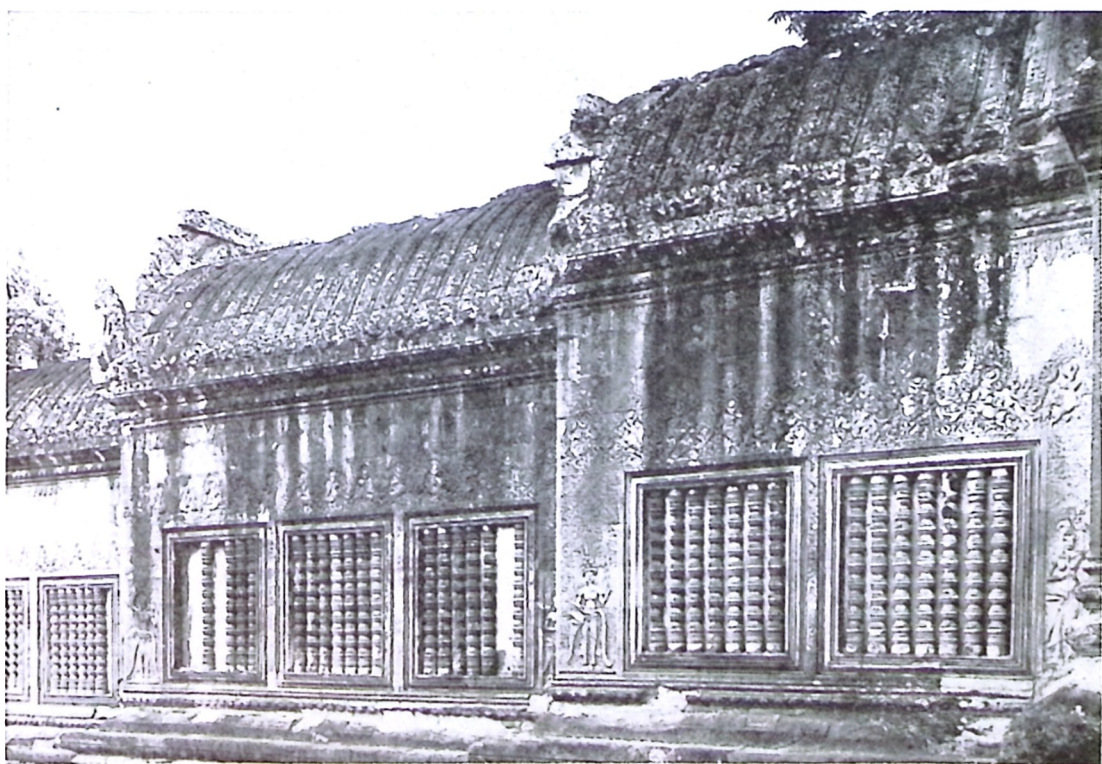


Southern wing of the occidental entrances of the temple.





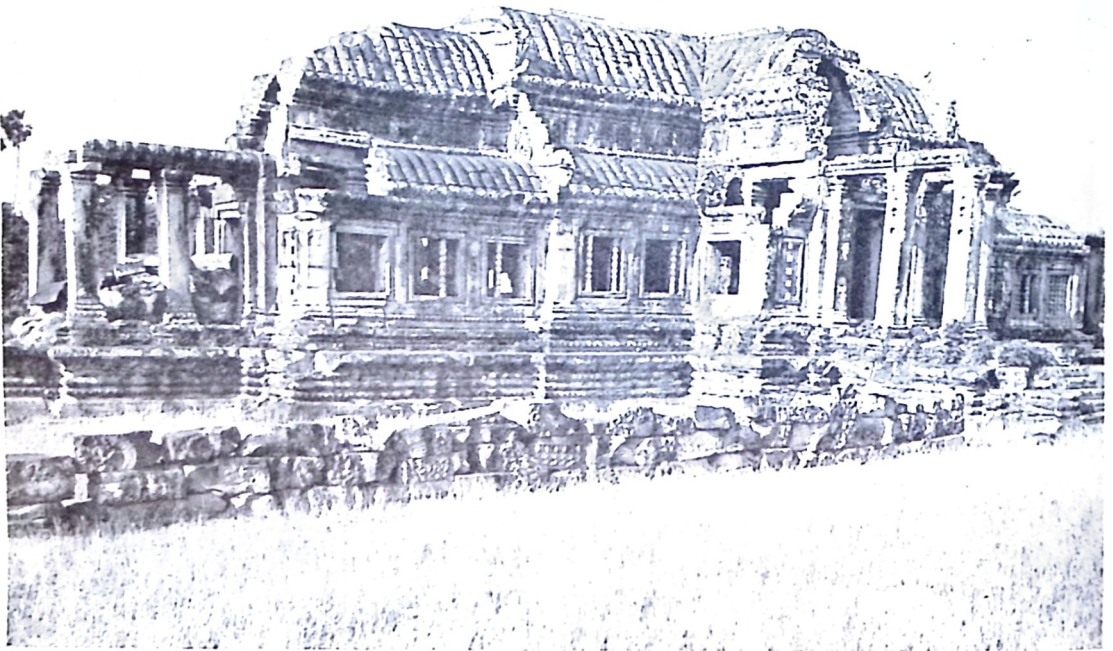
The occidental entrances to the temple.



The southern wing of the central porch of the occidental entrances.



coloring, have practically disappeared from the edifice. Only the stones remain, but how eloquent their language! How loudly they proclaim the genius, the force and patience, the wealth and power of the Khmerdom, or ancient Cambodians! Who shall tell us the name of this Michael Angelo of the East,—who conceived



An ediculum known as libraries which flanks the interior avenue. Not a separate building, but a part of the main one. Even the stones on the ground show bas-relief carvings.

this mighty work, who co-ordinated all the parts with the most admirable art, supervised the construction from the foundations to the topmost stone, harmonizing the infinite variety of the parts with the grandeur of the whole and who, still not satisfied, would appear to have gone out of his way to raise up difficulties on all sides, just to have the glory of surmounting them and of filling with amazement the minds of generations unborn. By what mechanical device did he raise this prodigious number of huge blocks of stone to the highest pinnacles of the edifice, after hewing them out of the sides of distant mountains, and then polishing and carving them?

When at sunset, slowly walking along the splendid highway joining the colonnade to the temple, or when, sitting opposite the magnificent central monument, we gazed, without ever tiring of seeing them or talking about them, upon these glorious remains of a past civilization, we experienced in the highest degree that



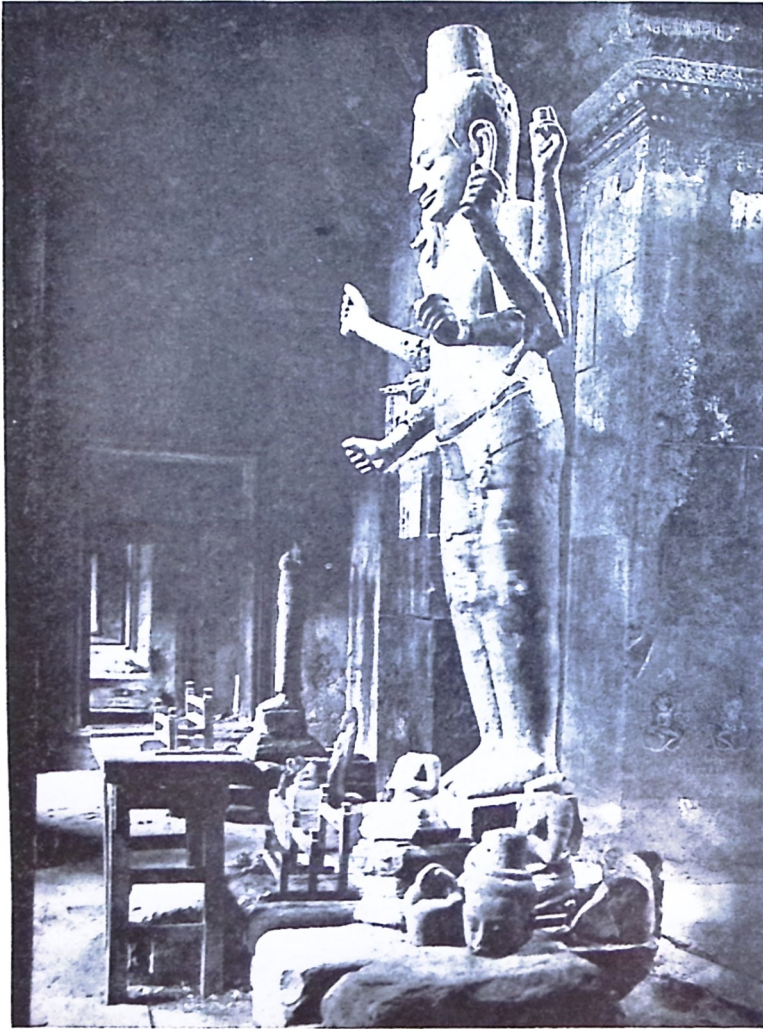
Northwestern corner of the galleries of the first story. The foundation below the first floor is quite high. This was because in those days transportation was by elephant.

species of veneration, of pious respect one feels when in the presence of men of great genius or of their creations.

After an absence of five centuries, the Cambodian Court returned to this admirable religious site.

On September 29, 1909, H. M. King Si Sowath, Samdech of Cambodia, came in great pomp to offer a sacrifice to the names of the ancient Kings of Angkor and to receive the oath of allegiance of the Cambodian populations of the recovered Provinces. Seated under one of the porticoes of the cruciform gallery, and surrounded by his high dignitaries, H. M. offered





Brahman divinity in the southern pavilion of the occidental entrances. Remember, wars have been committed in the names of the Buddhist and Hindu religions, each destroying the gods of the other. These show some devastation.

up to the deity gifts and food presented by the members of the Royal chorus. In these admirable surroundings, where everything was in keeping, the solemn dances of the Brahmanic ritual took on still greater majesty by reason of the lateness of the hour at which the ceremony was held, for torches cast a lurid light over this gorgeous scene, this marvellous vision of bygone solemnities. The Governor General and other French notabilities attended these grand rejoicings.



More destruction in the guise of protecting religion.

Since then, to commemorate exceptional occasions, other Royal visits have taken place with the usual magnificence.

— — —

This temple, which was dedicated to Vishnu, a Brahmanic deity, was probably completed towards the end of the first half of the 12th century.

Its dimensions are nothing short of amazing: 3,466 feet by 2,733 feet. It is surrounded by a moat, approximately 667 feet in width, which today serves as a convenient landing place for



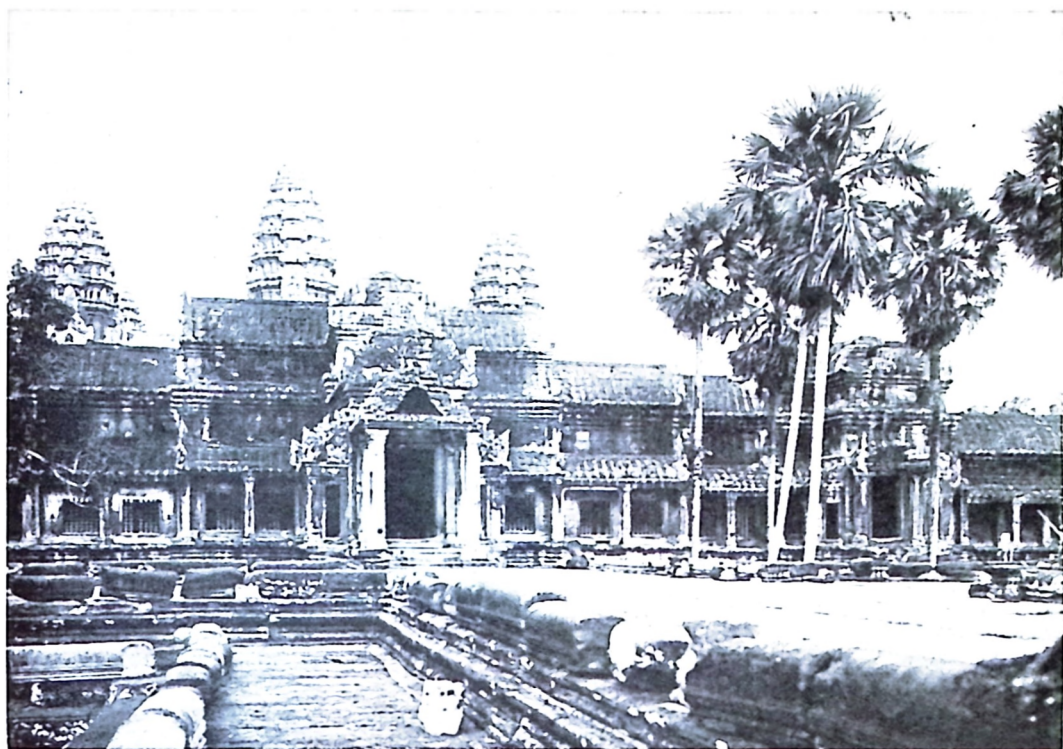


Columns of the Royal Terrace preceding the principal entrance. Again, note height so the Royalty could unload from howdahs from backs of high elephants.

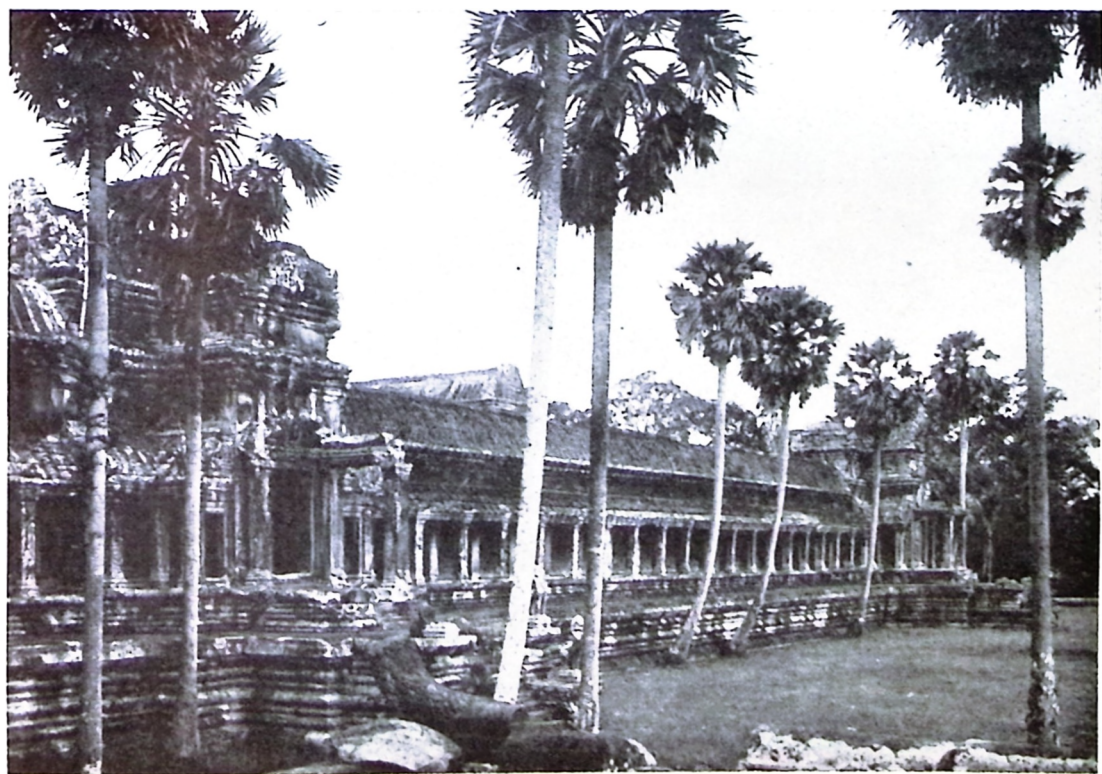


Everywhere we note the high "sidewalk," if we can call it that for convenience, of the elephant taxis.





Main entrance of the galleries of the first story of the temple.



Southern wing of the main facade East of the galleries of the first story.



hydroplanes that carry passengers from Saigon, Phnom Penh or Bangkok to Angkor.

Angkor Wat is built upon a base whose area is over 5,314 square feet, and taken as a whole its facade measures over 2,667 feet while that of the temple of Boroboedoer in Java 1,480 feet only.



The northern front-side of the galleries of the first story. Every once in a while you get a glimpse of a tower or towers. This temple had five.

Each four-corner tower was 100 feet; the central tower, 150 feet.

There are four entrances to Angkor Wat; the principal gateway is that on the west and it is adorned by a Royal Portico (767 feet) which in itself is a magnificent monument.

A huge paved causeway 1,583 feet in length leads up to the central terrace upon which rests the marvellous temple.

Beyond the portico is a wide avenue nearly 1,667 feet in length, along which, on both sides, run balustrades (now in ruins) representing the body of the seven-headed sacred Naga. On the esplanade which extends on each side of the avenue there are two small edifices the purpose of which has not yet been



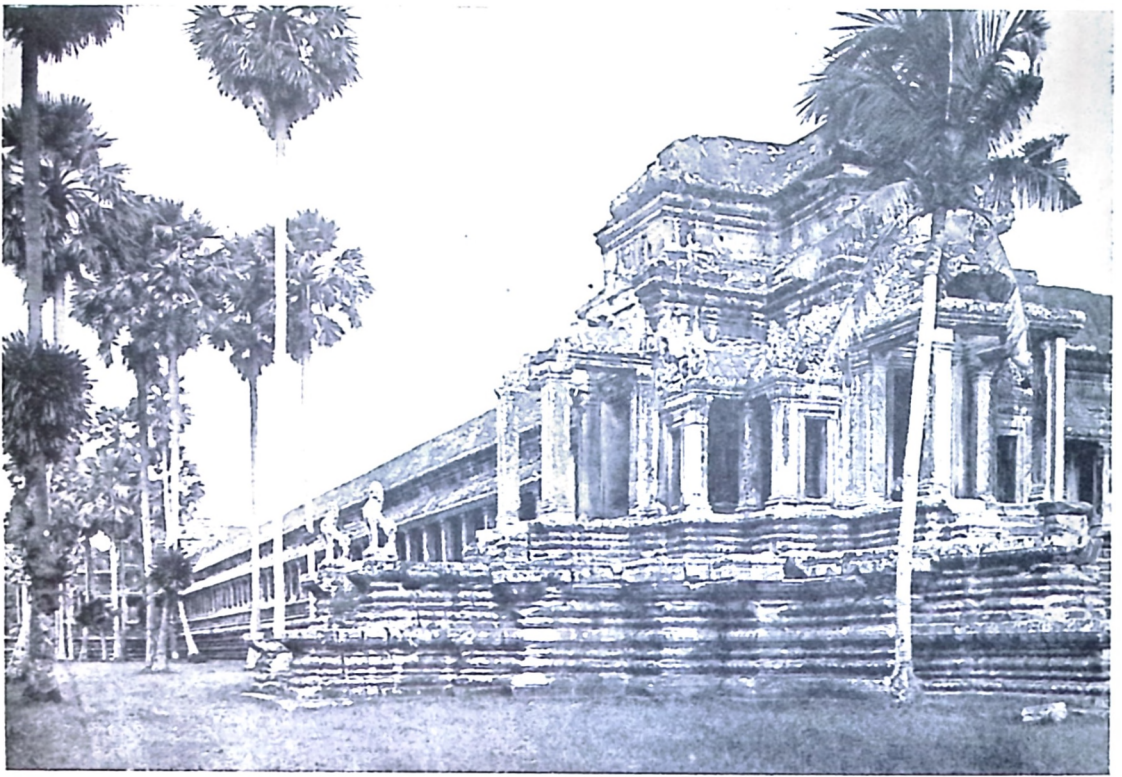


Here you can see three towers in the center.

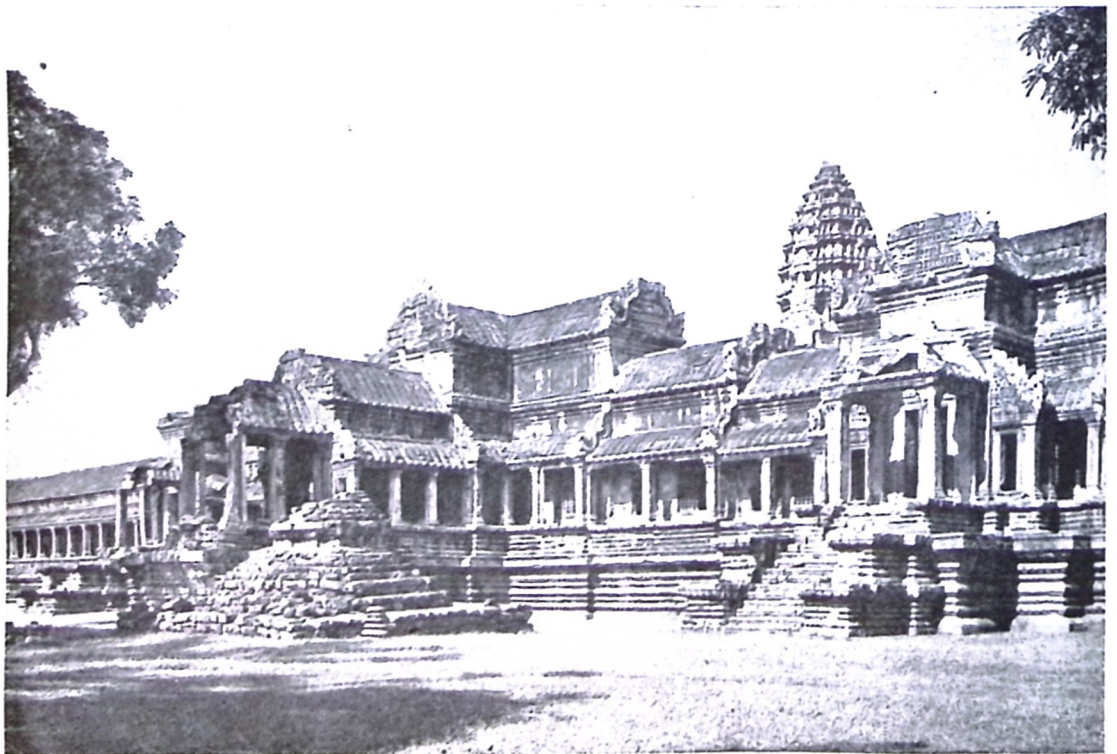


Pictorially we are still wandering around this one building. Corner pavilion Northwest of the galleries of the first story.





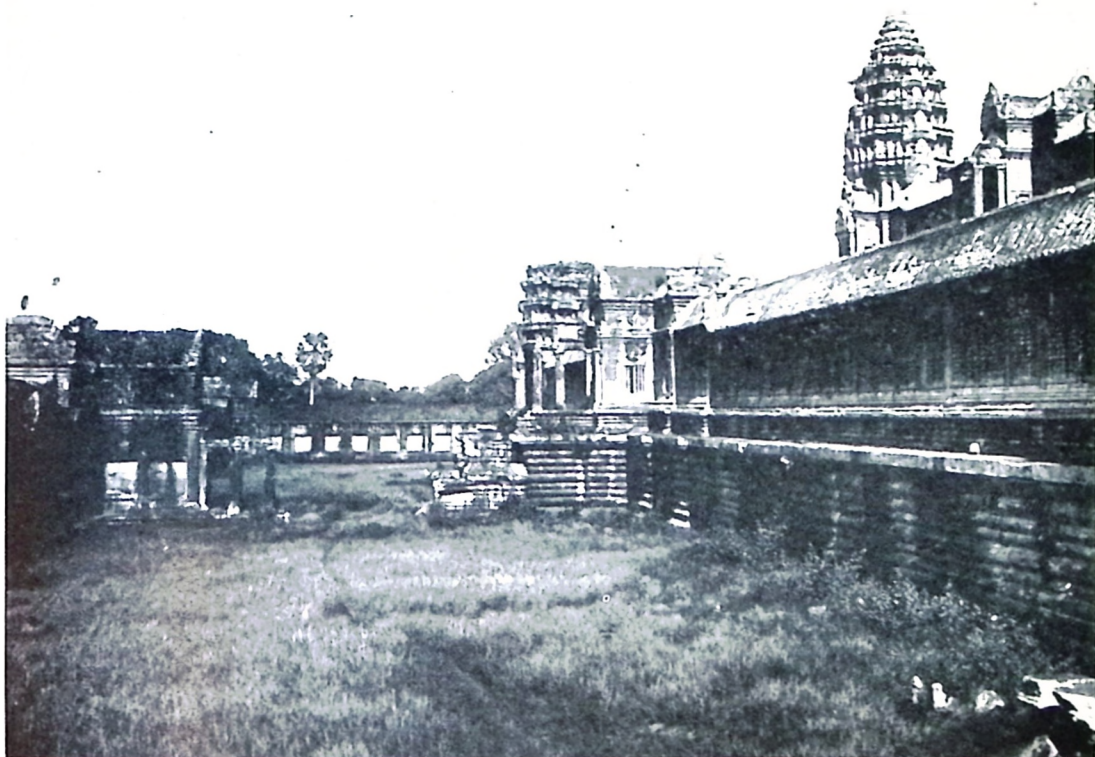
Western wing of the facade North of the galleries of the first story.



Ruins of a stupa before the oriental facade of the galleries of the first story. Go back now to the Ruins of Borobodoer and you will recall what a "stupa" is. The stupa here referred to is the base stone work in left foreground.

definitely ascertained. Further are a couple of oblong tanks said to have been used for ablutions before entry into the sanctuary.

Then comes the temple itself rising in tiers and crowned by its central tower or Prasat, which is flanked by four others at the corners of the top floor of the main block.



All around, on four sides of this building, there were colonnaded galleries.

The entrance to the central porch is preceded by a raised terrace where the Kings surrounded by Royalty and Ministers of State are supposed to have given audience or witnessed parades and ceremonial processions.

It is assumed that devotees and pilgrims were allowed to have access to the galleries, shrines and courtyards only on the ground floor of the temple, the other floors being reserved for the clergy, Royal personages and the King himself.

On entering into the temple thru the main porch in the center of the western facade we shall first go thru the galleries that run around the four sides until we return to our starting point.



So as to avoid all misunderstanding we shall divide each of the four sides into two wings thus:

WEST GALLERY.—South Wing (from North to South).

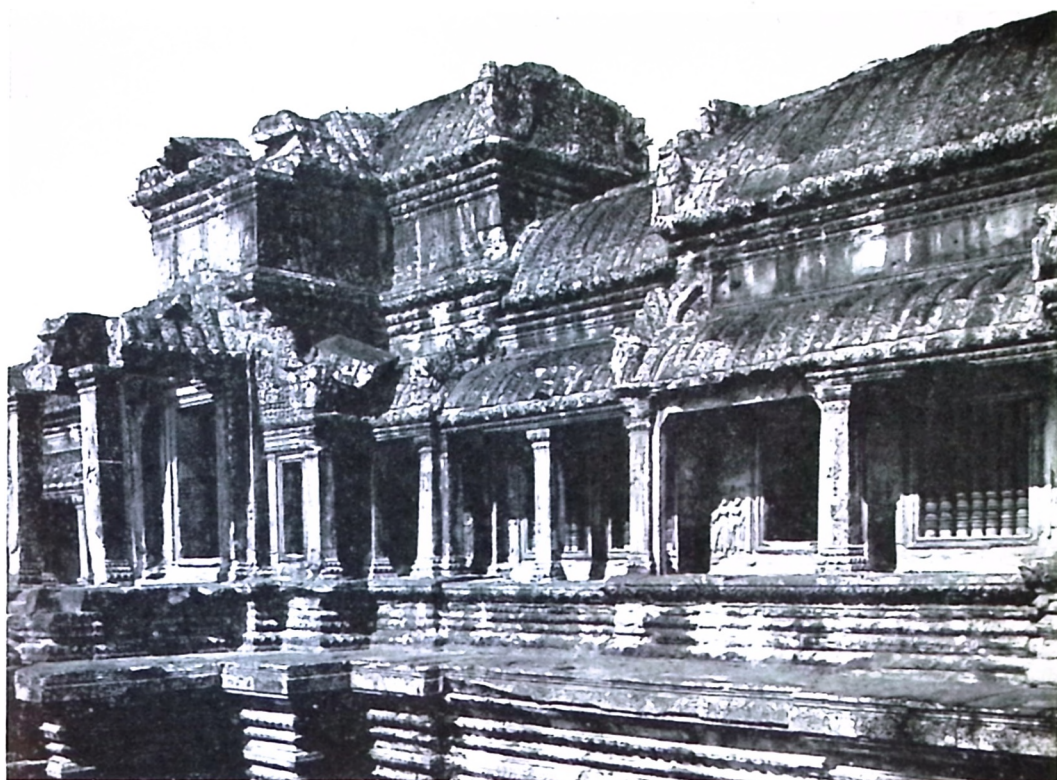
Our starting point being the center porch of the main entrance on the west let us turn to the right and proceed leisurely along



Exterior front-side of galleries north of first story and at right of central porch. Everywhere the eye hesitates to examine, are bas-relief carvings. Every square INCH has exquisite carvings.

the whole length of the galleries, noting carefully the mural carvings or bas-reliefs that cover the face of the walls from top to bottom with the exception of a few blank spaces here and there which were undoubtedly reserved for a special purpose but never used. Some of the panels still bear traces of gold and red paint while others are highly polished and resemble bronze thru having come into contact with human hands that have passed over them during the centuries that have elapsed since these stone pictures were carved for the ocular instruction of the millions of uneducated devotees that came from far and near to the celebrated temple.



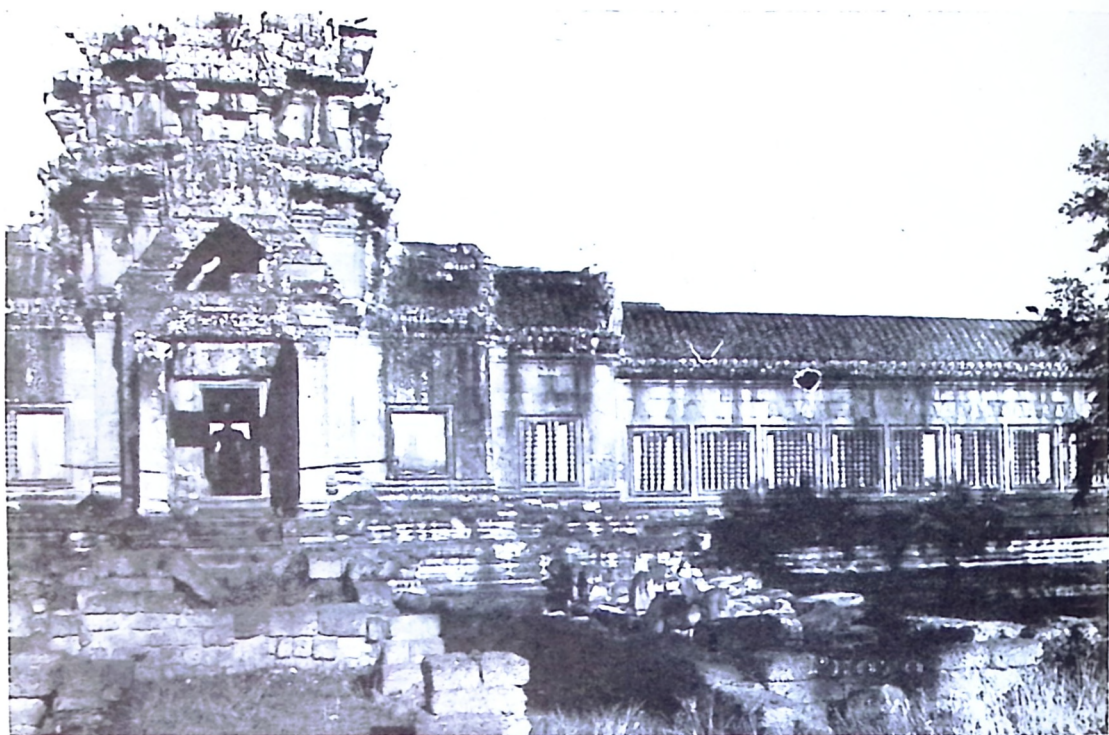


At the expense of being extravagant in an endless array of fotografs, we still want our readers to appreciate ANGKOR-THOM as we do. Note the high base stone for elephant. Everywhere the eye looks—carvings.



High base outside wall. Towers, trees growing out of them, partly in ruins—that's Angkor-Wat.





Looking thru the open door-way is a statue of Buddha. Whoever these stone masons were, they knew how to support tremendous thousands of tons of rock.



Bas-relief in gallery of first story, west facade. Depicts two what appear to be chariots, pulled by horses, with armies of infantry surrounding.

WEST GALLERY.—South Wing (from North to South).

Scenes from the Mahabarata, the famous historical epic of ancient India which, it is said, took many centuries to write, and



Looking down thru one quarter gallery along the gallery of bas-reliefs of the first story. And, there were four of these around the four sides.

which recounts the great and prolonged wars that were waged during that period in the province of Kurukshetra where stands the present-day city of Delhi. This celebrated work recites the history of the ceaseless warfare but that existed between the





Let us hesitate for a few moments and take just a mere peak at miles, and miles, and more miles, of some of the bas-relief carvings found in the stone work of Angkor-Wat alone, altho all other buildings were the same. Because of the darkness in some of these galleries, there being no artificial light, and because of the intense heat, our films did not always turn out the best. This carving depicts two-horse team, two drivers on horses, with warriors on foot ahead and behind the horses. Bas-relief in the gallery of first story South facade.

Brahmans or priest-class of India and the Indo-Aryan War-Lords a thousand years before the birth of Christ until the second century of the Christian Era. The Mahabarata contains 100,000 "slokas" (stanzas) which were written originally in Sanskrit and these were divided into 18 Tomes or Episodes.

The battle scenes depicted in the bas-reliefs of this gallery show the soldiers in marching order in the lower panels, their faces turned in the direction of their opponents. The chiefs and leaders in the higher panels are represented on a larger scale, riding in chariots or mounted on elephants and horses. As we approach the center where the antagonists meet: (Kauravas on the left and Pandavas on the right) the scene grows more





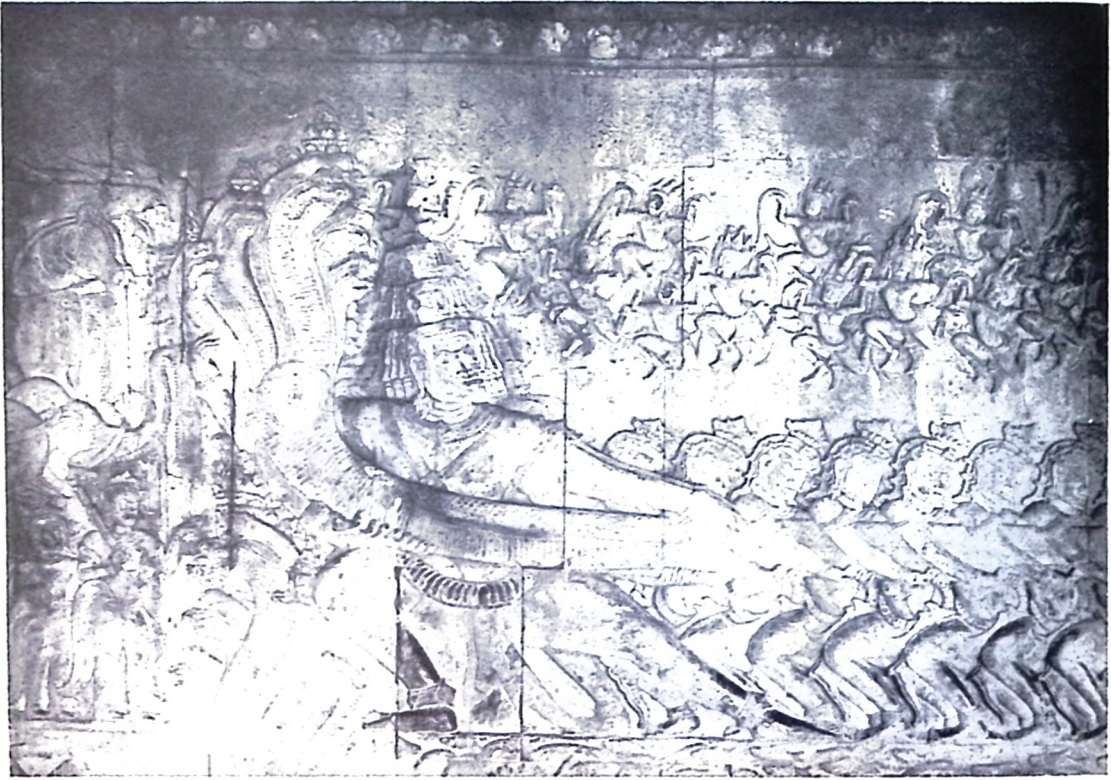
Bas-relief in gallery of first story, south facade. A huge elephant, with gorgeous howdah, with man standing erect shooting bow and arrow. Army of men marching on foot below.

animated until at last it resembles a veritable shambles of heads, bodies, arms and legs.

The precision with which every detail is shown of the physiognomy, the head-dress, the attire and the arms then in use is remarkable. One sees countless shields, lances, bows and arrows and other primitive weapons of warfare and of destruction, fantastically wielded by each army in various attitudes; a buffoon here and there with a gong urging the warriors on with wild gestures. Bhisma, the Chief of the Kauravas, is seen dying, riddled with arrows, and giving his last instructions to his followers and family around him.

On the side of the Pandavas we see towards the middle Arjuna standing in his chariot driven by the god Krishna with his four arms; this scene occurs in the sacred book of the Hindus called the "Bhagvad Ghita" or Song of God. This allegorical book is said to have been written at about the commencement of the Kali Era or at the time when the Indo-Aryan race sprung from





Bas-relief in gallery of first story, east facade. It is often difficult to go backward in time sufficient to correctly explain what some of these carvings do represent. This looks like a gigantic naga (7-headed cobra) with one large figure near its head, with an army of smaller men dragging it along. A small elephant head is in the lower left corner. In the upper background are more people marching same direction.

the primitive nomadic tribes that entered India from the high tablelands of Persia and Afghanistan.

**SOUTH GALLERY.**—West Wing (West to East).

The panels in this wing may be divided into two historical subjects of unequal lengths.

In the first we see the founder of the temple Angkor Wat, King Suriyavarman the Second, whose posthumous designation was Parmavishnuloka (1112 to 1182). He is represented seated on a throne around which runs a balustrade decorated with Nagas.

This figure is easily distinguished from the rest as it still bears traces of gold paint around it.

Further is seen the march-past of his troops. On the left and lower down one sees a batch of graceful princesses and their



Bas-relief in gallery of first story, east facade. Scene of churning of milk-ocean. The serpent Vasuki is rolled around the mountain Mandara, which serves as pivot and which is masked by the God Vishnu.

servants on their way thru a forest, with mountains in the distance. Above them are shown warriors seated on the ground. The King is surrounded by Brahmans and umbrella-bearers. Not far from the throne is seen Sri Vardha seated beneath a tree and facing the sovereign in token of allegiance. Below the figure of the King is seen a Royal procession of the Queens and Ladies of the Court, borne on ornamented palanquins, and attended by servants brandishing fly-switches. In the upper panels is shown the army in battle array.

The second portion of the panel is made up of the march-past of the Royal troops showing the leaders seated on elephants and the soldiers below escorted by mounted cavalry. The King, above whom is held a State Umbrella of fifteen tiers, and who is seen wearing the Royal Mokhot or cone-shaped Crown, is easily recognized among the Chiefs, whereas most of the warriors in the lower panels are seen wearing masks representing the heads of animals. This scene gives way to a procession of





Bas-relief in gallery of first story, east facade. Scene of milk-ocean, northern extremity. The Gods hold the tail of the serpent Vasuki at the right hand of the ape Hanuman.

Brahman priests wearing their hair in top-knots and chanting psalms of praise to the accompaniment of cymbals. Their head-priest is shown carried in state, while others bear the portable altar on which is carried the sacred fire so as to bring down divine blessings upon the army. The procession is headed by the Royal Musicians and buffoons. Then near the end of the panel we again see the army marching past, and this is followed by warriors wearing Siamese attire somewhat like a kilt, their head-gear adorned with plumes.

**SOUTH GALLERY.**—East Wing (Scenes of Heaven and Hell).

Here we see representations of the judgment of mankind after death. The god of the departed, Yama, with several arms, is shown riding a bull and wielding a club in the act of administering reward and punishment. Nearby are seen his scribes Dharma and Chitragupta inscribing the verdicts rendered. All round are



Having had some advance information on Angkor-Thom, we went in with 15,000 feet of motion picture film. For the most part they turned out good. Intense heat however often cooked our film before we could get it processed outside this country. Sculptures of cross-like cloister of first story. Much carving is almost like needle work.

shown the departed spirits awaiting judgment and guarded by three garudas so as to prevent escape.

The panel, over 200 feet in length, is dividing into two parts, separated from each other by a highly decorative frieze made up of Garudas holding up a garland of flowers.

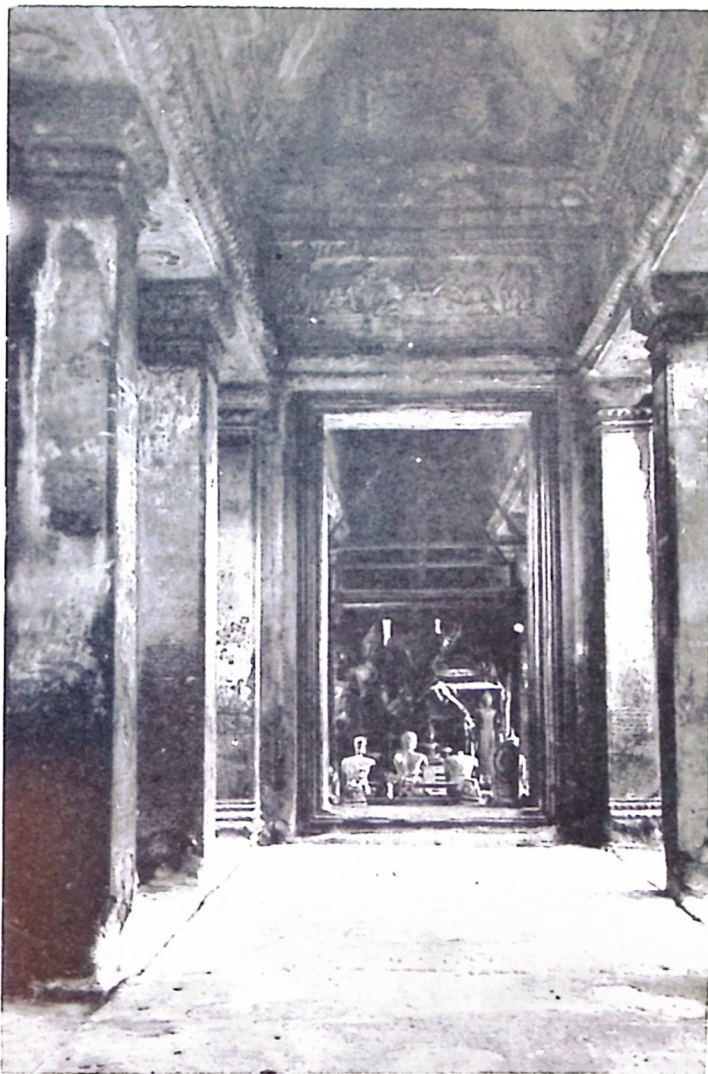
The lower portion represents Hell and the upper one Heaven.





Central gallery of cross-like cloister of first story. Columns from floor to ceilings, all sides, ceilings themselves—every square inch is carved.

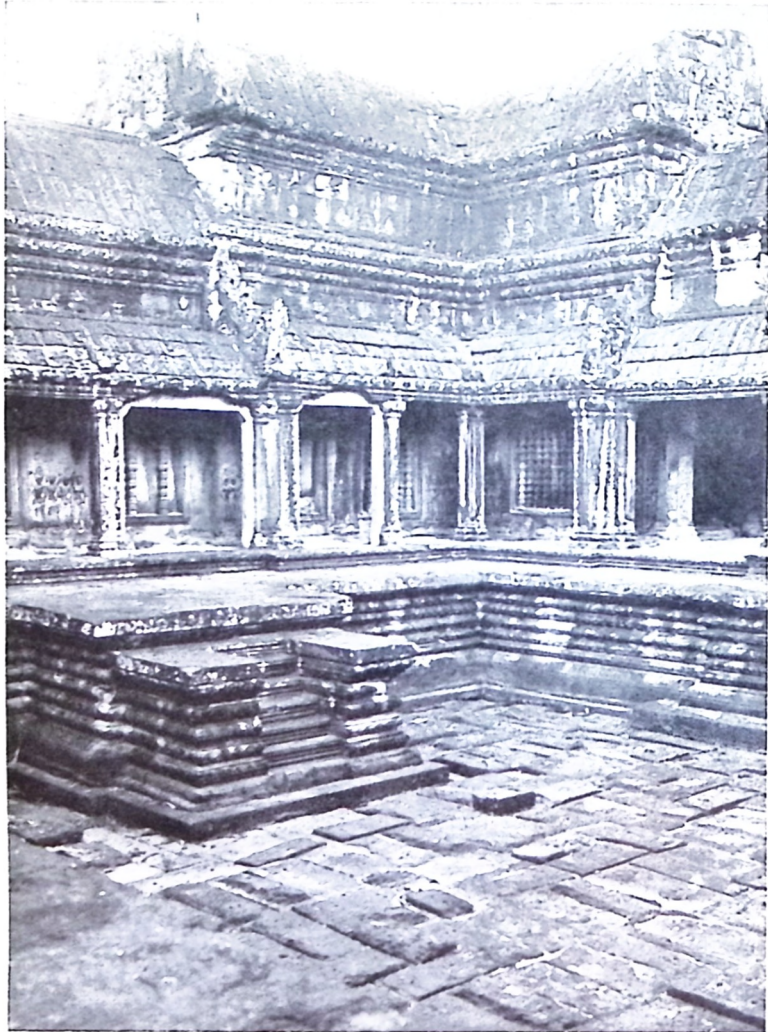
The wicked are seen thrust thru an opening leading to the lower regions where their torments are depicted in a very forcible manner. Their torturers, who themselves are lost souls, are shown in the act of carrying out various excruciating punishments. Some of the victims are being burned at the stake, head downwards, or roasted collectively within a huge cauldron, some beheaded, others cut to pieces and thrown to the dogs and other beasts of prey, some pinioned and suffering the tortures of the rack and others being devoured alive. There are scenes depict-



Lateral gallery of cross-like cloister of first story. In distance is a collection of Buddhas seemingly thrown together. Everything is carved.

ing torments and sufferings of every kind in expiation of every description of sin, such as greed, lust, cruelty, miserliness, theft, pride, falsehood, etc. All these horrible scenes are executed with masterly refinement and skill. Their very conception would lead us to believe that these torments were administered to purify the souls of the wicked and not as an eternal punishment. It is interesting to note that 32 phases of Hell are here depicted.





Court-yard or basin of cloister of first story. This was a bathing pool and was fed with water from a complete underground system of tunnels from a water reservoir outside the city.

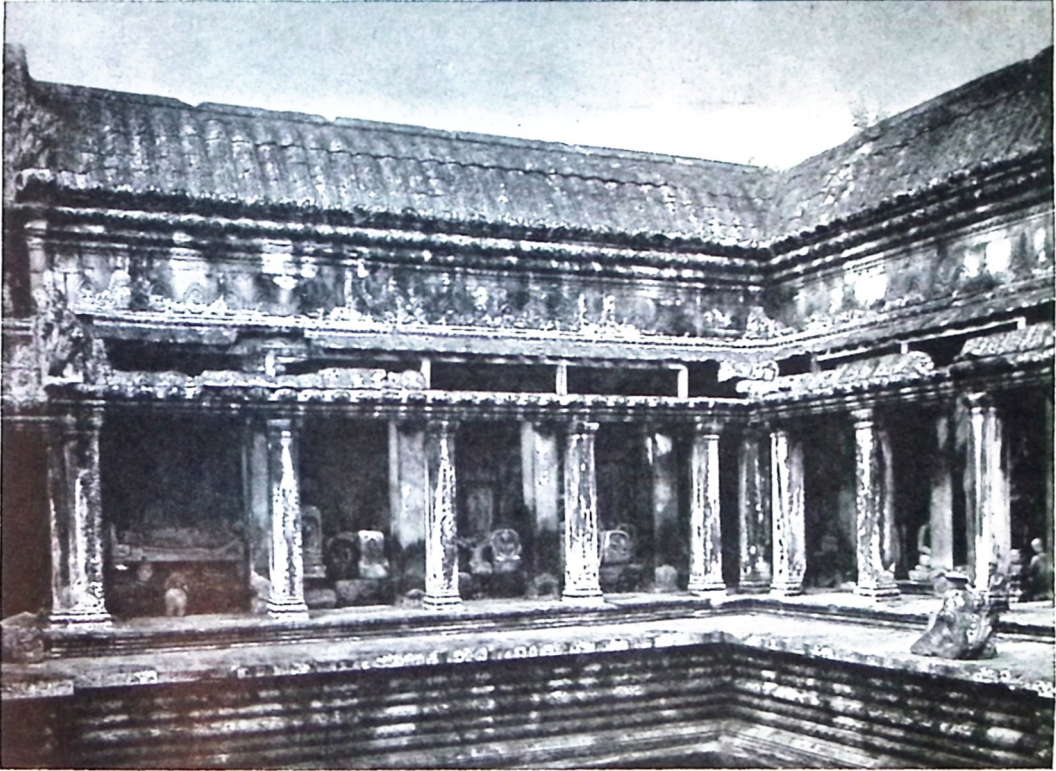
The upper portion of the panel consists of scenes of beatitude and blissful existence amid luxury and pleasure and surrounded by all that the human heart can desire.

**EAST GALLERY.**—South Wing (From South to North).

The subject matter of the 167 foot panel in this wing is taken from "The Churning of the Ocean" an allegory found in the ancient mythological literature of India. The work has been executed with marvellous skill and imagination.

It deals with a legend that has been handed down from the most remote ages to the present time and which may be summarized as follows:

The gods (Devas) and the demons (Asuras) had disputed the possession of Immortality which could be obtained by no other



Southern gallery of cloister of first story. Pool walls below. Everything is carved, even the roof stones.

means than that of the "Amrita" or Elixir of Life. This precious draught could only be obtained by churning the ocean and in doing so the gods and the demons had combated each other for over a thousand years.

At the end of the panel in this gallery are shown the body-guard, attendants, and servants in charge of the chariots, horses and elephants of those engaged in "churning." The center figure is that of the god Vishnu and he is shown directing operations.

A mountain known as "Mandara" resting upon the back of a huge tortoise (Vishnu is seen used as a pivot or "churn," and

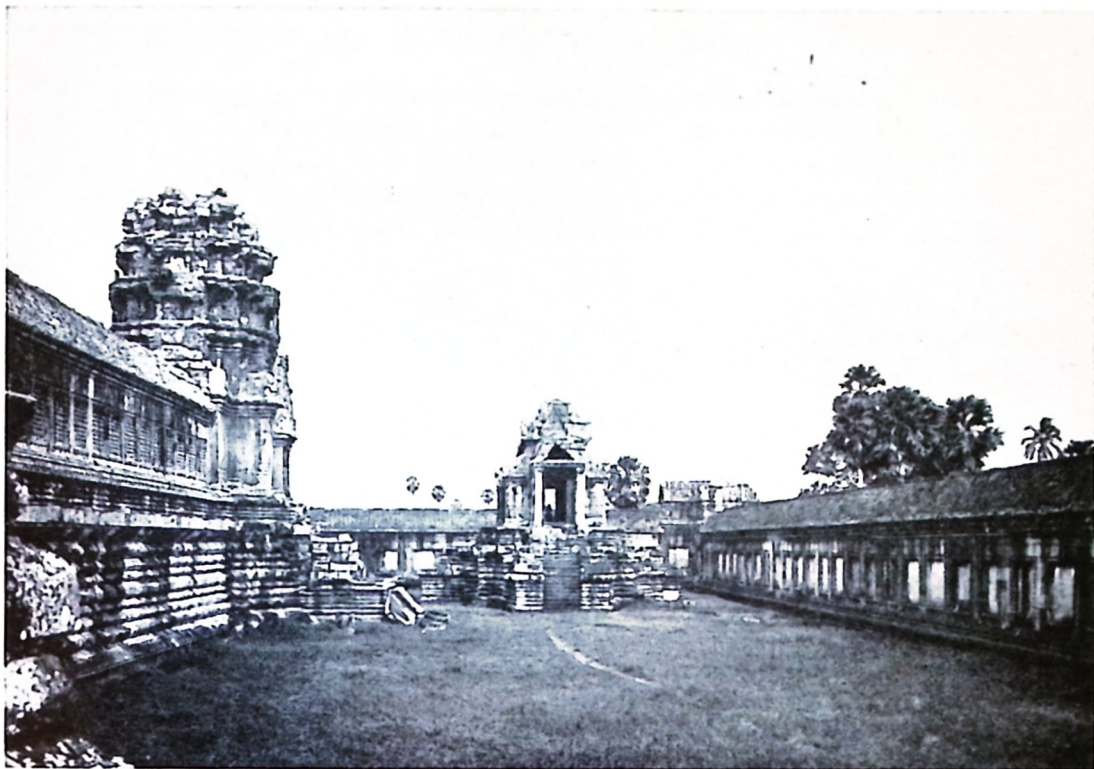




Foot of Buddha in cross-like cloister of first story. This stone is of huge proportions. Obviously it isn't the foot of Buddha. It is elaborately carved on ball of foot. Obviously Buddha's foot was not so decorated. Like so many religious effigies and symbols, it is figurative and imaginative. This is general with all religions in all parts of the world.

around it is coiled an enormous serpent, Vasuki, which, in place of a rope, serves to turn the pivot with.

The gods (Devas) are seen holding on to the serpent's tail and the demons (Asuras) to the head. Among the gods is seen Hanuman, the Monkey god and ally of Rama assisting the other deities.



Northwestern corner of interior court of first story.

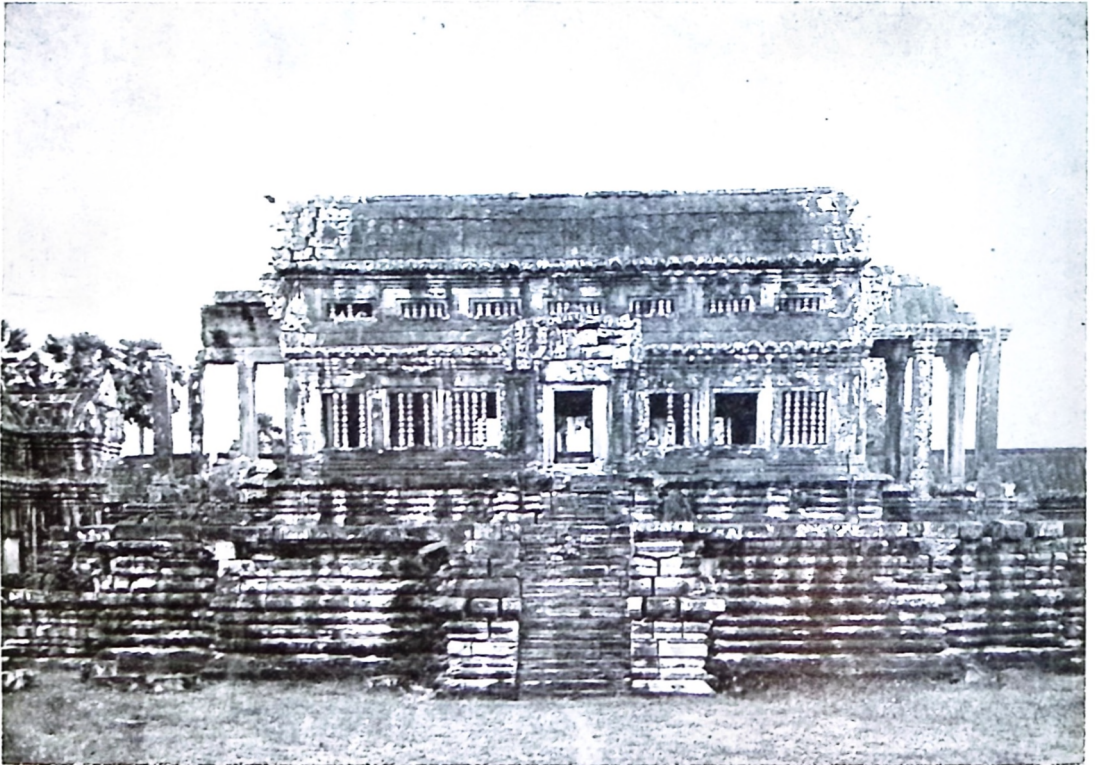


Ediculum of library in northwestern corner of court of first story. Lateral view. It is regrettable that the carvings do not show more plainly but heat and time before exposures and developings in these far out of the way places take toll of detail.



The fish at the bottom of the ocean around the churn or mountain are seen in a state of great agitation owing to the rotation of the waters.

In the course of "churning" are seen issuing from the ocean various graceful female spirits and "apsaras" and lastly Lakshmi



Ediculum of library in northwestern corner of court of first story. Front view. Everywhere steps. Everywhere one marvels at the constant grandeur of carvings.

herself, the goddess of Beauty and of Wealth. After her appear a number of animals of all shapes and forms until at last is seen gushing the priceless Elixir so long sought for.

#### EAST GALLERY.—North Wing.

Here is seen the army of demons (Asuras) marching against the god Vishnu, the figure in the center, easily distinguished from the others as he is shown riding on Garuda. All around him is represented a scene of carnage not easy to describe and the slain are strewn in all directions around the warring god

who by his formidable strength annihilates the onrushing demons on both sides.

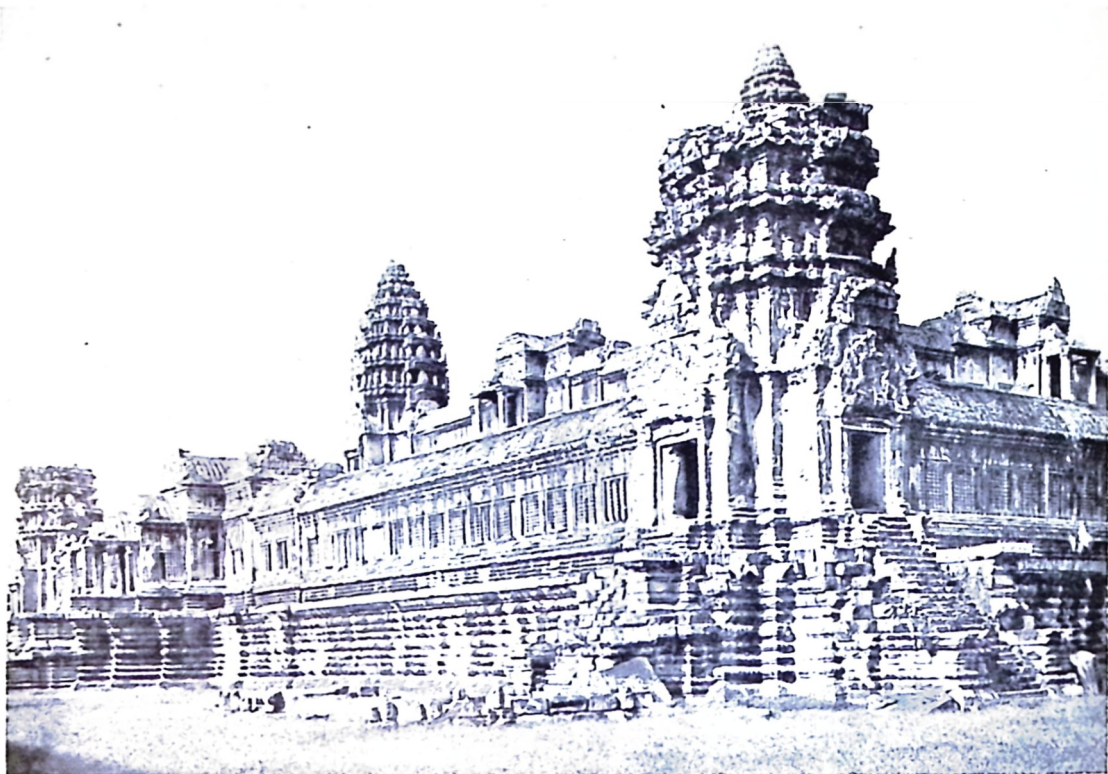
The leaders of the Asuras or demons are shown mounted on animals or riding in chariots drawn by monsters and these are surrounded by soldiers marching in battle array.



Corner-pavilion northeast of second story.

Further north a similar scene is represented, the warriors bearing bows and arrows, their chiefs in chariots and on elephants, or on huge birds around whose necks their feet are seen dangling.





Corner of galleries of second story. Everywhere one gets the appalling picture of immensity of rock work.

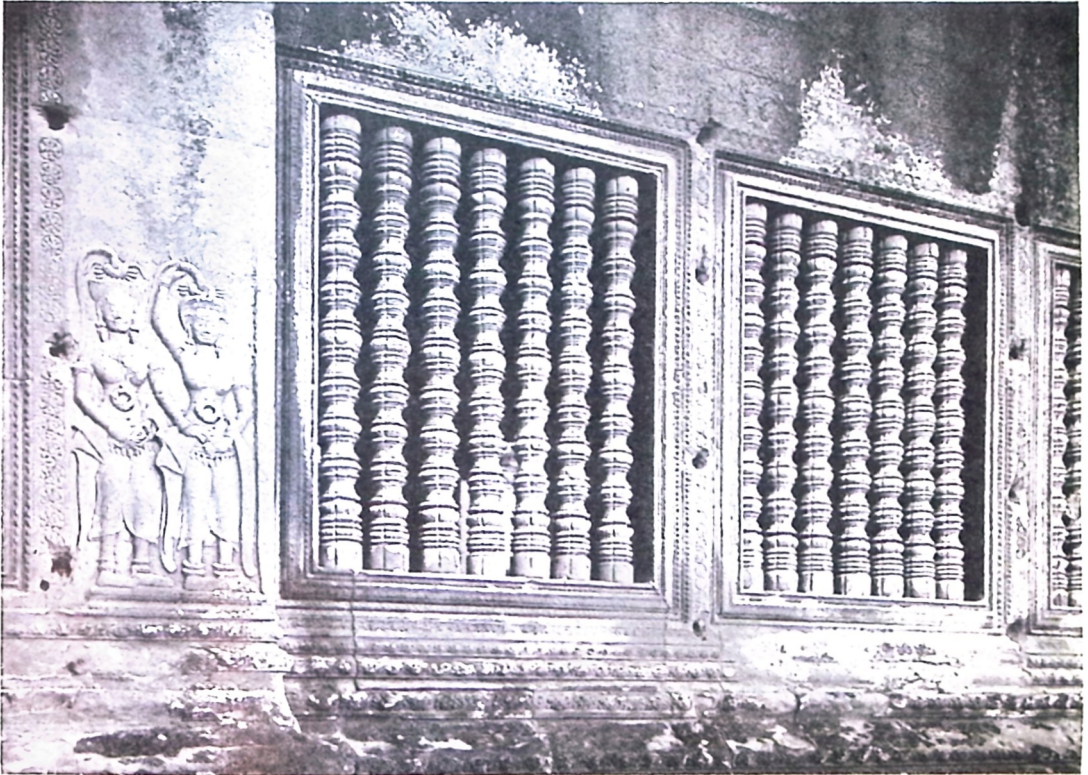


Fortunately some of our fotos came out good and remained so in spite of difficulties. Mural sculptures in galleries of second story.



## NORTH GALLERY.—East Wing.

Vishnu with his eight arms holding in each his eight attributes, viz., arrow, spear, disc, conch, club, thunderbolt, bow and shield. He is represented seated on the shoulder of Garuda, and on the latter's wings are borne two other minor deities.



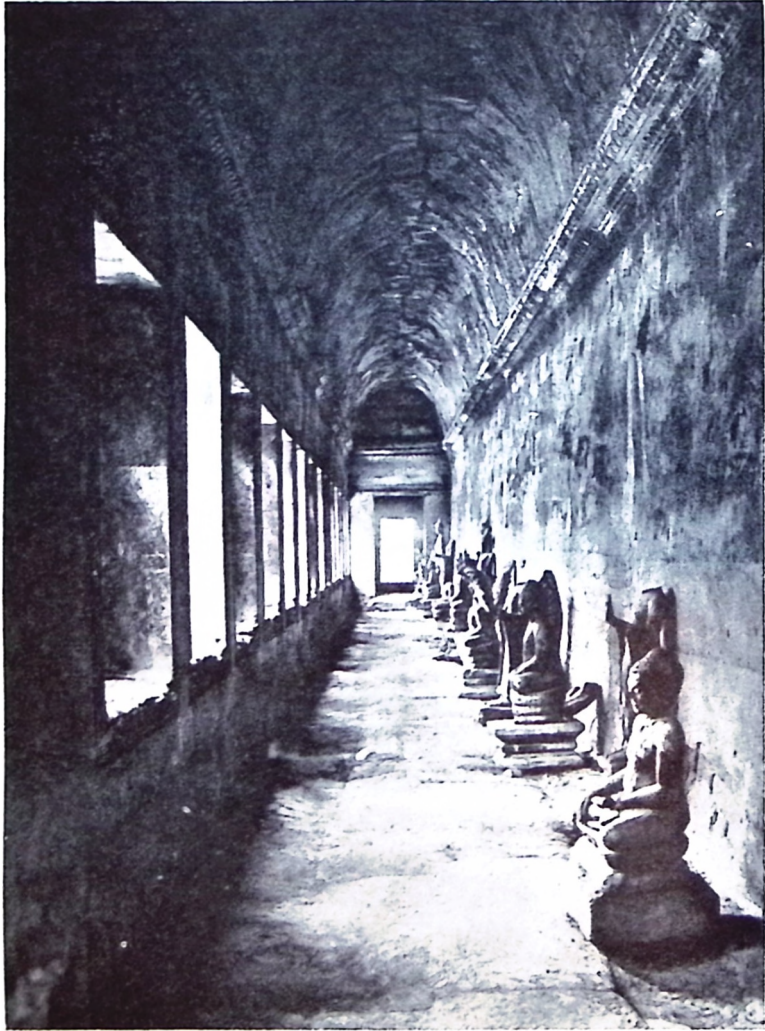
Mural sculptures and balustraded windows in walls of galleries of second story.

The legend which this scene represents is taken from an ancient piece of Indian literature, the *Harivamsa*, which describes the exploits of the god Vishnu against the demon king Bana.

A wall of fire around the city in which dwells the demon king momentarily prevents Vishnu and his army of Devas from making further progress, but Garuda extinguishes the flame with water from the sacred river Ganges and scales the burning wall followed by the Devas, who rush the enemy's lines. Garuda is seen facing a gigantic six headed and four armed monster riding a rhinoceros. Then follows a terrible combat between the armies

of Krishna (the incarnation of Vishnu) and of Bana, the demon king.

We again find the same god represented with an infinite number of heads and eight arms accompanied by his two attendants.



Interior view of galleries of second story. Buddhas everywhere . . . many damaged by conflicting wars between Buddhists and Hindus.

Then he appears once more face to face with Bana who is also represented with several arms. Further we see Siva seated on a mountain and by his side are his wife Parvati and his son Ganesha or Ganapati with his elephant head and trunk. On the



mountain side are pious monks and bird-women, and further is seen Krishna kneeling before Siva after having slain Bana.

NORTH GALLERY.—West Wing.

In this wing we find twenty-one different deities, each combat-



A Buddha sculpture in gallery of second story. Note fruit tributes at feet on floor.

ing with a demon or Asura, wearing a peculiar shaped helmet. Among the gods are noticed Skanda, the war lord, seated on a peacock whose feet energetically repulse two monsters that draw chariots bearing leaders of the enemy. Skanda is repre-



sented with six heads and six arms and his formidable blows strike terror in the heart of his vanquished enemy. This scene will be found towards the center of the panel where dead and dying monsters and a five headed Naga joining in the fray



A Buddha sculpture in gallery of second story, all of which was carved.

occupy the lower portion. We also see Indra on the sacred elephant Aryavarta which is represented with four tusks; and Koubera, god of wealth on the shoulders of a Yaksha. Then Vishnu with his faithful Garuda. He is shown above two horses,

his feet resting on their necks. Further, Yama armed with sword and shield and borne on a chariot drawn by sacred bulls; Surya, the deity of the sun whose halo is seen around him, also riding in a chariot driven by a figure half bird and half man. We also



A Buddha sculpture in gallery of second story.

see Siva with his bow and arrow, Brahma on the sacred goose Hamsa, and Varuna, the god of the waters, upon a Naga with harness and bridle, and held by an attendant.

The warriors in the lower portion of the panel are shown engaged in a hand to hand fight with their enemies and the several





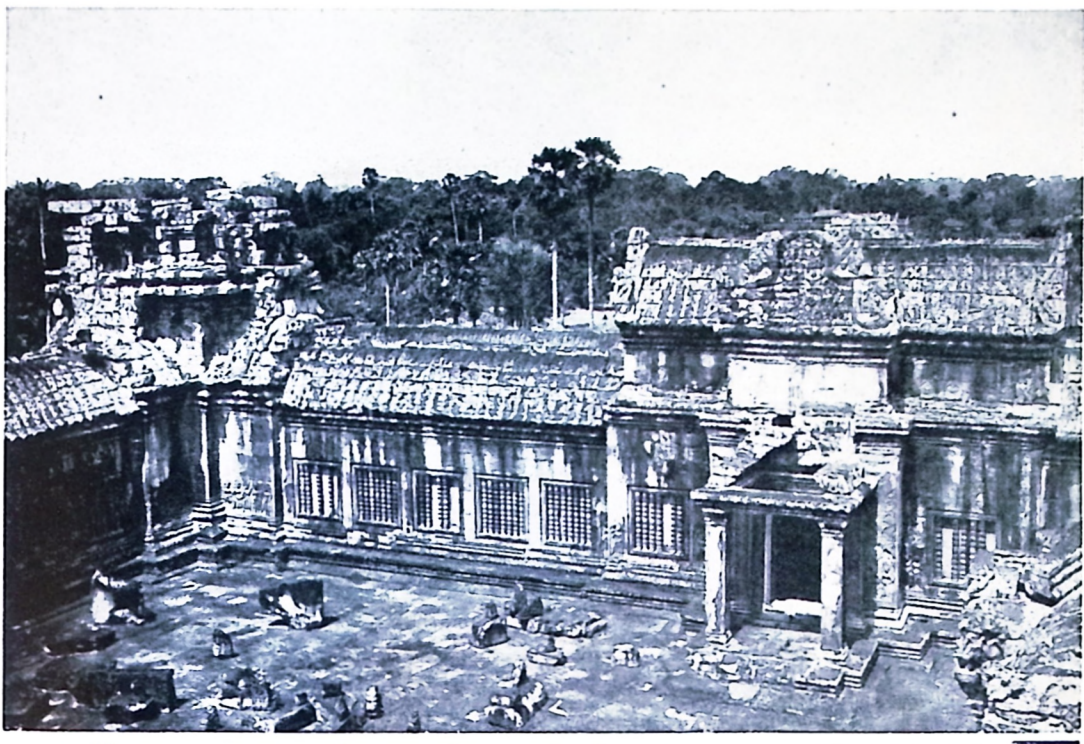
A Buddha sculpture in gallery of second story. Nimbus was evidently a Naga, the 7-headed cobra, but which was broken off.

grotesque attitudes in which the figures of both leaders and men are represented are such that must have roused the enthusiasm of the combatants in addition to the sound of the band of musicians seen executing inspiring war music.

WEST GALLERY.—North Wing.

The scene depicted here is taken from the Ramayana and represents the struggle between Rama assisted by the monkey god, Hanuman, on the one side, and Ravana, the demon king on



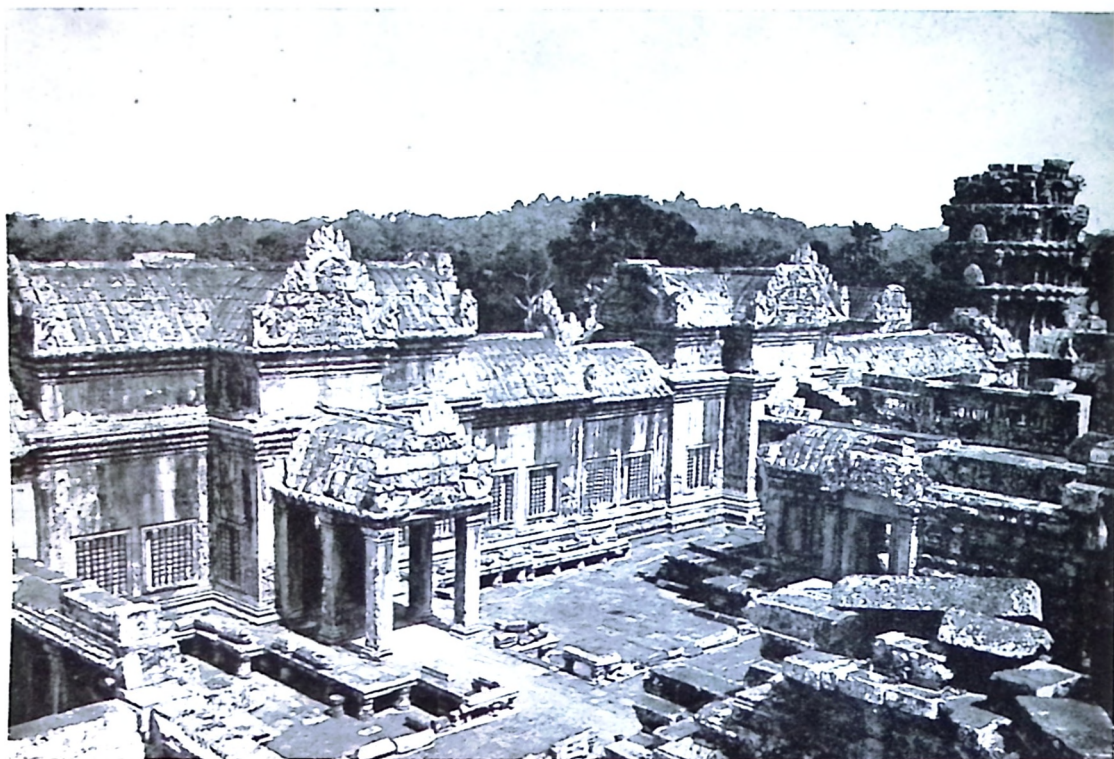


Now we are up on the second story. Southwestern corner of interior court.  
Entire roof is carved.



Southwestern corner of interior court of second story.





Central porch of galleries west of second story. Seen from sub-basement of third story.



Central porch of galleries west of second story and lateral edicula of libraries of interior court. View seen from sub-basement of third story.



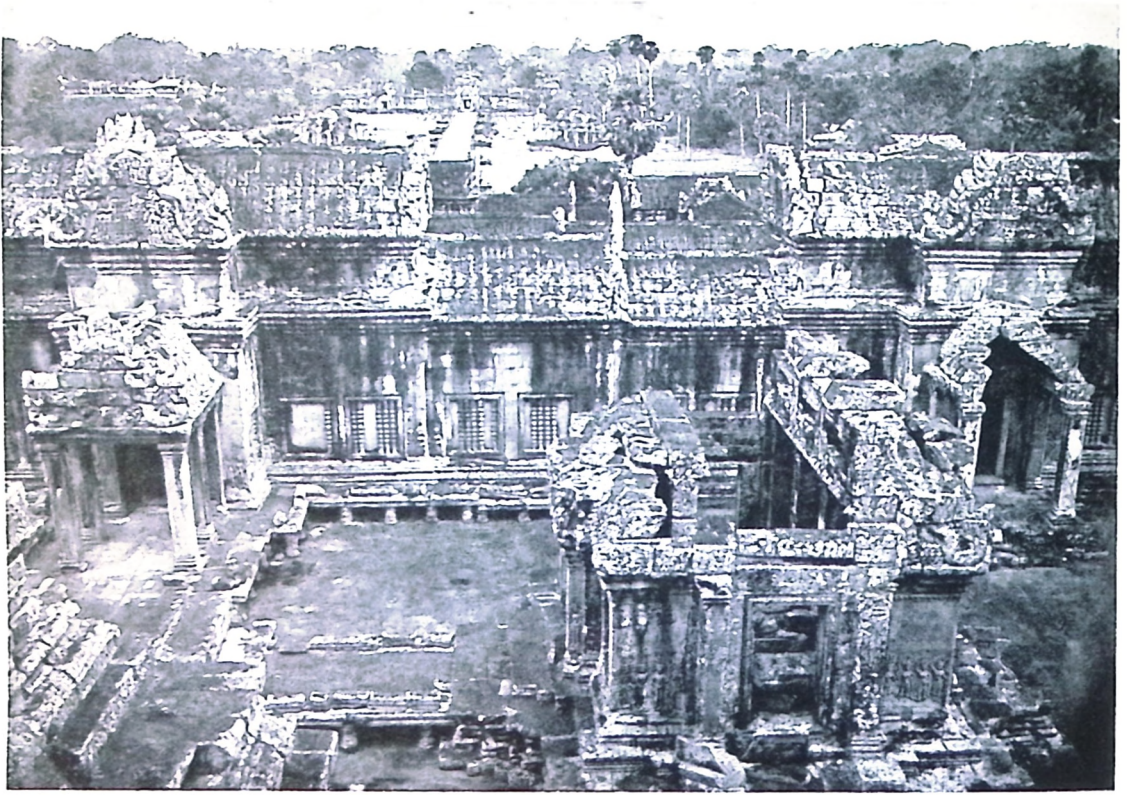


Central porch of galleries west of second story and ediculum of library in south of interior court. View seen from sub-basement of third story. What became of the 15,000 feet of motion pictures we took? We occasionally showed them to civic clubs, associations, conventions, which took about four hours. As time wore on we neglected to keep them in perfect condition. Today they are spotted and dim in detail. We regret neglecting them, but the crowding of other interests overlooked them.

the other. The battle in progress is that which took place in Lanka (Ceylon) ending in the defeat and annihilation of the army of demons whose king had carried away the young and beautiful bride of Rama. The combat is long and fierce and at the end of the struggle, Ravana, the demon king, is slain by Rama, who recovers his faithful and long-lost spouse and returns with her to his native land in India.

As is seen from the panel the army of monkeys sustains but slight losses, whereas that of the demons is almost annihilated. All around the combatants lie the dead and dying Rakshasas or demons and the scene represents a veritable holocaust. It will be noticed that the monkeys are armed with but stones and branches of trees, whereas the giant monsters carry swords, spears, pikes, clubs and are protected by shields.



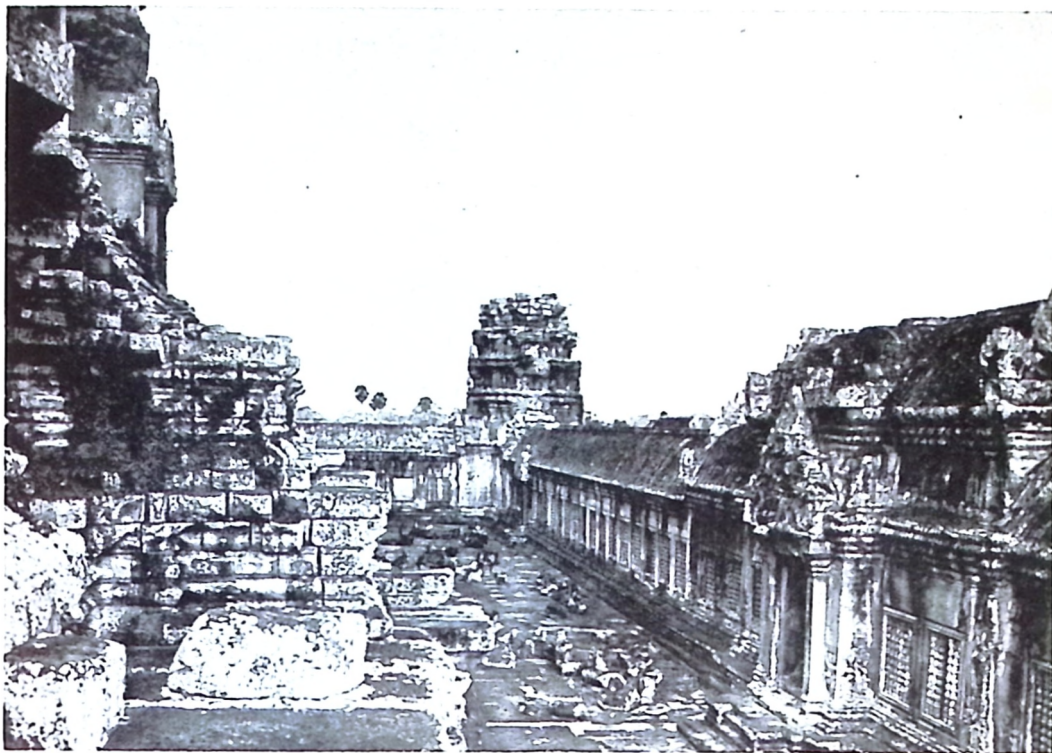


Central porch of western galleries of second story and ediculum of library in north of interior court. View seen from foundation of third story.



Ediculum of library in southern part of interior court west of second story.





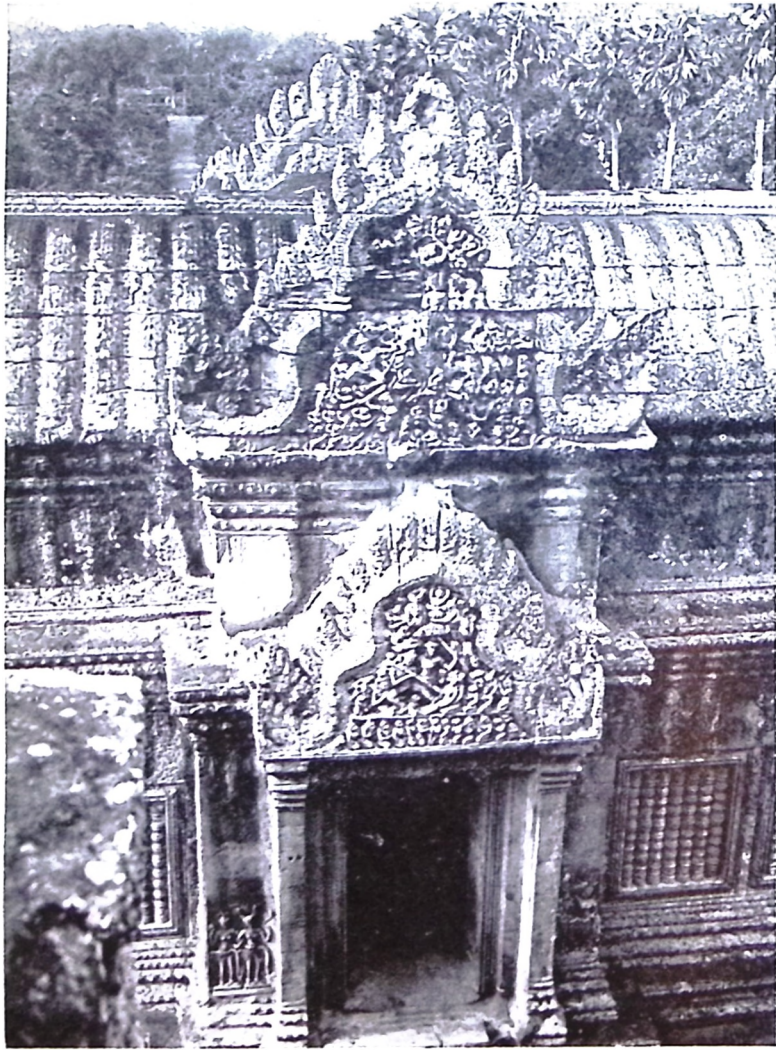
Southeastern corner of interior court of second story. Seen from sub-basement of third story.



Central part of southern galleries of second story. View seen from sub-basement of third story.



Towards the center of the panel is seen Rama standing on the shoulders of his ally, Hanuman, while the arrows fall thick and fast around them. Behind Rama stands his brother Lakshman. A little way off is seen the demon Ravana represented with ten

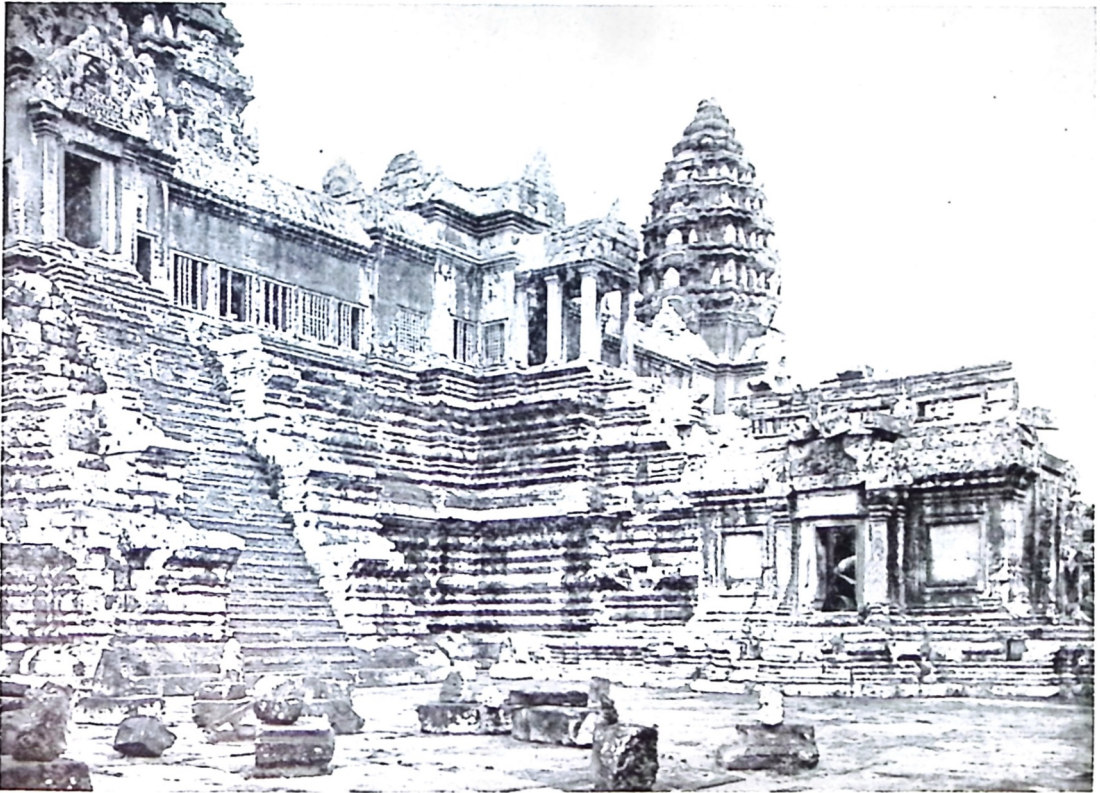


Superposed frontals above central door of southern galleries of second story. Everywhere the eye roams it sees gorgeous carvings.

heads and twenty arms. He rides on a highly decorated chariot drawn by a pair of curiously shaped monsters. Between Rama and Ravana one sees a monkey, with one foot upon each of the two said monsters, bearing aloft on his shoulders the corpse of

a demon, while another monkey attacks the monsters themselves. Then a combat between a monkey and an elephant upon which is seated a Rakshasa or demon leader. The monkey succeeds in tripping the elephant and slays the demon.

Similar animated scenes are represented all along the remain-



Facade west of third story.

der of the panel and in certain parts the combat grows exceedingly fierce while the combatants are seen huddled up together in hand to hand fights. The length of the panel is about 165 feet.

#### FIRST FLOOR.

Having now returned to our starting point after walking around the galleries from end to end—a distance of over two miles—let us now penetrate within the temple itself.

Here we find a vestibule and an open courtyard within which will be noticed four depressions evidently used as tanks. There are many carvings to be seen in the numerous galleries, alley-



ways and sanctuaries all over this floor: On the west the Churning of the Ocean—on the north Vishnu and Garuda—on the south the figure of a god asleep on the body of the sacred seven-headed Naga besides innumerable Buddhistic and other



Large central stairs leading to galleries west of third story.

statues, big and small, some seated, others standing or asleep, many among them painted or gilt, in wood, plaster or stone and well preserved or crumbling to pieces according to their age or the material used. This sanctuary is called Prah Pean. On the east the doorway that leads to the sanctuary is decorated with a

figure representing Vishnu in a combative attitude. Moreover, there are remnants of a demolished altar whose missing statue has evidently been removed bodily from its pedestal.

On the north side of the courtyard will be observed a small



Large central stairs leading to galleries west of third story.  
Closer view.

chamber that separates it from a diminutive cloister. Here the human voice resounds strangely and echoes back each word spoken, producing a queer sensation upon the speaker. This phenomenon may be due to some secret passage or hollow below the surface of the ground.





Northern wing of facade west of third story. Note landing platform for discharging passengers from backs of elephants.

To reach the upper floor it is advisable to use the flight of steps on the north side, these having been recently rendered more accessible than those on the others.

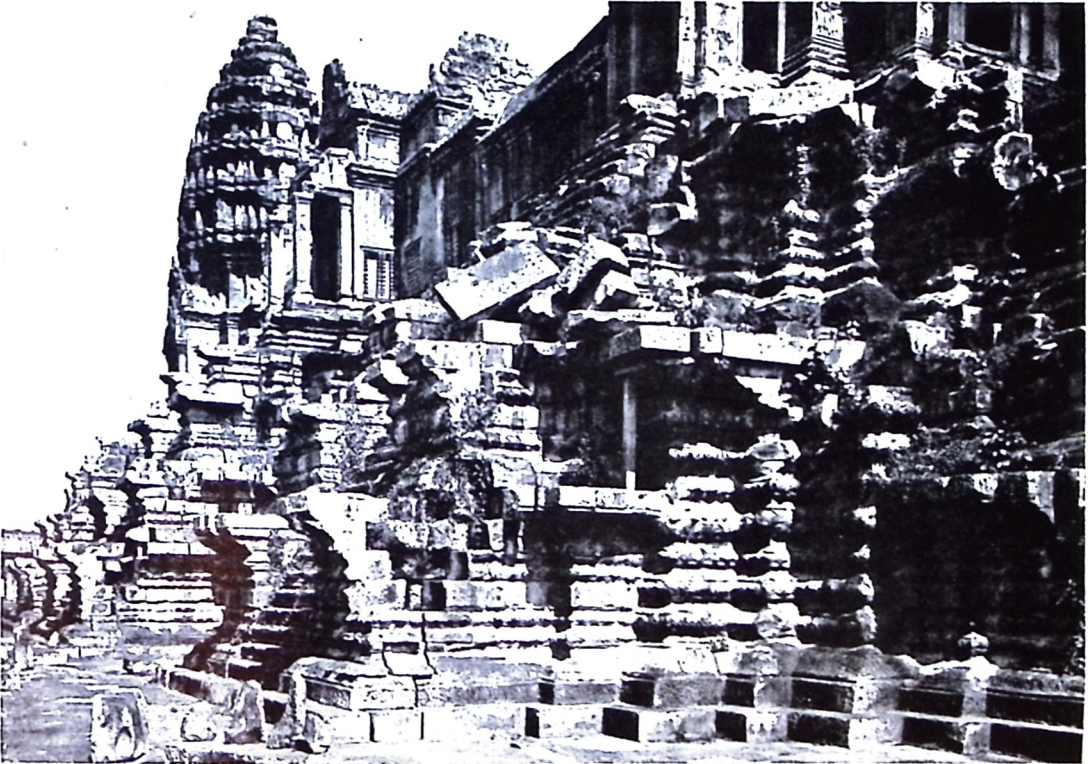
### SECOND FLOOR.

The galleries that run around this floor and which are lit only by the light that is let in from the inner yard are supposed to have been the retreat of monks who sought seclusion from the

world. In the vestibule on the west are two statues of the Buddha standing and wearing royal ornaments on his person.

On the west will also be seen two inner edifices supposed to have been used as libraries or repositories for sacred writings.

A walk around this floor will enable the visitor to examine the many beautiful and ornamental carvings that will be found



Sub-basement of third story, west facade. Time breaks down even huge rock formations. At one time the jungle crept in with its gigantic roots and split asunder much of the construction. Cambodia is now a French protectorate. They have in part reconstructed parts of Angkor-Wat. Many of other buildings are still buried in jungle.

within the galleries, on doorways, pillars and walls both in the interior as well as the exterior of the building.

Some splendid photographs can be taken here especially from the northwestern and southwestern angles at a time when the rays of the sun fall directly upon the dominating central portion of the majestic temple.

The four angles were evidently used as sacrificial shrines by



the clergy and the same may be said of the sanctuaries at each angle of the lower floor.

### THIRD FLOOR.

To reach the third and last floor of the temple it is best to ascend as well as descend by the flight of steps on the side where one



Phnom-Bakheng. Eastern front side of pyramid.

will notice a bar of iron fixed to the side of the wall and where additional steps have been added alongside the original ones.

Care must be exercised when descending, for the incline is exceedingly steep, as is generally the case in many of the temples at Angkor.

This final climb will amply reward the exertion, for we see from the top, for miles around, the various temples and monuments buried in the forest that envelops them.

In the northeast can be discerned the outlines of Phnom Bok and beyond it is Phnom Kulen rising above the distant horizon.

Nearer on the northwest is seen Phnom Bakheng with its graceful temple peering thru a framework of verdure.

The landscape as far as the eye can reach reveals a kaleidoscopic panorama bathed in varying tints that are nothing short of entrancing.

Immediately below one sees every detail and outline of the whole of the magnificent temple of Angkor Wat and its surround-



Phnom Bakheng. Summit of pyramid on which temple is erected.

ings and a bird's-eye view of the country around, which surpasses description.

Let us now turn our attention to the central tower or "prasat," whose summit rises about 200 feet above the level of the ground.

Rich carvings are seen everywhere around the "holy of holies," which itself is a sanctuary, formerly open on four sides. It was here the last of the monarchs who ruled over the "Wonder City" of Angkor perished. It is said that, at his command, the four entrances were walled up by his faithful followers so that he



may die "alone with his gods" rather than fall into the hands of the conquering hordes of Siamese that had taken the Royal City after a fierce and prolonged struggle.

In 1908 one of these entrances (southern) was opened but disclosed no secret passage or other peculiarity with the excep-



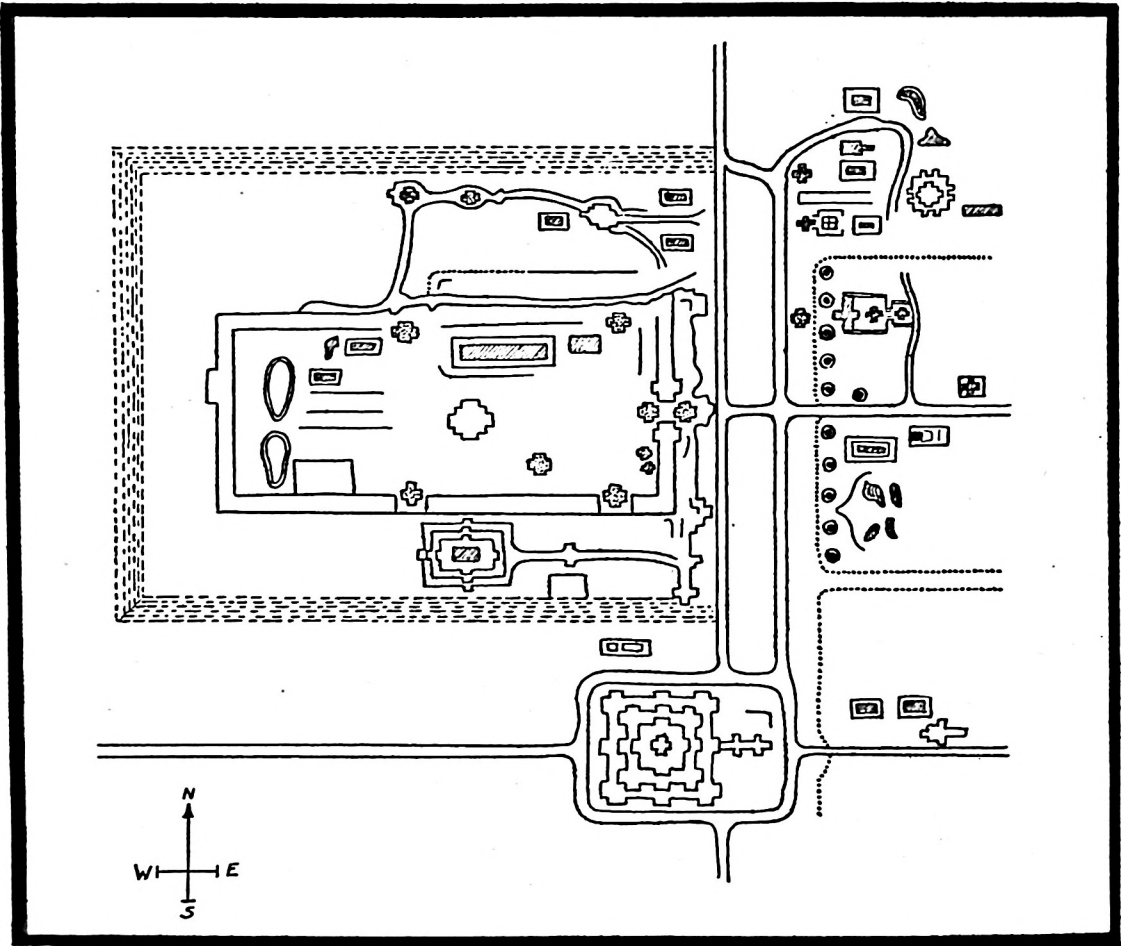
Phnom Bakheng. Temple on summit of pyramid. The walls are masked with an accumulation of stones which seem to be the basis of an immense sitting Buddha. They are the work of bonzes, relatively recent.

tion of shrines containing several statues and images of the Buddha and of Brahmanical deities. In the center is seen all that now remains of a pedestal upon which once must have rested a statue of the divinity (Vishnu) to whom this great temple was dedicated.

It is presumed that this huge central tower as well as the remaining four, at each angle, were once resplendent with gold paint and enhanced the elegance of the mighty and majestic temple.

Since it was abandoned to its fate, Angkor Wat has evidently been visited, many centuries after, by Buddhist monks as a place of pilgrimage and of retreat, for several additions, modifications and badly executed repairs can be traced in several parts of the temple, especially on the third floor. It is interesting to note that solid and massive wooden doors existed at each of the shrines or sacrificial sanctuaries at the angles of each floor and that some of these still exist and are in a state of complete deterioration, while others have been replaced at a later date.

It is said that a huge arrow made of pure gold once ascended towards heaven from the very pinnacle of the center tower that crowns this marvellous monument which ranks among the most stupenduous pieces of work ever carried out by human hands.



### CENTRAL PORTION OF ANGKOR THOM

This is in part an illustration we drew of the lay-out of the city. It does not include all the buildings.

## CHAPTER 41

### ANGKOR THOM

From the west portico of Angkor Wat to the south gate of Angkor Thom is a little more than a mile; to the Bayon, it is better than 2 miles.

In this portion of the Park of Angkor, various sanctuaries and minor buildings have been discovered in the dense brushwood.

Angkor-Thom is situated about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Siem-reap and a little more than a mile from Angkor Vat, whence a road leads directly to the southern gate of the city. It was once a scene of the luxury and splendor of military life, but now it all lies desolate. The ruins of its walls and gates, which no doubt must have been of great dimensions, are now all overgrown with grass and bushes, and no sound of life breaks the empty stillness, except perhaps the disconsolate voice of a praying monk, who may have chosen this spot for its very desolateness. The gate, too, thru which one enters the city, must once have often witnessed shining procession of knights and ladies, but now is half broken down and passed thru only by shepherds and woodcutters of the neighborhood. Around the city, as its outermost defense, is a moat, about 334 feet wide, and within this, as a second protection, stand tall walls of conglomerate, with five gates, one on each of its west, south, and north sides, and two on its east side. To each of these gates a highway leads across the moat. In the center of the enclosure stands the temple of Bayon, a masterpiece of the architecture of ancient Cambodia. To the north of it extends a long court, 2,334 feet long and 500 feet wide, and around this court are the temples of Baphuon, Phimeanakas, Terrasse d'Honneur, Terrasse dite du Roi Lepreux (Terrace called the leper king's), and Prah-Pithu. These monumental buildings are unquestionably Brahmanic structures, but now so dilapidated that one can hardly distinguish their characteristics.

### THE MOAT AND ITS CROSS WAYS

The total length of the castle moat is 8 miles. Its banks are built of enormous blocks of stone, which are, however, mostly overgrown with bushes and hidden from view. Its depth once measured as much as 16 or 20 feet; but, as it has been neglected for many centuries, with lapse of time and the action of the ele-



ments it has gradually been getting filled in, and now in its deepest spot it hardly measures 10 feet.

The greater portion of the moat has been converted into rice-fields and cultivated by the natives, and the rest is overgrown with tall, impenetrable weeds. Along the inner bank of the moat runs an elevated road several feet wide. Of the five highways that cross the moat and lead into the interior of the enclosure, four, entering one thru the middle of each side, converge near the temple of Bayon. The fifth one, on the east side, reaches to the front of the great stairway of the temple of Phimeanakas. They are of the same construction and each has a width of 50 feet.

### THE GATES AND THE OUTER WALL

Nothing could be more elegant or more majestic than the monumental gates of the outer wall of Angkor-Thom. Their artistic beauty reminds one of the beautiful Greek structures of Thebes and Memphis. But their very beauty was also the cause of their frailty. Their walls are now mere heaps of stones and crumbled dirt, overgrown by creeping vines and other weeds. The five gates are all identical in structure. They stand about 66 feet high from the ground, and their height from the foundation to the lintels is not less than 23 feet. On both sides of the wall project buttresses, supporting triangular roofs, the pediments of which are decorated with carvings of sacred serpents (Naga). At both sides of the entrance are narrow stairways, which lead to the chambers of the gate which no doubt were once the quarters of vigilant guards. In the angles of the buttresses and in the side walls of the chambers one notices traces of vigorous decoration. This is best prepared in the north gate and consists of a large three-headed elephant, which seems to be supporting on its strong back a cylindrical tower, constituting the superstructure. On its heads ride Cornacs, all traces of which are, however, almost effaced. The elephant is decorated with a necklace, at the end of which hangs a bell. It seems to be picking lotus flowers, with its trunk stretched out to the ground. On examining the creature closer, one will find that around its feet are traces of all sorts of water-flowers, and this fact shows that the elephant is designed to stand in a marsh.

The outer wall starts from the back wall of the chamber of guards and is built of conglomerate. It is 23 feet high and  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles long. Along the wall on the inside runs a road 33 feet wide, which, however, is now mostly forest with only a narrow path winding among trees.

## THE FIVE HIGHWAYS.

These lead from the outer wall to the center of the enclosure and are each 5,000 feet long and 100 feet wide. They are all identical in structure. On both sides of each road is piled up, in the



Here is a small structure now almost buried by the filling in of earth and destruction of tree growths.

form of a bank, the earth dug from the ditches that skirt them and which serve as drainage ditch. Both the roads and the ditch were thickly overgrown by tall trees and wild vegetation, until lately these have been cut down and cleared away, exposing to some extent the old outlines of the magnificent avenues.

## THE PONDS

There are many ponds (sras), large and small and of various shapes, in Angkor Thom. Some of them are within the enclosures



of temples and regarded as sacred waters. These are small, but others are large and were once used as reservoirs. They are all built with conglomerate and sandstone, and at present some of them are very deep, while some appear just like natural marshes. To mention the most important ones, there is a large one, about



The Khmer people were artisans with many achievements. They built bridges as well as buildings. In the middle foreground is a 7-headed naga cobra.

1,000 feet long, in front of the group of temples of Prah-Pithu. Tho now converted by the natives into a rice-field, this must once have been a great pond. At the back of the same group (north) are several small ones. There are several equally small ones around the terrace on the west of Bayon Temple. They are all so disfigured that casual inspection can hardly identify them. As a rule, however, each temple had one or more ponds attached to it. The largest of all is the one located to the north of Phimenakas.

This extensive site of the Khmer capital in the 9th to the 15th centuries, was entirely neglected for five centuries. Its monuments were overrun by the vegetation when in 1908 the Archaeo-

logical Service of the Ecole d'Extreme-Orient was entrusted by the Government of Indo-China with the care of its medieval edifices.

The road coming up from Siem-reap enters the Capital by the South Gate. The roadway leading to this edifice crosses the outer



Surrounding Angkor-Thom, the city, were stone walls. In the center of each wall was a huge stone gate. This is one on the south. Look closely you will again see one face of Siva on left side of tower.

moat, but wanton acts of destruction have stripped it of its balustrades of naga and giants.

The five entrances to Angkor Thom are alike. They are stately yet graceful sandstone gates, 66 feet high, and tastefully ornamented.

Overlooking these edifices are the four gigantic faces of Lokeshvara, crowned with the conical tiara. The basements are decorated with mouldings and in the corners of the abutments are figured the bodies of three-headed elephants with their curved trunks holding bunches of lotus leaves and flowers.



The south portal is better than 10 feet wide and 23 feet high, while its depth is 43 feet. In the middle, flights of steps lead up to the guard-rooms.

The outer wall of the "Nagara," built of laterite and topped with sandstone, measures  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length. On all sides is the forest.



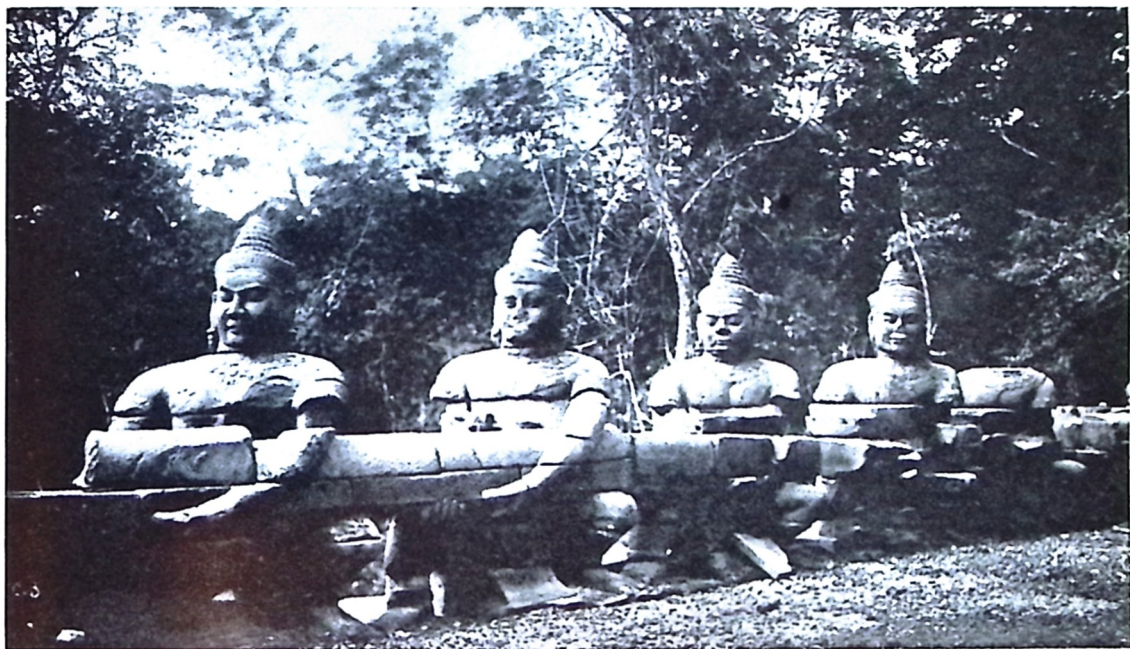
The eastern town gate, called "the triumphal gate" of the old city. The avenue is bordered with giants carrying the Naga balustrade. City gate of outer wall in rear.

Angkor Thom, the "Great City" is the popular name of one of the most ancient capitals of the Cambodian Empire. For five and a half centuries it was the residence of the Khmer sovereign; its decay was the result of the Thai invasion.

### HISTORY

Angkor Thom was built in the 9th century, by King Yasovarman, but the primitive city merely comprised the Palace and

the temples surrounding the main square; the whole was enclosed by a huge laterite wall, more than 12 feet high, traces of which are to be observed north and west of the Prah Palilai. The King threw up the Yasodhara-giri (Central Mount), to which was brought in great pomp, the linga, or active symbol of Siva, the protecting deity of the dynasty. Yaso-varman founded the monasteries, the Sivaite Yasodharasrama and the Buddhist Sau-



A close up view of the avenue of giants.

gatasrama (Tep Pranam). Opposite the palace he built the twelve Prasat and the two Khleang; south of the city, the Yasodharesvara (Phnom Bakheng). It would appear that when he died, his work was not yet completed. His sons continued it, and erected, in the environs, the Baksei Chamkrong to the south, the Prasat Kravan to the east.

In 928, Jaya-varman IV, having seized the power, left the capital to go and settle at Koh-ker.

In 944, Rajendra-varman II "came and reigned at Angkor. He restored the holy city of Yasodharapura, which had long been deserted (16 years), and made it magnificent and delightful by building in it houses adorned with bright gold, and palaces enriched with precious stones." The Royal Residence was rebuilt by the minister Kavindrarithathana, and new sanctuaries were



erected in the neighborhood of the capital, such as the East Mebon, Pre Rup, Ta Keo; all three composed of five towers, built quincunx-wise; Prasat Batchum, with its towers all in a row.

His son built the Baphuon, south of the Palace. This building of a new temple of primary importance in the city, the situation



Another town gate of the old city. Note avenue of giants on both sides, also face of Siva in center of tower, also outline on right side of tower.

of which is no doubt that of a nodal point, perhaps brot about an alteration in the extent of a portion of the outer wall.

In the early years of the 11th century, the Buddhist King of Ligor gained possession of Cambodia and placed his son, Suryavarman, on the Khmer throne. Prah Khan may date from this reign.

Under Jaya-varman VII (end of the 12th century), the Bayon was built and consecrated to the worship of Buddha. The town was enlarged to its present limits, and its entrance adorned with fine gateways. To the same sovereign are to be ascribed the Terrace of the Elephants and, in the environs, Ta Prohm, Banteal Kedei and Prasat Chrung.

His successor ordered the design of the Bayon to be altered and had the central block built on grander lines, in which the Buddhist characteristics appear to be attenuated.

In the first half of the 12th century, Surya-varman II built the stately temple of Angkor Wat.

In 1178, the King of Champa, freighted a fleet, sailed up the Me-khong and surprised the Khmer Court. Angkor was captured and its monuments pillaged. Part of the spoils went to enrich the Cham shrines.

In 1296, a Sino-Mongolian Embassy visited Angkor; it found the country devastated by a recent war with Siam.

Towards 1357, Ram-dhipati, King of Ayuthaya, invaded Cambodia and laid siege to the capital; which held out for 16 months. The victorious Siamese plundered the country and carried off 90,000 of the inhabitants into captivity. Three Siamese rulers occupied the Khmer throne.

In 1404, Parama rajadhiraja, King of Ayuthaya, marched into Cambodia with a train of elephants and horses, and beleaguered Angkor. The city surrendered after a resistance lasting 7 months. The Siamese carried off 40,000 captives.

It was realized that the capital, the glorious victim of so many disasters, was too much exposed to the assaults of the Thai. In 1433, King Ponhea-yat transferred his residence from Angkor to Phnom Penh.

This marked the decline. The wealthy Yasodharapura, notwithstanding the return of one or two of its sovereigns such as Prah Gamkhat (15th century), Sotha I (16th century), was forsaken and soon fell into oblivion. Its edifices were overthrown by vegetation, which covered them with a thick shroud.

Chou Ta-kuan, who resided for some time at Angkor in 1296, has left a "Memoir on the Customs of Cambodia":

"The outer wall of the city of Angkor is about 20 li in circumference. It has five main gateways, each flanked by oriented side gates . . . Outside the wall there is a big moat, outside the moat, causeways with big bridges. On either side of the bridges, there are fifty-four stone genii (one hundred and eight in all, a sacred number), like stone generals, huge and terrible. The five gates are exactly alike. The parapets of the bridges are of stone, carved in the shape of nine-headed snakes . . . On the gates of the wall are five stone heads of Buddha; one of the middle ones is ornamented with gold. On both sides of the gates are carved stone elephants. The wall is built thruout of stones laid one on the other; it is about two chang high. The stones are very carefully and solidly joined, and no weeds grow on them. There are no





Later stairs on northern part of facade west of third story. Carvings are everywhere even to risers on steps. We have often said: "Every square inch of surface stone from the tops of the five towers, to the very foundation stones, inside and out, in rooms, courts, columns, is carved in bas-relief."

battlements. In certain parts the ramparts have been sown with Kuang-lang. Here and there are small houses, empty. The inner side of the rampart forms as it were a ramp of more than ten chang, at the top of which are large gates, closed at night, opened in the morning. There are guardians at the gates, dogs alone being forbidden to enter. The wall forms a regular square, at the four corners of which stand four square towers. Criminals who

have had their big toes cut off are likewise debarred from entering the gates. Marking the center of the nagara, there is a tower of gold (Bayon), flanked by more than twenty (51) stone towers and several hundred stone cells. On the east side there are a gold



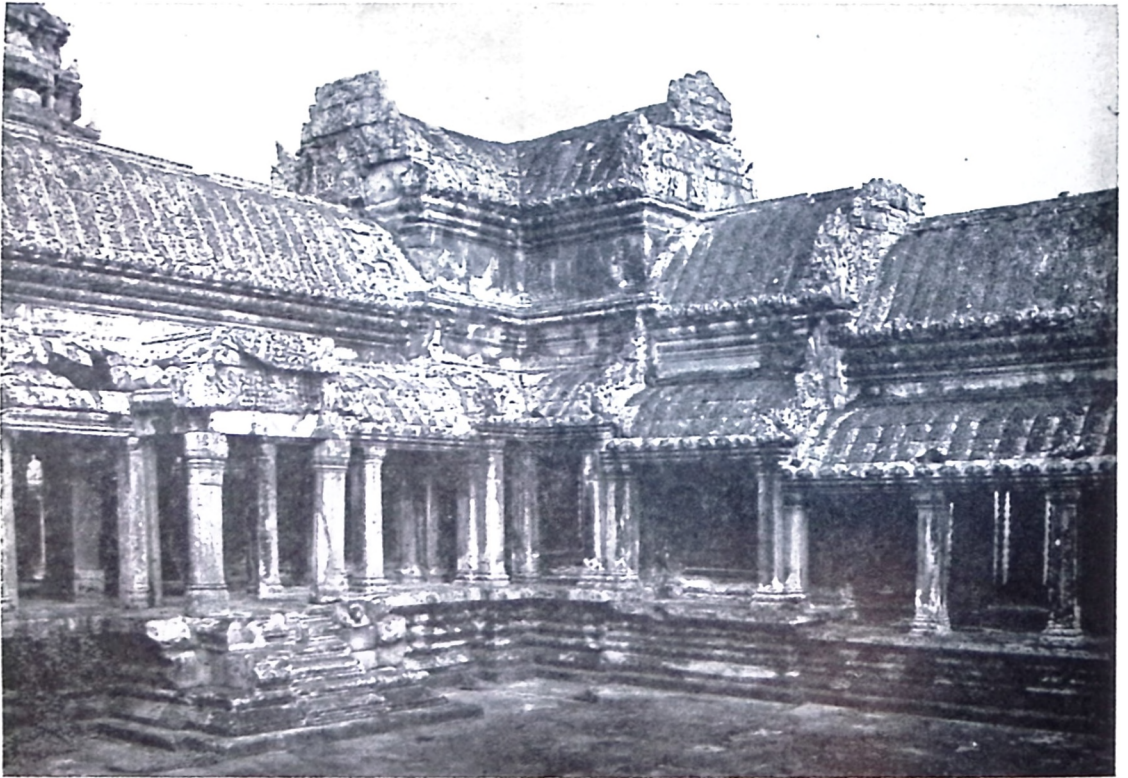
Walled door of central sanctuary of third story.  
Buddhas surround Buddhas.

bridge with two lions on each side, and eight gold Buddhas, standing at the foot of the stone chambers. At about one li north of the tower of gold, there is a tower of brass (Baphuon) still higher than the tower of gold, and the aspect of which is really impressive. At the foot, there are more than ten small stone



houses. One li still farther north lies the residence of the King. In the Sovereign's retiring-chambers, there is yet another tower of gold (Phimeanakas).

"The Palace, the official dwellings and the houses of the nobles all face the East . . . . The tiles of the private apartments are of lead; those of the other buildings, of yellow clay. The



Interior court of third story.

piers of the bridge are of enormous size and have Buddhas carved and painted on them.

"All, from the King downwards, men and women alike, wear the top-knot (in the bas-reliefs of the 9th and 10th centuries, however, the Khmer soldiers are represented with short hair, and this style of headdress is still affected to this day by the Cambodians, of both sexes, with exception of the Baku), and have their shoulders bare. They simply wrap a piece of cloth round their loins (the sampot would appear to be of Thai importation). The King alone may dress in flowery garments. He wears a gold diadem, like those on the head of the vajradhara. When he has no

diadem, he wreathes his top-knot in garlands of highly scented flowers of the jasmine variety. About his neck he wears close upon three pounds of large pearls. His wrists, ankles, and fingers are covered with cats' eyes. He goes barefooted and the soles of



Tevedas and Brahman divinities decorate central sanctuary of third story. This is another detailed sample of the fine quality of bas-reliefs found everywhere.

his feet and palms of his hands are dyed red. When he appears in public he holds in his hand a sword of gold (Prah Khan, the Gift of Indra). The higher dignitaries use palanquins with gold shafts and four parasols with gold handles.



"When the King goes out, cavalry head the escort; then come the standards, the pennants and the band. Maidens of the Palace, to the number of three to five hundred, dressed in flowery gowns, with blossoms in their hair and holding big tapers in their hands, form a troop; even by daylight, their tapers are lighted. Then come other handmaidens carrying the royal utensils of gold and silver and a whole set of ornaments of widely different patterns, the uses of which are unknown to me. Next come maidens of the Palace carrying lances and shields; they are the King's bodyguard and likewise form a troop. After these come the carriages drawn by goats, and those drawn by horses, one and all ornamented with gold. The ministers, the princes, ride in front on elephants and look far ahead; their red parasols are not to be numbered. After them come the King's wives and concubines, in palanquins, in carriages, or on elephants. They certainly carry more than a hundred parasols adorned with gold. Behind them is the King, standing upright on an elephant and holding in his hand the precious sword (Prah Khan). The elephant's tusks are cased in gold. There are more than twenty white parasols, adorned with gold, and with gold handles. Numerous elephants crowd round him and he is further protected by cavalry."

From the large gateways of the stately enclosure, handsome straight avenues, each about 5,000 feet in length, lead towards the heart of the city and its central point, the Bayon. To the north of this temple lie the principal edifices of the old capital.

### SOUTH GATE

Like the other four gates of the city, this portal is of huge dimensions (about 67 feet in height) and is surmounted by the head of Siva with his four faces. Opinion is divided as to whom these four visages are supposed to belong; some attribute them to Brahma, while others contend that they represent Lokeshvara. These heads are 10 feet in height.

These four-faced visages, of which there are several surmounting the many towers of the Bayon, have to this day revealed no definite clue as to the identity of the deity they represent. Some of those found at Bayon, similar in form and in expression, bear the mark of a half rhombus or semi-lozenge on the forehead; apart from this distinction it is impossible to trace any material deviation in the motif as a whole which would enable us to allude to two separate divinities.

The south gate, like those on the east, north and west, as well

as the supplementary one called the Gate of Victory, situated nearly midway between the one on the east and the north-eastern angle of the city wall, were preceded by an avenue along which were placed a series of 54 huge figures on each side supporting in their arms the body of a gigantic serpent, known as Vasuki. This scene represents the demons (Asuras) on one side and the gods (Devas) on the other, both straining with all their might on the body of the multi-headed serpent in the act of churning the ocean (vide the scene represented on the panel in the East Gallery (South Wing) at Angkor Wat).

With the exception of the Gate of Victory, where these figures still constitute a magnificent perspective from a distance, the remaining gates can only boast of but a few vestiges of these gigantic balustrades that struck those who passed between them with awe, and with profound respect.

The best preserved gates of the city are that on the north and the one on the east known as the Gate of Death.

The surface of the gateways on both sides reveals extremely poor workmanship and is as clumsy as it is primitive. The architecture, devoid of all notions of a central keystone, causes one to shiver when passing thru these portals which, however, have laid together despite the centuries that have elapsed since they were erected.

The haphazard way in which the slabs have simply been piled over each other, some protruding beyond, while others recede, and the general impression of chaos imparted to the beholder, cause the visitor to pause in conjecture as to how and thru what kind providence these masses of stone, skilfully brought together and crowned by a decorative headpiece, have withstood the ravages of time and weather while many of the more solid and massive monuments found at Angkor have crumbled away under the hand of nature.

The outer portions of the wall on both sides of the porch are decorated with graceful female figures and with Indra mounted on the sacred three-headed elephant. Two other deities will be noticed on either side of the god, while on close examination it will be found that the elephant is in the act of browsing on the lotus flowers at his feet.

Inside the vault of the gateway on each side are two open sentry lodges within the stonework. Overhead one perceives wooden crossbeams that have been preserved as if by miracle. It is, therefore, evident that these must have supported decorated wooden ceilings of which a very few fragments may still be found clinging to the rafters.

To visit the entire length of the wall on the four sides of the city, going from gate to gate and from one Prasat Chrong to the other at each angle, on foot or on horseback thru dense vegetation, would mean an excursion of over 7 miles and would be fraught with great difficulties encountered in the shape of impediments of all sorts under present conditions and would be attended by the risk of snakebites owing to the slow progress one would make thru the dense jungle and the enormous roots of gigantic forest trees that have spread over the wall in the course of centuries, bringing down part of it in many places.

## CHAPTER 42

### TEMPLE OF BAYON

This is one of the oldest temples, if not the very oldest, built by the inhabitants of Angkor on the soil of Cambodia. Tho no record of it has been handed down to us, judging from the style of its architectural and decorative art, we shall not be very far wrong, if we ascribe the commencement of this building to the time of King Indravarman (877) and the completion of it to the time of King Yacovarman (889).

#### THE FIRST STORY

An encircling gallery of 500 feet east to west and 333 feet north to south, set on stone foundations 7 feet high, constitutes the first story of this building. Despite its miserable state of dilapidation, it shows a close resemblance to the first story of Angkor Vat; e.g., it consists of interior walls covered with bas-reliefs, a row of tall square pillars which support the roof, and a row of much smaller pillars upon which rest the semi-circular vaults of the veranda. The only difference is that here a small terrace, 10 feet high, with an elegant balustrade, a vestige only of which now remains on the west side, surrounds the entire length of the gallery. On each side of it are three entrances, one in the middle and two at the west end.

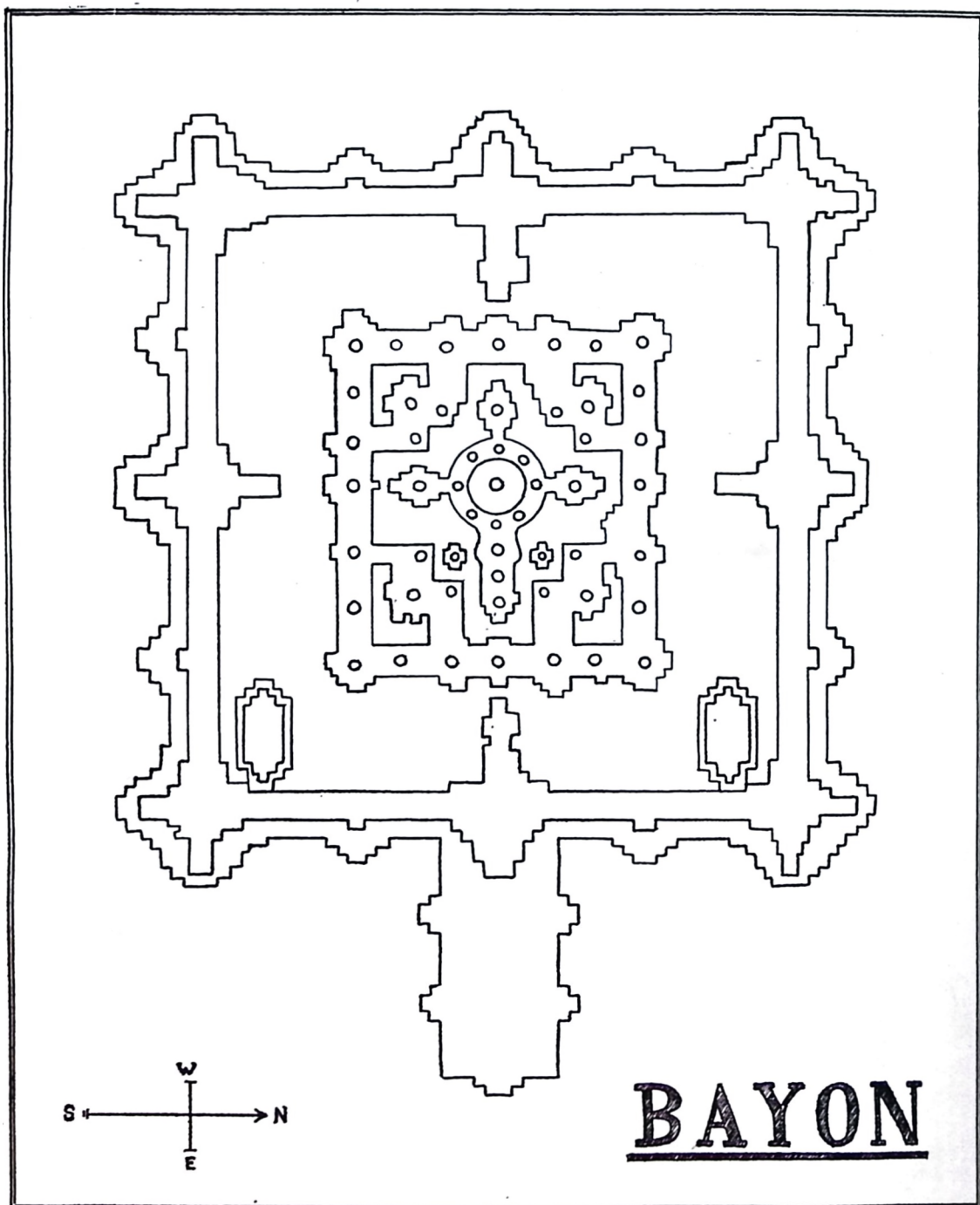
In front of the east middle entrance extends a large terrace, 17 feet long, with four flights of steps, two on each side, which go down to the pond. They are, however, now in a state of utter ruin. A fifth flight, placed in front, descends to the avenue which leads directly to the gate of Khmoch.

Between the gallery of the first story and that of the second extends a court, 60 feet wide, which offers no particular objects of interest, except heaps of ruins scattered in various places and blocking its paths. At each of its south, east, and northeast corners stands a small building resembling closely the library of Angkor Vat. Across the middle of the court, between the two galleries, runs a corridor which connects the entrance of the first story with that of the second.

#### THE SECOND STORY

The gallery of the second story presents an altogether different appearance: (1) Here are five entrances on each side, three in





This is a drawing of the layout of the building we call Bayon.

the middle and one at each end, (2) its floor is not all in the same horizontal plane, but elevated towards the middle entrances, (3) the left entrance on the south side and the right entrance on the north side are placed very much nearer the north to south axis of the gallery than the other entrances, (4) and finally this gallery has two verandas, one facing the surrounding court and the other the interior of the building.

The entire back wall of the outer veranda is decorated with bas-reliefs and is cut into panels at frequent intervals by narrow entrances that establish communication with the interior of the gallery, by means of stairways of five or six flights, according to the different elevations of the floor. The entrances that are placed at the side of each middle entrance of the gallery open to other galleries, which run at right angles to that of the second story. Each of these galleries is invariably accompanied by a double veranda and forms a redan, the lowest points of their roofs being on the same level as the terrace of the third story. The gallery runs round and encloses a small court.



General view of Bayon. Western facade.





Western wing of northern exterior gallery. Beautiful carvings are found everywhere. Why did they emulate the female almost entirely?

### THE THIRD STORY

This consists of a terrace and a tower standing in the center. The tower, however, is sadly dilapidated. It is circular at its base and rises in a conical shape, ornamented by an inaccessible balcony. Its summit stands 150 feet above the level of Angkor Thom. Under the dome is a large, dark room, connected with the terrace by eight corridors; this is the sanctuary of the Temple of Bayon. Those who desire to explore it should provide themselves with lights, so that they may avoid falling into the holes, which seekers of jewels and statuettes have dug in its floor.

Its west, south, and north corridors open on to the terrace by elaborate gates. The east corridor is an important passage flanked by galleries and surmounted by small towers. The other intermediate corridors are connected to the terrace by means of stairways of a few flights. At the base of the great tower are many small cells for priests, which still contain the remains of

some ancient statues. At the side of the south gate is a chapel, and a small edifice on each side of the great avenue on its east side. It seems, also, that around the terrace there was once a balustrade, all traces of which are now almost completely effaced, except for pieces of its ruins scattered in the court. All the towers of Bayon, without exception, are decorated with the four faces of Brahma crowned with a diadem.

### THE DECORATION OF BAYON

The beauty of Bayon and its perfect original charm are absolutely unrivalled in the whole of Angkor. Tho much inferior in magnitude, in the purity and perfection of its art, Bayon surpasses Angkor Vat. The architectural and decorative genius of Angkor could be studied here in all its splendid originality,



Bas-relief of exterior galleries west. Evidently depicting warfare, war methods of the Khmer people who lived here those days. Such views as this give some idea of irregularity of huge rocks as pieced together. Elephants, men on backs, with spears; army below with shields and spears.





Bayon. Bas-relief of exterior galleries south. Elephants, men with spears. Two wheels are seen, so they knew that method of transportation.

but for the havoc that the neglect of long centuries has wrought so utterly. Even so, we can still draw valuable inspiration from these numerous ruins, which are crowded into this comparatively small space. It seems that the artists, who lavished their talents in the creation of this magnificent work of art, did so, not from the motive of pleasing spectators, but from the pure desire to beautify God's abode. For, as you examine it more carefully, you will observe that the building is most minutely decorated, even in such corners and angles as no casual observers will remark; for instance, between its lintels, which occur at intervals of 20 inches, you will notice that the expression on each of the many Brahma faces, constitutes in itself a perfect work of art. Besides these may be mentioned the original decoration of the foliage on the frame of the door, the delicate embroidery of the window curtain, and the inspired carvings of the images of Tevadas. All these are remarkable, if you examine them carefully.



## THE STATE OF RUIN OF BAYON

No monuments of Cambodia, save Baphuon, have suffered so deplorably from the lapse of time as that of Bayon. The roof of the first story and its semi-circular dome have crumbled down to the ground, leaving a mere fragment of their ancient majestic structure. Its interior walls, its double row of pillars, the pediments of its middle and corner vestibules are all more heaps of ruins than structures. The second story appears a little more solid, but it is also in a state of great dilapidation. Some roofs are entirely missing, and that of the left end of the north side is barely kept hanging on wooden posts which have been put there in place of the crumbled columns. The third story is in a better state of preservation than the other two, but its great dome is so badly disfigured that casual visitors will not easily be



Bas-relief of exterior galleries south. Upper picture as well as lower depicts opposing armies, facing each other. In upper right corner is an elephant facing the enemy. Showing two hostile armies at the point of engaging in battle.



able to reconstruct the original temple of Bayon out of all these ruins.

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The monument is certainly impressive. Pierre Loti has left us an account of his visit (1901), when the temple was still buried in vegetation:

"To reach the Bayon, you have to cut your way with a stick thru a jungle of brambles and trailing creepers. On all sides, the forest hems it in narrowly, smothers and crushes it; huge fig trees, completing the destruction, have gained a foothold everywhere, right up to the top of the towers that serve as its pedestal.



These Khmer people were evidently highly intelligent as of their day. Above is a battle scene, men fighting with daggers, spears. Below is a boat with the bow of another boat (right) with fishes below the boat, with men apparently in the act of swimming in water. Bas relief of exterior galleries south. The adverse army is vanquished and massacred. A war junk with standing warriors and sitting oarsmen.





Bas-relief of exterior galleries south. Nautical scenes above. Below, public scenes, as well as domestic, depicting the lives of Khmer people.

You come to the gates: like so many ancient locks of hair, countless roots drape them with a thousand fringes. At this rather late hour, in the darkness shed by the trees and the cloudy sky, they are like big shadowy holes that give you pause. By the nearest entrance, a troop of monkeys gathered there for shelter and who had been squatting in a circle, as tho holding a council, scamper off in a leisurely fashion and without their usual chattering: it is as though, in a place like this, the silence must not be broken . . . I raise my eyes to the overhanging towers wrapped in verdure, and of a sudden an unknown fear causes me to shudder at the sight of a huge icy smile bent upon me from above . . . and presently yet another smile, yonder on another length of wall . . . then three of them, and five, and ten . . . they are everywhere, and I was being observed from all sides. . . Why, of course, the "towers with the four-faced gods"! I had quite forgotten them, tho I had been told about them. . . They are of such superhuman proportions, these masks carved high up in



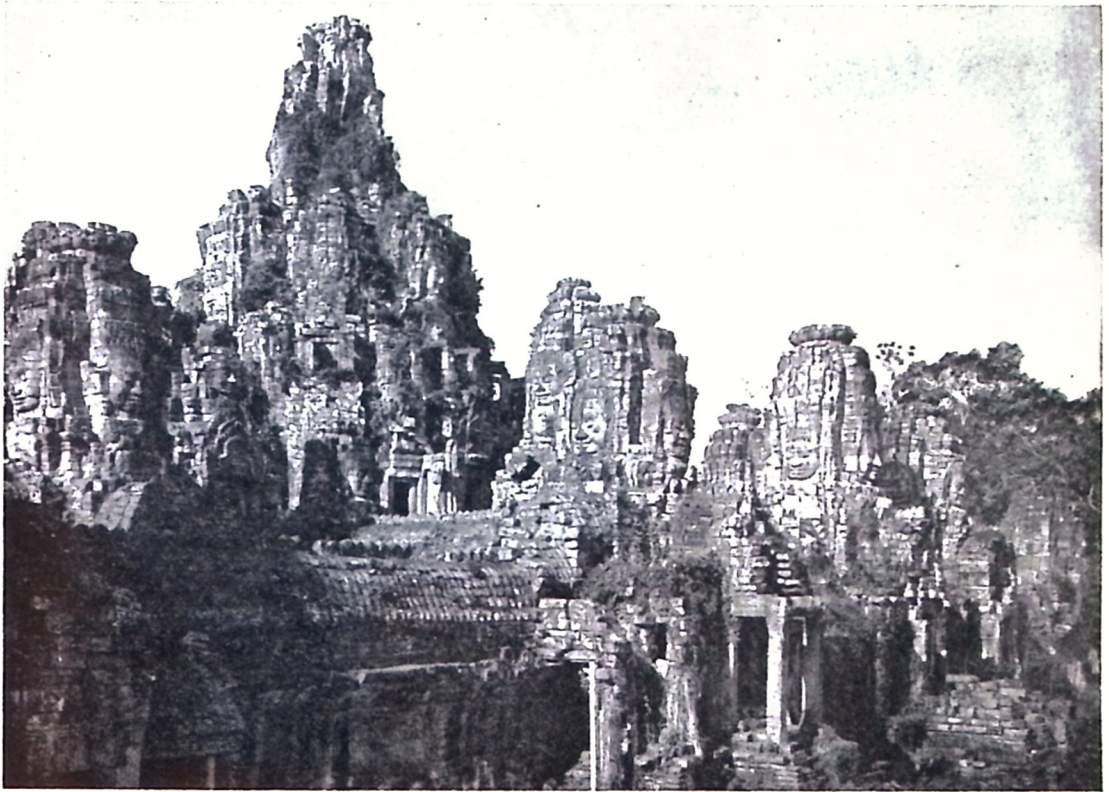
the air, that it takes a second or two to realize what they are. They smile and smile under their big flat noses and keep their eyelids half closed, with a sort of old-world femininity: they might be slightly quizzical old ladies. Images of the gods worshipped, in times long past, by men whose history is known no longer; images of which, for hundreds and hundreds of years, neither the slow labour of the forest, nor the heavy dissolving rains have availed to destroy the expression—that of an ironical good nature, most disturbing even than the set grin of the monsters of China.”

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“The design of the Bayon, intricate in its several parts, forms an ensemble absolutely unique of its kind; the facades are no less interesting. The towers, splendidly proportioned, rising



Bas-relief of exterior galleries south. Diversions in a place, above. Below, a junk with warriors and oarsmen. Warriors with spears, fish in the water. Note big crack in wall, more than likely produced by some tree roots above gradually squeezing them apart.



Here's another view of Bayon. Central tower. Seen from the northern court. How many faces of Shiva can you see? Look closely and you should see nine.

gradually above the galleries filled with bas-reliefs, produce an extraordinary effect, adding by their wonderful mass to that of the central dome, the finest masterpiece of all. At the first glance, the galleries may seem rather low; none the less are they endowed with pleasing proportions, calculated to show off the domed towers to which they are attached.—The architects have sought to keep the galleries and the sanctuaries as close together as possible, in order to achieve a grandeur of aspect that can be taken in at a single glance. The fifty domes standing near each other and rising gradually in tiers, above the terraces, have the appearance of being arranged round the main sanctuary in a way to form, as it were, a single pyramid." (Tissandier).

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"The Bayon is the only temple exhibiting a double circuit of carved galleries. If placed one beside the other, its vast com-



positions in bas-relief would cover a distance of more than 4,000 feet and it would be possible to count as many as 11,000 person-ages, or figures of animals. . . This is undoubtedly the best designed, the most varied and the most original of the sacred buildings of Ancient Cambodia. Nowhere else does that art of astonishing, and at the same time pleasing the eye, which was the special gift, as well as the chief aim of the bold Khmer master-builders, assert itself in a more striking manner. In spite of the immensity of the proportions and the studied diversity of the effects, the general aspect is nowhere sacrificed. The inner group kept within the smallest possible limits, is skilfully hidden from sight and remains almost unperceived: the pyramidal effect of the whole seems to be entirely due to the arrangement of its fifty elaborately decorated towers." (Delaporte.)

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## SCULPTURES

The sculptures of the Bayon afford very valuable information as to the public life of the Cambodians of former days; they are very life-like and show us the Khmer people in the market place, out shooting or fishing, or lying prostrate in front of their gods; their soldiers holding the processions, or actually fighting; their monarch in the midst of his court, surrounded by his choristers, giving audience, leading his army, etc.

The outer galleries (First Floor) would appear to deal with contemporary incidents, or incidents drawn from local history; there is not a single mythological character, but warlike processions, scenes in the Palace or the public square, and especially endless fights with neighboring peoples, the Cham, on the one hand, the Thai and the Peguans, on the other.

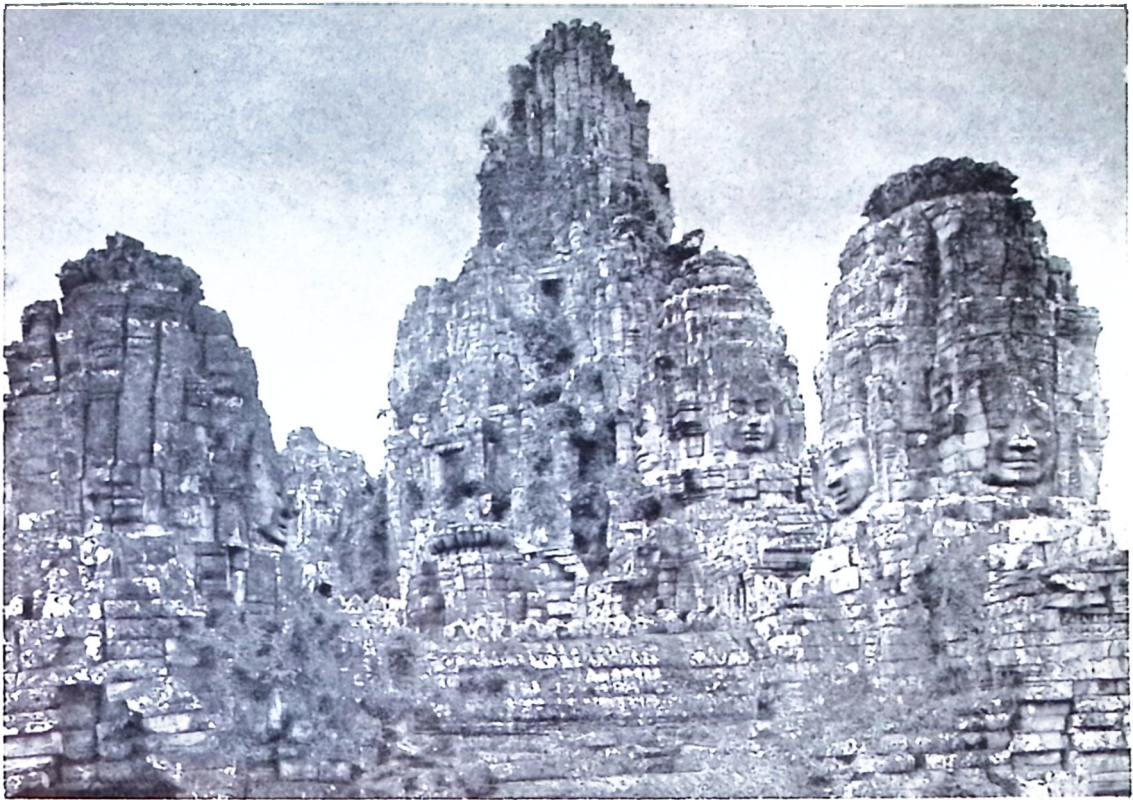
The inner galleries, (Second Floor) present fighting scenes, long lines of warriors, religious ceremonies, of a distinctly mythological character.

This great temple, now in ruins, will always remain the "piece de resistance" and the chief feature of attraction after Angkor Wat.

Its distance from the Hotel is about 2 miles and a whole morning could well be spent in exploring the thousand and one nooks and corners on each floor.

The temple of Bayon consists of three floors.

The second floor is surmounted by 28 four-visaged turrets, whereas there are only 20 on the third, not including the massive



Another view of the towers of Bayon. How many faces of Siva do you see here? There should be seven.

central tower or "prasat." This "prasat" once contained the "linga" (phallic emblem) of Siva who was considered the "deva-  
raja" or god-king under whose special protection was placed the Kingdom of the Khmers.

The ancient name of the Bayon was Yasodharagiri (meaning Hill of Yasovarman). It was also known as "Bhnam Kantal" (meaning Central Mountain) standing as it does almost in the very center of the walled city of Angkor Thom.

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Let us now visit the outer gallery on the ground or first floor and closely examine the endless series of beautifully executed carvings and bas-reliefs on the walls that are still left standing on all four sides. These galleries roughly measure 533 by 466 feet. The ceiling above them has either been demolished or fallen thru. The carvings on the walls and on the pillars provide very



interesting subjects to professional or amateur photographers as they are exposed to excellent light at all times.

To walk around the outer galleries let us start from the center of the south facade and turn to the right as we proceed in an easterly direction.

Before starting let us examine the exquisite carvings found on the pillars that once supported the roof of the monumental porch on the southern side of the temple which advances towards the road leading to Angkor Wat.

The motif of these carvings consist of a single, and in some cases, two or even three dancing "apsaras" within a framework formed by the bodies of two Nagas entwined in graceful curves around them.

#### SOUTH GALLERY: EAST WING (West to East).

In the vicinity of the doorway will be seen several bas-reliefs depicting wrestling and feats of strength besides ordinary episodes of life such as carpentering, cooking, etc.

Above them we see guests at a banquet eating with their fingers out of the trays and bowls placed before them. Then battle-scenes on land and on water, and a little way off, various personages engaged in a game of chess while others are holding a conference and some watching feats of strength and sword-play as well as a combat between wild boars.

These are followed by aquatic and fishing scenes, dancing and festivals, then an open-air market showing in detail the wares exposed for sale and last, but not least, a crowd watching a cock-fight.

Beyond the second doorway we come to shiploads of warriors floating down the river in large junks, then a woman in childbirth and other curious scenes such as wild animals devouring human beings in a forest, etc. Then, by some flight of imagination, are shown fishes placidly swimming among the birds in the treetops.

#### EAST GALLERY—SOUTH WING (South to North).

Within a small pavilion at the angle are seen the outlines of a temple with three towers, not unlike those of Angkor Wat. Naturally the other two towers are not shown in the picture, being masked by the front ones in the perspective.

If the identity of the temple represented could but be established it might prove to be the key to the epoch at which the Bay-



Le Bayon. Oriental entrance of interior galleries of second story. How many faces of Shiva do you see here? Seven? We suggest you get a magnifying glass and enlarge the picture.

on was constructed, for, as has been said in a preceding paragraph, there exist doubts as to the century in which it was built. The Bayon was originally believed to have been erected in the 9th century but recent discoveries have shown this hypothesis to be erroneous and that it may have been constructed at a much later date, say the 12th or 13th century.

The south wing of the east gallery starts with domestic scenes that decorate the lower panels, such as a kitchen in a palace and specimens of the feathered tribe on the housetops.

Then comes a march past of warriors and closeby may be seen a cow tethered to a tree, and several homely scenes of domestic life. Warriors meet their adversaries in the north end of this wing. Here we see the chieftains mounted on elephants and followed by lesser satellites, servants and slaves bearing victuals. The weapons of the combatants consist of spears, spikes and other fantastic arms of warfare and these are being brandished in a





Eastern wing of north gallery of the second story.

most comical manner adding zest to each episode as the scene progresses in its intensity.

#### EAST GALLERY—NORTH WING

Acrobatic scenes, fights, feats of prowess, of strength and of juggling are represented at the base of the pillars in the porch of the vestibule.

This gallery records several historical battle scenes depicted with great detail and precision, both human beings as well as



Bayon. Bas-relief in interior galleries of second story, eastern facade.  
Warriors on battle-elephants.

animals joining in the fray. Hand to hand fights, in most unnatural poses, curious headgear, parasol and standard bearers are seen in quick succession until a wholesale slaughter on both sides of the opposing armies indicate the highest pitch of the terrible combat represented.

#### NORTH GALLERY—EAST WING

On a portion of the wall near the extreme end of the east wing of this gallery is seen represented the episode of a defeat sustained by the troops. The invaders are shown in pursuit of the fleeing army; a warrior with close cut hair will be noticed taking refuge on a hill-top. Evidently this scene was meant to depict a reverse inflicted on the Khmers by their avowed enemies of the Chams. Various little incidents will be observed in the panels such as chieftain being hauled up with ropes on the elephants by his side, or warriors quenching their thirst from gourd-shaped vessels.



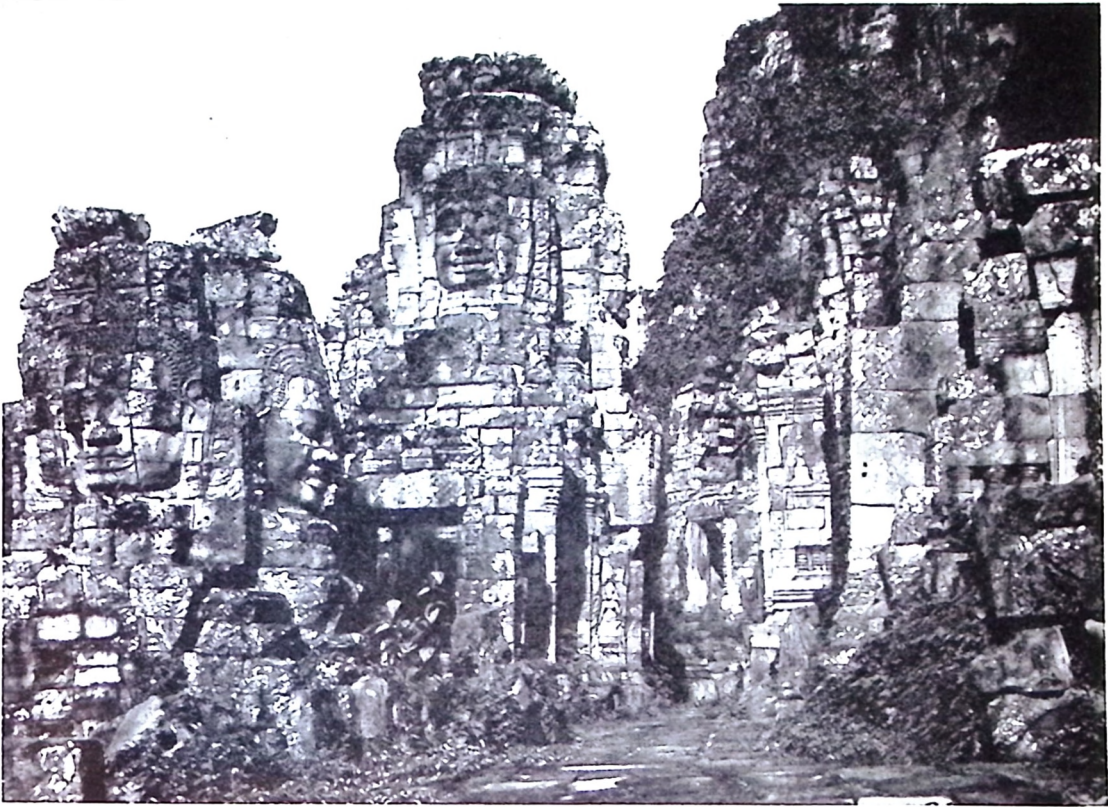


Corner court inside second wall. See what we mean about banyan trees and their roots breaking down stone construction? Note ruins above and behind trunk of tree. For 1200 years this has been going on in the jungle.

The remainder of the wall has fallen away and what is left of it provides the final episodes of the great combat.

#### NORTH GALLERY—WEST WING

In the central porch will be seen a figure of the Buddha seated in meditation. This statue is still daily venerated by devotees and is held in great respect by pilgrims.



Upper platform of south-eastern corner of central tower. You should see three faces of Shiva here.

A considerable portion of the bas-reliefs on the walls of the west wing of this gallery has not been completed, only the outlines of the battle scenes being visible.

These are followed by Brahmanical Yogis surrounded by a forest in the lower panels, while mounted horsemen are seen in those above them.

Then comes the representation of a circus with scenes of acrobacy and jugglery together with a full orchestra playing on instruments similar to those now in use in Cambodia.

Further we see a palace scene showing a high personage giving orders to his menials.

Below will be noticed a series of wild as well as domestic animals.

#### WEST GALLERY—NORTH WING

Here we see a continuation of the preceding battle scene relieved here and there by elephants that introduce a note of diversion in the picture.





One of the towers with four faces which caps the central entrance. Two faces are clearly observable. Two others on opposite sides. These towers are up on third story.

A square pedestal will be found within the central porch on the west.

#### WEST GALLERY—SOUTH WING

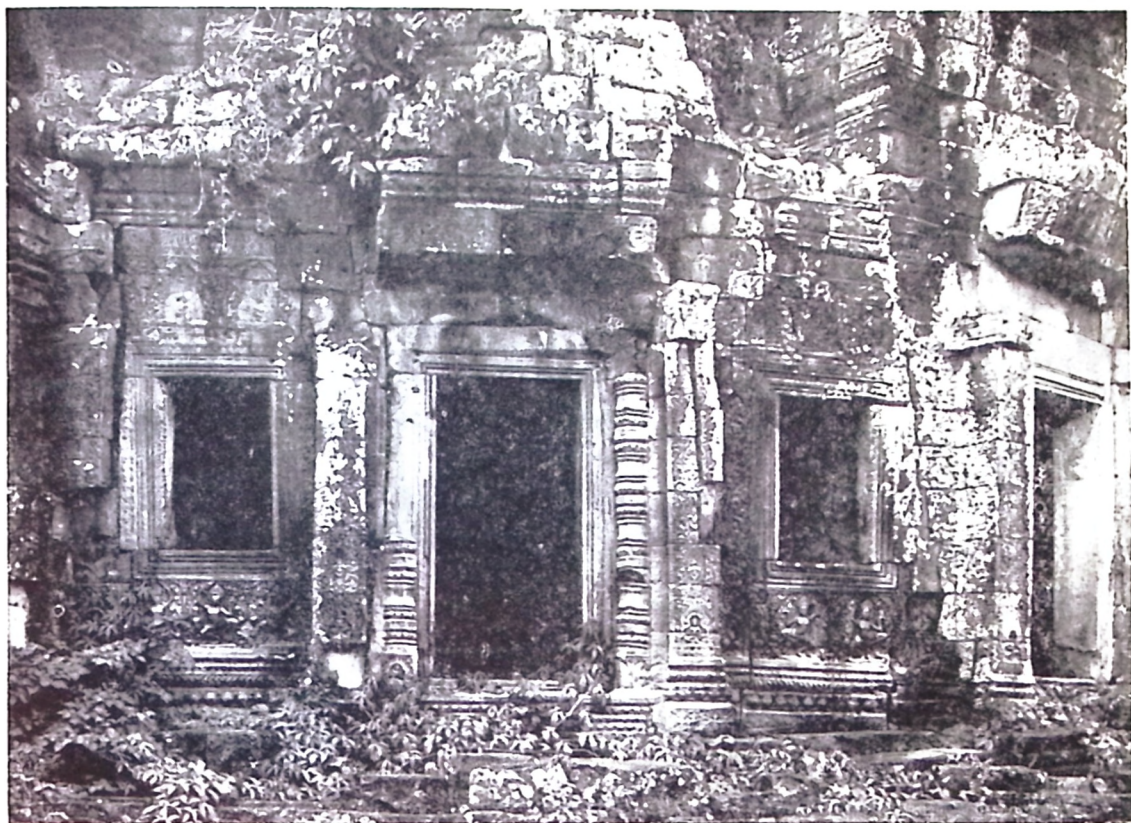
The same scenes of strife as in the north wing, and elephants are seen combating with each other. The warriors are represented here wearing almost no garments.

Towards the second doorway is seen in the top panel a chieftain to whom are being presented the heads of two of his enemies who have been beheaded.

Below is shown a crowd of men and women expostulating wildly and among them will be noticed a few Brahman priests.

Then come battle-scenes once more with a few blank spaces here and there left unfinished.

These are followed by a scene representing a tiger in pursuit of a Brahman priest who has taken refuge on a tree-top.



Bayon has not been as much restored as has been Angkor-Wat. One of the chapels at base of central tower.

Further are seen masons constructing a building under the direction of a supervisor.

#### SOUTH GALLERY—WEST WING

Fresh scenes of warfare showing warriors, chieftains and elephants. The men are armed with spears and are engaged in annihilating their opponents with the usual ferocity displayed in all the battle-scenes depicted in the preceding paragraphs.

Having now returned to the spot from where we started let us walk around the main edifice which lies before us.

We notice two oblong structures, believed to have been used as libraries, at the northeastern and southeastern angles of the courtyard that surrounds the temple.

The outer galleries are connected to the inner ones by an alleyway leading to a small pavilion on the east above which will be seen the four-faced visage met with on every floor of the Bayon.



The dimensions of the temple itself are roughly 233 by 267 feet around the second floor which constitutes the base of the monumental edifice.

As in the case of the outer galleries let us proceed from the center of the south facade and turn to the right towards the east, walking leisurely along the whole length of the inner galleries on whose walls will be seen an amazing series of beautifully carved bas-reliefs representing various religious legends and mythological subjects taken from the sacred books of the Brahmanical faith.

*Inner Galleries on the Second Floor of the Bayon*

**SOUTH GALLERY—EAST WING**

The first scene represents the Royal Couch in the King's apartments. Beyond the Palace are seen palmtrees waving their fronds above its roof.

A little further is seen the King himself standing on an elephant and after him the Queen surrounded by her maids.

Below will be noticed the army in marching order and scenes of warfare.

These are followed by village and camp life; in one corner two men are seen seated on a fire near a pool of water..

Beyond these come the warriors once more in marching order and followed by a retinue of standard-bearers and slaves carrying the Royal Palanquin upon which is seen the Throne.

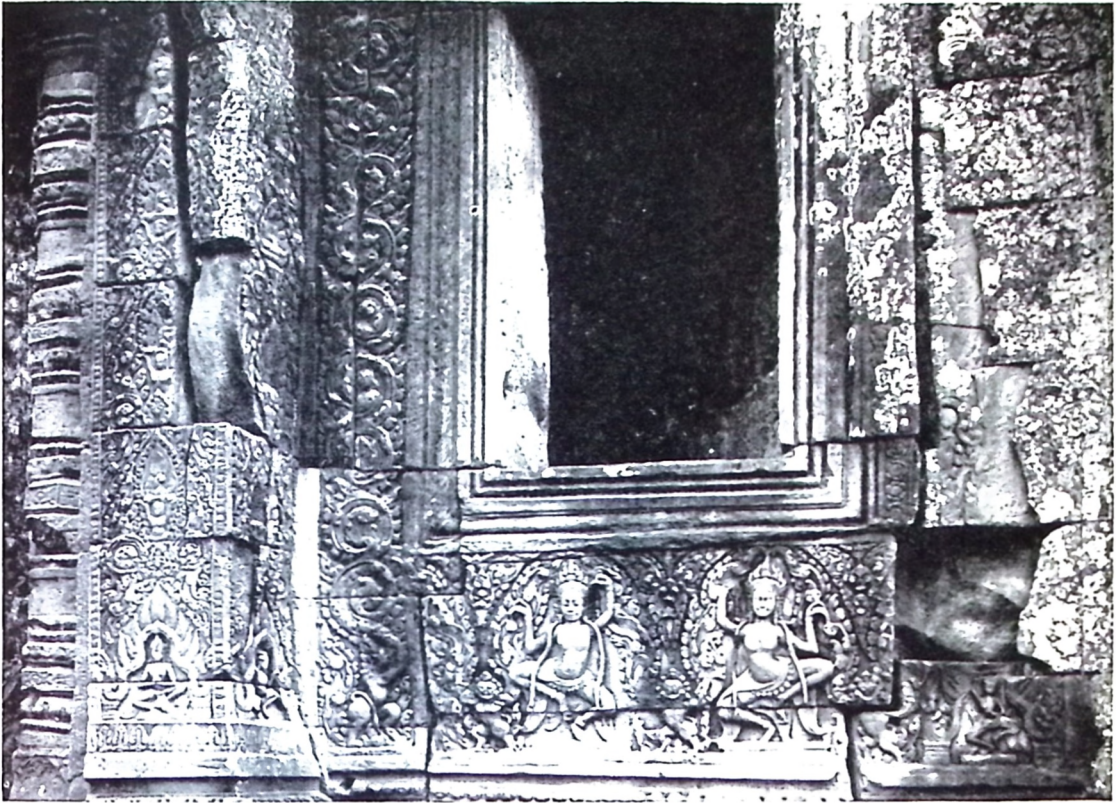
After a number of minor scenes we find again the royal apartment with the unoccupied couch which denotes that the King was absent from the palace.

Then comes the description of an old Indian legend about an infant that was locked away in a chest and was later delivered by the King from the entrails of a huge fish.

**SOUTH GALLERY—EAST WING (Lower Level)**

The army is again seen marching along and the Royal Couch appears once more without its occupant. This scene is followed by an apartment in the palace where a princess is arranging her hair before a mirror. A little further will be noticed another princess bending over a flower while inhaling its perfume.

Then again the march past of the troops and after this scene Garuda at the foot of a mountain standing with his two front paws apart having torn in two the body of a huge fish, each portion being seen on either side of him.



Mural sculptures of chapels at base of central tower. All girls have by way of dress is a G-string; above and below nude. Were they an uninhibited people as are most all natives of Asia today?

This allegory is followed at a little distance by a curious change of scenery. A man is seen at the top of a cocoanut tree gathering nuts while another seated below is gazing upwards.

After this diversion comes again the march past of the warriors and elephants bearing chieftains, two of whom, towards the end of the panel, are engaged in a tussle with the soldiery.

#### EAST GALLERY—SOUTH WING (Lower level)

The army in battle array with elephants and chieftains occupies the upper portion of the panels in this wing. Below will be seen two mounted horsemen threatening each other with sticks. Besides these will be noticed a palace scene representing a princess pressing to her bosom a ring given her as a token.

Further away will be seen a high personage below whom are a number of servants carrying out his orders. Then a King





Now you can see what Shiva looks like. Note irregularity of rock build up.

seated on a throne and, with a kerchief in one hand, is issuing orders. This is followed by dancing girls and musicians, the chorus keeping time with short sticks as is done in Cambodia, to this very day. Then a priest bearing a scroll is seen descending a flight of steps, and on the right will be observed a mountain upon which is a monastery where monks are reading from the sacred books. The lower portion represents various animals amid forest surroundings.



Bayon. Three faces of Siva are plainly discernible on this tower, which, as huge as it is, is up on top of a high building. The base you see here is not resting on the ground.

#### EAST GALLERY—NORTH WING

A King is seen surrounded by his favorites who are fanning him and attending to his wants. On each side of him will be observed his wives surrounded by their maids. Above them there are "apsaras" on the wing, circling around them.

Close to the palace will be seen musicians and ballet-girls performing in the presence of the King and of his spouses while



in the lower portion several persons will be noticed squatting on the floor in front of little pyramids of sand as is still done on the occasion of the Cambodian New Year ceremonies.

At the end can be seen the figure of King Yasovarman who is also represented on the south facade. He is shown in deadly combat with a huge rock-snake while the onlookers are gazing at the scene in astonishment and are applauding. Below, a line of soldiers bearing lances, keep guard over the royal assembly.

A little further the same king seated in his apartments and holding the Sacred Sword is seen issuing orders to his ministers. We find him again as we proceed and this time he is represented giving solemn audience surrounded by his favorites who are at his feet. Near him stands a "Yogi" (Brahmanical ascetic). A little way off an ambassador or envoy is seen in an attitude of respect.

Lower down will be noticed soldiers leading prisoners of war among whom are some wounded warriors from the enemy's forces.

Further we see three Brahman priests seated beneath exquisitely decorated domes. Below these are scenes of warfare which bring us to the lower level of this gallery.

#### EAST GALLERY—NORTH WING (Lower level)

Commanders on elephants, mounted horsemen and infantry are seen marching along followed by bearers carrying safes and bedding while a buffoon leads the way striking a martial note on his gong.

Towards the end will be observed three princesses being carried in state on royal palanquins whose extremities represent the head of the Naga. Then an aerial chariot with but three wheels among which are seen birds' heads peeping thru. This evidently represents the chariots upon which rode the Trimurti or Brahmanical Trinity (Brahma the Creator—Vishnu the Preserver—and Siva the Destroyer).

#### NORTH GALLERY—EAST WING (Lower level)

Palace scenes showing the king, leaning on his sword and issuing orders to his attendants who bow before him obediently with one hand to their breast, while an orchestra and dancing girls are performing a ballet in the royal presence.

Further we see once more the allegorical chariot into which



The Bayon. Face sculptures of Shiva, ornamenting all towers of the sanctuaries of this temple. Note head-dress over each face, also crown effect above. From this picture you can get a better idea of size of stones.

the king is preparing to mount. The chariot whose three wheels do not touch the level of the ground is borne aloft by men and represents only a symbol of the heavenly chariot itself.

Then we see the king's attributes placed on his unoccupied couch in his apartments at the palace, denoting that the king was absent. Close by is the huge figure of the king himself seated on a folding stool.





Bayon. Devarapala, a divinity doorkeeper, with club to enforce rules.

This is followed by the army in marching order, commanders on elephants, the warriors on foot and among them gong-bearers.

At a little distance we notice Siva on a throne dispensing blessings to his worshippers among whom will be found a prince of royal blood, the parasol held above him denoting his lineage.

Then comes a palace in which is seen an unoccupied throne left in the care of Brahman clergy, and nearby will be found



Decorating sculptures on pilasters and cornices of doors. Most all females are shown having small Anna Held waists. Were they all built like that, or was that poetic license of sculptors?

Vishnu with his spouse Lakshmi, while palmtrees will be observed in the background.

After an intervening doorway we come to another palace scene below which is a figure wearing a strange headgear. Then follow various minor scenes until we find one in which the Demon King Ravana is seen striving with all his might to overturn a mountain. He is represented with an infinite number of



arms and with ten heads and he is endeavoring to dislodge the god Siva who is seated on the top of the mountain.

This is followed by hunting episodes in the forest at the foot of a range of hills upon which are seen holy men dwelling in caves. A little further will be found very elaborate "Men" or temple for the cremation of bodies. Funeral urns will be noticed in the corner on the left while attendants are seen bearing ceremonial offerings.

Then comes Siva mounted on the Sacred Bull Nandi and holding Parvati, his spouse, on his lap. Further the king of the Nagas at his devotions and below him "apsaras" dancing to the sound of an orchestra.

#### NORTH GALLERY—WEST WING

Siva is once more represented seated on the bull Nandi and as we proceed we see him again a little further on the top of a hill with a trident in one hand. All around are human beings and animals, and at the foot of the hills we find the god of love, Kama, in the act of discharging an arrow at Siva who pulverizes him in just punishment.

Further will be noticed a princess standing on a mountain with an ascetic on one hand and a young prince on the other. Then we again see Siva on Nandi surrounded by a crowd of worshippers.

#### NORTH GALLERY—WEST WING (Lower level)

Three magnificent vessels, with carved heads of allegorical monsters at each extremity, are seen moored by the side of a lake. On the shore will be found the figure of Siva with the trident, and on either side of him two different types of men, the Chams and the Khmers, the latter with short hair.

The rest of the panel is devoid of interest until we come to a palace with closed windows and doors guarded by sentinels bearing clubs in their hands.

#### WEST GALLERY—NORTH WING (Lower level)

This wing describes the legend of the Churning of the Ocean. A great deal of the wall in this portion of the gallery is in ruins but what is left of it reveals excellent workmanship and artistic taste.

Before coming to the gap in the wall we find the mountain or central pivot (the churn) around which is entwined the body of



Tevada, a Brahman divinity, one of the prettiest extant sculptures of this temple. Note rock ruins at top-left.

the gigantic serpent Vasuki, the tip of whose tail is being held by Hanuman the Monkey-god. On his side are the other gods or Devas while on the opposite are the demons or Asuras.

It will be noticed that the churn (mountain) rests upon the body of a turtle which is the symbol representing the god Vishnu. All around him will be seen the various products of the churning while on the body of the serpent will be found a phial of the nectar or Elixir of Immortality, the possession of which had

been disputed for over a thousand years by the gods and the demons.

The sun and the moon are represented in the heavens as well as "apsaras" flitting across the skies.

At the end of the panel will be seen Brahman clergy offering up prayers, and beyond this an archer with bended bow.

Beyond the doorway is seen the army in battle array with the usual horsemen, infantry and gong-bearers.

Lastly we find cavalry led by a chieftain riding in a chariot.

#### WEST GALLERY—SOUTH WING

A cave monastery; some of the monks are seen within the caves while others are at their ablutions by the side of a lake. Several curious items will be found in this picture such as a deer in the air and a bird with a fish held in its beak. Below this is a palace scene.

Further we see war-junks followed by the figure of Vishnu surrounded by worshippers.

Then come builders and men hauling huge slabs of stone and transporting them by means of hooks fixed into the circular holes that one sees on the surface of almost every slab used in the construction of the monuments of Angkor.

Above these will be noticed the god Vishnu overseeing the work carried on below him.

#### SOUTH GALLERY—WEST WING (Lower level)

The King in his palace is issuing orders to his attendants and below this scene will be observed hasty preparations being made by a retinue of servants. A little further we see a flight of steps which indicates the departure of the King, and this is followed by an elaborate chariot held in readiness.

Beyond this comes the figure of Vishnu before whom there is a worshipper lying prostrate in adoration at his feet. This is followed by holy men dwelling in the woods among wild animals and at the end of this scene we find Siva who is here represented standing.

Then we see "apsaras" dancing above lotus blossoms that grow in a lake before a palace where a few small boats are seen alongside the shore.

Further there is an edifice at the foot of a hill and nearby a tiger tearing a man to pieces.

A few yards away we see the figure of Siva once more, hold-





The jungle is master of all it surveys. Man builds and nature tears down. Man builds for today but nature builds for eternity.

ing a trident in one hand. He is surrounded by his attendants and is seen watching a ballet being performed before him by dancing girls accompanied by an orchestra.

Further away we find him again standing above a large lotus flower and surrounded by a number of worshippers.

Then comes a sick person lying on his couch attended by a doctor who is seen standing by his bedside.



## THIRD FLOOR

Having now returned to our starting point let us ascend to the third or last floor of the edifice by using the flights of steps on the north or on the south, these having been recently rendered more accessible than those on the other sides.



Destruction of rocks is seen everywhere. To one who admires these ruins, it is heart-rending to see what has occurred. Some day these ruins will be made easily accessible, then tourists' revenues will make it possible to restore these vast edifices.

As this floor is not level thruout, it is especially recommended to step with caution while walking around the central tower or "prasat" which lies before us. This applies particularly to the rainy season when it will be found that vegetation and long grass make it impossible to ascertain the exact level of the flooring beneath one's feet.

Everywhere will be found subjects of great interest and beauty, some massive and others delicately chiselled or carved. On all sides will be seen little sanctuaries, while around the central tower itself are a series of smaller shrines.

A narrow passage runs around this center tower or Prasat which is oval in shape and not four-sided as in most cases.

The main entrance to it will be found on the east, and within the great sanctuary which is devoid of all decoration, it is necessary to proceed with great care owing to the semi-darkness that prevails here at all times of the day. One must also bear in mind that these gloomy passages and shrines are infested by millions of bats that fly past in clouds at the approach of the unwelcome visitor. This great barren sanctuary or "Holy of Holies" once contained the great "linga" or Phallic Emblem attributed to Siva.

The exterior of the central dome is crowned with the usual four-faced visage which is seen on all the turrets of the Bayon big or small, and which constitutes the chief feature of this temple.

The height of these four-faced visages vary from 5 to 8 feet and there are approximately 160 of them in all to be found on the various floors. The height of the Bayon from the top of its central dome to the ground is 150 feet.

Before leaving the Bayon one must not miss visiting a curious pit or well about 5 feet across and containing water to a depth of about 30 feet. To prevent accidents it has been railed off as the place is very obscure. The best way to reach this spot is from the north side of the gallery on the second floor.



## CHAPTER 43

### THE TEMPLE OF BAPUON

This temple is almost totally in ruins and is said to have been built by the Guru Yogisvarapandita, in the 10th century, under orders from King Jayavarman the Fifth who ruled from 969 to the year 1001. Its former name was Hemagiri or Hemasringagiri, meaning Mountain of the Golden Horn. It was dedicated to the god Hemasringesa and its clergy were nominated by the King alone. Later on, during the 15th century, or after, the Buddhists began, but never finished, a huge figure of the Buddha asleep, on the west side.

The temple itself lies at a distance of about 835 feet from the roadway and is roughly about 2½ miles from the Hotel at Angkor. It is situated northwest of the Bayon. It is said that its



The Bapuon. A completely excavated fragment of the bridge leading to the oriental facade which afterwards had been filled with earth.





Another section of the completely excavated fragment of the bridge leading to the oriental facade which afterwards was filled with earth. This, like all other structures, was carved.

central tower rose to a greater height than the dome of the Bayon, but this, if true, may be accounted for by the fact that the edifice had been built on an artificial mound.

The Chinese traveller Chew Ta Kwan who visited Cambodia in the 13th century refers to the temple of Bapuon as the "Tower of Brass," whereas he speaks of the Bayon as being then known as the "Tower of Gold." Evidently the towers of these two edifices must have been gilded as is said to have been the case with those of Angkor Wat.

The entrance to the Bapuon, or what remains of it, is along a paved alley 667 feet in length, and now in a very ruined condition. This alleyway was supported by short round columns that raised it to the level of the monumental gateway in the wall that once ran around the temple, but which has now all but vanished.

Between this gateway and the temple there once existed an





The Baphuon itself. It is difficult by merely looking at small pictures to secure any concept of the gigantic size or amount of stone masonry contained in these structures. Seen from terrace of second story.

edifice of which only a few demolished walls can still be seen. From what is left of it may be assumed that on the south it faced a tank measuring 93 feet by 123 feet and that it was cross-shaped.

The base of the temple of Bapuon measures 400 by 333 feet and it rests upon an elevated platform 13 feet in height.

All that remains on the ground or first floor is the series of small pavilions which were once connected by galleries that ran around the four sides. It is supposed that the stone from these missing galleries must have been utilized by Buddhist monks at some later date to erect the unfinished gigantic statue of the sleeping Buddha which is seen on the western side.

The second floor was built at an elevation of about 30 feet above that of the first or ground floor and the platform upon which it rests consists of two tiers in the center of which there are flights of stone steps on all four sides. These steps being

abnormally high, narrow and steep, it is best to use those on the south which have been rendered far more accessible than the others by means of additional cement steps that have been built alongside.

Within the central pavilions there are superb carvings and bas-reliefs, one above the other, of which we will now give a short description.

#### SOUTH PAVILION: SECOND FLOOR

*South Wall—West Wing:* The birth and childhood of the god Krishna; bulls with human heads; slaughter of children; bird-hunting with pea-shooters; Krishna slaying a six-headed Naga and tearing it asunder.

*South Wall—East Wing:* Various scenes of combat such as ascetics against wild-boars and warriors against monsters.

*North Wall—East Wing:* Episodes from the Ramayana; combats between the army of monkeys and the demons; Sita, the spouse of Rama, is shown guarded by two female demons; Hanuman, the monkey-god and ally of Rama, comes to the rescue of Sita who has been made prisoner by Ravana, the King of the Demons. Besides these, a few ordinary scenes are found in this wing, such as butter being churned by a monk, a sick man attended by a doctor and his assistant, etc.

*North Wall—West Wing:* Forest scenes and combats between human beings and wild animals.

#### EAST PAVILION: SECOND FLOOR

*East Wall—South Wing:* Scenes taken from the Ramayana after the rescue of Sita (Rama's spouse) from Ravana, the Demon King. Above will be seen Rama on one side and Sita on the other amid the trees. Then comes the scene of "trial by fire," or the ordeal Sita had to undergo after her rescue from the hands of her captors in order to prove her innocence and her fidelity towards her husband. Further, she is seen placed on the blazing funeral pile with her hands brought together in supplication above her head. Then we find Agni, the God of Fire, her judge and arbitrator, who restores her unscathed to the arms of her loving husband after establishing her innocence and purity by the terrible ordeal which he has just made her undergo. Below are shown the united people; elsewhere the god Mahaisvara mounted on a bull and followed by his retinue will be found two





Galleries of eastern facade of second story of Bapuon. View seen from narrow court separating these galleries from the sub-basement of third story.

princesses, one being massaged by her maid, and the other having her hair dressed. Then come scenes of combat and various animals.

*East Wall—North Wing:* Scenes taken from the Mahabharata. Bishma, the leader of the Kauravas, is represented falling from his chariot, riddled with arrows from the bows of his enemies, the Pandavas. Among the soldiers below will be found musicians and a little way off will be seen a man removing the clothes of a woman from her body.

*West Wall—North Wing:* Two tame elephants are seen capturing a wild one. Further a group of holy men in the forest, while in another part will be found the figure of a woman being put to death by an archer from close quarters.

*West Wall—South Wing:* Here we see combats as well as animals in various attitudes being taught to perform. Then come archers and monks, followed by the execution of a woman.





Bapuon, like other buildings, was carved. This one decorated the pavilion leading up to galleries of second story. Note bird that looks like a pigeon in upper right corner. Below, note man has twisted head of animal.

#### NORTH PAVILION: SECOND FLOOR

*North Wall—East Wing:* The subjects in this wing are taken from the Ramayana: a fierce hand-to-hand struggle between Hanuman, the Monkey-god and Ravana the king of the demons (Rakshasas or Asuras). Then Sita, Rama's young and beautiful bride who had been carried away by Ravana, is seen lamenting alone in the woods. By her side are the monsters who keep watch on her movements. These are followed by Hanuman, the monkey-god who succeeds in penetrating thru the enemies' lines so as to bring her tidings of her sorrowing husband. Then we see Hanuman holding the ring which she has asked him to take back to Rama as a token of undying love and fidelity. Above will be observed the figure of Ravana from whose bow thousands of arrows are seen flying. He is on a chariot drawn by horses with human heads.



*North Wall—West Wing:* A couple of elephants, then a monk in the act of churning. After these we see Rama and his brother Lakshmana before whom is kneeling Sugriva who has been dethroned unjustly by Vali, a monkey-king. This is followed by a hand-to-hand fight between Sugriva and Vali, the latter being slain in the end. The lower portion near the doorway represents an incident related in the Ramayana during the crossing-over from India to Lanka (Ceylon). A son of Ravana, the demon-king, showers arrows over the heads of Rama and of his brother Lakshmana, and these are seen changed into serpents that writhe around their bodies and bring them to earth. Then we see monkeys searching everywhere for herbs that restore life, and after these Garuda in the skies. He speeds along to avenge the misdeed of the serpents who are seen scuttling away, leaving the two fallen heroes whom he restores to life. Above this scene will be noticed Rama with all his following in a palace at Ayudhia in India after his return home.

*South Wall—West Wing:* Wrestling, gladiators and combats between men and animals. Then Sita in the woods.

*South Wall—East Wing:* Horses.

#### WEST PAVILION: SECOND FLOOR

*West Wall—North Wing:* Various scenes of combat between men and monkeys.

*West Wall—South Wing:* A warrior aiming an arrow at a demon followed by a hand-to-hand fight. Below these will be found musicians. On the left is seen a god whirling an elephant around him, holding it by one foot.

*East Wall—South Wing:* Animals, warriors and monkeys.

*East Wall—North Wing:* Battle-scenes and various combats.

#### THIRD FLOOR

The level of the platform upon which rests the third floor of this temple is 80 feet from the ground, and from the summit of the sanctuary a magnificent bird's-eye view is obtained. The easiest way to ascend to this floor is by means of the flight of steps recently constructed at the angle on the southwest.

Only the base of the sanctuary on the third floor is still standing, the turret having fallen thru long ago. A gallery once ran around the base of this sanctuary and a few beautiful carvings may still be seen on what is left of the walls.

## CHAPTER 44

### SMALLER TEMPLES AND EDIFICES

#### PIMEANAKAS AND THE ROYAL PALACE

These two terms are very frequently used one for the other, as it is not generally known that they apply to two distinctly separate edifices.

Both are reached by the same road (now but a path) that starts from the Royal Terrace or Terrace of the Elephants. The Palace, of which there is hardly anything left, was in the foreground and the Pimeanakas at the back of it.

These two edifices together with the Bapuon, Tep Pranam and Prah Palilay constituted the Reserved City which was set apart for the exclusive use of the King and Royal personages only.



Pimeanakas, chapel inside the walls of the Royal Palace grounds. How well we remember this most beautiful of the smaller structures. This was a hollow hill. We spent two days seeking an entrance from above to go below. We never found one.

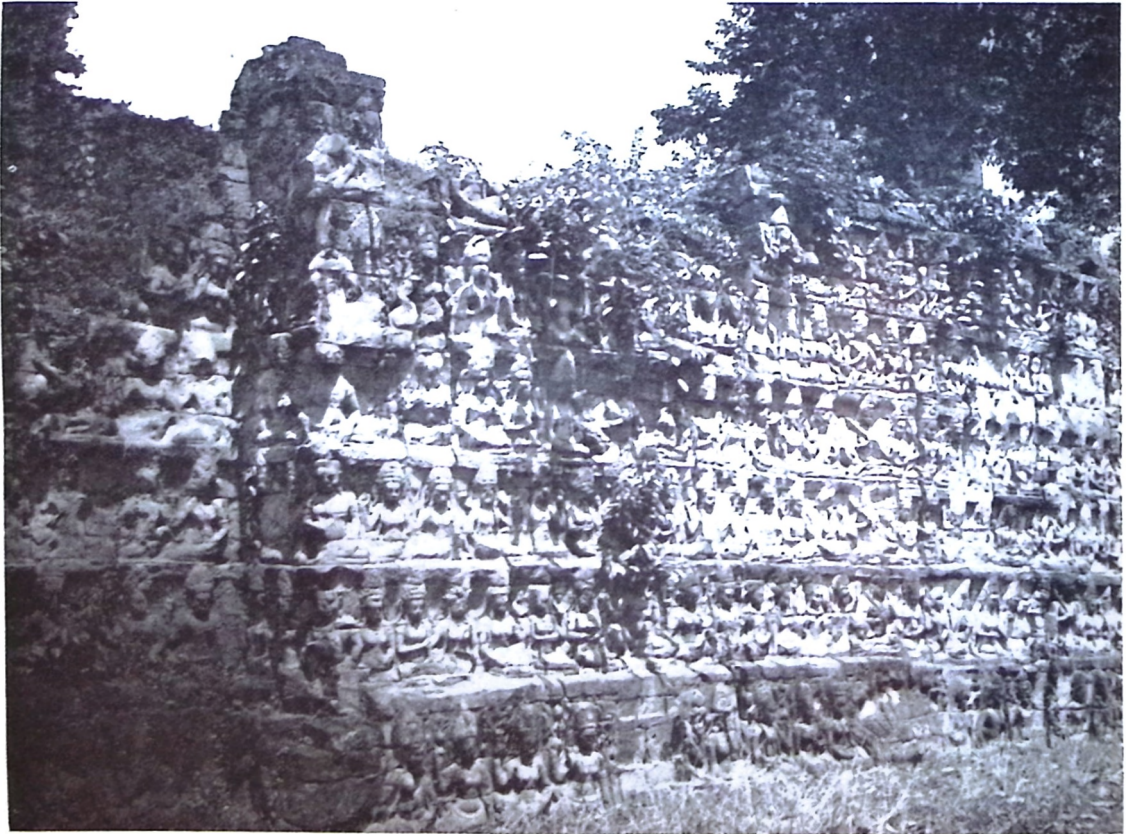


This portion of the capital was enclosed by a wall that ran around it.

In front of the Reserved City was the Royal Terrace called the Terrace of the Elephants, 1,167 feet long and 47 feet wide. From this terrace the King and his Court witnessed the processions, parades and games that took place on the open space in front known as the Veal. The Royal Terrace had three monumental flights of steps in the center and one at each end. Its frontage along the road was decorated with scenes representing an elephant hunt.

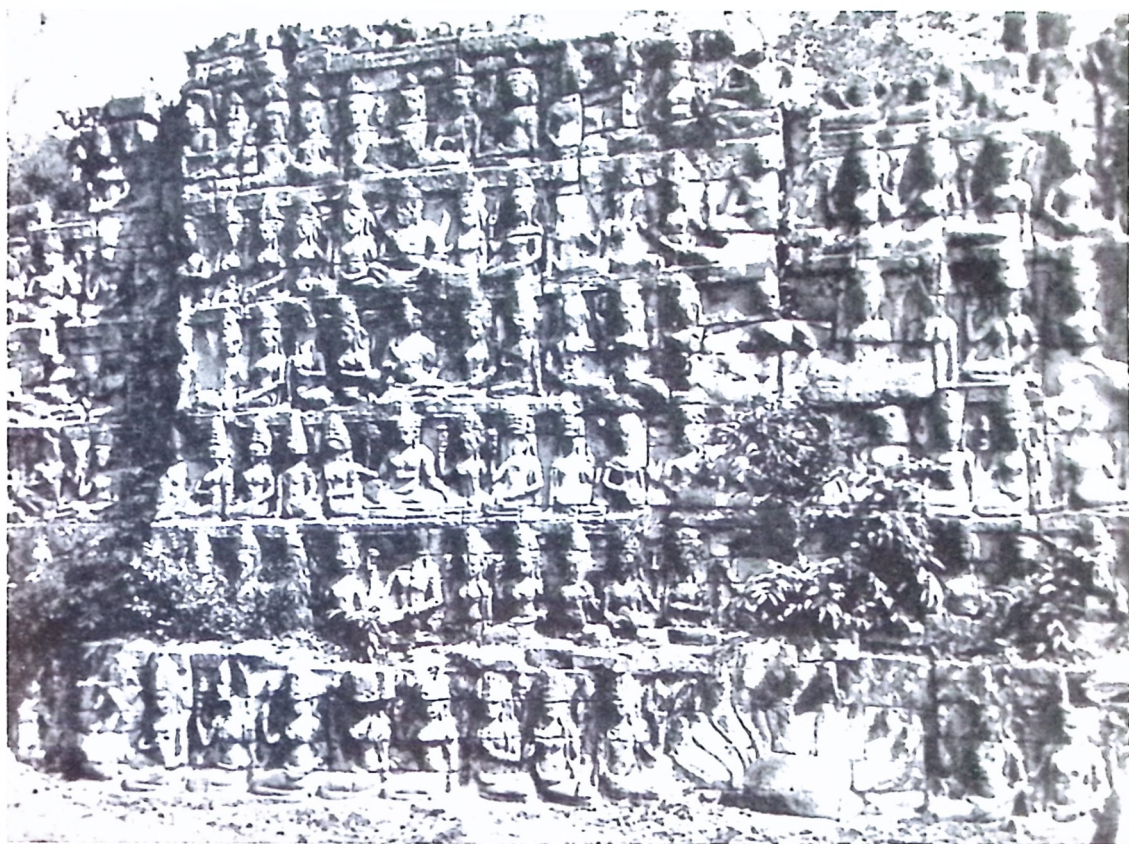
### PIMEANAKAS

The word Pimeanakas derived from "akasavimana" means "aerial or heavenly abode" and it applies only to the sanctuary itself and not to the Royal Palace.



Terrace of hundreds of portraits in the north of Royal Terrace. Many were so beautifully done that we decided they were actually portraits of the Royal household.





Another sectional view of this Terrace of hundreds of portraits. Note the 7-headed naga cobra in lower right.

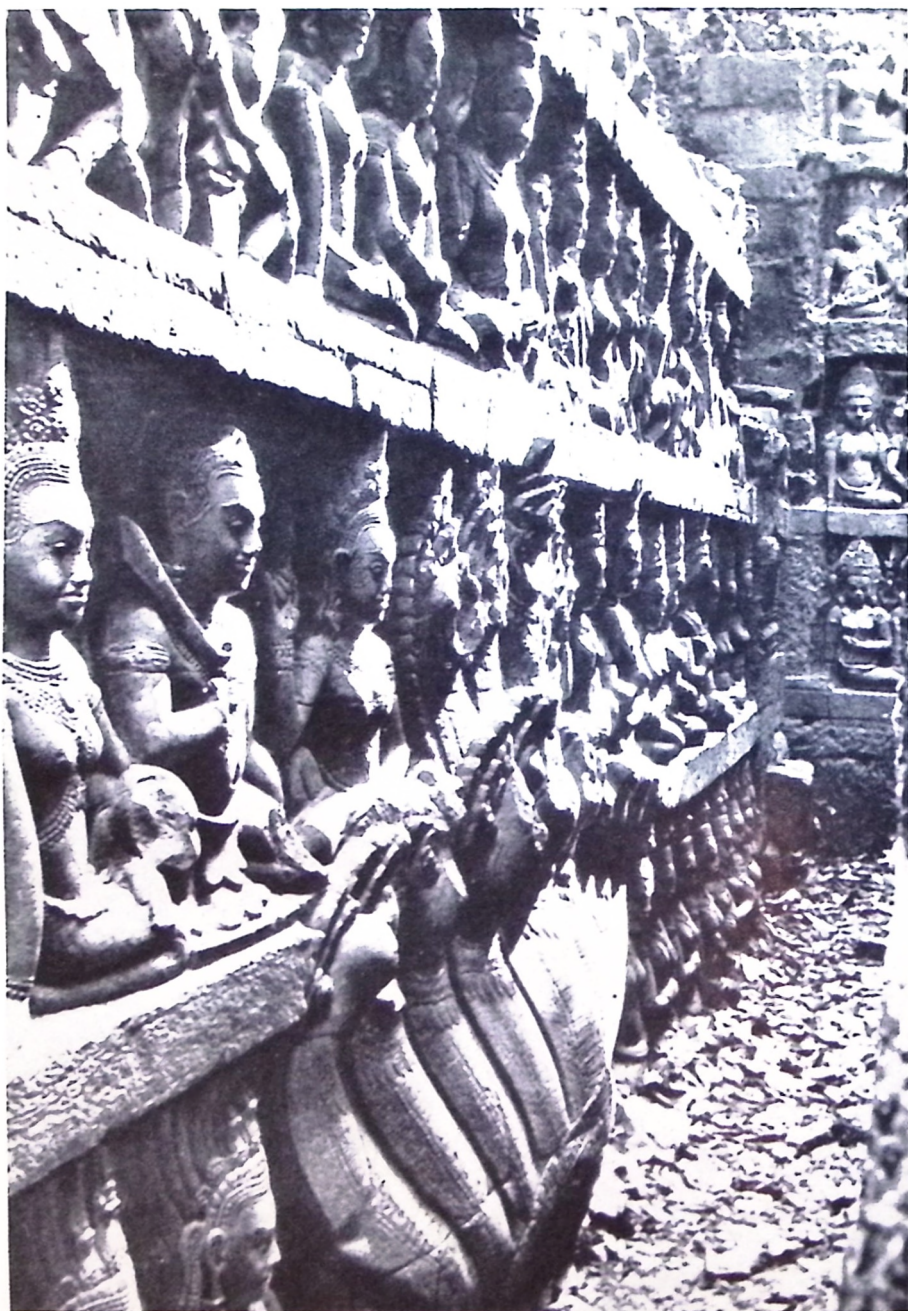
This temple was begun by King Yasovarman but was completed by his successor Harshavarman about the year 910, according to an inscription found within it. Its dimensions are 116 by 83 feet at its base and it rests upon an elevated platform around which runs a gallery which is reached by flights of steps on each of the four sides. Those on the west are more accessible than the others.

In the center of this platform rises the square mass of the sanctuary itself. This shrine was dedicated to Vishnu, the deity under whose special protection was placed the Royal Family.

It was within the little chamber in the upper story of this sanctuary that, according to a legend, the King used to hold an interview each night with a Nagi or Queen-serpent upon whose coming depended the future prosperity and welfare of the King and his kingdom.

The Pimeanakas is situated at about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the Hotel





Another section of this same wall. Naga below.

at Angkor and lies about 1,000 feet from the roadway. Figures of lions once stood on each of the porches in the center of the base while elephants ornamented the four angles.

At a distance of about 165 feet north of the temple was a tank now entirely filled in. From excavations made it has been ascertained that this tank was about 27 feet in depth and had carvings of fishes, reptiles and animals at water-level on the steps on the southern side.

### THE ROYAL PALACE

The palace and its annexes which must have been built of light material, have almost vanished and all that is now left to mark their position are a few crumbling walls and the last vestiges of their foundations.

There were three courtyards around them: the first measured 233 feet, the second about 935 feet, and the third 500 feet.

The harem or the apartments of the Queen and of the Favorites were situated north of the third courtyard, and they were surrounded by a deep moat as well as by a double wall, and there was no other entrance to it save that which led to the King's Palace. In the Queen's gardens and pleasure grounds was a tank with a paved sidewalk around it.

### TERRACE OF THE LEPER KING

This curious appellation which has been given to the prolonged portion of the Royal Terrace or Terrace of the Elephants seems devoid of all authentic foundation, for the statue which adorns it is neither that of a king nor of a leper but that of a seated deity, probably Siva, represented totally naked. It may even have once belonged to one of the neighboring temples and brought here for a special purpose.

Beside the flight of steps that leads up to this terrace from the side facing the Royal Terrace, there is a narrow and winding passage between two subterraneous and hidden walls profusely decorated with exquisite bas-reliefs that descends from the extremity of the terrace almost in front of the statue of the Leper King, and leads out to the lower level of the road.

This terrace is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the Hotel at Angkor.

### TEP PRANAM, OR TERRACE OF THE GREAT BUDDHA

This is the name given to a gigantic statue of the seated Buddha erected on a terrace upon which once stood a Buddhist monastery or Sagatashrama which was founded in the 9th century by King Yasovarman. This statue is about 13 feet in height and its name is derived from a term meaning "Homage to the Great."





Wall decorated with bas-reliefs which leads to the terrace, north side, of Leper King. See fish below.

Behind it is a smaller statue of the Buddha standing with outstretched hands and whose face is missing.

All around are seen the remains of "chedeis" or bell-shaped funeral monuments of which it is said there once existed eleven on each side of the terrace with the exception of the east where there were only three.

A four-sided slab will also be found with inscriptions on it relating that it was set up by order of King Yasovarman to record





Statue giving its name to the Terrace of Leper King. Was once known as the best piece of the Khmer's sculptors. It represents Cibet Ascel, before it was damaged.

the foundation of the monastery. At the end of the text is a promise of Heaven made to all the faithful who, by rendering assistance to this monastery, would be honoring the name of Siva.

On the west there formerly existed a large paved tank which has since been completely filled in.

The distance by road from the Hotel at Angkor to this terrace of the Buddha is about  $2\frac{3}{4}$  miles while the terrace itself is roughly 500 feet away from the roadway.



## PRAH PALILAY

A pathway on the west leads from the terrace of Tep Pranam to Prah Palilay, a sanctuary which was built during the 10th century. This temple is enclosed within a wall which measures at least 167 feet on each side. On the east of this shrine there is a cross-shaped terrace or platform built in two tiers. Around the lower tier ran a balustrade representing a Naga, while the upper tier was exclusively reserved for the use of the King and Royalty.

On the east side the porch was guarded by figures of lions and of sentinels holding clubs.

A small pavilion or "gopura" with three artistic portals enables one to penetrate thru the walled enclosure, and we notice that the edifice rests upon an exceedingly elevated base.

The turret of the sanctuary is vertical thruout instead of funicular or tapering as in the case of all or most of the other temples. The doorway that gives access to the interior of the shrine can be seen halfway up the monument at an altitude of 23 feet above the level of the ground. There is not a particle of decoration on the tower itself, which resembles more an outlet for smoke than the roof of a temple, but within the edifice will be found many carvings of both Buddhistic and Brahmanical subjects. A few of these having fallen away have been placed outside around the temple. It is very difficult and dangerous to penetrate into the heart of this shrine owing to the completely dilapidated condition of the masonry and rafters overhead.

The cult practised at this temple was evidently a compromise between Buddhism and Brahmanism, or Mahayana, as above the lintels will be observed the figures of the Buddha on the north and south sides and those of Brahma on the three-headed goose on the west and of Indra on the three-headed elephant on the east.

## PRAH PITHU

This group consists of five small sanctuaries scattered about the area that lies on the other side of the road almost opposite Tep Pranam. They are enclosed within walls.

These shrines were viewed with much interest as they possess many beautiful carvings in the way of decoration besides exquisitely shaped and well proportioned Naga heads. Several fragments of broken pieces of ornamental sculptures found within these sanctuaries will be seen at each angle of the courtyard, and among them is one representing a part of the legend relating to the Churning of the Ocean.

All or most of these shrines were evidently originally Brahmanical for the Phallic Emblem or Linga has been found in at least four of them among the debris that lay for centuries within them. A series of images of the Buddha will be seen within. This denotes that they were adapted to the cult of Buddhism (Mahayana) at some later date.

At the time when they were constructed these sanctuaries must have presented a feast for the eyes and in their ensemble must have been a revelation of beauty.

After visiting the five shrines in this group a ramble thru the woods is appreciated. A little pathway leads from the last shrine situated in the north of the group to an artificial lake whose dimensions are 200 by 300 feet, and which lies hidden away amidst most picturesque surroundings.

### PRASAT SUOR PRAT AND THE TWO KLEANGS (North and South)

These two edifices are found behind a series of ten small turrets that face the Terrace of Elephants or Royal Terrace. It has been impossible to ascertain with any accuracy the exact nature of these two edifices or of the turrets in question.

The ten turrets are known as Prasat Suor Prat, meaning "Towers of the Rope-Dancers," while the name applied to the two other edifices is "Kleang" or stores.

The turrets appear to consist of two floors but really speaking have neither windows, doors, nor even flights of steps leading up to their summits or to the floors within. They are, however, popularly believed by the natives to have been used for rope-dancing, tho some say that they were used as cells wherein were incarcerated both accused and accuser in criminal cases until such time when "divine justice" intervened and caused a full confession from the real guilty party.

The two "Kleangs" said to have been used as stores, have both porches and galleries attached. From certain native sources these two edifices are supposed to have been "Courts of Divine Justice," while others say they were the residences of high dignitaries of the Court.

It is interesting to note that the walls of Kleang North are very much thicker than those of Kleang South and that the inner chambers, as well as those at each extremity, are paved with slabs placed with far greater care and precision than in any temple or edifice at Angkor.

A few bronze statues have been found in North Kleang, as well as the traces of small square stone shrines. This edifice may have been, after all, but the dwelling of a high Church Dignitary. Its base is richly ornamented with beautifully executed classical subjects and within the edifice will be found very pretty mouldings on a diminutive shrine standing alone in a small courtyard which was once walled in. There are two small libraries on the northwest and southwest. In the former were found a demolished altar and fragments of sculptured figures, while the latter contained a row of eleven "lingas" placed in a single file.

The distance between the hotel at Angkor and these edifices is roughly about  $2\frac{3}{4}$  miles and they are both about 265 feet from the roadway.

#### MONUMENT NO. 486

This is a group of three small shrines which can be reached by the avenue leading from the Bayon to the west gate of the City Wall. Half way down this avenue is a pathway on the left that leads up to these three temples which are almost completely dilapidated with the exception of the center one which stands on an elevated base around which will be seen classical mouldings. The doorways were highly ornamented and a few fallen fragments have revealed the artistic nature of their composition.

#### TEMPLE OF MANGALARTHA

This little temple known as Monument No. 487 and consisting of a plain square tower with a porch will be found midway between the two avenues that run parallel with each other, the one from the Bayon to the east gate of the city, or Gate of the Dead, and the other from the Royal Terrace to the Gate of Victory. A pathway that connects these two avenues leads up to this sanctuary, the upper portion of which has fallen away or been demolished.

Among the ruins will be noticed portions of bas-reliefs representing the god Vishnu asleep on the serpent Ananda and by his side is Brahma upon a lotus flower. Then again Vishnu, this time possessed of four arms, and borne on the shoulders of Garuda, and further Krishna wearing a three-pointed crown or "mokhot" and lifting a mountain. Finally we perceive Rama holding a bow and arrow, and around a shrine several Brahmanical deities, as well as the figure of Lokesvara, represented with four arms.

This temple was erected during the 14th century. Its distance

from the Hotel at Angkor is about 3 miles and it lies at a distance of about an eighth of a mile from the roadway.

#### THE FOUR PRASAT CHRUNG AT THE ANGLES OF THE CITY WALL AROUND ANGKOR THOM

These are small sanctuaries with porches built at the four angles of the City Wall. Those at the southeastern and northeastern angles are in a fairly good state of preservation and around the former will be seen the figure of a beautifully carved Naga. Within these shrines there are little ornamental cupolas supported by four pillars under which were found inscribed slabs.

Figures of the Buddha represented standing will be found on the imitation doorways in the edifice at the north end. The "ooshnisha" or cerebral culmination of the Buddha's skull is of a very pronounced type and ends in the shape of a tongue of fire, issuing from the brain of the great sage. These figures have evidently been added long after the construction of these shrines.

#### THE GATE OF VICTORY

The avenue leading to the Gate of Victory starts opposite the Royal Terrace, and, after emerging from the gate, is flanked on both sides by huge figures of Devas (gods) and Asuras or Rakshasas (demons). They are represented holding up the body of the huge serpent Vasuki.

There are 54 figures on each side. The demons have round eyes whereas those of the gods are oval or almond-shaped.

After the Gate of Victory it is best to complete the Small Circuit before undertaking the Big Circuit.

We shall, therefore, proceed to the two temples called Thommanon and Chowsaii Tevada which lie one on each side of the route known as the Small Circuit.

#### THOMMANON

This temple, like that of Chowsaii Tevada, is highly decorated and it is assumed that it must once have been enclosed within a wall of which nothing is now left altho two of its porches are still extant. It lies to the north of Chowsaii, and is about 300 feet from the roadway.

The temple measures roughly 200 by 130 feet and a triple porch gives access to the sanctuary within thru a small hall.

There are many delicate ornamental carvings to be found in



the interior as well as on the outer portion of the edifice, especially on the west. Above the doorway leading to the shrine within the temple will be seen a magnificent bas-relief representing Indra on the three-headed elephant. Still higher is a scene depicting the death of Vali the king of monkeys. Other scenes from the Ramayana relating to Rama, Lakshmana and Sugriva will also be found within this sanctuary.

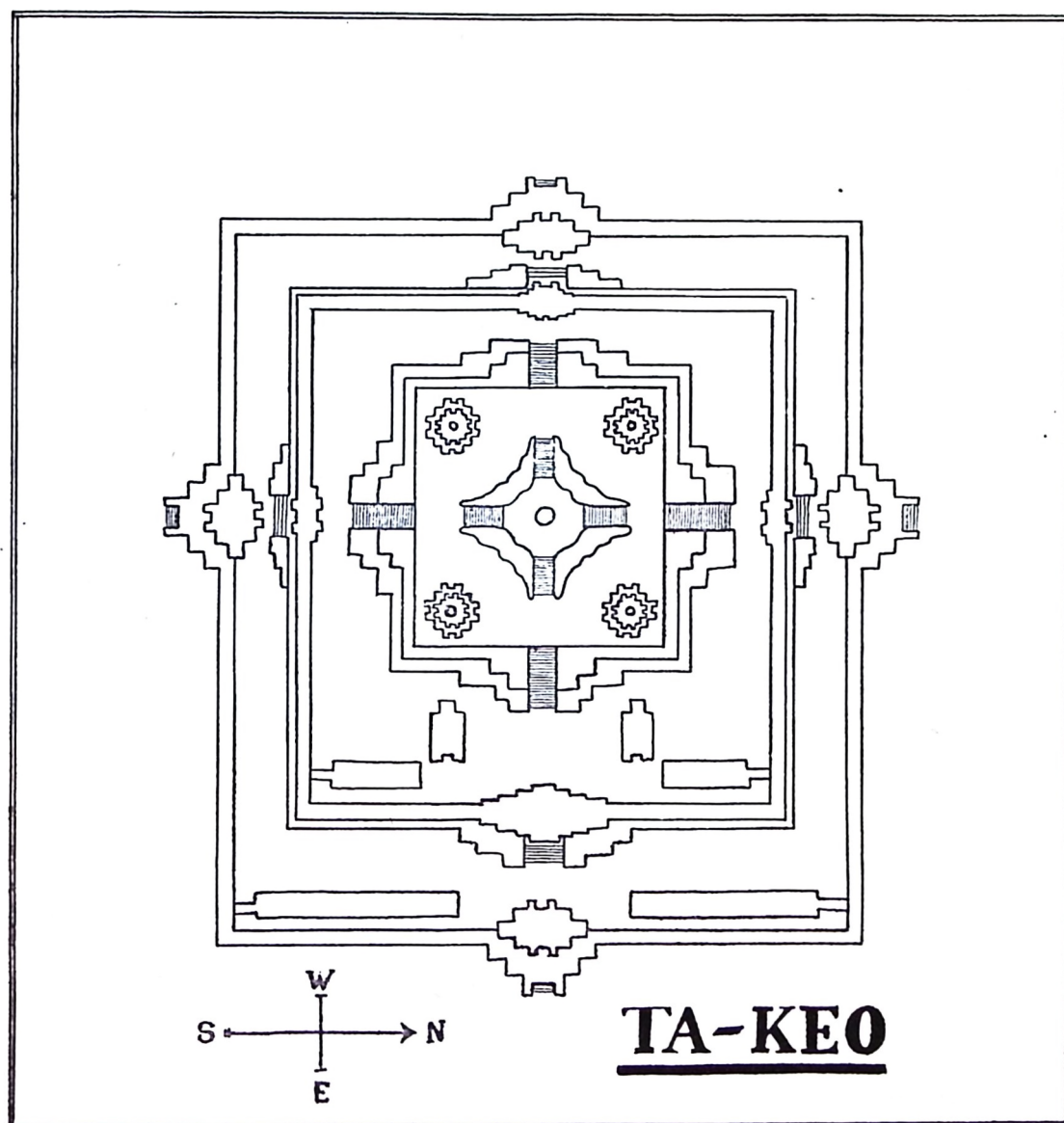
The date of its construction has not yet been ascertained but it is assumed that this temple belongs to the 10th or 11th century.

### CHOWSAII TEVADA

This temple lies south of Thommanon on the opposite side of the road, and, like it, has a triple porch that gives access to the inner sanctuary. The only material difference in the construction of the two temples in question is that Chowsaii possesses two small outer pavilions called libraries. The scenes within the sanctuary are much the same as those found at Thommanon.



Small temple of Chowsaii in east end of Angkor-Thom. In common with all temples, it was elaborately carved.



Ta Keo is another stone building, altho much smaller than others. This is a floor plan. Note again, all buildings sit square with a compass.

#### PRASAT TA-KEO OR SANCTUARY OF THE CRYSTAL GOD

This important temple was dedicated to Siva and is said to have been erected towards the middle of the 10th century. It was lost to view amid dense vegetation until the year 1920 when this monumental mass was discovered and rendered accessible.





Temple Ta-Keo. Western front-side.



Temple Ta-Keo. Western front-side. Closer view.





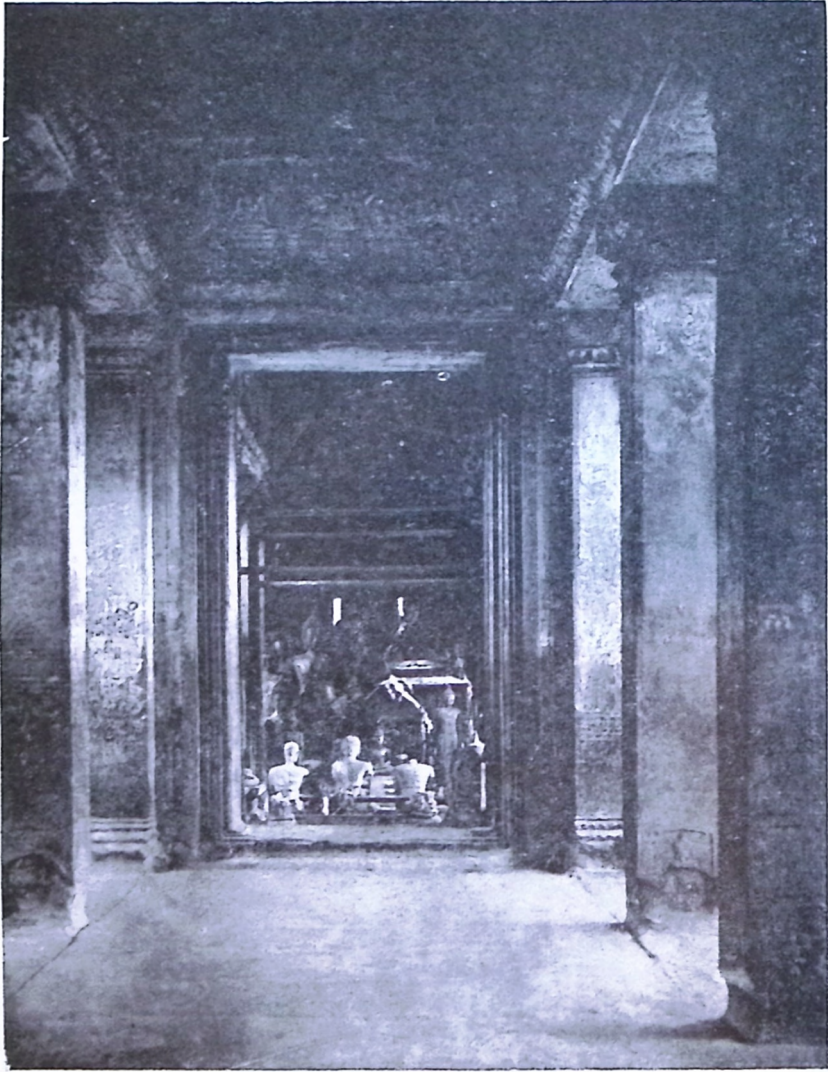
What better proof of damage banyan trees do to buildings than this view? They grow over, in, and between rocks and eventually force them into ruins.



Everywhere is the destructive talons of the serpentine tentacles of the banyan jungle.



It is surrounded by a moat over 667 feet in length beyond which a wall ran around the sanctuary which consists of three tiers surmounted by the shrine itself. The dimensions of the first are 400 by 333 feet and its base is better than 6 feet high.



Buddhas are everywhere.

There are galleries on each side with doorways in the center. On the second two little pavilions called libraries will be found on the east. Galleries also run around this floor which measures 266 by 250 feet and is 18 feet above the level of the first. A flight of 30 stone steps leads up to the third floor from each side

of this platform. The base upon which rests the sanctuary measures about 167 feet and consists of three tiers whose total height is about 47 feet. At each angle of this third platform is a turret



Carvings must have taken many artisans many years.

and in the center the main edifice which itself is 115 feet in height.

Automobiles can drive up as far as a terrace on the east side and from here one can walk up the alley that leads up to the temple itself, beyond the moat.





Another view of Ta Keo.



Once upon a time there was a building here. Nothing now remains but the stairs approach. The roots tumbled it down.





The only water supply for this vast population of then was rainfall. This was stored in a great reservoir, from which it gravitated thru underground tunnels. This was evidently a dam built with sluice gates to control the flow.

This temple is unique in its kind for it is almost bereft of mural carvings or ornamentation, save a few choice ones that will be found on the east facade, as well as on the first and second floors, especially on the base of the third near the huge flight of steps leading to the sanctuary.

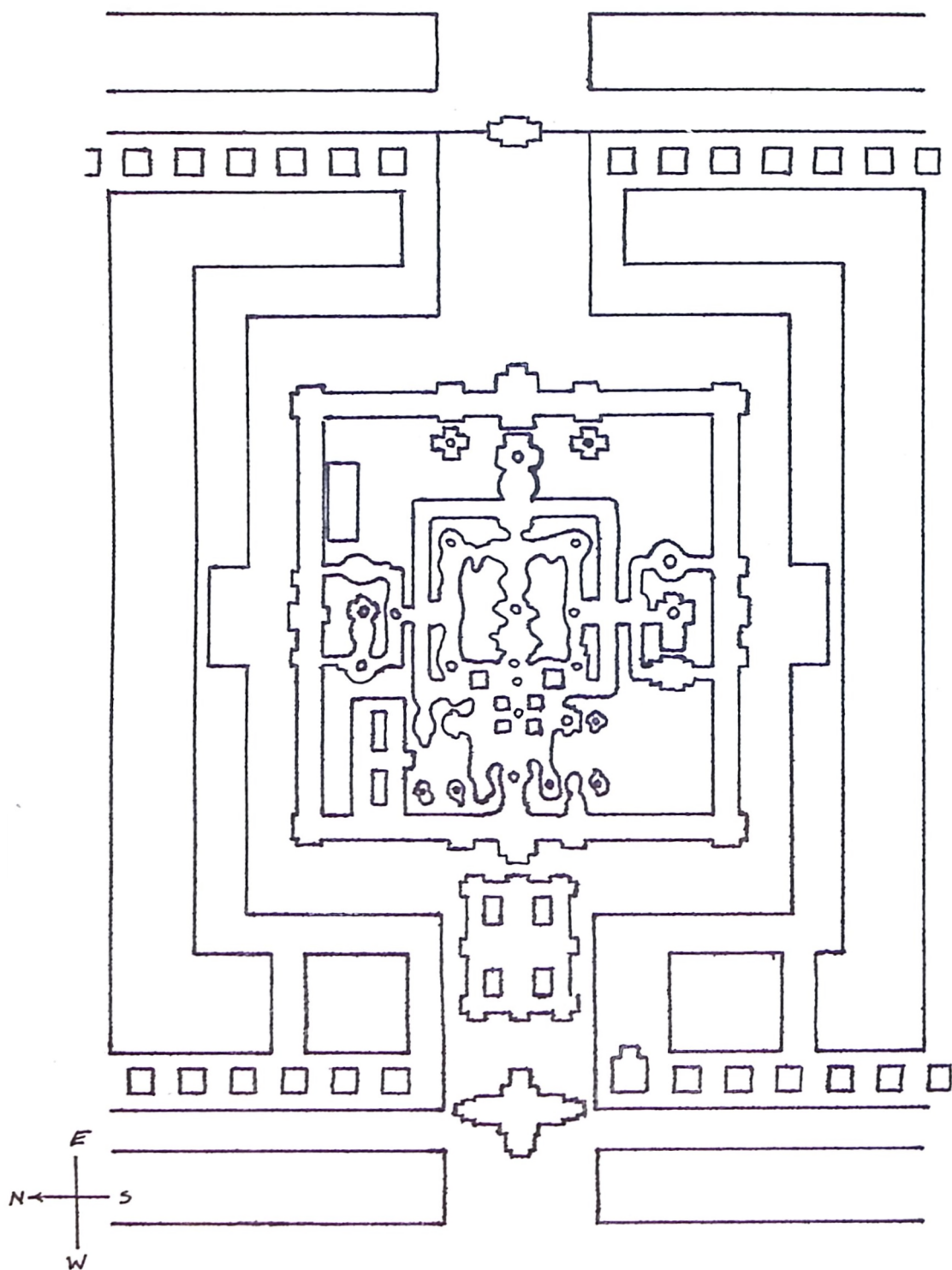
Altho dedicated to the god Siva according to inscriptions found in this temple, a few statues of the Buddha have been placed within the shrine at some later date and are still venerated by pilgrims at certain epochs.

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#### TA PROM

This temple which may have once been a cloister is surrounded by a wall measuring on each side about a half mile by 2,333 feet.





## PLAN OF TA PROM

Floor plan of Ta Prom. Note again how all buildings were laid out square with compass.



Ta Prom. Gallery of circumvolution around central sanctuary.  
Carvings everywhere.

In the center there are monumental gateways that somewhat resemble those of the City Wall at Angkor Thom but of much smaller proportions. Those on the south and on the east are almost in ruins. The north gate being too far from the roadway it is best to enter by that on the west and leave by the demolished one on the east where the car can be made to wait.

The name of this cloister "Ta Prom" signifies "Father Brahma" and it dates from the 9th century, or a little more than 1,000 years.

Huge trees with gigantic roots that stretch in various directions raise their giant trunks on all sides and profuse vegetation has invaded various courtyards, wrapping this rambling edifice in silence and in shade.

Here a poet may well sit for hours together inspired by the stillness and grandeur of nature amid the silent witnesses of a past that is buried in oblivion yet alive in the thousand and one nooks and corners fraught with memories. The very rustle of the leaves and the wind sighing among the treetops reaches us



laden with a thousand whispers that reveal to an imaginative mind long-forgotten secrets that have lain securely sealed up in the gloomy depths of the countless galleries, passages and shrines within this mystic Buddhist monastery.

The greater part of the decorations in this cloister are Buddhist but a few have at some later date been removed and replaced by Brahmanical subjects.

Like Prah Khan and Banteay Keday, Ta Prom sheltered many thousands of monks and from an inscription found therein it has been ascertained that there were attached to the service of this monastery 18 high priests, and over 2,700 officiating priests. Within its grounds were lodged over 2,000 acolytes and 600 dancing girls, while its congregation consisted of about 66,000 men and women. This inscription which dates from the 12th century also records a brilliant victory of the Khmers over the Chams.

On entering from the west gate a paved alleyway which crosses



Ta Prom. Chapel and gallery in east of a central sanctuary.  
Darn those banyan trees and the damage they do.





Ta Prom. Entrance pavilion of second oriental circumference.

the moat leads up to the huge monastery. This alley was originally guarded on each side by lions, Dvarapalas (sentries) and Nagas. We then come to a partly demolished monumental pavilion which gives access thru the wall to another paved alley where we find several small edifices scattered about on both sides in a haphazard way among the giant trees that grow on all sides. On the southern side of the inner wall will be seen a very large gallery where a figure of the Buddha seated between two other personages appears to have undergone obliteration at the hands of Brahman clergy who later occupied this monastery.

Towards the east there are small courtyards and galleries that lead up to the main sanctuary which exhibits no outward ornamentation whatever. The courtyard around this sanctuary measures about 85 feet.

There are thousands of beautiful carvings to be found within this monastery on every wall and pillar. Two small decorated shrines will be found on the north and on the south. The three main galleries of the monastery are surrounded by another moat



and a double wall. Along this are the vestiges of several small habitations for monks and a very ruined edifice, the purpose of which has never been ascertained and still remains enigmatic. Two other long structures on the east and west of the central courtyard are assumed to have been hospitals.

On leaving this courtyard by the east we come to another one after which a large cross-shaped chamber without windows will be seen. On account of the decoration within it which represents dancing "apsaras" it is assumed that ritual dances took place in this spacious hall.

Before leaving Ta Prom one must not fail to pay a visit to the figure of the Buddha asleep which is found within one of the shrines towards the center of the edifice. On the way out towards the east gate there is a "dharamsala" or resthouse for pilgrims and wayfarers.

The distance between Ta Prom and the Hotel at Angkor is nearly 5 miles from the west gate and nearly 6 miles from that on the east (via the Bayon).



Banteay-Keday. Entrance pavilion of second oriental entrance.  
Buddha in center of doorway.

## BANTEAY KEDAY

The name of this monastery and sanctuary signifies "Fortress of cells." It was dedicated to Siva and originally Brahmanic. Built during the reign of Rajendravarman the Second in the 10th century, it was ransacked during the 15th when most of its statues and carvings were demolished by Buddhists who then installed statues of the Buddha in their place. There is no foundation whatever in the native belief that this edifice once was the Queen-Mother's Palace. It was enclosed within three walls, the outer one measuring 2,333 by 1,666 feet and the inner one, which is against the temple itself, 200 feet.

Against this last wall will be found an open "dharamsala" while a few small edifices and a waiting room are scattered about the park.

Around the second wall there is a moat which is crossed on the east and west by an alley leading to a terrace thru ornamented triple "gopuras" or portals. Within the main edifice itself will be found a Buddhistic monastery.



Banteay-Keday. Central towers of the sanctuary.



The outer wall has four monumental entrances (one in the center of each side) and these are surmounted by four-faced visages similar to those seen on the Gates of the City of Angkor Thom.



Banteay-Keday. Corner of interior court of central sanctuary. One never tires studying the gorgeous and vastly extensive bas-reliefs in all buildings.

On leaving Ta Prom by the east gate the road follows almost a straight line as far as the west gate of Banteay Keday by which it is best to enter this fortified and walled monastery.

After entering the park by the west gate and proceeding about 650 feet we find an elevated cross-shaped terrace around which runs a balustrade with Nagas and Garudas. Then going thru the pavilion that gives access to the portion beyond the second wall whose dimensions are about 1,060 feet by 1,000 feet and which is surrounded by a second moat, we come to a paved terrace which leads to a double wall that encloses the open courtyard around the great monastery.



On the northeast and southeast are two small edifices called "libraries" which contain two statues of females deities or "devatas."



Banteay-Keday. Buddha in one of the galleries of the temple.  
7-headed naga cobra as the nimbus.

Within the monastery or main building itself most, if not all, of the statues have been mutilated or thrown to the ground, whereas their pedestals or bases have been overturned by invaders in the hope of finding hidden treasure beneath them.

For many centuries after this act of vandalism Buddhists occu-

pied this monastery and created a few changes in its construction, also adding several statues of the Buddha in the pavilion on the east.



Banteay-Keday. A Garuda on a naga which forms balustrade of the highroad leading to entrance pavilion of second western walls of temple. Garuda is a human body with a bird-like head. This is the finest example of this we were able to find.

On leaving the monastery from this pavilion we find an edifice containing a cross-shaped dancing-hall and gallery similar to the one referred to in the chapter on Ta Prom. This, however, is almost in ruins and only a few pillars are now left standing.



Towards the north a rectangular pavilion will be seen with short and massive pillars. It is situated almost exactly in the same relative position here as the one at Ta Prom.

Going thru the east portal of the wall that lies before us we come to an elevated terrace decorated with a balustrade of Nagas and Garudas. Then we see two small sanctuaries in ruins, one each side of the avenue leading to the outer wall. Here the east gate which is in a fairly good state of preservation will be found to be ornamented with Garudas in addition to the usual decoration seen on the gates leading to Ta Prom.

### PRASAT KRAVAN

This group belongs to a category of monuments of lesser importance and it was completed in the year 921 according to an inscription found therein. It consists of a group of five small square temples which are surrounded by a moat. During the rainy season there is no access to these sanctuaries.

The chief feature of this group lies in the fact that the "prasat" of the middle edifice is decorated within with large panels of bas-relief, a description of which will be interesting.

On the south is Vishnu represented with four arms, one foot resting on a pedestal close to which will be seen a worshipper, while the other is placed upon a lotus flower whose stalk is held by Lakshmi, his spouse.

On the west is the figure of a deity with several arms standing below a crocodile.

On the north Vishnu is seen again with four arms, seated on his mount, Garuda.

This group of sanctuaries is about 7 miles from the Hotel at Angkor.

### PRE RUP

This group of five sanctuaries enclosed within two walls is said to have been a crematorium where the bodies of the dead were burned. The term "Pre Rup," pronounced "Pray-Roop," means "turning of the body," an act which is part of the ritual at all Cambodian cremations when at the close of the ceremony an outline of the deceased is traced in the ashes, while still hot, first in one direction and then in the other.

Pre Rup is said to have been constructed towards the end of the 9th century, more than a thousand years ago. Its outer wall measures 400 by 367 feet and is built upon an elevated base about

13 feet in height. It is advisable to enter by the east where can be seen partly unfinished ornamentation on the gateway.

On crossing the portal in the inner wall a curious rectangular depression will be found at the foot of a flight of stone steps. Here may have been the spot utilized for cremation of the dead, this statement being supported by local report owing to the shape of the pit.

On each side are edifices with but one entrance giving access to them. These may have been used as mortuaries where the bodies awaiting cremation were deposited. Along the inner wall will be seen long galleries with porches intended for the use of mourners and relatives.

The five sanctuaries enclosed by the inner wall are turret shaped, the center one is built upon an elevated base about 10 feet high and is guarded by figures of lions. The upper portion of this middle temple consists of tiers ornamented with twelve small square turrets.

This group of sanctuaries is situated on the Grand or Big Circuit and lies about 100 feet off the road.

The distance between the Hotel at Angkor and Pre Rup is approximately 10 miles.

### EAST MEBON AND EAST BARAI

East Mebon stands in the very center of an immense depression which once was an artificial lake, now dry, called the Barai. To distinguish this lake or reservoir from another on the opposite side of the city of Angkor Thom the one referred to above is now called East Barai while the one on the opposite side which was reached by the West Gate of Angkor Thom is known as West Barai. The dimensions of East Barai are 5 miles by 1 1/7 miles.

East Mebon was erected by the great King Rajendravarman about the year 945. A stone slab, inscribed to this effect, was found among the fallen debris within this sanctuary and its text records in most florid terms the beauty, the splendour, the courage, and the majesty of the aforesaid ruler.

The East Barai was formerly called Yasodharatataka and is supposed to have been, like Barai West, a reservoir of fresh water as well as a fish-preserve for the use of the Royal City. Its waters once surrounded the temple of East Mebon which was built on an artificial island in its center. Around this lake ran an elevated embankment which exists to this day.

The base of the temple of East Mebon measures 433 feet on each of its four sides and the sanctuary itself is built about 12 feet

above the level of the ground. Two walls enclose this temple and at their four angles will be seen the well-proportioned figures of elephants with a bell around their necks.

The level of the terrace beyond the second wall is about 6 feet higher than that of the outer one. Here, too, will be found figures of elephants at each angle, but these, however, are in a partly demolished state.

This terrace is reached thru little porches and on either side will be seen tiny sanctuaries highly ornamented. The main sanctuary itself on the third terrace is about 100 feet each way and it has a turret at each angle.

The temple of East Mebon lies on the Grand Circuit and is about 9 miles from the Hotel at Angkor. It lies about 130 feet off the roadway.

### TA SOM

This is again a monument of the second category that lies on the Grand Circuit. It is best to enter it from the west. On its gateways will be seen the four-faced visages met with on the Gates of Angkor Thom, and at Bayon, Ta Prohm and Banteay Keday. Those on the west gate are smothered in a mass of vegetation and are almost buried among the huge roots of a wild fig-tree. This gives it a marvellous effect and provides an excellent subject for a superb photograph.

The outer wall around the temple measures roughly 833 by 666 feet. Around it is a moat across which an alleyway leads to the edifice within.

A great portion of this temple remains still inaccessible and a giant tree spreads its tentacular roots over a courtyard which lies in the northwest angle. Above the doorways in the galleries leading to the sanctuary will be seen many beautiful carvings, some of these representing Buddhistic scenes.

On the east are two long edifices supposed to have been libraries. The doorway leading to the gallery on the east is framed most picturesquely within the enormous roots of another tree.

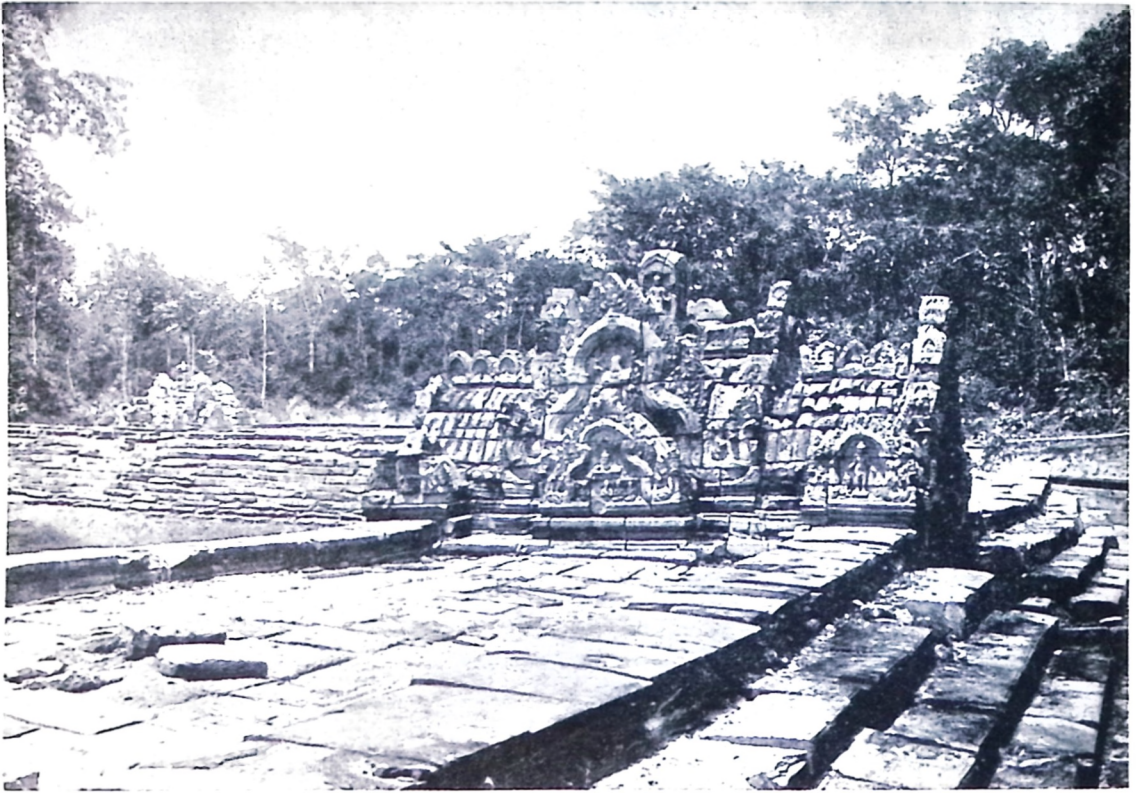
The temple of Ta Som lies about 130 feet off the roadway and is roughly 7 miles from the Hotel at Angkor.

Its name signifies "the god or ancestor Soma."

### NEAK PEAN (pronounced: Neyak Pon)

The name of this shrine signifies "the entwined Nagas," and has evidently been applied to this beautiful sanctuary owing to





Neak Pean. Chapel giving communication to the large central basin with lateral basins. Once more note those gorgeous carvings.

the two Nagas whose bodies will be seen entwined around the circular base of the temple that rises in the center of a group of tanks. During the months of October and November, after the heavy rains, the central tank is full of water and reflects the image of the lovely sanctuary together with the tree above it. This floating islet surrounded by water makes an exquisite picture from any angle, especially when taken in the morning hours.

Neak Pean represents a flower and consists of four square tanks around a central one. These tanks communicate with one another by means of gargoyles representing a human head on the east, an elephant's head on the north, a horse's on the west, and that of a lion on the south.

The tank in the center measures about 233 feet on each side and the lowest portion of the base of the circular platform upon which rests the sanctuary with the tree overgrowing it is 47 feet in diameter. The coils of the two Nagas' bodies around this base

form steps leading up from water-level to the shrine. On the west will be seen their two tails entwined vertically around each other. The sanctuary or "Prasat" itself rests upon a beautifully carved pedestal representing a lotus flower but this is almost hidden from view among the roots of the tree above it.

This tree spreads its shady foliage over the little temple which nestles among its huge roots and the ensemble provides a fascinating picture that will long be remembered.

Neak Pean lies on the Grand Circuit and the distance between it and the Hotel at Angkor is roughly 35 miles.

It was constructed during the 9th century.

### PRASAT KROL KO

The name of this small temple signifies "Tower of the Cattle Pen." Its proximity to Neak Pean seems to indicate that this sanctuary was an annex of the latter and must have been constructed about the same time (9th century).

In the center will be seen the Buddhistic figure of Lokesvara, altho several other decorations consist of Brahmanical deities, among whom will be seen Krishna lifting a mountain.

A double wall runs around this sanctuary and there is but one doorway that leads thru it to a terrace on the east. On the other three sides a moat divides the two walls whose dimensions are roughly 115 by 85 feet.

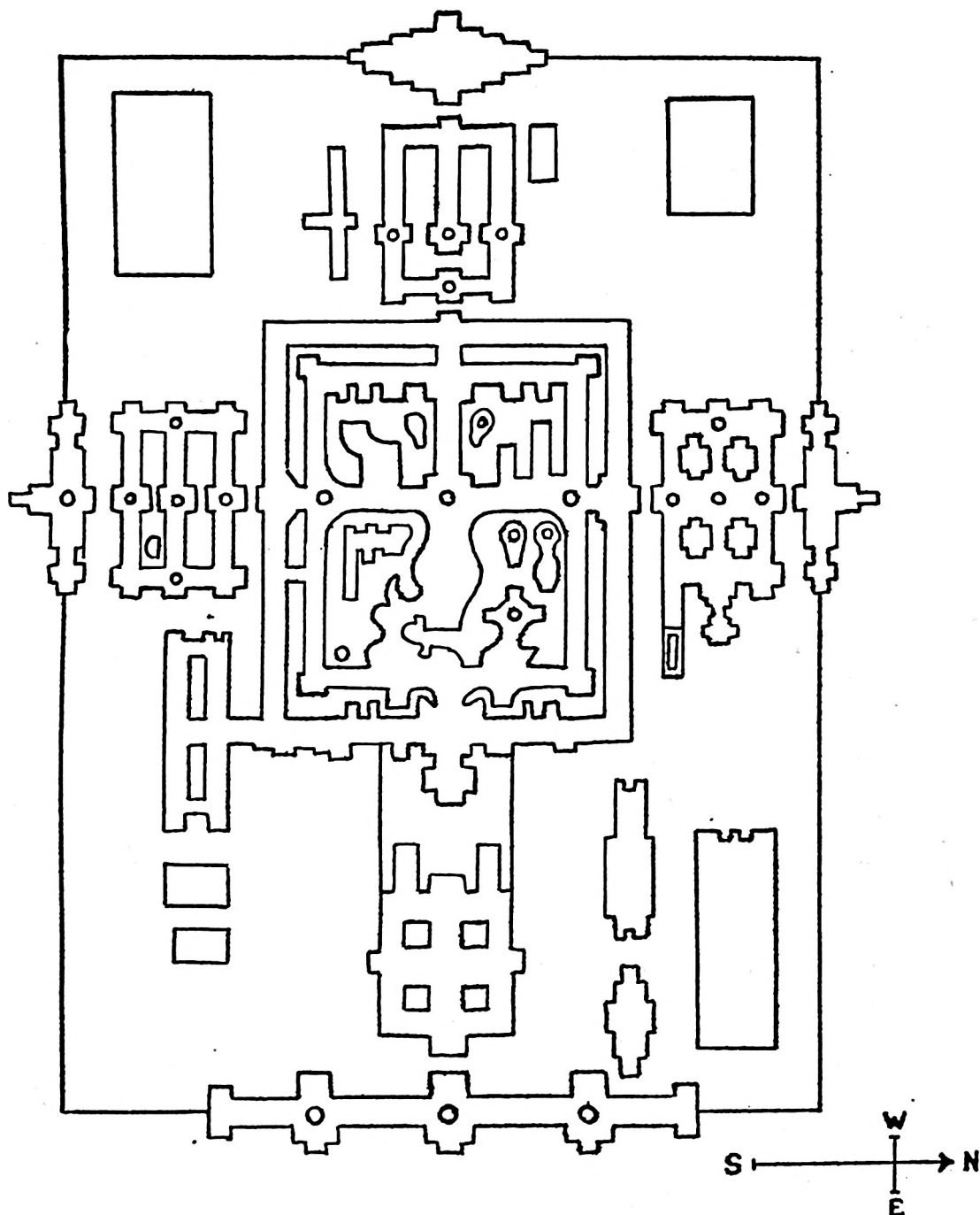
The distance between Krol Ko and the Hotel at Angkor is about  $6\frac{1}{4}$  miles and the sanctuary itself lies over 300 feet from the roadway.

### PRASAT BANTEAY PREII

The name of this temple means "Tower of the forest citadel." The sanctuary is enclosed within two walls between which is a moat 250 by 215 feet. It lies northeast of Prah Khan.

The entrance to it is on the east side where there is a doorway that leads to a terrace around which ran a balustrade shaped like the Naga's body and head. The outer galleries around the temple measure roughly 100 by 85 feet. In the center of each side is a passage over which is seen a small turret. Within the shrine are several Brahmanical and Buddhistic decorations. This sanctuary was built in the 9th century.

The distance between it and the Hotel at Angkor is about 5 miles. It lies over 1000 feet off the roadway.



# PRAH KHAN

Prah Khan. Another floor plan.



## PRAH KHAN

This great and fortified temple was constructed during the reign of King Jayavarman the Second (802 to 869) at the very commencement of the Angkorean Period. Some are of the opinion that Prah Khan may even have once been the early capital before the Royal City of Angkor Thom was built.

Prah Khan signifies "Sacred Sword" and this great and important sanctuary of the Angkor Group which is now almost a mass of ruins, must not be confused with another Prah Khan which lies about 65 miles from Kompong Thom.

There appears to be no authentic proof that the "sacred sword," the priceless Paladium of the Realm, guarded night and day by "Bakous" or Brahman priests at the King's Palace at Phnom Penh, and said to have been a gift from the god Indra (some say Vishnu) to one of the present ruler's Khmer ancestors, is the same as the one said to have been brought away from the temple of Prah Khan at Angkor when the latter was ransacked by enemy hordes.

The outer wall around Prah Khan measures 2,667 by 2,333 feet, and between it and the inner one is a large moat.

In the center of the wall at each cardinal point is an alleyway and on each side will be seen rows of giant figures (gods and demons) similar to those that precede the City Gates of Angkor Thom.

The gates giving access to these alleys consist of pavilions with three monumental portals each and surmounted by pyramids in tiers, the top one being lotus-shaped. Thick vegetation and fallen debris render the visit to this temple very difficult.

Owing to the demolished condition of the Gate on the west it is best to enter the grounds of Prah Khan by the pathway that has been opened up thru the breach in the northern portion of the outer wall that has fallen away on the western side.

Against the wall will be noticed at regular intervals finely proportioned figures of the Garuda. The same applies to those at the four angles of the wall on the outside.

Within the grounds of Prah Khan a dense jungle covers the whole area as far as the inner wall whose dimensions are 667 by 583 feet. This second wall has an ornamental doorway in the center on each side, and beyond it one sees the ruined mass of pillars and galleries around the huge edifice almost buried in the depths of an ocean of verdure.

One must be very careful when treading over fallen boulders and other impediments which render rapid progress impossible.



A very ornate structure, this Prah Khan.

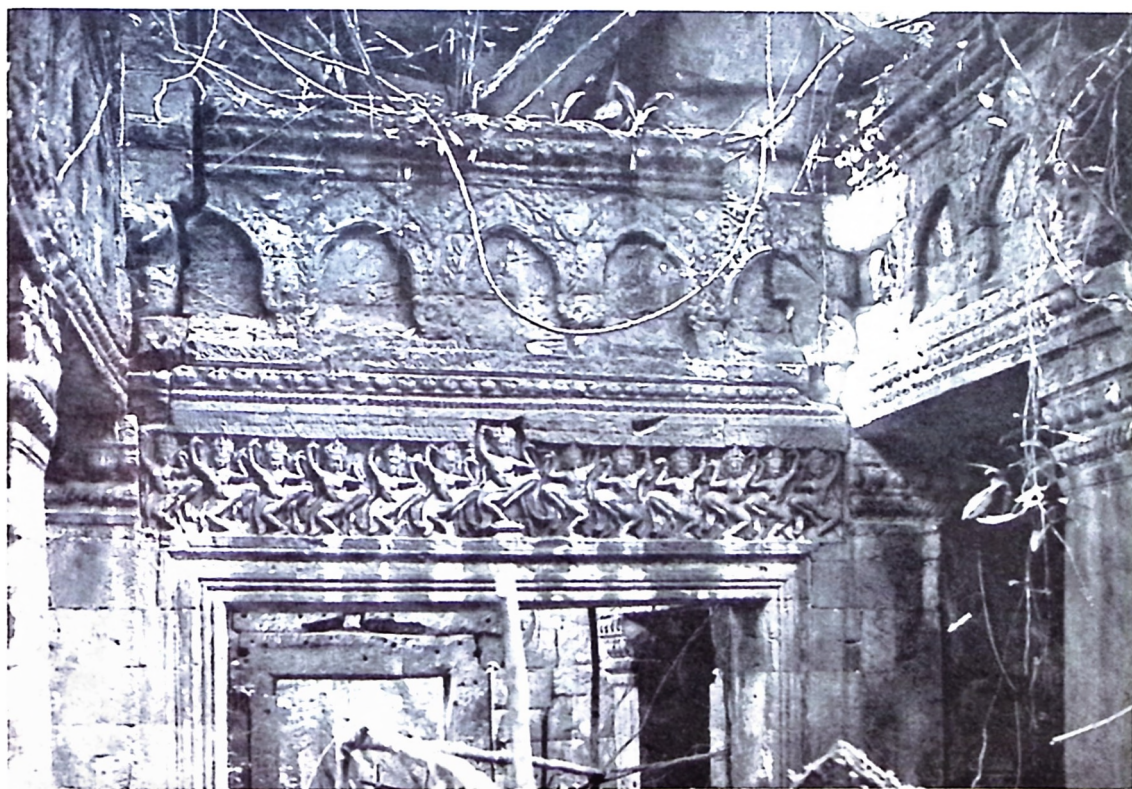
It would be advisable to follow the existing pathway on the north side within the second wall as it leads straight to the main building.



It is not quite clear whether this edifice was really used as a temple or whether it was the seat of one of the monarchs of the early Angkorean period. It abounds in various conflicting details of construction that render it very difficult to give an authentic solution to the question.

The easiest way to enter the edifice is thru the porch on the north which leads from the outer galleries to the inner ones. Here great care must be exercised in picking one's way along the semi-obscure corridors that lead to a courtyard around the main sanctuary.

One of the features of this edifice is the shape of its pillars which are round and in some cases almost hexagonal, an exception not met with in the ancient Khmer temples. A number of carvings,



Prah Khan. Lintel of the dancing girls pavilion situated between second and third oriental circumference. While trying to fotograf this lintel the author had another one of those life-taking close shaves. He had to move his camera back. The stone on which we stood teetered throwing us into a hole about five feet deep. We got out in less than three seconds. There were a dozen adult cobra in that hole. The first second he coils, the second he hisses, the third he's got you. That's how we timed our escape.



mural decorations and ornamental friezes will be found at Prah Khan that are worth examining minutely despite the very diffused light within its various galleries, pavilions and passages.

Before leaving the edifice by the monumental gateway on the north we take a last glimpse of the stately terrace that gives access to the imposing mass of stone which we leave behind enshrouded in myth and in an old-world splendour.

Prah Khan lies on the Grand Circuit about 4 miles from the Hotel at Angkor. The edifice itself is about 670 feet off the roadway.

*General Notes on Various Places of Interest at Angkor.*

SRA SRANG

This artificial lake or tank whose dimensions are 2,667 by 1,333 feet lies on the Small Circuit, east of Banteay Keday. From the east gate of the latter there is a roadway that leads straight to the terrace that lies on the west side of the lake, giving access to it by means of stone steps right up to the water's edge.

This lake is said to have been the Royal Bath reserved for the exclusive use of the King, members of the Royal Family and High Church Dignitaries.

The terrace is ornamented with Nagas and was formerly adorned with pavilions around it which have either been demolished or have crumbled away ages ago. In the center of the lake will be seen a mass of ruins which once must have been an exquisite shrine. Its proximity to the water (this lake being never dry) must have been the cause of the falling away of this structure.

A visit to the terrace by this lake on a calm evening will well repay the trouble. The rippling water, the sunset sky and the afterglow amid the echoing silence of the peaceful surroundings are a feast for the eyes and a most seductive picture to contemplate.

Sra Srang, owing to its proximity to Banteay Keday and Ta Prohm, must have been dependent on these two temples for its upkeep. It can, therefore, be assumed that it dates from the 9th century.

The distance between this lake and the Hotel at Angkor is about 4½ miles.

SPEAN THMA

(pronounced: Spien Thmaw)

This is the name given to all that now remains of a stone bridge built by the Khmers in the days of Angkor. It is situated at a

distance of about a half mile east of the Gate of Victory and it once spanned the Siemreap River just before a point where the road turns towards the temple of Takeo on the Small Circuit.

The name "Spean Thma" signifies "stone bridge."

### WEST BARAI

This magnificent artificial lake may be reached by the road that passes thru the West Gate of the City of Angkor Thom and affords an excellent site for bathing excursions. Unlike East Barai, its extremity on the west still contains water and it lies amid beautiful surroundings. It was once a huge reservoir and fish preserve for the Royal City, like East Barai.

### PHNOM KULEN

This rocky plateau which lies about 20 miles from Angkor is said to have provided the quarries from which stone was brought by the ancient Khmers for the construction of the various temples and monuments in and around Angkor.

The road to this range has not yet been metalled but when completed will enable the visitor to reach the foot of this hill by automobile in an hour. Here the ascent must be made on foot, and after half an hour of steady climbing one is amply rewarded with the magnificent bird's-eye view on every side. The temperature at the summit is distinctly cooler. A forest path leads across the plateau to the source of the Siemreap River where its rocky bed has been elegantly carved in many places with effigies of Vishnu and square basins within which will be seen lingas or phallic emblems called by the local natives "eggs from the stars."

Another quarter of an hour's walk brings us to a spot around which are huge, tall rocky boulders at whose feet are a few "dharamsalas" for pilgrims. On the highest boulder will be noticed a huge figure of Prah Thom or the Buddha asleep. A ladder leads up to a narrow platform close to this figure, but it is risky to venture out upon this frail means of ascension.

Several hundreds of pilgrims visit this spot every year and the place is held in great veneration since the 16th century.

There are, moreover, a few grottos once used as cave temples scattered about on Phnom Kulen in all directions.

### SRA DAMREI

From Prah Thom or the Sleeping Buddha on Phnom Kulen a forest path leads to a spot where the Siemreap River leaps over

boulders over a considerable length of its course until its waters form a magnificent waterfall over a steep precipice, into a deep chasm where will be seen the ruins of an ancient temple.

A walk of three or four hours from this place brings us to the little hamlet called Anlong Thom. With the help of a native guide it is possible to walk to a mountain lake called Sra Damreii which lies 6 miles southwest of Anlong Thom.

The name "Sra Damreii" signifies "lake of the elephants" and it has been derived from massive carvings which will be found on the face of the rocks on the hillside. Among the many animals carved on the various boulders will be noticed a huge elephant nearly 13 feet in height, gigantic lions, an enormous toad, etc.



## CHAPTER 45

### DATA THAT FURTHER VERIFIES

The preceding chapter was written at N'Angkor. It constitutes an analysis, as we studied and figured it all out.

Before leaving home, we had secured all literature possible upon this subject. Among the rest are the two books from which we quote. Both of these were studied by us BEFORE leaving home. But, somehow, reading about such a monstrous subject, at geographical long range, does not have full significance it has as you approach the locale in which it resides.

Before leaving home, we secured these books in English (we particularly mention this because while there is much literature on N'Angkor in French, there is little in English) which we stuck in our desk-case, intending to re-read BEFORE we reached N'Angkor. But, press of other countries, writing, books, and study did not make it possible. Arriving there we fully intended to read them WHEN we arrived. However, suffice to say, we were so darned anxious to get busy, see, fotograf and study the ruins that when we arrived we found we had no time for that purpose.

Leaving Saigon on Messages Maritime boat THE PROTHOS, we found we had four days at our disposal. We got out the books, re-studied them, made notes, and herewith give you quotations from same. If any of our readers contemplate going to N'Angkor to see the ruins of Angkor, we urgently advise they get both these books before doing so. They lay the ground work which will help prepare your study upon arrival.

### ADVANCE EXPLANATION

Various writers and authors, writing of Shiva, spell it differently, such as Civa, Chiva, Siva, Shiva, Sheva, etc. Natives pronounce it as Shee-vah, but not being able, due to variances in languages and spelling, to spell words, when they attempt to do so differently. Because Shiva (the most usual form of spelling) is such an important god in Hindu religion, we suggest you read our explanation in former pages.

### FOUR FACES OF SIVA

(Robert J. Casey, 1929, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.)

As to population of N'Angkor, note this statement:

"Traces of this lost civilization have been found wherever a lean tributary of the Mekong branches out toward the north, and there

is plentiful evidence now that the temple builders were part of a population which must have reached a total of thirty millions.

Here at Angkor was the finest metropolis in Asia—a town whose barbaric splendor is permanently embossed in temple wall and tower and terrace. It was the perfect expression of a race of conquerors and must have been as wealthy as Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar. And yet, for some cause at which the archeologist can only guess, the populace walked out of it and never came back. The jungle moved in and engulfed it for five centuries."

Note how it impresses him as to size:

"It is the history of Angkor Vat that no beholder can guess accurately how high it really is. The towers are loftier than the tallest palms of the jungle but they are lifted still higher by tricks in perspective that form the most interesting part of their design. In the mass Angkor is as impressive as the great pyramids of Egypt, more striking as an artistic ensemble than even the Taj Mahal. But it is not for these attributes that the dazed pilgrim would classify it as the most fascinating place in the world."

Where did the Khmer people come from? Where did they go?

"This, to any one who has ever looked upon Angkor Vat, seems no more than the truth. It is *this mystery of Angkor*, the feeling that people did things here and will presently be back to do them again, that is the temple's great attraction. One is not so much concerned with the identity of the people who erected this incredible monument in the plains of Cambodia. He can decipher something of that from the tablets they left and he can guess the rest. *But what became of them is a different question. Why did they desert Angkor and with it their culture? Why did they leave their cities to the malevolence of the jungle?*"

What was the population of this city?

"Basing a computation on the size of the walled area of Angkor Thom, the capital city, one may well suppose that the rural population of this civilization at the time of its power *was something over thirty millions*. There was no jungle here then. An extensive irrigation district carried the waters of the Mekong and the Tonle Sap through the entire valley and the region was then what it is fast becoming now, a continuous field of rice."

He also raises the problem:

"Whoever the Khmers were . . . whatever happened to them . . . wherever they went . . . they left behind them inscriptions in an alphabet derived from the Sanskrit, an alphabet similar in all respects to the one which immediately preceded that now in use in Madras in southern India."

They go away back in history:

"Their heyday was reached while stupid barbarians were still flowing over the frontiers of western Europe to batten on the dead

bones of Rome. Their capital was the finest and wealthiest in the Orient. It was the largest in the world. Imagine these people as they were and one despairs of solving their mystery. They walked out of Angkor and died."

They certainly did leave a record behind:

"So much for theory and debatable evidence. *The world may never know exactly who the Khmers were or what became of them.* What they were is carved on the gray-green walls of a hundred temples and a thousand towers. They were a race of builders with an intelligence equal to, if not far in advance of, that of any nation coeval with them in Europe. They were a race of conquerors whose talents in forcing subject nations to serve as instruments in their great projects made them seem brothers of Babylon. And, in departing, they left the world's most astounding collection of monuments to attest to their glory."

He describes the city of Angkor Thom:

"Angkor Thom in its day was probably the largest city in the world. In the early ninth century when Yacovarman was supervising the completion of its walls there was no community in Europe to compare with it. Rome had collapsed and stupid barbarians were still wandering over the western frontiers. There was no London as we understand the city of today. Paris was a straggling community still comfortable within a narrow enceinte. France had not yet decided to be a nation. Germany was still a stamping-ground for nomadic tribes.

Angkor Thom in extent and population was the size of Carthage at the time of its fall. It was as large as Rome at the beginning of the Christian era. It had something of the intellectual status of Athens and the might of Babylon.

Its walls which still rise intact out of the moat are twelve kilometers in length and from ten to twenty feet high. Four gates, placed at the cardinal points of the compass, gave access to the town, each in the middle of the wall it pierced. A fifth arch broke the enceinte on the east side a few hundred yards north of the main gate, a triumphal entryway for kings. The city was square and two boulevards connecting the principal gates divided it into quarters.

Angkor Thom gives testimony to the restless spirit of the Asian monarchs in that it is geometrical in plan. It did not grow, as European capitals have grown, out of some haphazard community that acquired population and territory in long periods of undirected growth. This capital was carefully thought out before it was definitely located. Its streets were straight and crossed each other at right angles. Its royal buildings were grouped in a sort of civic center at a point equidistant from its gates. It has none of the crooked corners and slipshod additions of old Occidental towns where cow-trails became boulevards. One does not have to translate its inscriptions to read its history:

'A king came here with an army of subjects and a limitless host of slaves and he built this capital on a site where no city had stood before.'



The Khmers, who have left the world some of the most remarkable buildings ever constructed of stone, were primarily a race of woodworkers. Much of their engineering and no small amount of their ornament seem to have been derived from principles that they established when carpentry was their foremost art. And so, even in the days of their glory, the forests gave them the material for their homes. Their temple pyramids were mountains of rock but their private dwellings—even their palaces—were constructed after a plan that went far back into the traditions of the race. They were wooden structures with occasional embellishments in the way of tiled roofs and lead-plated walls.

So the city that was the real city—the city of the people of Angkor—was blotted out by fire or weather or the hungry white ants almost as soon as it was deserted. Only through their piety and the immodesty of their kings did these mysterious millions escape the oblivion that pressed so closely upon them."

He gives us some size of Bayon:

"Beyond the high arch one came to the first galleries. These galleries were continuous about the edge of the first stage of the ziggurat. They had a total length of some six hundred and sixty-six yards—east and west galleries one hundred and seventy-seven yards each and north and south galleries one hundred and fifty-six yards each.

Steeper stairways led to the second stage which measured two hundred and eighty-five feet on its long side and was nearly square. Here the galleries intermingled in an architectural riot. One sees the remains of an outer enceinte and a double inner gallery with a bewildering array of cross members. Each crossing was surmounted by one of the four-faced towers, and this stage of the temple was made a great forest of spires through which the complacent leer of Siva was multiplied as in a hall of mirrors.

The third stage, whose roots went down to the very base of the pyramid, was two hundred and ten feet on the east and west side and one hundred and seventy-four feet along its other face. Here also was a maze of side chapels and communicating galleries. A dozen little shrines stood about the edge of this stage reached by colonnades and corridors that were a lace-work of sculpturing. The sanctuary of the god was in the exact center, a dark and dismal chamber, unornamented and virtually inaccessible.

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Up above rises the central tiara to an apex one hundred and forty feet above the ground level, lifting to the greatest eminence it ever attained in Angkor the silent mask of the tight-lipped, deaf-eared Destroyer. There were forty lesser towers similarly decorated. Their wreckage spills down into the deserted courts."

Data about the bas-reliefs on Bayon:

"There must be nearly a mile of these bas-reliefs—a mile of charging elephants and parading kings and battling warriors intermingling with gods who ride on strange beasts and common folks who carry on their simple domestic pursuits in a manner that shows

them to be unaware of their distinguished company. In this almost endless panorama are unfolded the scenes of the Ramayana, the Iliad of India, the legend of the young Prince Kambu who married the daughter of the monarch of the Nagas, and the deeds of Yacovarman who killed an elephant with one hand and strangled a tiger. Princely nobles ride to the chase or lean from their horses in a game that must have been something like polo. Animals rove through dense forests. Schools of fish move about in a stony sea. War-craft meet in naval battles. Acrobats, hand balancers and jugglers try to complete their difficult tricks as they have been trying since they were frozen in stone here a thousand years ago. Women nurse their babies or prepare their meals in pots of familiar shape over open fires. Merchants dispense their wares from wicker baskets.

Brahmans and dancing-girls and pilgrims and princesses and concubines and slaves come out of the mists only to return again. And in the background move the elephants—hundreds and thousands of elephants with umbrellas spread over them in token of a state procession or with archers leaning out of the palanquins tossing death to the Chams."

He gives us some size of Pra Khan:

"The temple area of Pra Khan is rectangular, nearly a thousand yards in length on its east and west dimension and something over eight hundred yards in width. It was surrounded by a moat, now dry, and a wall, most of which has fallen away. The south wall was only about three hundred yards from the moat of Angkor Thom.

In construction the temple was a nest of galleries connected by cross corridors. Save that it was built on level ground instead of on a cone of rock it was much the type of shrine from which the three-step ziggurats were derived.

Massed walls clustered about it. The galleries themselves were arranged as for a defense of the faith whose fires burned before the holy of holies at the center. . . . One encircled the other, and moats and artificial ponds possibly lay between. Pra Khan, when it was completed and the priests walked into it chanting the litanies of Siva, must have seemed invulnerable and yet not once in all its changing history was it able to keep out the evil ones that sought its sanctuary—neither the heretics who effaced the emblems of the Destroyer and planted in their stead the cuckoo symbols of Buddha, nor the ultimate Conqueror whether Thai invader or Angkorean rebel or shadow of plague. And in its final weakness it was not able to withstand the trees that clutched at it amorously and tore out its heart.

Pra Khan is second in extent only to the Bayon and Angkor Vat among the great temples of Cambodia. It was as much a thing of intricate detail and gauzy carving as either of its rivals. It is second to none in devastation."

He tells us the use made of Ta Keo:

"What carvings there are in the galleries show Ta Keo to have been another shrine of Siva but legend gives the place a definite

individuality. Here, it is said, were the altars of human sacrifice. Here congregated the masters of black magic, dispatching hecatombs of slaves and reading auguries in mirrors of blood."

Where did the Khmer people go?

"We do know that at one time a people dwelt in this valley of the great river and that they tore down the jungles to plant their fields of rice and that they worshiped the gods of deadly fear. They mated and had children as is the fashion with humans, and in time there were millions of them living on the Cambodian plain. They tamed the elephant and rode with him to war, and they brought back nations in chains to quarry and carry the rock that they worked into shrines for the gods that had favored them. And so for a thousand years they were the marvel and the scourge of the Orient. *And in the end they stepped out of Angkor into the night.*"

He makes comparison with probably the only one thing that exists as huge in our minds—the Pyramid of Ghizeh:

"The construction of the pyramids of Egypt was a task of minor importance compared with the building of Angkor Vat. For the works of Ghizeh it was necessary to haul the stone only across the valley of the Nile from the quarries beyond the present city of Cairo. Some of the rock used in Angkor Vat is believed to have come from points more than forty miles distant, part of it by water, much of it overland on rollers. And there is no group of structures in Egypt, not excepting even Karnak, as intricately carved as was this."

How much do some of the stones weigh?

"Aymonier, among others, comments with amazement upon the methods of construction (now a lost secret) by which these people hoisted blocks weighing as much as ten tons to the very heights of their works.

He mentions that at Ko Kher, one of the ephemeral capitals of the early Angkorean dynasty, he saw a slab thirteen feet long, four feet wide and three feet thick on the very summit of a lofty erection. It is within the possibilities that the Khmers covered their works with earth as they ascended and thus had the advantage of a gentle slope to points where stones were required. Removal of such a mass of earth after the completion of the work would have been in itself a stupendous task but somehow just the sort of unveiling that would have appealed to the dramatic sense of these people."

Mr. Casey also knows something of phallic worship:

"At one time these four-faced towers, which are found repeated almost endlessly wherever the Khmers erected a temple, were a source of much puzzlement to the archeologists. At first it was supposed that the god so lavishly honored must be Brahma the Creator but recent study has proved otherwise. The towers which are square, rising to a conical summit, now are known to have been designed as representations of the linga, the phallic symbol under



which Siva is still worshipped in parts of India. The faces, therefore, are undoubtedly those of the god whose device they adorn.

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At the top is the third square of galleries with the usual cruciform system of side passages centering in a dim, cavelike room beneath the central tower. This room is the focal point of the monument—the sanctuary where stood the linga of Siva as now stands the weather-pocked image of Buddha, the Usurper."

He tells us how delicate are the carvings:

"Angkor's 'goldsmiths in stone' were given every chance here for the display of their art. The columns and cornices of doorways are carved in complicated patterns of flowers and vines and in geometrical scroll works so fine that they might have been the product of knitting-needles."

Is N'Angkor the only city?

"And yet each succeeding year saw new names added to the list of royal residences . . . new towns whose architectural dissimilarities were a more vivid history of the Khmers than the Sanskrit tablets carved to glorify their kings: Beng Mealea, Ko Kher, Bantei Chmar, Pra Vihear . . . a whole procession of cities any one of which would have startled the world had it been discovered before Mouhot started his trek up the valley of the Mekong.

That the end has not yet been reached is made credible by recent investigations about Kampong Thom, where Sambour has come to light after twenty years or more of security from civilization behind a screen of bamboo a little more than a mile deep. One can not see far in a jungle and if one is a native he does not venture far into thickets where he fears the tiger. So monuments forgotten by the Cambodians and so long unknown that they have no place in the local legends are doomed to lie in their green tombs until accident brings the stranger up to their gates.

Sambour is about twenty miles from Kampong Thom—less than that in a direct line. It is near the banks of the little river that runs through this region to join the outlet of Tonle Sap on the way to the Mekong. Its empty temples and walled courts have echoed for years to the sound of steamboat whistles. But it is now only a matter of months since a coolie, more venturesome than his fellows, went into the jungle and came out with the usual tale of a hidden city.

Came the usual mobilization of archeologists and Sambour was snatched back from the fromagers. Today more than fifty temples line the haphazard avenues that modern axes have hewn through the jungle, and the city is once more identifiable as a city, in some respects more interesting than the masterpieces of the Golden Age of the Khmers."

What he now advises, is exactly what we did:

"To appreciate them one should see the temples of Java first and then take the long trail toward Indo-China. The Hindu remains along the equator furnish a logical starting-point for such an ad-

venture inasmuch as it seems more than likely that the culture of the Khmers received its impetus from the civilization that developed in this island."

Where DID they go again arises:

"What happened to these people?

Sixty years of study and research so far can offer no satisfactory answer. The known history of Angkor ends with the death of a king called Jayavarman, the ninth of his line, in the year 1201. Undated inscriptions and documents of the Chams, ancient enemies of the Khmers, *have contributed a few clues that offer little toward the solution of the mystery.*

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This theory that Angkor, the Glorious, *was blotted out after thirteen centuries of national existence by a single day's slaughter is not at all unreasonable* if one considers the parallel cases in Oriental history. *But it has points which complicate instead of explain the mystery.*

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It has been suggested that *the plague obliterated the populations of Angkor Thom and Beng Mealea and Ko Kher and Pra Khan. The theory is more tenable perhaps than that of warfare and slaughter by the Thais. But a plague would not have removed all the metal from the temples and pried apart the walls of Siva's shrines.*

Monsieur Groslier, after a long study of the evidence, has come to the conclusion that the Angkoreans, weakened no doubt by wars with the Chams and Siamese, *were destroyed by an uprising of slaves in which the intellectual minority was systematically murdered.*

The logic of this idea is manifest. It would account for the insensate effort to tear apart the stones of the temples, and for the complete looting of Angkor Thom and its dependent shrines, and would explain at the same time the disappearance of the civilization that had built Angkor Vat.

Certainly there were millions of slaves in Cambodia. Just as surely the educated people even amid a culture as fine as that of Angkor were only a small proportion of the total population. It is well within the probabilities that the slaves could have massacred the intelligentsia, and then, deprived of the brain that had directed their handiwork, their quick return to the primitive life of the jungle was an inevitable detail."

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## ANGKOR THE MAGNIFICENT

(Helen Churchill Candee—Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.)

Who were the Khmer people?

"In Cambodia lived and developed a mixed race—Malay, Hindu, Chinese—whose history began five hundred years before the Christian era. Improving in all matters which go to make a nation, this

race arrived at a period of high development in the eighth and ninth centuries. They became implacable warriors, ambitious artists, exponents of wealth and luxury. Under direction of ambitious kings they built throughout four centuries one of the most grandiose cities of antiquity, Angkor Thom, and added to that incredibly magnificent temples through the surrounding country. In these precincts, the race called Khmers lived a life of luxury, pomp and display which has not been exceeded at any time in any part of the world. And all of this was at a time when Europe was sunk in the dull apathy of the Dark Ages, when France was a savage country, England uncivilized, Germany a hinterland of barbarous hordes. In Asia the Khmers were known, envied, feared. China sent her Ambassadors there, wise old China that has never slept, never has had a period called Dark Ages. But Europe took no cognizance of the growth of the wealthy Asiatic kingdom, for Europe was not travelling in those centuries."

What happened to them?

"What hapened after then was incalculable. *It is still a mystery, still a secret of Angkor.* When overcome the population was enormous, magnificently housed, following the gracious arts of a cultivated taste. *A million souls* lived within the walls of the royal city. Their temples and palaces were of a grandeur and of a number which made marvel all who saw them. *Then all at once the whole thing was blotted out, this entire high civilization and all its works.* The jungle, with no hand of man to arrest it, rose like a tide creeping up foot by foot and covered, completely covered, all the work of the centuries. The Khmers disappeared, the temples and towns were swallowed by the relentless sea of verdure, and the places thereof were by both God and men forgot."

The mystery is ever with us:

"What I wanted with all the force of a holy curiosity was to wrest from the quiet brown people of this land of Cambodia some of the secrets of the ancient ruins. Who were their builders, the Khmers? Are they themselves, these gentle forest people, are they the remnant of the great race? Or did the last of the real Khmers who built the world-wonder of the Angkor group, assemble his legions, and with band and banner, elephant and chariot, march magnificently away into *never-never land to be seen no more*, leaving the world to guess and to divine what they could from the splendid structures left behind?"

Her first view of Angkor Vat:

"Not one knew that before us stretched the great temple Angkor Vat. Next morning we rose, bathed, dressed, in a dreamy apathy of fatigue, thinking no further than toast and coffee. Then from each bedroom a figure stepped out upon the tiled verandas which serve as corridors and proceeded over the grass of the big square courts to the front.

Raising our eyes, the great temple seized us. Sitting in majesty across a flooded space, it claimed us. It held out spirit arms and em-



braced us. The soft morning airs blowing from its grandeur baptized us into a new worship. The light glowing on its five distant towers illuminated our consciousness, our very souls. We stretched out our arms and stepped towards it in ecstatic forgetting of physical sense."

Some idea of the size of a part of it:

"Away from the plateau of entry the causeway stretched over the moat, a veritable avenue to the temple walls. It is balustrated with Nagas on either side, it is thirty-six feet wide, and its length is the unbelievable width of the moat, over two hundred metres, nearly seven hundred feet. A moat with us means a grassy cincture sunk around a castle—twenty-five or thirty feet might span it. The moat of Angkor Vat has no such niggard measure. It is a lake in width, it is enclosed in masonry, and it measures about three miles around! Superb! Few architects think in measurements as big as that."

They could not construct an arch:

"Even at the first moment one observes the vaulted ceilings and the narrowness of the chambers, and then comes remembrance that the Khmers with all their magnificence of architectural conception were ignorant of the science of the arch. With sudden determination to find no faults in the wonders of Angkor we think on Greece which stands for perfection, and she too knew naught of arches. The vault of the Khmers rose from straight walls by means of overlapping stones, each one slipped a little further toward the center, the top one being not a keystone but a lid, not giving strength but requiring it."

Carvings—miles of them:

"Other carvings press themselves upon you. You cannot hasten, it is impossible with so much to see. The whole place is carved, once you open your eyes to it, columns, lintels, surbases, panels, pediments, jambs of doors and windows. Ceilings are absent. They were originally of wood and stretched below the ogival arch, but tropic insects have long since destroyed them. Some rare fragments which remain show these too, to have been as rich in carving as famous ceilings of the Italian Renaissance."

How high was it?

"From this high level of the Vat rises the grand dome of the central tower, far higher than the four other towers of the central group, two hundred and thirteen feet from the level of the park. Within this tower, in its exact center, is the habitation of Vishnu, the god to whom the whole edifice was dedicated."

Legend of the Holy of Holies:

"It is but a small stone chamber, a cubicle, a cell, yet it is the heart of the great Vat, that most perfect of all the Khmer constructions. It is the Sanctuary, the holy of holies. It is the sacred penetralia that none may look upon but the king and the highest ministrant. It is

reached by long physical effort, while the mind is being prepared for psychic things by gradually leaving the world during the passage from the high road to the water, through the wide quiet park of the first enclosure, through the porticos, up the stairs, and finally mounting the sharp acclivity of the last perilous flight of steps to the upper halls.

The small spare chamber in the center of the pile inspires awe. Tradition long said one might not step within and live. Four corridors from the four points of the compass approach it, each one ending against the huge stones which form its sides. The way inside was blocked for centuries. Legends grew up about it. Perhaps they are true in part. One says that this holy cell contained a wondrous statue of Vishnu carved from precious stone, and that the last king of the Khmers sought sanctuary here when the conquering Siamese set upon him in their final battle. He entered the sacred refuge and stood beside the statue while trusted soldiers followed his command to wall him in. There he died, while outside his armies were destroyed and his country fell never to rise again."

Carvings—you just keep thinking about them:

"It is in the portico of this outer enceinte that one first falls under the charm of the marvellous decorations carved in low relief that humanize this greatest of temples. Infinite in variety, abounding in grace and in originality they introduce one to an art strange and compelling. Surbases, door-lintels, panels, columns, are covered with a close carving that is akin to the pattern of a woven cloth. The rinceau of the Renaissance in Italy is a not uncommon motif, and, side by side with this, use is made of preposterous little human figures as the center of the design. All over the Vat the human figure is a prime motif for pure ornament, and except for the calm ladies or priestesses which we shall see later in bewildering loveliness, they are gay little sprites showing an exaggerated joy of living."

Bas-reliefs:

"The first story of the Vat is a place one can never leave, or, leaving, one must ever return to study Khmer life and Khmer myth as pictured on the great bas-reliefs extending themselves for hundreds of feet—two thousand square yards of carving.

You may take the place according to your temperament and your taste. Priscilla and the Diva's husband took it as lover's lane, not a bad substitute, for the long, columned walk stretches far and shady and looks out upon the most gracious and lonely forest. Young Boston took it as an art school and in the brightest of dresses illuminated the sober stones while copying Khmer designs. She had annexed an aspirant, and the two played at art and another game with lightsome touch.

But the bas-reliefs will not let themselves be taken too carelessly. They pique and they challenge with an erudition that eludes all but the scholar. One is ashamed not to know the meaning of all these vivid scenes.

By their beauty they first attract, by their strangeness they hold attention. In parts they portray an art not understood by Europeans,

an art so primitive as to suggest an undeveloped race. Remembering the grand perfection of the Vat one cannot accuse the Khmers of being a savage people; remembering that their graphic art is largely one of fixed convention, its peculiar style is understood. Certain drawing, certain personification had to be as they had ever been.

Looking through Italy's galleries we understand the long faces of Byzantine madonnas which stray far from nature's lines, for we know the Church imposed that convention upon the artists. If eyes and mind hasten to accept the conventions and legends imposed upon Khmer artists, delight in their work comes quicker to the student. Student? Yes, that must be the word for the Westerner, as we are not brought up by priests of Brahma and do not recount glibly the books of the Ramayana and the Mahabarata whose scenes are here depicted.

The general effect is most alluring. The endless chiselling impresses one as a decoration, *saue* and softening, giving the hard stone wall a covering as of tapestry. Then all at once one is drawn by the absolute beauty of a single figure. The figure is that of Vishnuloka, the King, seated on a throne above his generals to whom he is giving orders to assemble the army for one of the great Khmer conflicts with the Chams of Annam or the Thais of Siam.

The subject is historic not religious and I am sufficiently daring to like it better on that account. It gives delight to ferret out the customs of the mysterious race of the Khmers, a race which has left no literature save what is found graven on the ancient stones. In this picture we learn the fashion in royal dress—a few bands of gold and a few bands of fabric, quite sufficient for a hot day at Angkor. Around the king are those evidences of sacred rank, the umbrellas.

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Having once started to find definite meaning in the groups, the bas-reliefs become irresistible. The figure of Vishnuloka represents a type. He is often found and is always a person high among the gods or high among men. He is the perfection of manhood, a strong, graceful aristocrat, ready to lead, powerful to conquer. Sometimes he appears in elegant repose among court beauties, sometimes mounted on an elephant going to give battle, sometimes tensely active as in the portrayal of Rama, who kills with a bow his enemy, Maricha, who has come to him during the chase in the guise of a deer—a marvellous golden deer with horns of emerald.

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In this part of the gallery the reliefs are taken up with the long succession of scenes which picture in infinite excruciating variety the tortures of inferno, and, in rather monotonous sameness, the delights of heaven. The imagination of the sculptors was endless when it came to depicting hell, but futile and saccharine in treating the heavenly regions, which makes one wonder if the life of subordinate chisellers was not one of misery infinitely varied, with which they were well acquainted, while heaven about which they could know little, seemed to belong only to the rich and mighty, their patrons on earth.

In the relief picture the torments of hell extend in a long band below, with the pleasures of heaven in an equally long band above. Between the two is a decorative line of Garudas, delightful monsters.



In the southern gallery is a scene that arrests by its daring, by the way it thrusts upon the beholder a world of imagination found only in fairy tales and in the Oriental mythology. Looking up, one sees on the wall figures of a far larger scale than elsewhere, two opposing rows of men with arms around a mammoth snake pulling his body as men pull a rope in the physical contest of a tug-of-war. Drawing back far enough for a general view one sees that the head of the serpent is like Naga's, polycephalous, and the giant who holds it is also many-headed, and that half way down the two rows of men a similar giant lends aid to the contestants. In the center of the great design sits a four-armed deity, Vishnu of god-like calm, and the men fall both ways from this point. Below the entire picture is the sea represented by a mass of tumbling fish.

The story is of the churning of the Sea of Milk by the Asuras and the Devas, a work which was to secure for them a coveted immortality. To attain this end they used the serpent Vasuki as a rope which they twined around the base of the fabled Mount Mandara. By pulling first to right and then to left, the mountain moved and churned the sea into tides. Vishnu most accommodatingly changed himself into a huge tortoise on which the mountain rested and the work went on throughout the centuries. Other gods appeared from time to time with their attendant dancers, the celestial Apsaras, and at last arrived the elixir of immortality.

But all was not well even then. The line of gods, the Devas, and the line of demons, the Asuras, immediately fell into combat to possess the divine elixir. Meanwhile Vishnu seized and drank it, thus securing for himself the immortality coveted by the half-gods. This legend is depicted elsewhere in the Vat and in the Bayon. It is also the probable inspiration for the bridge outside the Gate of Victory where ugly giants are ranged on one side, with benign gods on the other, and the great serpent lies in the laps of both.

It is too stupendous as a decorative motive to be required to furnish any explaining, but a story is a diversion well liked outside of nurseries.

The great army of the Khmers passes in review in another picture, decorating the gallery of history with one of the most vivid reliefs in all the monuments left by ancient races in any part of the world. Much space of the bas-reliefs is taken up with combats of the gods, of so fierce and complicated a nature as to lack interest, but here is a procession marching in the nice order of military troops and leaders which can be understood by any boy who has pushed his way to a curbstone front-line to see a holiday parade. Khmer history, as far as we know it, shows no interval of peace long enough for inutile processions; theirs were always bellicose in intent and were eagerly marching to meet a foe. Cambodia in the centuries of its wealth and power was ever at war, either to subdue and possess its neighbours, or to defend itself from attacks of envious nations.

We see here to our delight 'the warhorse who smelleth the battle afar off,' curvetting in a manner spirited and powerful. He is like the horses of the Romans and bears himself with a pride not excelled even by the general on his back. The old convention of the Roman sculptors is in use, multiplying the outline of a well-drawn horse to indicate more than one. From whence came these splendid horses and whither they fled is another mystery, for the horses of

today in Cambodia are funny things, as small as ponies, as quiet as cats.

But in this long army passing by, the mount that thrills is the splendid elephant. We can stand and watch him with all the rapture of a child. He is an elephant transfigured by dreams of triumph, and lifts his head to throw high in air his curving trunk. He passes us entirely conscious that he carries on his back a god-like leader standing, not supinely seated, as he goes forth to war. One foot is planted on the animal's croup, the other is on the saddle, and about him are the umbrellas of rank. And the file of soldiers who march behind him extends an immeasurable distance, proud, stalwart men dressed in close-wound sampots, and shouldering arms with which they are sure of winning the victory. And overhead the whole long procession is shaded with trees of a most charming convention. Palm trees, no, but instead umbrageous leafy trees like maiden-hair ferns grown mammoth.

One is charmed into watching this procession go by an hour at a time, noting headdresses, arms, musical instruments. There is a band, of course, and men are keeping the stepping time of this splendid army by the regular beat of the tom-toms. There is also an engaging group of such servitors as follow any army, workers and ladies of light allure. These last are springing forward with the grace and spirit of a Botticelli maiden, draperies clinging, feet tripping. Even they are jubilant over anticipated victory."

The length of the terrace:

"In the center of the long face of the Terrace, which has a length of nearly twelve hundred feet, is placed a superb approach, steps leading from the public square up to the level above, an approach made magnificent by three elephant heads on either side, seeming, with their hidden backs, to sustain the weight above them. On the perrons of the steps the challenging lion greeted the arrival of those who mounted, and the Naga-parapet reared its heads above."

And again—those carvings:

"There are thousands of feet of these chiselled pictures on the walls of the Bayon, and all form a wonderfully illuminating book on the life of the ancient Khmers. Real books which once existed, exist no more. Archaeologists, historians, excavators know the Khmers wrote books, for the Chinese records tell of them, but in the tropics nature obliterates all perishable works of man. The halls of the Bayon hold the records in chiselled pictures.

Crude but strong, these pictures tell us of the life among the common people. The fact of such life being recorded on a temple accents the importance to the church of the lower classes. Angkor Thom's ancient population is estimated at a million. A large half of those, at least, must have been slaves and artisans, to judge by the stupendous constructions, and another large body the soldiery. Both these classes are lavishly depicted in this temple of a warlike and artistic race.

Does not every one spring with delight upon the representation of a cock-fight? Fancy the smiles of the ages which reward the ghost of the little dark artist whose love of sport led him to chisel

this childish panel on the wall of Civa's temple. Civa is clean forgot when peering to see if the cocks wear metal spurs.

Above are galleries full of soldiers, rowed by a line of oarsmen, each working his spatulate blade with precision, while fish in the sea flee from the dangerous ship only to meet death in the jaws of a crocodile.

Pure decoration among the Khmers reached a delicious realm of balance and fertile invention. Pure pictorial art is crude but equally fertile. If one gallop tourist-like the scenes pass the eye like a cinema, picture after picture; but students who love these strange ruins dissect them as a botanist a flower and make illuminating deductions as to the accessories of life. They sort out from minute scenes each detail and give them to us in assorted groups.

Thus we learn the forms of a past civilization and glow with delight at drawing parallels, and at finding the lost Khmer not a savage but a soul kin of the Greeks and Romans. There is pottery, for instance, with shapes as full of beauty as a pompeian vase. There are barques and barges in which lovely ladies float upon the shaded rivers, and one wonders if Cleopatra floated in greater elegance. Boats are shown in mobile lines of Naga with the heads lifted up at the prow. Or they are canopied with embroidered awnings and cushions. It is discovered through the carvings that chariots and harnessings were of bronze ornamented with carvings and jewels, that exquisite litters, chaises a' porteurs, were constructed for the portage of high caste ladies, that the King's howdah was the acme of ornamentation. A book might be written on headdresses alone, for men and women, so varied and so elaborate is this form of significant decoration."

Bayon—the tower of gold:

"Tcheou-Ta-Kouan, in telling of the wonders of the great, rich city to which he was sent as ambassador from China in 1295, declares the Bayon had a tower of gold."

The size of Phimean-Akas:

"In speaking of the Phimean-Akas as a building one misleads. It is rather an enclosure, a large space about six hundred and seventy-five yards deep and two hundred and eighty wide. Around this space was built an enclosing wall pierced by two gates on both north and south, as well as by the grand gate of entrance in the center of the Terrace on the east. A second enclosing wall was built inside this. Within the vast space thus protected were erected all the buildings made necessary by custom for royal living, which means for the accommodation of all the royal wives and children and for the enormous number of dancing girls and attendants who amused the king during the days and nights when he abstained from his favourite pursuit of war."

An early account of the Royal Palace:

"It is to a Chinese Ambassador that we owe all the truly human accounts of life in and about the Phimean-Akas. The Chinese character of today is full of friendly curiosity. It was the same in 1295 A.D. when Tcheou-Ta-Kouan came to Angkor as Ambassador from his ruler Kublai Khan.



It was a long way to come by junk and sampan, down the coast and up the river, with no propelling power but wind and muscle. The ambassador meanwhile went through the same mental processes as we ourselves, the gradual separation of the mind from all accustomed things and the delighted acceptance of the new. Tcheou-Ta-Kouan revelled in the strangeness of all he saw. The fame of Angkor had spread through Asia; to its rulers was ascribed invincibility in war, and wealth beyond that of any known king. He was ready to be astounded—even more, he was determined to be, as is sometimes shown in his flights from literalness.

Being a gentleman of cultivation writing was his aristocratic resource. He decided to set down on paper what he saw about him in the bewildering land of Cambodia and especially what occurred at Angkor. He wrote a diary. It is on the writings of this Chinese gentleman, added to stone inscriptions, that we depend for pictures of the life in and around the royal city.

The days he described were the late days of the twelve hundreds. Although the fall of the Khmers followed in the years immediately succeeding, the social conditions existing then were the same as in the four or five centuries precedent. Customs change slowly in Asia. Family life in 800 was unaltered in 1200, and is still the same today. On that one bases many deductions about the palace of the Phimean-Akas, the home of the king's somewhat swollen family.

At Phnom Penh the modern palace seems fantastic, a sort of Coney Island or Earl's Court, and with the sun beating down on paved courts and reflecting on stucco buildings it seems a place to see quickly and to escape with a feeling of a tourist's duty done. Even the little sanctuary of the Sacred Sword appears as a showman's trick-box.

But did one know at the time of visiting it that the Cambodian ruler of today arranges his palace after the manner of his forbears at Angkor, the royal enclosure would receive closer study. It is in effect the key to the lost romance of the Phimean-Akas.

But Tcheou-Ta-Kouan has left his diary, and from that we will pull out plums with eager thumbs, forgetting that some of them are over-seasoned.

Most of all is he stirred by riches, the evident riches that flash in the sun, that glow in the light of candles and torches. He adores the golden decorations, he is ecstatic over the masses of jewels heaped on the supple yet languid beauties of the court, he tells with enthusiasm of architecture and sculpture enriched with gold, a tower of gold, gold lions to guard steps of approach, and here it may be that he failed to examine if the gold were solid or applied in leaf, lest he fail to impress his readers as he was impressed.

It was evidently before the Phimean-Akas that he was received in audience by the king. Strangely enough he omits the name of the ruler, before whom he is presented, mentioning him merely as 'the new prince who is the nephew of the old,' but other records give his name as Jaya-Varmediparamesvara. To know it is far from pronouncing it, however.

Reconstructing the picture from the ruins, we see the Sino-Mongol Ambassador approaching the Terrace of Honour on a suave, bright morning arrayed in the superb raiment which has ever been associated with the ceremonial life of his country. He mounts the steps

of the stone elephants, passes between upraised Nagas and insolent lions, and approaches a window of gold. There behind a dazzling curtain rests the great Khmer king. When the right moment arrives, agile maidens, jewelled, perfumed and flower-decked, draw aside the curtain, and the king is revealed within the gold frame of the window. Thus his subjects have brief audience. And thus the Chinese Ambassador first saw him.

The gold window charms us. To a gold throne we are accustomed, but this is new to the mind. It preserves the mystery that should hedge a king. It keeps him from disillusioning contact, it preserves him in time of danger, to be recessed in a harbouring edifice. The building which held the window is now but a mass of tumbled stone in the center of the long Terrace, but a remembering of other windows still standing leads one to think of it as a large and spacious square with deep embrasure constructed with the elegance of the windows throughout Angkor. To this were added those dazzling parts which made of it 'a window of gold.'

It is probable that the Ambassador gained most of his impressions of the Phimean-Akas from its outer ramparts, for he says, hungrily wishing for more, that 'I have heard that within the palace are many marvellous sections, but the defences are very severe and it is impossible to penetrate them.' But he also speaks with the assurance of one who has seen of long verandas, and covered corridors, irregular without great symmetry, which sustains the belief that just within the outer wall must have existed council rooms, audience halls and their dependences wherein the king discussed affairs of state with his own ministers and those of foreign lands. It is probable that the Chinese visitor reached no farther, for again and again he longs to see with his own eyes, experience with his own five senses, the innumerable palace departments which he hears are as marvellous as inaccessible. And being denied he uses his imagination, especially in regard to the great crowds of women who flowed in and out of the palace, and more especially those who stayed within.

Quoting from the wide-eyed journalist, he states that a favoured lady—mother of a king's preceptor—had accorded to her 'a part of the Royal palace where, on a raised dais, sparkled the jewelled beds; and a palanquin of gold, rendered charming by banners and fly-brushes all with gold handles.'

He learned that the sovereign had five wives, quaintly apportioned thus, one special, and four others for the four cardinal points of the compass. 'As for concubines and girls of the palace I have heard the number given as from three to five thousand, but they rarely cross the palace threshold.' These were divided into several classes, the most ordinary of which performed services necessary to the maintenance of the palace, and these were married and passed freely in and out, being often seen on the roads.

Thus the palace of Phimean-Akas became truly a city of women and girls, not entirely Occidental in its conventions. The number given by the great Chinese visitor was probably in excess of the truth, yet the king who reigned in Cambodia when the French formed the Protectorate about 1907, enclosed eight hundred in the palace."

• Home of the city of Angkor-Thom:

"All about the enclosure were little buildings which housed the enormous personnel of the palace. If the hundreds of women who served had homes without, in the byways of the city, there were shelters needed for the hundreds more who never left the gates except in attendance on the king.

There was a school for training the many agile dancers in steps and poses. And there was a suitable sheltered platform on which dances were given. Also were there shelters for musicians and the masters who taught them to sing and to play the stringed instruments and the winds.

For all these classes and many more there were little shops which harboured stores of silken stuffs for sampots, gauzes for veils and nets for protection against mosquitoes and little things that crawl in the night. Others kept carpets and matting, the latter to serve, as it does still, as a cool bed on hot nights.

Other shops kept perfumes, rich, intoxicating scents to pour on glossy shoulders, or spicy odours for the hair. Among them was the sandalwood we love today, and the origan which Parisian makers offer now as a latest novelty.

Other edifices were for the guard, and some were for the confinement of offenders against palace laws, a place for men and one for women. There were baths, for bathing is as necessary to the Cambodian as food; there were kitchens, dining halls, and a stronghold for treasures.

The explanation of the loss of all these buildings is sought as one roams about the present park enclosed by the encircling outer wall of the Phimean-Akas. It is found in the remembrance that dwellings and their dependences were constructed of wood, and that wood can last but a short time in the passing of centuries. All of nature is against it. The floods descend and the damp rots the wood. Ants and borers attack and disintegrate it.

The magnificent solidity of the masonry in and about Angkor deceives one into thinking that everything was built after the manner of temples. But a glance at the native houses of today shows a scheme of domestic building which was in use centuries ago. Stone was not used in their construction except as a base in which to secure upright poles. These stones are found now in the Phimean-Akas, with holes to contain the uprights.

Thus one can reconstruct the great palace of the king, a great walled city within a still greater walled town, having its grand audience chambers, its sumptuous residence for the monarch, its pavilions for amusements, its department of justice, its shops, its shelters for the troupes of dancers, singers, musicians. Among all these ran innumerable paths or lanes, and included were the pleasure gardens shaded park-like tracts wherein living models for Tevadas walked arm in arm. One could almost pity the king that he might not walk with them and still keep the law about the feet of gods and kings.

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Back along the path to the public square one goes with the conviction that the entire Angkor Thom is but one great mass of ancient structures, and that one might penetrate the forest at any point and



come upon wonders unexplored. If the city held a million souls within its walls it must be so. There were streets upon streets, lanes upon lanes, and all were filled with buildings. Does the explorer's list of nine hundred and ten include them all?"

Many gods were in conflict:

"War, luxury, and religion should be put down as the deities worshipped by the Khmers, but religion was divisible. It included from the earliest times both Buddhism and Brahmanism. And the latter was yet again divisible, notably into the separate cults of Civa, the creator-destroyer, and Vishnu, the preserver. The happiest sort of harmony existed among them, and all gods were worshipped in one temple with a lack of sectarian prejudice that would be of advantage to modern churches. In temples built to the Brahman Trimurti, Buddha's image is found, and figures of Sakya-Muni are known which bear a Brahmanic symbol. Likewise Civa's emblems decorated Vishnu's temple and vice versa."

Sizes of temples:

"Unexplained as yet is the vast reserved space, the acrama, in which this temple and all others are set. Here the park is two thirds of a mile in one of its dimensions. The park of its neighbour, Banteai Kedei, is but little smaller, that of Prah Khan is even larger. This feature of architecture in the tenth and eleventh centuries was continued in the twelfth or thirteenth by the constructors of the last great temple, Angkor Vat.

It would seem unnecessary to oblige those who would worship, to traverse such weary length of path. If it were now, and in white countries, no one would go to church at all. Were the space intended as a garden or a shady bosquet, all the harder would it be to proceed to the altar of the gods and the droning of ritualists.

Records of the Khmers are few and hard to untangle. One looks to such an expert as George Groslier to solve riddles and make the deductions which only a savant can make and the laity respect. He it is who fills this great surrounding space of the temples with human habitations.

The idea startles at first, so unusual it is to consider a temple as other than a meeting-place of God and man, a place set apart for that alone. But a reading of the lists of temple guardians and servants makes it plain. They were numbered by the thousand. A stele at Ta Prohm mentions figures so large that they must have included persons in the immediate vicinity who served but did not remain. Thus are mentioned: '18 principal officiants, 2,740 officiants, 2,232 assistants, among them 615 women dancers. A total of 12,640 persons which comprise those who have the right of lodgings. 66,625 men and women who perform services of the gods. A total of 79,365 with the Birmans, the Chams, etc.'

How large were the moats?

"Because Angkor Vat is ever before us, gloriously greeting the morning, poetically closing the evening, we take it as the first ex-

ample of Khmer hydraulics. Ever before us lies the moat in beautiful expanse. Its dimensions are always an astonishment to those who are accustomed to the meagre moats encircling certain castles in England and in France, two hundred metres wide and nearly three miles around. Such a body of water must have served some other purpose than that of moat.

Angkor Vat is only one of many. The royal city itself, Angkor Thom, is encircled with a moat; though only half as wide as that of the great temple it is far longer, about eight miles. Think of the labour of digging this great ditch to its original depth of fifteen to eighteen feet, and of supporting its banks with blocks of stone. But no one in authority cared a whit about labour in the good old days of the 'varmans' for it was all done by slaves and they did not count, being for the most part the captured soldiery and populace of enemy countries.

Outside the royal city the great temples have their moats. Prah Khan is encircled with the same wide water that makes beautiful the entry to Angkor Vat. Ta Prohm misses the water following the outer enceinte but places the moat nearer, following all the interesting angles of the inner enceinte. Ta-Keo again is surrounded by a moat on its outermost circumference. So the Khmer had miles and miles of water wider and deeper than the nearer rivers.

And this is by no means all. Within the great temple enclosures were often dug great basins or ponds. These added so much to the beauty of architecture that they are readily thought to be purely ornamental. Two of these are placed directly before the principal entrance of Angkor Vat, one on either side the great stone concourse. The masonry that held them is now gone, but two sheets of water stay to mirror the towers of the celestially beautiful temple. That they are now called elephant pools means nothing more than that the native guides seek to give a name to all features for the appeasing of tourist curiosity.

Two unwallled pools that also add to the beauty of remains are those on the public square opposite the Terrace of Honour.

Before the Bayon two great basins were dug on either side of the way leading to the eastern entrance, which must have reflected the great temple with tremendous effect. Near by, the Baphuon was provided with two long bodies of water lying before it on either side of the great approach in which were mirrored the splendid columns of the causeway extending more than two hundred yards. Curiously enough no pools were round, always rectangular.

Small pools conserved water within the enclosures of other temples, but Banteai Kedei was magnificently provided. Close to the temple lay a wide moat with a broad paved walk on either side of it but a further supply of water was placed conveniently near in a vast basin called Sra Srang—a whispering name like wind blowing in the reeds which now border it. It is a veritable lake and even now holds water though in niggard quantity. Its size—for those who like figures—is  $2,666\frac{2}{3}$  feet by  $1,333\frac{1}{3}$  feet.

But all these are the small reservoirs, the convenient pools, mere landscape decorations of garden size compared to the great sheets of water spread magnificently in Khmer country. There is the great parallelogram which thrusts its length east of Prah Khan to the

eastward, and there are the two huge lakes called barays by the Cambodians, Baray of the East and Baray of the West.

The little temple of Neak Pean stands in the center of the first of these, and steps going into it seem to argue its use for pleasure and for pleasurable worship—a place where one might take religion as a dissipation rather than a self-flagellation. One thinks of flower-boats and music, of maidens and of youths.

But the great barays were built with intent so magnificently serious that they cause thoughts of the sweating slaves who built them and of the mighty engineers of a mighty kind. One of them lies to the east of the capital, Angkor Thom. Its measure is roughly five and a half miles in length, one and a third in width. And it was dug by the hand of man. One aches to think of the slaves even though so long dead. Digging is hot work in Cambodia. How can one think of the people of the tropics as lazy!

The Western Baray lies southwest of the city, west of Angkor Vat, and its dimensions are a little less than those of the Eastern Baray. The former is beautified by the lovely temple of Mebon, a pyramid of receding terraces on which are placed many detached edifices, the most effective being the five towers which crown the top. Could any conception be lovelier, a vast expanse of sky-tinted water as setting for a perfectly ordered temple. Spirituality went hand in hand with the gratification of the senses in old Cambodia, and its followers were not forced to be ascetics.

The other great lake was not without its temple, also named Mebon—of the Western Baray. Here is a variation from usual temple plans, for this one on a tiny circular island contained a square of water in its centre, and in the middle of that was erected a tiny edifice, the whole enclosed in a rectangular wall of enceinte.

But all this water, for what was it conserved in these reservoirs whose construction represented an amount of labour incalculable? Experts give reasons varying according to their prejudices. One can dispose of the smaller pools and lakes as places for bathing and boating, even as water-ways for little circulation. Moats around the temples would give water for the large family of visitors, attendants, guards and priests; and must have served as well to water gardens, though it is true that during the season of rains there is more of water in Angkor than man would choose to have.

But the barays are set down as municipal in character. It is suggested that they were used as great storage reservoirs for fish, live fish. Thousands of tons of fish are taken from the Tonle Sap and the Grand Lac by the native population during the season of lowered water. A mean advantage is taken of the fish when the lessening of the element in which they live crowds them together by thousands in streams grown shallow. They are then easily caught in the voracious seine. It is thought that the Khmers, thus securing them, transferred them to the great barays where they could take up their usual fish life, preserving happiness and health until such time as the Khmers chose to catch and eat them. They were kept for consumption until the days of inundation, the season of rain, when the Mekong forced its waters into the Tonle Sap and all the land was deluged. At that time the fish took their liberty in the opaque flood and were hard to catch.

Another expert, thinking over and investigating the Western



Baray, tries to dress with fact his theory that the great sheet of water was an inland harbour to bring boats almost to the wall of the royal city. Were it associated with a stream for but a little way it would connect with the water at Siem Reap and boats could thus pass out to the Tonle Sap, the Grand Lac, and to the great world.

However, it may be, stored water was a necessity of the close population of Angkor and splendid projects were executed to provide it whether for decoration, for irrigation, for fish preserving or for navigation."

Who were they? Again the mystery:

"Who were the Khmers, asks the traveller with child-like confidence of the Bungalow's manager, who is efficiency itself as a host and ought to know. He waves a hand, seemingly towards a shelf of pamphlets telling of steamship lines and land routes. He is right! The Khmers were travellers of various sorts. They were the mixture that travellers always are, and they found at their journey's end an indigenous race on which they imposed themselves.

A map will help the story. It will show how easy it was for other races to push out from their own countries into the valley of the Mekong and overrun the rich land of Khambu or ancient Cambodia, a land where life was so easy and resources so great that it was famed as a district in which to pitch the family tent.

India sent her hordes. They came from the south, bringing with them the Buddhism of their locality. They crossed the seas and landed somewhere near the top of the long peninsula which is tipped with Singapore and has Siam above. Then they spread over the country south of the mountains.

They also came from India overland, and these were the Hindus of the North. And they also brought a religion, that of Brahma. These were perhaps a hardier people, a better breed.

But the Khmers were not pure Hindus nor yet Hindus with a strain of indigenous blood. The mysterious Khmer has destroyed all records of his race such as are generally in use in identifying. He has been so progressive in a hygienic way that he has reduced to ashes all the precious skeletons which would tell the story of the race to those who by turning over a human skull can find more than a sigh for poor Yorrick.

As we wondering moderns see it, the race came from nowhere more substantial than the caves of legend, rose to preposterous heights of development, constructed a dreamland of palaces and temples—and then vanished into the legend land from which they came. But for the phenomenon of Angkor and sporadic ruins near by, the slate of history would have been wiped clean of them.

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A race rose from obscurity; it built the most marvellous edifices of Asia; it was subjugated and it disappeared; its gift to the world was smothered under the jungle; the buildings and the people were forgot. That is the tale in brief."

No cement was used:

"Those who find interest in construction look for the faithful cement that has held the stones of these monuments together through

centuries of neglect. There is no cement. That is one of the marvelous facts of Khmer architecture. Throughout all these mammoth and intricate structures, the builder so prepared his stones and nicely fitted them that they have kept their places unaided and even have resisted disintegration. The stones of Angkor are a brown limonite and a hard close-grained sandstone of dark gray."

## CHAPTER 46

### HOMEWARD BOUND

It's a long and tiresome but very pleasant run from Angkor down to Saigon, 350 miles, greater part of which is a fairly well built auto road thru jungle country. Trip is generally broken by an over-night's stop at the house of Kum-Pong-Chamg. Rather than to stop where there was no objective in stopping, we got up at 4 a.m. and ran right thru, getting into Saigon, Indo-China (pronounced Endo-sheen) at 6 p.m. same day.

We spent a couple of days there finishing our writings, getting pictures, and then finally sailing on Messages Maritime boat Porthos for Hong Kong.

As a general rule we do not get acquainted on board ship with passengers, for, of all places where people tell inside secret lives, it is on a boat. They tell things to strangers they would not think of secretly thinking to themselves at home. Occasionally you run across somebody who is worth knowing.

Lying in aisle-way going to our cabin we saw what appeared to be a mangy, ordinary black cur. He seemed to have running sores on his body and his hide seemed to be coming out badly. It was such an unusual situation we made inquiries, only to be told of one of the tragedies of the sea.

The PORTHOS was enroute from Marseilles to Hong Kong, via Singapore. Leaving Colombo, Ceylon, one hour ahead of Porthos was a Swedish boat, THE TRICOLOR. One hour out of harbor, fire was discovered in a forward hatch. Smoke was coming up from below. This boat was but two years old, 12,000 tons, and was supposed to be in first class condition. She carried passengers, four of whom were now on PORTHOS with us enroute to Hong Kong. It was from them we got the story of the tragedy which involved the dog.

As soon as smoke was discovered, they ran a line of hose into hull with intention of putting fire out. Immediately an internal explosion occurred. This explosion blew up forward part of ship, killed captain and injured first officer. Three more explosions occurred within a few minutes of each other. Within twenty minutes boat had completely sunk out of sight. Six people lost their lives, including officers and passengers. No one had time to take to life boats. They swam around in water for about an hour. Sea was smooth and water warm.

In distance and within one hour, came the PORTHOS. For-

ward watch saw smoke from TRICOLOR; PORTHOS speeded her engines and reached scene within 45 minutes. All who were floating and alive were picked up, including this black dog, who was so completely exhausted from swimming unaided all this time he could hardly wag his tail in appreciation for being saved. Because he was a living derelict of the sea, crew of PORTHOS gave him full run of ship and that's why he happened to be at our cabin. From that time on everybody did everything they could for the dog. We learned they proposed taking him to Hong Kong and there killing him. Learning this, we protested that any dog that had fought so hard for life deserved to live. Plans were changed and a passenger headed for Hong Kong, who lived there, offered to take him and keep him.

We passed over a smooth sea between Saigon and Hong Kong, arriving late in evening. Next morning we just had time to transfer from PORTHOS to PRESIDENT PIERCE and we were off at 8 a.m. for Shanghai. Yellow or China Sea was smooth all way to Shanghai. Maybe you think we weren't glad. We arrived at Shanghai at 8:30 a.m., and left at 11:00 same morning. We anchored down Woosung River, took a tender in. We got another peek-in in Shanghai.

We were off for Kobe, Japan. Arrived 1 p.m., after going thru a reasonable inspection at hands of officials. We expected to remain that afternoon and night with our friends, Frank and Lydia Lange, then go to Kyoto next morning to spend day with L. Adams Beck, or E. Barrington. Mrs. Beck has written books on Oriental philosophy. They are best, clearest, most simply told, of books we know on this subject. These books are worthy to be read by any person whether or not a student of the Orient, its religions or philosophies. As we understand, Mrs. Beck wrote under name of E. Barrington until sixty years of age, then changed to more serious writings under name of L. Adams Beck. Having studied her writings and being vitally interested, we desired to meet her, had written in advance and had an appointment to meet her, as stated. Upon our arrival in Kobe we learned she had passed away in Kyoto two weeks before. This was a keen blow to us and a serious loss to all students of her subject. To her was given greatest honor that could be bestowed upon any person outside of Buddhist faith. She was prepared for burial by monkhood of Nogoya Monastery and buried by them in monastery, first and only time such an honor has ever been bestowed upon any person outside of priesthood. She, perhaps more than any person, has done more to cause white race to properly appreciate religions of the East.



We spent the day, by no choice of ours, in Kobe. We had a meeting of our Chiropractic boys of southern part of Japan. We ended by having a suki-yaki dinner in truly Eastern style, shoes off, on floor, over an habachi, with chop-sticks.

We stayed until time for night-sleeper when all came down to see us off. We were given many Japanese presents by all.

We arrived at Yokohama next morning. We were a guest of and spoke before Yokohama Rotary Club. It is surprising how wonderfully strong and substantial Yokohama has been built since earthquake that tore everything down to the ground. Hundreds of reinforced concrete buildings now appear, many of immense size. Everything that goes up now, goes up right, so it will stand and not burn if another earthquake comes.

That evening we were guests at suki-yaki dinner with chiropractors of northern part of Empire of Rising Sun. We were out that night on President Pierce that had gone on ahead.

Possibly keenest and most pungent terse saying which exemplifies Japanese people was told us by Mr. Namuri of Sumaria Shokai, when he said: "We adopt, we adapt, and then become adept." And that's exactly what they do from rest of world.

Leaving Yokohama we now take northern route to finally arrive at Seattle. Instead of taking a straight line across, we actually go up and over a circle, seemingly going north of Seattle and then coming down south into Seattle. By doing this we save 128 miles. In other words, if we went on a straight line over hump to Seattle, it would be 128 miles further than it would be going further north over circle.

We ran into cold, stormy weather for 48 hours, in which boat pitched almost as bad as in a typhoon. For 48 hours we rolled from side to side so that furniture of all kinds had to be tied down. We pitched and rolled—and how!

### ARRIVAL IN SEATTLE

February 6th, 6 p.m., we arrived in Seattle, 13 hours ahead of schedule. We were met by our old standbys, Rufus and Mamie St. Onge, Roger and Margery Dunham, and Elmer Green.

Washington State Chiropractors' Association met in convention at Hotel Olympic on 7th and 8th. It was here we gave an entirely new talk based on an entirely new subject which we had been studying for 20 years. We knew our observations were correct, that our conclusions were sound, but would our people see it as we saw it—that was a question we would need try out and see. No matter how right, sometimes a ticklish subject is still ticklish.

We were pleasantly surprised at its reception. Some of our listeners were kind enuf to say that they thot it was the best talk they had ever heard us give. Time will tell. We shall now build it and have something new which we can give to a selected group who desire to study and profit by study of others. It is one subject that cannot be given to any and all mixed groups, or to any and all groups of either men or women. It will apply more to students who desire to think and know. It can be given to our professional conventions and to certain groups of civic clubs. Its subject is "Phallic Worship and its Symbols."

— — —

On the night of February 8th, we boarded the North Coast Limited of the Northern Pacific road enroute for HOME. How sweet that sounds! One more change and we'll be there, center of our hearts of a life time of busy work.

Crossing the Pacific we picked up that one day we lost when we went West. How can we lose a day or pick it up? Well, listen and we'll try to explain it again altho we have done same once before in this book and in our 'ROUND THE WORLD WITH B. J., and probabilities are that when we get thru you will know as much about it as we do.

#### A Day Lost or A Day Gained.

##### WHY?

Take TIME to read carefully what follows and you will find out the Whys and Wherefores of TIME.

In connection with TIME, there is one point which deserves more than passing notice. It is the picking-up or dropping of a day, according as the globe is circumnavigated East or West-about.

One who is not familiar with the subject finds it difficult to realize that at the same moment there should be a difference of time at various parts of the Earth's surface, nor is this really the case so far as ABSOLUTE time is concerned. The PRESENT MOMENT here on the ship is equally the PRESENT MOMENT in Sydney, Australia, altho the clock there marks some hours later than it does with us. This is accounted for by the fact that the sun, which is the divider of day and night, and all over the world the recognized marker of Time, crosses the Meridian of Sydney some ten hours before it reaches ours.

In the daily course of the sun, his advent at each Meridian on the Earth's surface marks the hour of noon for all places on that Meridian. It is thus the sailor, more especially, reckons his time. No matter what seas he may be navigating, he considers it noon the moment the sun is "UP," or on his Meridian. Now, if his course lies from East to West, or if he and the Sun are moving in the same direction, clearly at the instant the Sun arrives at his Meridian, and

he strikes 8 bells, it must be past noon at the places he left yesterday, and is not yet noon at the place he hopes to reach tomorrow.

On the other hand, if he is sailing Eastward, he is moving in an opposite direction of the sun—which, therefore, instead of overtaking him, as it did when he was bound towards the West, now advances to meet him, and, consequently, before it has reached the spot where he took his mid-day observation of yesterday, it will be past noon with him today, and getting on towards one bell. In plain language, as he goes Eastward he shortens his day, as he goes Westward he lengthens it, in exact proportion to the difference of Longitude made good—the constant rate in all Latitudes being one hour for every 15 degrees of his advance.

Let then the navigator—having started presumably from Greenwich in an Easterly direction—arrive at the Meridian of 180 degrees at 1 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday the 16th (ship time); it will then be only 1 o'clock at Greenwich in the afternoon of Monday the 15th, as by meeting the sun he has got ahead of the folks at home, and anticipated their time by twelve hours. It will be midnight with him when it is only mid-day with them. If he continues on in the same direction, and completes the other half of the voyage without altering his date, he will have gained another 12 hours on arrival at Greenwich, **NO MATTER HOW LONG HE MAY BE IN GETTING THERE**, and would probably imagine the day of his return to be, say Friday noon, when in reality it was only Thursday noon.

To avoid this, on passing the Meridian of 180 degrees East, he should have reckoned Monday the 15th **TWICE OVER**, which would have brought things straight at the finish. On the contrary, when reaching the 180 degrees in a westerly direction, the navigator would be exactly 12 hours **BEHIND** Greenwich, so that if it were then 1 o'clock on Tuesday morning the 16th by **HIS** reckoning, it would be 1 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day at Greenwich. If he pursued his voyage Westward without making the requisite alteration in his calendar, he would arrive at Greenwich, say at noon on Friday, and be surprised to learn that with the inhabitants it was noon on Saturday. To avoid this, he should have skipped a day when at the 180 degrees West. He should have called the day Wednesday, and have overlooked Tuesday altogether.

#### NO ABSOLUTE GAIN OR LOSS OF TIME IN CIRCUMNAVIGATING THE WORLD.

Going East or West around the World, there will be no **REAL** gain or loss of a day. Otherwise a man, by continually sailing around Eastabout, might be considered from the frequent repetition of a day which it entailed—to have lived longer than another who had stopped at home. In the case of the traveller, he only **APPEARS** to gain a day, as each one of those he has lived whilst on his journey has been shortened by a certain number of minutes—which has arisen from the difference of Longitude traversed between two consecutive arrivals of the sun on his Meridian; whilst the day of the man who remained behind has always contained the complete 24 hours.

Again, if two men, A and B, started at the same instant on a journey round the world, the first going East and the other West,

and neither made any alteration in their dates from the time of setting out till their return together on the same day, this is what would happen: A would believe he had arrived, say on Sunday, and B would persist in considering it Friday. There would be a difference of two whole days in their reckoning; but no one would seriously entertain the idea that on this account A had lived 48 hours longer than B. The actual day of the week would, of course, be Saturday, and the ACTUAL time occupied by each on the journey would be precisely the same.

The reader will understand from this that TIME may be RELATIVE as well as ABSOLUTE.

— — —

Now that we have that all cleared away, let us make a hasty review: On this trip we have been in following countries:

United States  
Canada  
Hawaiian Islands  
Fiji Islands  
New Zealand  
Australia  
Celebes  
Bali  
Java  
Sumatra  
Malaya  
Siam  
Cambodia  
Laos  
Indo-China  
China  
Japan

17 of them. We were gone 5 months and 1 week or 157 days.

62 days of this time were on board ship.

We were as far North as 50' from Equator and as far South as 40' of that Equator; or, 85' East of 180th meridian to 95' West of it, which is approximately 5,300 miles North to 3,500 miles South of that imaginary line.





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